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THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW:  
A WHIG JOURNAL

OF  
POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

“TO STAND BY THE CONSTITUTION.”

VOL. III.

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Puichrum est bene facere Reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est.  
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THE

# AMERICAN REVIEW:

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## POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

VOL. III.

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No. I.

### EUROPEAN INTERFERENCE ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

#### THE MISSION TO PANAMA.

RETROSPECTION is as little the wont of young nations as of young persons. Pressing onward with the hope and elasticity which disappointment has not chilled, nor age impaired, there is little time and little temptation to look back. "Onward and forward" are especially the rallying words of our day and generation. The past recent—as is our most distant past—is speedily forgotten and unwillingly recalled. Reverence is not a living principle of the American man of this epoch. His boast is entirely of the future—his glories are in anticipation. "Progress" is his device, and he hears impatiently, and esteems lightly, all admonitions or warnings purporting to be derived from the experience of other days and other men.

There are circumstances, nevertheless, which impose it as a duty upon publicists, sometimes to remind those whom they would serve, by instructing them, of their own antecedents, and to recall and restate doctrines and principles which, even in the lapse of a single generation—so headlong is our course—may have passed from the public mind.

It is in this view, and because of the peculiar aspect of our political affairs

just now, that we propose to revive the history, and as briefly as possible to review the course, of this country and of its leading public men, in relation to the *Congress of Panama*, held in 1826-7.

When in 1823, President Monroe for the first time enunciated as the sentiment and determination of the American people, that this continent was no longer to be considered subject to European interference or colonization—under the reservation, always, of the then existing relation of such portions of it as still acknowledged colonial allegiance to a European supremacy—he but gave utterance to a principle evolved by time and the course of events, and to which time and events have since added force and authority. It was in some sort a logical and political necessity, that when the nations inhabiting this continent grew to the stature and to the wisdom of men, they should be a law unto themselves and unto each other, without caring to ask, or desiring to receive, their codes from distant peoples, as diverse from them in institutions as in interests.

As the oldest in the rank of free American nations, most experienced in the art of self-government, and not certainly

without experience of the evils of European interference and intrigues on our continent, the conviction of the truth of the great principle proclaimed by Mr. Monroe—and of the expediency of solemnly declaring it—was earliest forced upon us.

Its utterance was precipitated by events over which we had no control, though we might, in their result, be largely affected by them. The whole of this continent had, at successive periods preceding that to which we are now referring, been declared free and independent. The colonies of Spain and Portugal had all withdrawn themselves from the control of the mother country; and with various fortune, but unfaltering determination, were waging battle with what remained of the armies of their oppressors. The contest had been long and bloody—the issue was still undecided.

In Europe the tide of the French revolution seemed stayed. Its child and champion, after bestriding that region of the earth like a Colossus, overthrowing at a nod, thrones, principalities and powers, had himself been overthrown—and, like Prometheus, chained to a rock in the ocean, was doomed to perish beneath the vulture beak of his own fierce passions and disappointed hopes.

A Holy Alliance undertook the restoration of ancient usages and ancient privileges; they carved, and they cut, in order to establish a “balance of power.” They “mediatized” some little sovereigns who stood in their way, and they magnified some large ones who would not be put out of the way. They subverted the constitutional government of Naples, denounced the constitutional government of Spain; and, having settled Europe upon the sure foundation, as they fancied, of prescriptive rights and monarchical institutions, they had leisure to turn their attention to the American continent.

They were not wholly without a pretext for so doing. The nature of the conflict carried on in the former Spanish-American colonies, was bloody and remorseless to a degree that shocked the common feeling of mankind; thus far, too, it had been unproductive of any countervailing benefits; the issue was still doubtful, blood still flowed, rapine, lust and slaughter, still ravaged countries, than which no fairer or finer are shone upon by the sun in his unceasing round. Humanity therefore seemed to appeal to man and heaven against the continuance of such hostilities, and when

Spain joined her appeal too, and invoked the aid of the Holy Alliance to put a stop to such a warfare, and to bring back her revolted colonies to the mild dominion which they so ungratefully sought to throw off, there was motive and cause enough for the interposition of the High Contracting Parties.

At this precise juncture, well informed by the faithful, intelligent and *competent* ministers who, then at European courts, represented this Republic, President Monroe uttered his calm but memorable protest. It alluded to nothing done, or meditated in the Councils of the European Alliance—it was pointed at no particular case, and offended by no exceptional allusions or reservations—but broadly, firmly, and irrevocably took the ground that whatever nations, having colonies in America, might do, or forbear to do, in regard to those colonies—the United States could not see “with indifference” the intervention of other nations, not thus situated, with the affairs of this continent. Weighty, well considered, and of decisive effect, were the words then and thus spoken by the American President. They paralyzed at once the inchoate movements for a European intervention, diplomatic in form, but military and coercive in fact; and Spain was left to her own time and resources to subjugate, if she could, or recognize as independent when she would, her former colonies.

The result of the conflict, when it once became apparent that Spain would not receive any aid in carrying it on from other powers, could not remain doubtful, and before long not a Spanish soldier was left, in hostile guise, on the continent of America. With all the natural sympathy of a free people in the struggles of others to become free, we had looked upon the fierce conflict; yet faithful ourselves to the obligations we prescribed to others, we interfered not in it. But when the strife was ended, and independent governments were established and sustained, where before colonial bondage alone existed, we, first among nations, recognized that independence; and when, subsequently, Mr. Canning, as Prime Minister of England, following our lead in recognizing the new nations, declared with ostentatious egotism in the House of Commons that “he had called the South American nations into existence,” he assumed as his own, a trophy which, in truth, belonged to Henry Clay and the American Congress.



These nations were not insensible of the importance of our early friendship, nor unmindful of it, and when a time came in which they could with calmness examine their own position, their relations to each other, to Europe and the United States, and thus be enabled to appreciate the value of an American system of nations—if the phrase may be allowed—as contradistinguished from the European system, their first care was to invite our attendance and coöperation in an American Council—a Council for consultation, and not for alliance—a Council where the greater experience, the greater weight, and the assured position as a people, of the United States, could not fail to exercise a large and salutary influence. Hence sprang the CONGRESS OF PANAMA, of which we will now proceed to sketch the history as briefly as possible.

The protracted struggle between Spain and her colonies first led to the suggestion that all these colonies should make a common cause and a common effort. Difficulties, however, occurred in reducing this idea to practice, and although the Western States of South America were greatly aided in the achievement of their independence, by the unpurchased valor of their sister republics on the Atlantic border, there was no general plan of coöperation for the common object. It was not, indeed, until the struggle was virtually abandoned by Spain, that the treaties between Colombia and Peru in 1822, and in the three succeeding years, between Colombia, Chili, Guatemala and Mexico were made. It was in virtue of these treaties that a Congress of American nations was agreed upon, and the Isthmus of Panama named as the place of holding it. In 1825, Colombia, Mexico, and Central America, by their ministers at Washington, formally invited the United States to be present by a minister or ministers at that Congress, after having, in the first instance, with great consideration, privately informed themselves whether such formal invitation would be unobjectionable and agreeable to this government. It was also intimated distinctly by these ministers that their governments “did not expect that the United States would change their present neutral policy, nor was it desired that they should take part in such of the deliberations of the proposed Congress as might relate to the prosecution of the existing war with Spain.”

John Q. Adams, then President of the United States, accepted this invitation, in the spirit in which it was given. In his message of 15th March, 1826, to the House of Representatives, in reply to a resolution of that body calling on the President for information respecting the mission and its objects, Mr. Adams says :

“I deem it proper to premise that these objects did not form the only, nor even the principal motive for my acceptance of the invitation. My first and greatest inducement was to meet, in the spirit of kindness and friendship, an overture made in that spirit by three sister republics of this hemisphere. The great revolution in human affairs which has brought into existence, nearly at the same time, eight sovereign and independent nations in our own quarter of the globe, has placed the United States in a situation not less novel, and scarcely less interesting than that in which they had found themselves by their own transition from a cluster of colonies to a nation of sovereign states.”

The general objects of the Congress so far as the ministers from this country were to take part in it, are thus briefly set forth in a report from the Secretary of State, H. Clay :

“The President believed that such a Congress as was contemplated might be highly useful in settling several important disputed questions of public law, in arranging other matters of deep interest to the American Continent, and in strengthening the friendship and amicable intercourse between the American powers.”

There would seem, in this exposition of the spirit in which the invitation was given and accepted, and of the motives recommending such a Congress, nothing that patriotism should question, or that an enlightened regard for our own interests, or for preëxisting obligations towards other nations, could render inexpedient. Our neutrality, so faithfully observed when the battle was raging, could not be hazarded by attendance at a peaceful council, especially under the reservation that the ministers of the United States were to take no part in any deliberation respecting the future conduct of the nominal war still existing ; nor was the principle so wisely laid down by Washington endangered—that we should avoid entangling alliances with other nations.

Nevertheless, the annunciation by the President in his message to Congress of



December 6, 1825, that the invitation to attend the Congress of Panama "had been accepted, and ministers on the part of the United States will be commissioned to attend at those deliberations, and to take part in them so far as may be compatible with that neutrality from which it is neither our intention, nor the desire of the other American States, that we should depart,"—was received by the party in opposition with vehement censure and denunciation.

The President was charged with an unconstitutional exercise of authority in thus assuming to accept the invitation of our sister republics, and in instituting a new mission without first ascertaining the sense of Congress, or at least of the Senate; with hazarding our neutrality, and with seeking to entangle us in inconvenient and dangerous alliances with other countries, in opposition to the established policy and received opinion of our own. The danger of giving offence to Europe by thus interesting ourselves in the councils of the nations of our own Continent, was largely dwelt upon, while the character, deeds and destinies of the American Republics were proportionably depreciated.

Nothing moved from his high designs by this clamor, the President on the 26th Dec. sent in to the Senate the names of *Richard C. Anderson*, of Kentucky, and *John Sergeant*, of Pennsylvania, "as envoys extraordinary and ministers plenipotentiary to the assembly of American Nations at Panama." In the message communicating these nominations, the President, after referring to that passage in his annual message which announced the invitation to the Congress of Panama, and its acceptance, thus proceeded:

"Although the measure was deemed to be within the constitutional competency of the Executive, I have not thought proper to take any step in it before ascertaining that my opinion of its expediency will concur with that of both branches of the Legislature: first, by the decision of the Senate upon the nominations to be laid before them; and second by the sanction of both Houses to the appropriations, without which it cannot be carried into effect. \* \* \* \* \* [From the papers communicated,] it will be seen that the United States neither intend nor are expected to take part in any deliberations of a belligerent character; that the motive for their attendance is neither to contract alliances, nor to engage in any undertaking

or project importing hostility to any other nation. But the South American nations, in the infancy of their independence, often find themselves in positions, with reference to other countries, with the principles applicable to which, derivable from the state of independence itself, they have not been familiarized by experience. The result of this has been, that sometimes in their intercourse with the United States, they have manifested dispositions to reserve a right of granting special favors and privileges to the Spanish nation as the price of their recognition; at others they have actually established duties and impositions operating unfavorably to the United States to the advantage of European powers; and sometimes they have appeared to consider that they might interchange among themselves mutual concessions of exclusive favor, to which neither European powers nor the United States should be admitted. In most of these cases, their regulations unfavorable to us have yielded to friendly expostulation. \* \* \* \* \* The consensual adoption of principles of maritime neutrality, and favorable to the navigation of peace, and commerce in time of war, will also form a subject of consideration to this Congress. The doctrine, that free ships make free goods, and the restrictions of reason upon the extent of blockades, may be established by general agreement, with far more ease, and perhaps with less danger, by the general engagement to adhere to them, concerted at such a meeting, than by partial treaties or conventions with each of the nations separately. An agreement between all the parties represented at the meeting that each will guard, by its own means, against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders may be found advisable. This was more than two years since announced by my predecessor to the world, as a principle resulting from the emancipation of both the American Continents. It may be so developed to the new Southern nations, that they will all feel it as an essential appendage to their independence."

That portion of the Senate of the United States, which claimed to be eminently friendly to the progress of free institutions, to the cause of liberty and the rights of man, could see nothing in the mission thus projected and explained, nothing in "an assembly of American nations," most of them just sprung into being—self-constituted and self-vindicated—to enlist their sympathy, or conciliate their judgment. On the contrary, they met the whole subject with a stern and pertinacious opposition.

The special message and the nomi-



nations were, on the 28th, (two days after they were sent in,) referred to the Committee on foreign relations. On the same day, Mr. Branch of North Carolina (afterwards Secretary of the Navy under President Jackson), submitted a resolution and preamble, which were printed for the use of the Senate, of which the purport was, that the President "does not constitutionally possess either the right or the power to appoint ambassadors or other public ministers, but with the advice and consent of the Senate, except when vacancies may happen in the recess."

The Senate continued to occupy itself in secret session with this subject. On the 4th Jan. a resolution was adopted on motion of Mr. Macon of North Carolina, calling upon the President to communicate confidentially to the Senate any conventions between the new States relative to the Congress at Panama, and any other information tending to show the propriety of a mission from the United States to said Congress. On the 10th the President communicated the papers asked for—consisting of four Conventions between Colombia and Peru, Colombia and Chili, Colombia and Central America, and Colombia and Mexico—and of certain correspondence between the Executive government of the United States, and the governments of Russia, France, Colombia and Mexico.

The Conventions between the new American States were all—1st, for a mutual, defensive alliance, in order, as the treaty between Chili and Colombia expresses it, "to maintain their independence of the Spanish nation, and of any other foreign domination whatsoever;" 2ndly, for commercial purposes; and finally, for the convening of a "general assembly of the American States."

The correspondence communicated consisted of copies of letters to and from our ministers in Russia, France, Mexico and Colombia; those of the ministers in Europe, related to the steps taken by them in conformity with instructions from the State department—to invite the governments to which they were accredited, to use their good offices in inducing Spain to put an end to the *quasi* war against her former colonies, by recognizing their independence, but more particularly to express to those governments the determination of that of the United States, "not to allow a transfer of the Islands of Cuba and Porto Rico to any European Power"—of which, at that period, some

apprehension existed. The main object of the correspondence with Mexico and Colombia, was to dissuade both those governments from a purpose, then supposed to be entertained, of wresting from Spain the two islands above named.

On the 16th January, Mr. Macon as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, made a long report adverse to the views of the President, and concluding with this resolution:

"*Resolved*, that it is not expedient, at this time, for the United States to send any ministers to the Congress of American nations assembled at Panama."

The Committee of Foreign Relations of the Senate, was composed at that session of the following persons:—Mr. Macon of North Carolina, Mr. Tazewell of Virginia, Mr. Gaillard of South Carolina, Mr. Mills of Massachusetts, and Mr. White of Tennessee.

On the 25th March, in the House of Representatives, Mr. Crowninshield from the Committee on Foreign Relations of the House, reported favorably on the mission, and concluded with this resolution:

"*Resolved*, that in the opinion of this House, it is expedient to appropriate the funds necessary to enable the President of the United States to send ministers to the Congress of Panama."

The Committee on Foreign Relations of the House was thus constituted—Mr. Forsyth of Georgia, Mr. Crowninshield of Massachusetts, Mr. Trimble of Ohio, Mr. Archer of Virginia, Mr. Worthington of Maryland, Mr. Everett of Massachusetts, and Mr. Stevenson of Pennsylvania.

As these two conflicting Reports present substantially the argument relied on on either side, for the support of the views taken by each, we proceed to furnish a brief analysis of each, beginning in the order of time with that of the Senate, to which, in some sense, the Report in the House is a reply.

In entering on the examination of a subject of so much novelty, delicacy, and high importance to the character and future destinies of the United States, the committee of the Senate say, they were somewhat embarrassed by the declaration in the President's message that he had *already accepted* the invitation to send a minister to Panama. Inasmuch, however, as the correspondence of the Secretary of State intimates to the several foreign ministers who joined in the invitation, that the concurrence of the Senate was indispen-



sable to give effect to its acceptance, the committee are relieved from their embarrassment, and enter at once upon the free and full examination of the propriety and expediency of the proposed mission.

They do this, not less in compliance with the President's expressed hope that their opinions may concur with his, than with what is conceived to be the right of the Senate, in all cases "where it is proposed to create a new office by nomination, or to despatch ministers to foreign states for the first time, or to accomplish by such missions objects not specially declared, or under circumstances new, peculiar, and highly important," to extend its inquiries not merely into the fitness of the persons nominated, but into the propriety or expediency of the mission itself, and into all the circumstances and objects connected therewith, or to be affected thereby.

The first objection of the Committee is, that this new and untried measure was in conflict with the whole course of policy, uniformly and happily pursued by the United States, of avoiding all entangling connections with any other nation whatever. For such departure no sufficiently cogent reasons had been assigned. During the fierce struggle of the new States for independence, the United States, notwithstanding their natural sympathies with nations thus engaged, adhered unfalteringly to the neutrality which they had proclaimed as the rule of their conduct; nor until these States had become independent *in fact*, by the expulsion of the Spaniards, did this country recognize them. But when it did so recognize them, it was done freely and joyfully, and ministers were commissioned without delay to several of the new Republics. Through these Ministers all the objects may be attained which could be attained at the proposed Congress, and without any deviation from existing usages.

An examination of the reasons assigned by the new States for desiring the attendance of the United States, and of the motives of the President of the United States for acceding to this desire, did not remove the objections of this Committee.

There is too much vagueness and latitude in the whole scheme. Before the destinies of the United States should be committed to the deliberations and decisions of a Congress composed not of our own citizens, but of the representatives of many different nations, it was to be

expected that the objects of such deliberations should be accurately stated and defined, and the manner of their accomplishment clearly marked out. The President himself made this suggestion in the first instance, and required as a condition of his acceptance of the invitation proposed to be given, that these preliminary points should be arranged in a manner satisfactory to the United States. The Committee express both surprise and regret that the Executive should have decided subsequently to send Commissioners at once, without insisting on that condition.

Under these circumstances, the Committee have no other explanation to give to the Senate, as to the objects to be accomplished at this Congress, than what may be collected from the language of the Mexican minister in reply to the Secretary of State, that they are those "to which the existence of the new States may give rise, and which it is not easy to point out or enumerate;" and it is expected that ample powers are to be granted to our ministers, to accomplish all the enumerated and all the undefined objects that might arise, without any knowledge as to how these powers are to be used and exercised. The Committee unhesitatingly express the opinion that nothing known to them requires or justifies at this time, the commissioning to this Congress of agents endowed with undefined powers, to accomplish undefined objects.

It in no wise changes this view, that the Senate have the power of rejecting any agreement or treaty which might be made—for the mere act of entering into a negotiation is sometimes productive of embarrassments from which it is difficult to escape; and hence, until the objects of negotiation are distinctly known and approved, it is better to abstain from it altogether, than to confide in the power of the Senate to refuse its assent afterwards.

Turning from the objects thus indefinitely shadowed forth, as likely to occupy this Congress, to those more distinctly enumerated, the Committee object that the different States take different views even of these—and that while some of the topics enumerated by the foreign ministers are not at all referred to by the President in his message to the Senate, other topics are mentioned in that message which find no place in the communications of those ministers.

The first and great object of the Congress



according to the Mexican and Colombian ministers, would seem to be the resistance of any interference by a neutral nation between the new States and Spain, and the manner and proportion in which each State should coöperate to this end. But the President of the United States assures the Senate that "the motive of the attendance of the United States, is neither to contract alliances, nor to engage in any undertaking or project importing hostility to any other nation." Here, then, at once was difference of opinion between the President and the representatives of these foreign States, upon the most vital point on which the deliberations of this Congress were to turn—a difference which must unavoidably cause injurious doubts in those States, as to the interest we take in their welfare, and our disposition to comply with their wishes.

The next subject stated by the Mexican minister is, "the opposition to colonization in America by the European powers," or, in the language of the Colombian minister, "the manner in which all colonization of European powers on the American Continent shall be resisted"—an object to be effected by the joint and united efforts of the States to be represented at the Congress.

The President concurs in the end, but differs as to the means of attaining it; his views contemplating only "an agreement between all the parties represented at the meeting, that each will guard, by its own means, against the establishment of any future European colony within its borders." Here, again, is essential difference between the views of the President and of the other parties. Moreover, if the President only meant that each nation, by its own power and means, should protect its own territory from encroachment, whether "by European or other foreign States whatsoever," there could be no necessity for treaty stipulations to do that which all nations of right would do; but if more is meant, more could not be stipulated, without violating the well-settled policy of the United States, and putting at hazard their best interests.

Two other topics are suggested by the ministers of Mexico and Colombia: "the means of abolishing the African slave-trade," and "the relations of Hayti to the American States." To neither of these topics does the President allude; they are both, therefore, summarily dismissed by the Committee—the first, on

the ground that the United States do not assume the right to dictate to others on that subject, nor to proclaim abstract principles, of the rectitude of which each nation has the right of deciding for itself; the second, because the United States should never permit themselves to enter into discussion with any foreign State whatever, as to the relations they should be obliged to entertain with any other people not parties to such discussion.

Besides these primary objects suggested by the Mexican and Colombian ministers, the minister from Guatemala, who also joins in the invitation, intimates that, "as Europe has formed a *continental system*, and held a congress whenever questions affecting its interests were to be discussed, America should also form a system for itself." How far this suggestion meets the views of the President does not appear; but the Committee, because it seems the prominent object of the proposed Congress, argue strongly against it as inexpedient and *injurious* in itself, and, moreover, as one concerning which there is no authority in the government of the United States to negotiate at all.

The substance of the argument may be thus stated. The Committee doubt the authority of the United States Government "to enter into any negotiation with foreign nations for the purpose of settling and promulgating either principles of internal polity, or mere abstract propositions, as parts of the public law. And if the proposed Congress is viewed but as a convenient mode of conducting a summary negotiation, relative to existing interests, important to this continent alone, it not only may, but most probably will, be considered by all other civilized nations as a confederacy of the States therein represented, for purposes as prejudicial to the Old, as they are supposed to be beneficial to those of the New World.

\* \* \* \* Whenever this suspicion shall be entertained by the nations of the Old World, and especially by those who still hold possessions on this Continent, it must be obvious to all that consequences much to be deplored will unavoidably result."

Having disposed of all the topics enumerated by the different ministers as those proper to occupy the attention of the Congress, the Committee turned to those indicated by the President, but nowhere alluded to by the other parties, and they at once start an objection of dignity—in

the possible case that the Congress, not finding these topics included in their *programme*, may refuse to consider them, and thus place the United States in "a degraded position."

The first of these topics is "the establishment of principles of a liberal commercial intercourse." This, the Committee think, may be more surely accomplished, as far as it can be accomplished at all, by separate negotiations with the separate States; each of which having peculiar interests, productions and wants, can but judge of the nature and extent of commercial intercourse it may suit it to encourage. The consentaneous adoption of principles of maritime neutrality, favorable to the navigation of peace and commerce in time of war," is the next object which the President suggests. The reasoning applicable to "commercial intercourse," is alike applicable, the Committee think, to the commerce of peace; and as to the rules of war applicable to navigation, the Committee see "great risk of compromising and destroying the relations of neutrality which the United States are now maintaining, should they involve themselves by any compact relative to belligerent rights, entered into with only one of the parties to the present war, during its continuance."

Hence the Committee conclude that "the great maritime states of Europe would most probably consider that the United States had seized the occasion of this war to enter into a confederacy with the other States of this continent, now actually engaged in it, for the purpose of settling principles intended materially to affect their future interests."

"The advancement of religious liberty" is another topic suggested by the President; and as a motive for some effort in this behalf, the fact is noticed that in some of the Southern nations an exclusive church, without toleration of any other, has been incorporated with the political constitution.

The Committee look upon this topic as altogether objectionable, and unfit to occupy the deliberations of Congress upon any suggestion from the United States: first, because it would contradict our well-settled practice not to intermeddle in the internal affairs of other states; and secondly, because, of all topics, that touching the religious faith or profession of any people is the most delicate and sacred. The Committee confidently express the opinion, that if ever an intima-

tion shall be made to the sovereignties represented at the Congress, that it was the purpose of the United States to discuss there their plan of civil polity, or the interests of their religious establishments, the invitation given to us would soon be withdrawn.

Having thus exhibited to the Senate the objects of the proposed Congress, as stated both by the foreign ministers and by the President, and their conclusion, after due consideration, against the adoption of the measure proposed by the President, the Committee might have here terminated, but for the revelation in some of the correspondence accompanying the President's message of still other objects, the chief of which was, "the present and future condition of Cuba and Porto Rico." From the papers referred to, it appeared that during the year 1825 serious apprehensions existed that Mexico and Colombia were about making a concerted attempt to wrest these fine islands from the Spanish crown. This was a cause of great uneasiness to the United States, who desire nothing better than that those islands should remain as they are; but who were not without solicitude, if the attempt of the new Republics should succeed, lest, eventually, anarchy not unlike that at St. Domingo might ensue, to the very great injury and danger of our own country and all others. On the other hand, they were not without apprehension that, in order to prevent the possibility of such a catastrophe, and with the knowledge that Spain was powerless to succor these rich colonies, France or England, or both, might seize these islands, and hold them nominally for Spain, but in reality for themselves. In this perilous contingency, the government of the United States took ground at once manly and frank. They instructed their minister at the court of Madrid to urge upon the Spanish king the hopelessness of the attempt to reconquer the revolted colonies, and to draw his attention specially to the danger which menaced those colonies yet faithful, and of such great value—Cuba and Porto Rico—and, by these and other weighty considerations, to bring him if possible to acknowledge the independence of the new States, and thus restore peace. They at the same time instructed their ministers at London, at Paris, and at St. Petersburg, to explain to each of those courts the danger which menaced Cuba and Porto Rico, to the end that they might coöperate with the



United States in the effort to induce Spain to put an end to the war; with special directions, moreover, to say distinctly to the governments to which they were accredited, that the U. States "would not consent to the occupation of those islands by any other European power than Spain under any contingency whatever."

While thus frankly explaining themselves to Europe, this government dealt with like frankness with Mexico and Colombia. After apprising the governments of both those countries of the steps taken by the United States with the chief powers of Europe, to induce them to hasten the period when Spain might recognize the independence of the new Republics, and explaining the position we had assumed with regard to Cuba and Porto Rico in the face of the world, the Secretary of State expressed the expectation and desire, that at least until the effect of this friendly interposition could be ascertained, the plans of Mexico and Colombia, if any such were entertained, of attempting the conquest of these islands, would be postponed.

The whole of this matter being developed by the correspondence which was laid before the Senate, the Committee seized upon it as another cause of objection to the Panama mission. Falling far short of the tone adopted by the administration, that "the United States would not, *in any contingency whatever*, consent to the occupation of Cuba and Porto Rico by any European power other than Spain," the Committee feebly say, they "are well aware that the United States can never regard with indifference the situation and probable destiny of those islands"—but, nevertheless, they think it highly inexpedient that the subject should be discussed at a Congress of the American nations; for, on the one hand, if the war continued, the United States could not, with any propriety, interpose to prevent the new Republics from striking their enemy where alone he is most assailable and most vulnerable by them; and on the other, if peace should supervene, all apprehension on the subject would cease. In neither event, therefore, was anything to be gained by the United States in bringing this subject before the Congress.

The Committee go on to argue at some length, that the moral force of the position of the United States, which alone enables them to render any effective service in Europe to the cause of the new

Republics, arises from their known determination not to mingle their interests with those of the other States of America. By making, or appearing to make, common cause with those Republics, in a general Congress, this moral force would be lost, and thereby not only the new States would be injured, but their own character and interests would be materially prejudiced.

In conclusion, the Committee, after objecting to the substance, object to the form in which the proposed Congress was called and arranged, as derogatory to the prepotency and eminence among American nations of the United States; and for all the reasons stated, and without entering into any investigation of the qualifications of the individuals nominated as ministers, they pronounce the mission inexpedient.

For two months after the Report was made, the Senate held the subject in deliberation. The secret sessions were numerous and prolonged, and it was only on the 14th March that the resolution appended to the Committee's Report against the mission, was *disagreed to* by the following vote:

*Ayes:* Messrs. Benton, Berrien, Branch, Chandler, Cobb, Dickerson, Eaton, Findlay, Hayne, Holmes, Kane, King, Macon, Randolph, Rowan, Van Buren, White, Williams, Woodbury—19.

*Noes:* Barton, Bell, Boulogny, Chambers, Chase, Clayton, Edwards, Harrison, Hendricks, Johnston of Kentucky, Johnson of Louisiana, Knight, Lloyd, Marks, Mills, Noble, Robbins, Ruggles, Sanford, Seymour, Smith, Thomas, Van Dyke, Willy—24.

On the same day the nominations of Messrs. Anderson and Sergeant, as ministers, were confirmed.

We shall have occasion, after presenting the analysis of the Report in the House of Representatives, to enter into some detail as to the part taken, and the speeches made, in both Houses, by the friends and opponents of this measure—a detail that will be rendered more intelligible by previously laying before the reader the argument on each side.

On the 15th March, the day succeeding that on which the Senate assented to the mission and confirmed the nomination of ministers, President Adams sent a message to the House of Representatives, in answer to a resolution of that House of the 5th of February preceding, asking information respecting the character and

objects of the proposed Congress, in which he forcibly exhibited the advantages which, in his judgment, might result from the assembling of that body, and from the presence there of representatives of the United States. After explaining the whole matter, and his acceptance of the invitation in behalf of the United States—subject to the advice and consent of the Senate—he informs the House that its “concurrence to the measure by the appropriations necessary for carrying it into effect, is alike subject to its free determination, and indispensable to the fulfillment of the intention.”

This message, with the accompanying papers, (similar to those submitted to the Senate,) were immediately referred to the committee on Foreign Relations. From this committee Mr. Crowninshield, on the 25th March, made a Report concluding with a resolution “that in the opinion of this House it is expedient to appropriate the funds necessary to enable the President of the United States to send ministers to the Congress of Panama.”

On this resolution a debate, protracted through several weeks, ensued, when an amendment, moved by *Mr. McLane* of Delaware, virtually nullifying the mission, even if otherwise authorized, prevailed by a vote of 99 to 95; whereupon the supporters of the original resolution abandoned it as amended—and the vote on it being taken next day, 21st April, it was lost—54 ayes, 143 noes.

The bill reported from the Committee of Ways and Means, making appropriations for the mission, was soon after called up; and after an attempt to strike out the enacting clause, which failed—61 to 134—the bill passed; and thus the mission received the sanction of both Houses.

We now return to the report of the Committee of the House.

The Committee first explain that the Congress of Panama is merely an “assembly of diplomatic agents, clothed with no power except to discuss and to negotiate, deputed by governments whose constitutions require that all engagements with foreign powers shall be subject to the ratification of some organic body at home.” In order, moreover, to guard against all possible mistake as to the design of this Congress, it is expressly stipulated in the treaties between Colombia and the new Republics, that the meeting at Panama “shall not affect in

any manner the exercise of the national sovereignty of the contracting parties, in regard to their laws and the establishment and form of their respective governments.”

As to the *objects* of the assembly, the most entire liberty is left to the parties present to propose whatever may be esteemed of common good to this hemisphere, without dictation, or the semblance of dictation, by those governments whence the invitation to the United States had come. So far otherwise, indeed, was the fact, that in the letters of the Colombian minister to the Secretary of State, the utmost deference is manifested for the greater experience of the United States, and the expectation is expressed that they will avail themselves of the “opportune occasion” offered by this Congress, “to fix some principles of international law, the unsettled state of which has caused much evil to humanity.” The letter adds: “It belongs to each of the concurring parties to propose their views; but the voice of the United States will be heard with the respect and deference which its early labors in a work of so much importance demand.” The Committee conclude that “the objects of this assembly embrace in general terms the political and commercial relations of the United States with the new American Republics.”

As to the *principle* which has regulated our diplomatic intercourse, the Committee demonstrate that the moving considerations for the missions maintained by this country have been the political and commercial relations of the nations with which they were established; and not the power or grandeur of such nations. Such being the general principle, it seems particularly applicable to the case of the Panama Mission, as at that Congress questions involving our most important political and commercial interests are to be discussed. If we should decline attendance, it would not only exhibit an ungracious spirit towards neighboring republics, but take from us the right of complaining of any results contrary to our interests which might there be accomplished.

The various objections to the mission are then considered by the Committee. As to its alleged unconstitutionality, it is replied, that the Constitution imposes no restriction on the appointment of foreign ministers by the proper authority. But it is assumed that the Congress at Pana-



ma is either a government, a branch of government, or a confederacy of governments; and that the United States, by attending there, united themselves with such confederacy. The Congress is not what it is thus described, but simply a consultative meeting of diplomatic agents from independent governments. But were it what it is described, the attendance there of a minister from the United States would no more bind us to such a confederacy, than the attendance of a minister at the court of any single power, binds us to that power.

To the objection that all the objects aimed at by the Congress could be attained by separate negotiation with each State there represented, it is replied that neither so conveniently, so rapidly, nor so surely, could separate negotiations be concluded between States so geographically remote, and in various respects so politically different, as in an assembly of diplomatic agents promptly communicating with each other, counsel, information and argument.

Another objection that neither the subjects of discussion, the power of the ministers, the mode of organizing the Congress, nor of deciding questions in it, were defined with sufficient distinctness to justify the United States in attending, is met by the statement that this is merely a consultative assembly—where no one without his consent, is to be bound by the decision made—and as from the very nature and circumstances of the meeting, it would be impossible to define beforehand the precise topics to be discussed, or the precise form in which the body should be organized or deliberate, it was not reasonable to expect or require that the whole *programme* should be arranged and agreed upon in advance.

The hazard to our neutrality by attendance—so far as Spain was concerned—could not be as great as by the more positive act, long before adopted, of acknowledging the new States, and trading with them on the footing of independence, in direct contravention of the colonial laws of Spain. If this were not, as it could not justly be, considered by Spain a breach of our neutrality, assuredly the fact of sending representatives to a Congress of diplomatic agents from those States, could not be so considered—more especially as it was expressly stipulated on our behalf, and agreed to by the other States, that our ministers were not to take any part in the discussion or adoption of

measures of war between those States and Spain. On the contrary, it was made known to Spain through our minister there, that one of the objects of the attendance of the United States at Panama was to use our influence in behalf of peace and humanity, and for the termination of the contest between Spain and her former colonies, on terms mutually honorable and advantageous.

Nor do the Committee attach weight to the apprehension expressed, that, by attendance at the Congress, the United States may be involved in entangling alliances with some of the new States. In the first place, all project or purpose of said alliance is expressly disclaimed by the President; but if it were not, alliances cannot be framed with any nation, except with the consent and approbation of the Senate; and if there be no danger of entangling alliances by sending a minister direct to a foreign power, much less can there be in sending one to join in a mere assembly of other ministers—mere agents, and not themselves powers or governments.

But, says another objection, this Congress is an unprecedented measure. Truly so—and alike unprecedented are the position of this hemisphere and the circumstances which have suggested the Congress—eight new States suddenly taking a place among nations. But because unprecedented, is it therefore wrong or dangerous? Far otherwise. It is an assembly, not of banded oppressors—not of conquerors and kings, to cut and carve a world among themselves, without regard to any popular rights—but of the representatives of free States, anxious to establish a common basis for civil, social and international intercourse. It is an assembly to assert and secure the rights of the people, and not to strengthen the power of monarchs—the ministers who will be present are of limited power—of no authority to commit their governments to any measures—but bound to refer back to the authority which delegated them, whatever propositions or plan of mutual or general operation may be suggested. The reasoning drawn from a fancied analogy between this Congress and the Congress of European Sovereigns and Ambassadors, is wholly fallacious. It is not the act of assembling and treating together that constitutes the danger of these last-named Congresses, but the character and quality of those assembled, and the objects effected or aimed at.



Having thus disposed of all the objections to the mission, the Committee go on to expatiate on the advantages to be anticipated from it.

From the nature of the case, as well as from the terms of the invitation, the discussions of Panama would embrace all subjects of importance—

To the new States as among each other—

Or as between them and Spain—

Or of interest directly to us, in our connection with them.

These three classes of subjects, in different degrees, are all of deep concern to the United States. With the second, indeed, except as mediators, we could have no connection, for it was of express stipulation that we were not to take part in any matter that might hazard our amicable relations with Spain.

But in the other two classes we have many and strong common interests. As near neighbors, several of these states, accordingly as they are prosperous and peaceful in their intercourse with each other and with ourselves, or otherwise, become objects of great solicitude to us. One of these has an immense landed frontier on our territory, and, together with the next two in geographical position, lies on those waters into which the great internal communications of the United States are discharged. With these and with the other new States we have highly important commercial connections, and it is therefore matter of great interest to us how they shall stand towards each other. If a common feeling of mutual interests and mutual friendships shall prevail, all will increase in prosperity. On the other hand, dissension between them respecting boundaries or other vexed questions, would at once be injurious to the parties engaged, and to the other States, as well as to the United States, from the interruption of that commerce which their peaceful growth and industry could not fail to foster and enlarge. These obvious truths could not fail of producing marked effect in such a Congress; and it is not too much, probably, to say, that if it had been in session with the general concurrence of the new States, and the full coöperation of this country, the unhappy war actually existing between Brazil and the Provinces of La Plata, respecting the possession of the *Banda Oriental*, would have been prevented by the mediation of the ministers there assembled. To the work of media-

tion, in all such cases, the United States would come as the most disinterested, as well as powerful party; and the chance, in a single instance, of being able to avert or terminate a war, would of itself constitute a sufficient motive for accepting the invitation. We do not obtrude ourselves as umpires; but being invited where sectional differences are to be discussed, and the benefit of our presence, counsel and experience being invoked, no maxim of the most cautious prudence bids us stand aloof. Next to peace on our own part, the peace and prosperity of these new States are our leading interest, and the policy of maintaining peace through friendly mediation is entirely congenial with the principles and feelings of the people of the United States, and sanctioned by their practice.

Among the topics calculated deeply to engage our attention, in the existing state of affairs, is the condition of Cuba and Porto Rico. Those rich islands, the former so near our very borders, that the Moro, which commands the entrance to Havana, may be considered a fortress at the mouth of the Mississippi. The probability that this island may become the scene of a struggle between Spain and one or more of the new States—and of all the horror of such a struggle, conducted with forces inadequate on either side to complete success, but sufficient to lead to anarchy and a servile war—would alone justify the United States in attending a Congress where their presence and exhortations might avert so great a calamity—so imminent a danger. It is well said by the Committee that, “if the United States, after being invited to attend a conference of ministers of the powers by whom that invasion is projected, had declined to be present, they would have incurred a deep responsibility for whatever disastrous effects our friendly interposition might have averted or delayed.”

The direct intercourse between the new Republics and ourselves, would form a special subject of deliberation at the Congress. Our aim, from the earliest foundation of the government, in our intercourse with foreign nations, has been to establish reciprocal, liberal and uniform commercial relations with all. The benefit of our experience in this cause has been specially invoked, and “to refuse an attendance when urged, on this ground, would be to neglect, perhaps, the fairest opportunity which the history

of the world has offered, of giving a wide and prompt diffusion to liberal doctrines of public law."

After thus considering the whole case on the grounds of political expediency, and the principles of our diplomatic intercourse, the Committee add the expression of their concurrence in the sentiments of the President, that sufficient inducement, independent of all other, to accept the invitation, would be found in the desire "to meet, in the spirit of kindness and friendship, an overture made in that spirit, by three sister republics of this hemisphere."

Towards these republics our policy from the outset has been frank, liberal, and disinterested. Dismissing all jealousies, and disdaining all fears—instead of holding back when those States cast off the safe and enervating despotism of Spain, which rendered them such harmless neighbors for us—we, the first, stretched our hands out to welcome them among the nations. We ourselves assisted to break down the barrier which position had heretofore given us—of being alone on this continent without rivals or dangerous neighbors. We have aided the growth of Republics, some of which must be great and strong. The policy thus entered upon we must pursue, and bind to us by the bonds of common interest, of similar institutions, and of a frank and liberal intercourse, those who under a different treatment, might become dangerous rivals or enemies.

From all which considerations, the Committee thus conclude :

"As our attendance at the Congress, instead of being prejudicial to the public interests, is, in the judgment of the Committee, a measure of the most obvious political expediency; as it is stipulated to bring into no hazard the neutrality of the United States; as all fears of an entangling alliance have been shown to be unfounded; in a word, as the Congress will be regarded by the Executive of the United States, as purely a consultative meeting; and as the objects of consultation are of primary importance to the country, the Committee of Foreign Affairs are of opinion, that the mission to Panama ought to receive the sanction of the House of Representatives."

Having thus laid before the readers of the Review the substance of the two conflicting Reports, we shall devote the residue of our space to an exhibition of the course of some of the prominent members of both Houses.

From the first annunciation of the pro-

posed mission to its consummation, it was opposed on party grounds; and those who were already organizing to put down the administration of J. Q. Adams, though it should be "pure as the angels," seized upon this topic as one concerning which, regardless of the high interests of country which it involved, they hoped to make an unfavorable impression on the people.

In the Senate, Mr. Benton, Mr. Branch, Mr. Randolph, Mr. Van Buren, Mr. Woodbury, Mr. Tazewell, Mr. Hayne, Mr. W. R. King, (now minister in France,) were strenuous in opposition. They and their associates, in executive session, interposed all the obstacles which party tactics and party discipline could suggest; and when defeated there—after the nominations were confirmed, but while the appropriation bill was pending in the House—they transferred the subject to the legislative session, and therein indulged in most acrimonious and vindictive debate. In these debates John Randolph, the outpourings of whose unhinged mind and ill-regulated heart have, in some quarters, received the *apotheosis* of genius! was particularly prominent and particularly abusive; and from one of the speeches he then made arose the duel between him and Mr. Clay.

The machinations and devices of Mr. Van Buren were more conspicuous than his arguments, in the effort to thwart the mission. In executive session he first moved a call on the President for the communication *in confidence* to the Senate of all documents and instructions relative to the mission. Having obtained these, he then moved resolutions, which were adopted, that the whole subject be discussed with open doors, unless the President should object to the publicity of the correspondence, and asking him to say whether such publicity would be injurious. To these resolutions the President replied, that, the papers having been communicated by him *in confidence* to the Senate, upon their request so to receive them, and believing such confidential intercourse between the Executive and the Senate essential to the public interests, he "deemed it his indispensable duty to leave to the Senate itself the decision of a question involving a departure, hitherto, as he is informed, without example, from that usage."

This reply furnished a new topic of opposition. Mr. Rowan, of Kentucky, proposed resolutions of censure on the



President for declining to decide whether or not the Senate ought to sit with open doors upon executive business! and refusing to consider farther the subject of the mission until the President should give his opinion as to the propriety of a public discussion! This resolution, after debate, was modified in various ways, all, however, designed to cast censure on the Executive, and to thwart his views; till at length, stripped of the offensive features, it was passed in a form asserting that, although "the Senate have the right to publish communications confidentially made, and to discuss the same with open doors, without the consent of the President,"—yet, in this case, as the President seemed to have objections thereto, and no present exigency required the exercise of that right—the Senate would proceed as heretofore, with closed doors.

Nothing daunted by defeat, Mr. Van Buren, on the 14th of March, submitted a series of resolutions adverse to the President's constitutional authority to institute the mission. We quote the second of these resolutions because of its remarkable application to the recent "association" of Texas with this Union—an association now supported by the very men who supported the annexed resolution, which, as will be seen, denies all authority to Congress to bring about such a result!

"*Resolved*, That the power of framing or entering (in any manner whatever) into any political association, or confederacies, belongs to the people of the United States in their sovereign character, being one of the powers which, not having been delegated to the Government, is reserved to the States or people, and that it is not within the constitutional power of the Federal Government to appoint deputies or representatives of any description to represent the United States in the Congress of Panama, or to participate in the deliberation, or discussion, or recommendation of acts of that Congress."

This resolution, with the others, was lost; but it received the votes of Messrs. Dickerson, Benton, Hayne, Wm. R. King, Macon, Randolph, Van Buren, Rowan, Woodbury, &c.

It is, taken altogether, a complete *non sequitur*; for, admitting as we do entirely, and as was probably done by those who voted against the resolution as a whole, the truth of the first deduction, it has no application whatever to the second, respecting the constitutional authority to

establish the mission to Panama, seeing that no "new political associations or confederacy" were then contemplated.

Finding all expedients vain, and that factious opposition in executive session produced no capital out of doors, the vote was taken on the same day, on the resolution of the Committee on Foreign Relations, declaring the mission *inexpedient*. It was negatived—ayes 19, noes 24. The ayes were Messrs. Benton, Berrien, Branch, Chandler, Cobb, Dickerson, Eaton, Findlay, Hayne, Holmes, Kane, King, Macon, Randolph, Rowan, Van Buren, White, Williams, Woodbury.

The nominations were then confirmed.

The length to which this paper has been already protracted forbids our going into detail, and furnishing, as we intended, extracts from the speeches of the Senators who opposed the mission. It must therefore suffice to say, that Mr. Hayne of South Carolina, Mr. White of Tennessee, Mr. Van Buren of New York, and Mr. Woodbury of New Hampshire, particularly, resisted that object, which, among others, was to be embraced in the deliberations of the Congress—the renewed and more emphatic expression of Mr. Monroe's declaration that this continent, under the reservation of existing rights, was henceforth to be exempt from European interference or European colonization.

Any agreement on our part with the South American nations to proclaim this as the policy and resolute purpose of each and all, was denounced as a total departure from the established policy of our country—as beyond the constitutional authority of this government, and as offensive to the nations of Europe. Mr. Randolph, who, in the legislative session, spoke hour after hour and day after day *about* the mission, magnified the power of the European nations as unduly and unreasonably as he depreciated the character and insulted the feelings of the new American States.

By all the opponents of the mission, a *system of American republics*, framed for the protection of freedom—for the advancement of mutual, harmonious and liberal intercourse—and defensive, not by arms, but in spirit and purpose, against the pretensions of the monarchical system of Europe—the Holy Alliance—were ridiculed or denounced. No sympathy for struggling freemen on our own continent—no generous sentiment of a new-world destiny, and of corresponding



new-world duties—no self-relying consciousness that, as Americans, we are sufficient unto ourselves, and competent to discuss and to determine whether, and in how far, we will be governed by an old international code, adopted without our concurrence, and adapted to political conditions and circumstances widely different from our own. Party disguised from patriotism its true path—and though happily defeated in the main efforts, it did, indirectly, have the effect of paralyzing a proceeding which it could not wholly prevent.

In the House of Representatives, the same narrow spirit, the same factious opposition—claiming to speak in the name of country, and seeking to shelter itself under the mantle of Washington—was manifested. We select, by reason of his present eminence—then as little anticipated as now it is likely to be justified by results—for special citation, the part taken by Mr. Polk.

On the 11th April, Mr. Polk offered the following resolutions:

“*Resolved*, That it is the constitutional right and duty of the House of Representatives, when called on for appropriations to defray the expenses of foreign missions, to deliberate on the expediency or inexpediency of such missions, and to determine and act thereon, as in their judgment may be most conducive to the public good.

“*Resolved*, That it is the sense of this House that the sending of Ministers on the part of the United States to take part in the deliberations of the South American nations at Panama, would be a total departure from the uniform course of policy pursued by this government from the adoption of the Federal Constitution to the present period; and might, and in all probability would, have a tendency to involve the nation in “entangling alliances,” and endanger the neutrality and relations of amity and peace, which at present happily subsist between the United States and the belligerent powers—Old Spain and the Southern Republics on this Continent.

“*Resolved, therefore*, That it is inexpedient to send ministers on the part of the United States, to take part in the deliberations of the said Congress of South American nations at Panama, and that it is inexpedient to grant any appropriations to defray the expenses of the said mission.”

These resolutions were, on Mr. Polk's motion, referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union.

On the 20th, Mr. McLane's amendment, which went to cripple the mission by restricting the powers of the ministers,

and which, among other prohibitions, forbade them even “to discuss, consider or consult on any stipulation, compact or declaration binding the United States in any way, or to any extent, to resist interference from abroad with the domestic affairs of the aforesaid governments, or any measure which shall commit the present or future neutral rights or duties of the United States, either as may regard European nations, or between the several States of Mexico and South America,” was adopted by the House of Representatives by a vote of ninety-nine to ninety-five—Mr. Polk, Mr. McDuffie, Mr. Hoffman, (now naval officer of New York,) Mr. Cambreleng, Mr. Verplanck, Mr. Ingham, and Mr. Kremer of Pennsylvania, together with the whole opposition, being in the affirmative.

The next day Mr. Polk addressed the House concerning his purpose to vote against the resolution, even with the amendment adopted at the previous sitting. That amendment did indeed assert the right of the House to a voice in the institution of a new foreign mission, and did declare that the ancient policy of the country to keep clear of all “entangling alliances” was not to be departed from. To these views Mr. Polk said he willingly adhered, and that, “however strong his sympathies in favor of liberty and republican institutions, in whatever part of the world they might make their appearance, the peace, the quiet and the prosperity of his own country were paramount to every other consideration.” Mr. Polk then argued the right of the House of Representatives to a voice in the institution of foreign missions; and having insisted (contrary to the well-established practice of the government) that such was the true construction of the Constitution, he again reverted to the dangerous nature of the Panama Congress. “We have heard,” said Mr. P., “during this debate, a great deal about the fraternity of the Republics of the South; about the necessity of signifying our good feeling, and sympathies for the cause of freedom in which they are engaged, by extending to them the counsels of our experience, and uniting with them in the deliberations at Panama. We have been repeatedly told, not only by gentlemen on this floor, but the idea has been held forth in the documents which have lumbered our table, that this Congress at Panama was an American, a republican policy.” Mr. Polk, after this



sneering allusion to the Congress and its objects, thinks it reason enough to object to the whole scheme, that "his august majesty the Emperor of Brazil" was invited (how, as an American power, could he be omitted?) to send representatives there.

Mr. Polk then added—"This is a portentous and very important crisis in the history of this country, and every patriot should be at his post. We are about to depart from our ancient and plain republican simplicity, and to become a great and splendid government; new projects are set on foot; we are called upon by the President to change the whole policy of the country, as adopted by our fathers, and so happily pursued by their posterity down to the present period. He called on gentlemen, before they abandoned the present safe policy of the country, to ponder well what they are about to do." Mr. Polk, therefore, announced his purpose to vote both against the resolution—declaring the mission expedient under the limitations and restrictions of Mr. McLane's amendment—and against the bill making appropriations for that mission; and he did vote against both, most of his own party friends abandoning him in the last vote.

The amendment of *Mr. McLane* was supported by higher names *then*, abler men *now*, than Mr. Polk. Besides the mover, P. Barbonr of Virginia, James Hamilton of S. Carolina, Jas. Buchanan, and Messrs. Hemphill and Ingham of Pennsylvania, strongly maintained its expediency. It was resisted by Messrs. Brent and Edward Livingston of Louisiana, Buckner and F. Johnson of Kentucky, Markley and Wurtz (now the President of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company) of Pennsylvania, Reed and Webster of Massachusetts. We have room only for some extracts from the admirable speech of the latter, confining them chiefly to the topic, now become so prominent and significant by Mr. Polk's reassertion of it—his former opinions to the contrary notwithstanding—that this continent is not henceforth to be the scene of European interference or colonization.

"I concur entirely," said Mr. Webster, "in the sentiment expressed in the resolution of the gentleman from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Markley,) that the declaration of Mr. Monroe was wise, seasonable and patriotic. It has been said in the course of this debate, to have been a loose and vague declaration.

It was, I believe, sufficiently studied. I have understood, from good authority, that it was considered, weighed, and distinctly and decidedly approved, by every one of the President's advisers, at that time. \* \* \*

I agree that the message did mean something, that it meant much; and I maintain that the declaration answered the end designed by it, did great honor to the foresight and spirit of the Government, and that it cannot now be taken back, retracted, or annulled, without disgrace. It met, sir, with the entire concurrence and hearty approbation of this country. The tone which it uttered found a corresponding response in the hearts of the free people of the United States. That people saw, and they rejoiced to see, that, on a fit occasion, our weight had been thrown into the right scale, and that, without departing from our duty, we had done something useful, and something effectual in the cause of civil liberty. One general glow of exultation—one universal feeling of the gratified love of liberty—the conscious and proud perception of the consideration which the country possessed, and of the respect and honor which belonged to it—pervaded all bosoms. Possibly the public enthusiasm went too far. It certainly did go very far. But the sentiment which this declaration inspired, was not confined to ourselves. In that very House of Commons, of which the gentleman from South Carolina has spoken with such commendation, how was it there received? Not only, sir, with approbation, but I may say with no little enthusiasm. While the leading minister expressed his entire concurrence in the sentiments and opinions of the American President, his distinguished competitor in that popular body, less restrained by official decorum, more at liberty to give utterance to the feelings of the occasion, declared that no event had ever created greater joy, excitement and gratitude among all the freemen in Europe; that he felt pride in being connected by blood and language with the people of the United States; that the policy disclosed by the message became a great, a free, and an independent nation; and that he hoped his own country would be prevented by no mean pride nor paltry jealousy from following so noble and glorious an example. \*

\* \* But how should it happen that there should be now such a new-born fear on the subject of the declaration? the crisis is over! the danger is past! \* \* \*

Most of the gentlemen who have now spoken on the subject, were at that time here; they all heard the declaration. Not one of them complained, and yet now when all danger is over, we are vehemently warned against the sentiments of the declaration!"

Respecting our acquiescence in the pos-

sible occupation of Cuba by some European power other than Spain, Mr. Webster makes a very strong argument, in the course of which occur these passages.

"It has been asserted, that although we might rightfully prevent another power from taking Cuba from Spain by force, yet if Spain should choose to make the voluntary transfer, we should have no right whatever to interfere. Sir, this is a distinction, without a difference. If we are likely to have contention about Cuba, let us first well consider what our rights are, and not commit ourselves. If we have any right to interfere at all, it applies as well to the case of a peaceable, as to that of a forcible, transfer. If nations be at war, we are not judges of the question of right in that war. We must acknowledge in both parties the mutual right of attack, and the mutual right of conquest. It is not for us to set bounds to these belligerent operations, so long as they do not affect ourselves. \* \* \* The real question is whether the possession of Cuba by a great maritime power of Europe would seriously endanger our immediate security, or our essential interests. The general rule of national law is unquestionably against interference in the transactions of other States. There are, however, acknowledged exceptions, growing out of circumstances, and founded in those circumstances. \* \* \* The ground of the exception is self-preservation. Now, sir, let us look at Cuba. \* \* \* Cuba, as is well said in the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations, is placed in the mouth of the Mississippi. Its occupation by a strong maritime power would be felt in the first moment of hostility, as far up the Mississippi and the Missouri as our population extends. It is the commanding point of the Gulf of Mexico. It lies in the very line of our coastwise traffic, interposed in the very highway between New York and New Orleans."

Proceeding from this topic to an imputation thrown out that the project of the Panama mission had been forced upon the President by his Secretary of State, Mr. Webster made this fine reference to that eminent man, and to his acknowledged services in the cause of South American liberty.

"Pains have been taken by the honorable member from Virginia to prove that the measure now in contemplation, and indeed the whole policy of the government respecting South America, is the unhappy result of the influence of a gentleman formerly filling the chair of this House. He charges him with having become himself affected at an early day with what he is pleased to call the South American fever, and with having

infused its baneful influence into the whole councils of the country.

"If, sir, it be true that that gentleman, prompted by an ardent love of civil liberty, felt earlier than others a proper sympathy for the struggling colonies of South America, or acting on the maxim that revolutions do not go backwards, he had the sagacity to foresee earlier than others the successful termination of those struggles—if thus feeling, or thus perceiving, it fell to him to lead the willing or unwilling councils of his country to her manifestations of kindness to the new governments, and in her seasonable recognition of their independence—if it be this which the honorable member imputes to him—if it be by this course of public conduct that he has identified his name with the cause of South American liberty, he ought to be esteemed one of the most fortunate men of his age. If all this be, as it is here represented, he has acquired fame enough. It is enough for any man thus to have connected himself with the greatest events of the age in which he lived, and to have been foremost in measures which reflect high honor on his country, in the judgment of mankind. Sir, it is always with reluctance that I am drawn to speak in my place here of individuals, but I could not forbear what I have said, when I hear in the House of Representatives, and in the land of free spirits, that it is made matter of imputation and reproach, to have been first to reach forth the hand of welcome and of succor to new-born nations, struggling to obtain and to enjoy the blessings of freedom."

Passing from this topic to an examination of the far greater difficulties which the Spanish American States had struggled against and overcome, than those which opposed our contest for freedom, Mr. Webster thus terminated his noble speech:

"A day of solemn retribution now visits the once proud monarchy of Spain—the prediction is fulfilled—the spirit of Montezuma, and of the Incas, might now well say—

'Art thou too fallen, Iberia? Do we see  
The robber and the murderer weak as we?  
Thou! that hast wasted earth, and dared  
despise

Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies;  
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid  
Low in the pit thine avarice hath made.'

"Mr. Chairman, I will detain you only with one more reflection on the subject. We cannot be so blind—we cannot so shut up our senses, and smother our faculties, as not to see, that in the progress and the establishment of South American liberty, our own example has been among the most stimulating causes. That great light—a



light which can never be hid—the light of our own glorious revolution, has shone on the path of the South American patriots from the beginning of their course. In their emergencies, they have looked to our experience; in their political institutions, they have followed our models; in their deliberations, they have invoked the presiding spirit of our liberty. They have looked steadily, in every adversity, to the *Great Northern Light!* In the hour of bloody conflict, they have remembered the fields which had been consecrated by the blood of our own fathers; and when they have fallen, they have wished only to be remembered with them as men who had acted their parts bravely for the cause of liberty in this western world.

“Sir, I have done. If it be weakness to feel the sympathy of one’s nature excited for such men in such a cause, I am guilty of that weakness. If it be prudence to meet their proffered civility, not with kindness, but with coldness, or with insult, I choose to follow where natural impulse leads, and to give up this false and mistaken prudence for the voluntary sentiments of my heart.”

The resolution reported by the Committee on Foreign Relations, limited and restricted as it was after the adoption of Mr. McLane’s amendment, was voted down by the friends of the mission, and on the same day the bill making appropriations for the ministers passed by a large majority, and thus terminated in Congress the long and able discussion.

The delays occasioned by the long and vindictive opposition in the two Houses to the proposed mission, although it did not defeat its purpose, did in fact interfere materially with its success.

The period fixed for the first meeting of the Congress was in the month of June. As it was not until the 20th of April that the House of Representatives voted the appropriation, it was impossible for Mr. Sergeant to reach the place of meeting in time. To Mr. Anderson, however, his colleague in the mission, who was at the time minister of the United States in Colombia, instructions were dispatched to proceed, without loss of time, to Panama. On his way thither, at Carthagena, he was attacked with a malignant fever, which unfortunately proving fatal, the United States were without any representative at the Congress, which assembled on the 22d June.

We may briefly add, in order to complete the story, that Peru, Mexico, Central America and Colombia, were present at the Congress by their ministers: Bolivia had not yet organized its govern-

ment, and was not represented; and the concurrence of the legislature of the republic of Chili was not obtained in time to the nomination of plenipotentiaries. The governments of Great Britain and of the Netherlands, though uninvited, sent diplomatic agents to watch the proceedings of this body. They were not present at its deliberations, but received communication of the proceedings as they occurred.

Owing to the absence of the United States, no questions touching their interests were mooted; and it was quite manifest that from the same cause the effect and importance of the Congress were impaired to such a degree that its moral weight and influence, both upon the nations of this continent and of the other, were of little account. The body continued in session until 15th July—confining their deliberations and doings to matters exclusively concerning the belligerent States—and another session was ordered to be held in February, 1827, at Tacubaya, near the city of Mexico.

Mr. Poinsett, the minister of the United States in Mexico, was substituted for Mr. Anderson; but before the period for holding the second session had arrived, the dangerous ambition of Bolivar, and the intestine divisions of some of the new States, had entirely changed the aspect of affairs, and rendered that impracticable then, which, with a more hearty and unanimous concurrence of the United States in the noble, wise and disinterested objects of this assembly of nations, might at an earlier day have been accomplished.

But although the great American principles which prompted the nations of this continent to assemble, by their representatives, at Panama, were, for the time, left in abeyance, this nation gave its assent to them—tardy, indeed, by reason of the opposition of those professing to be the democratic party, but in the end complete. To these principles we are still committed, and by them we are irrevocably bound. Chief among these, most significant and most far-reaching, is that one first proclaimed by Mr. Monroe, and, on occasion of this Congress, reiterated by John Q. Adams—of the future exemption of this continent from European interference or European colonization.

For us that is now the law, to be acted up to in moderation and with firmness, without seeking occasion to enforce it, and with all the forms of conciliation in the manner of enforcing it when occasion re-



quires, but to be relinquished and departed from—never.

Of this truth, Mr. Polk, as President, has become sensible—though it was hidden from his view when a partisan on the floor of Congress—and in his recent message to Congress he thus reiterates it :

“In the existing circumstances of the world, the present is deemed a proper occasion to reiterate and reaffirm the principle avowed by Mr. Monroe, and to state my cordial concurrence in its wisdom and sound policy. The reassertion of this principle, especially in reference to North America, is at this day but the promulgation of a policy which no European power should cherish the disposition to resist. Existing rights of every European nation should be respected; but it is due alike to our safety and our interests, that the efficient protection of our laws should be extended over our whole territorial limits, and that it should be distinctly announced to the world as our settled policy, that no future European colony or dominion shall, with our consent, be planted or established on any part of the North American Continent.”

Events seem hastening on, which are to give to this declaration its trial and its proof. California, owing to the weakness and distraction of Mexico, is now in a position towards Europe and America, analogous to that of Cuba, when Mr. Adams declared to all the world that the United States would not consent, in any contingency, to the acquisition of that island from Spain by a European power.

On the subject of California, and of the necessity, if it ceases to belong to Mexico, that it should belong to us, unless it can become a firmly based independent Republic, our readers will find our views fully set forth in another article in this number, expressly devoted to that subject. It is therefore sufficient here, merely to refer to the probability, that this fine region of North America will be peacefully acquired by the United States, to prove the wisdom and foresight of the declaration made to the last generation by Presidents Monroe and Adams, of the exemption of this continent from European interference or possession. That declaration, communicated of course to foreign governments at the time, and not resisted, nor, so far as appears, objected to, has become a law for us and for others, and will be the all-sufficient reply to any remonstrance that should ever be made from the Old World against the peaceful extension of our territory and institutions over California.

It is a principle, moreover, indispensable to our safety, and therefore essentially defensive. We do not disguise from ourselves the fact, that with our Norman-Saxon blood, we inherit the passion for extended dominion, which is the vice of that blood; but it is not in this passion, nor even in the consequent earnest desire on our part to avoid—in relation especially to California—by early legitimate action, any such lawless and undignified conduct as took place in the hurried acquisition of Texas, that we seek for the foundation of this principle. It is in the antagonism of European and of American institutions, and interests, that we seek and find its origin and its justification. We are set apart, as it were, with the dissociable ocean interposed between, to carry out the great experiment of man, self-government. Thus far it is a successful experiment, and with whatever occasional practical counteractions and contradictions, it has promoted, and does promote, the greater happiness of the greater numbers, in a degree never reached under any other form of government, or in any other region. Man, in the United States, is emphatically free in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and in the pursuit of happiness. All occupations and all stations are open to all; the rights of labor, and the acquisitions of labor are secure; the hand of government is unfelt in exactions, either upon persons or upon property—it is indeed unseen by all but evil-doers, and millions of people scattered over a wide and fertile land, are born, live and die without the consciousness of having at any moment of their career, been interfered with, hindered, restrained, or oppressed, by the laws or the ministers of the laws. Their duty towards their neighbors and their duty towards God, they fulfill alike, without authoritative prescription or proscription, other than that of the moral law written by the hand of the Almighty upon the heart, and made manifest in the revelation of his Son.

To such an enviable condition of affairs, our distance from other nations, under different forms of government, has not a little contributed, and the ocean has served at once as the element of our prosperity and the ægis of our defence. It has brought us the commerce of the Old World, it has brought us countless thousands of its peaceful children, and it has kept from us, its men of war, its feudal, hierarchical and monarchical institutions.

This immunity we desire to preserve.

We know too well the utterly irreconcilable character of the foundation upon which our institutions and the institutions of European governments are reared, to consent to place them in presence of each other on this continent. The deathless struggle, the *μαχη αθανατος*—which has ever existed, and must ever exist, between the principle of the people's sovereignty, and that of the rights of kings—though both, in their legitimate scope, derived from and sanctioned by Divine appointment—cannot be renewed here without the wars and desolations which have marked it elsewhere. Why should it be renewed here? This land was sought by our forefathers, because they desired to escape the evils, the oppressions, the inequalities

of the Old World. This—their place of refuge—they have, from a wilderness, converted into a garden, blossoming as a rose. The spectacle of their prosperity, and the influence of their successful example—spreading from sea to sea, and from the frozen north almost again to the frozen south—have filled this hemisphere with the same hopes, aspirations and purposes; and therefore it is, that by the common consent, and united voice of the American nations, it is proclaimed anew, through the instrumentality of these United States, that NO FUTURE EUROPEAN COLONY OR DOMINION SHALL, WITH OUR CONSENT, BE PLANTED OR ESTABLISHED IN ANY PART OF THE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT.

## A V E D E O.

BY W. W. CLEMENTS.

Woods in floods of light are waving  
To and fro like swinging seas,  
While above their tops are floating  
The glad children of the breeze.

Like a ghost in moonlight straying,  
Steals along the trembling fawn;—  
Stars, like children, now are playing  
In and out the gate of dawn.

An hour ago, the tempest swelling  
Smote in wrath the shrinking sod—  
Thunders trooped above our dwelling,  
Throbbing like the pulse of God.

Over time's abyss impending  
Centuries, in darkness lie  
Giant remnants, vast, unending,  
Shadows of a Deity!

Life and death!—a thin partition  
All thy mysteries divide,  
For in shadow walks the spirit  
With the mortal, side by side.

In my heart lives many a token  
Of the past's enchanted spell,  
As the sound, when hours are spoken  
Lingers in the hollow bell.

Thus in high melodious measure  
Bards their holy strains prolong;  
Heirs to the eternal treasure  
Buried in the depths of song.

*Cattskill Mountain, Oct. 28, 1845.*



## ADVENTURES ON THE FRONTIER OF TEXAS AND MEXICO.

BY CHARLES WINTERFIELD.

NO. V.

THERE was no member of the party who did not of course understand at once, that Bill had led Castro and his Indians back to the place where he had shot Agatone's lieutenant, and lost sight of the man with the "red on his cloak," and that Castro had taken his trail, and followed it with unerring skill to the very spot where the horse was hitched. The Indian's expressive gesture and exclamation, "That him!" had settled the matter with regard to Davis—and no further questions would have been asked, but that every one was eager to hear whether any discovery had been made concerning Agatone. Leaving Davis tied and stretched upon the ground, on the inside of the picketing, the whole party climbed the blocks, and eagerly crowded around Castro, to hear his narrative. There was a degree of mystery about the escape of the Bandit Captain which intensely excited the curiosity of these men—Davis was securely enough hampered, and they felt no apprehensions with regard to him—for Antone was gone, and there was nobody in the house or yard. The Lipan warriors came galloping up, one after another, each like a faithful sleuth-hound closely following the trail. Amidst all the clamors of questions, shouts, and oaths, with which his ears were assailed by the impatient Rangers, Castro continued perfectly impassive. He sat quietly in his saddle watching the arrival of his warriors. Each one, as he came in, would gallop up to the chief, and, with low, quick utterance and rapid gestures, seemed to be making his report—what it was none of us but Hays could understand. Perceiving that the stoical chief-tain was not to be hurried, and that nothing conclusive could be got out of him until his Braves had all arrived, the Rangers became silent too, and following the eye of Castro, would watch each warrior as he appeared on the distant ridge, until he galloped up into the circle, made his report, and fell back among the crowd. The reason for this proceeding was, that Castro had scattered his warriors singly, for miles, around the place

where Agatone had disappeared, with orders to find his trail, and then report to him. The men were beginning to mutter and stamp with impatience when the last warrior appeared. When he fell back Hays said, looking at the chief—"Nothing done, Castro?" He bowed his head with an abashed, humbled look, and shaking it slowly, muttered, "No! no find! Him much medicine man! Him conjur!"

"D—n the Indians! Where's Bill Johnson!" shouted the Bravo.

"Yes, where's Bill? Where's Bill? he's worth 'em all!" said several at once.

Hays, who had been speaking in a low voice to Castro, now turned and said, "Bill is out there yet. He says we must surround Cavillo's Rancho—put some one to watch every trail leading into it—we'll catch him that way, my fellows! He'll be sneaking in to-night!"

"Davis can tell," said some one, in a loud voice.

"Yes, he knows all about it," said Fitz—"lets quirt him until he tells."

"Yes! yes!" said several; "that's got to be done, Captain. We'll finish with him first!" and all together they rushed toward the stiles to get at Davis, who lay in the yard.

"Don't spoil the edge of his nose, boys!" shouted the Bravo, laughingly. The high picket-fence had been between us and where Davis lay. I was following the crowd—a cold shudder creeping over me, as I thought of the horrid scene which must ensue; for I knew he was to die, and that with fearful tortures—when a confused roar of voices suddenly arose from those before, and a general headlong scramble followed—then came the shrill shriek of a woman's voice, and as I climbed the blocks of the picketing, I could hear, above the confused trampling and clamors, such exclamations as "Kill her!" "Pitch her into the river!" "She let him go!" "The Mexican slut!" "In 'with her!" "No, no! she's a woman!" &c. I reached the top—Davis had disappeared. One of the men was dragging a woman from her hiding-place in the



low thicket we have before mentioned as being in the back-yard of the Rancho, near the river bank; the rest of the party, with cries and oaths, were running to the man's assistance, and with furious imprecations laid hold of the woman, and in spite of her screams, were dragging her towards the water, when a man whom I recognized as the Lieutenant, sprang in among them to her rescue. In another instant the butt of a gun, laid, not lightly, across his forehead, felled him like an ox. Some one shouted, "There he is!" and two guns were fired as a figure dodged quickly behind a tree, on the top of the bluff bank on the other side of the river, and disappeared. In the momentary pause Hays threw himself among the infuriated crowd around the woman, and dragged her back as they were in the act of plunging her into the water with her hands tied. There was a fierce struggle. I had reached them by this time, and taking up the shout of Hays, "Shame! shame! she is a woman!" "You are *men*, no murder!" was striking, pushing, and tugging at his side, before I had time to think what it all meant. She was a woman, and they were going to drown her, was as much as I knew, or wished to know. Fitz and the Bravo came to our help. They let go the woman as the Bravo shouted, "They missed Davis! He's in the woods! Come, he'll get away!" and jumping into the water held his gun up with one hand, and struck with the other for the bluff. Several followed him, as all would have done, had not Hays—leaving the woman in my charge—set off down the river bank, calling to them to come with him to where the bank was less steep. In the breathless hurry of the preceding incidents I had only time to see and act, but now, having drawn my breath, I perceived in a moment what had occurred—for having been less excited than the rest, I had been behind and somewhat in the dark. The woman, who was shivering in an ague-fit of terror, I saw, was the Mexican wife of the Lieutenant. Antone had probably informed her what was going on. Prompted by her guilty passion, she had crept up by the back way into the yard of the Rancho, and while we were engaged with Castro had cut the thongs from the limbs of Davis, who ran and had jumped into the river. The two guns were fired at him as he disappeared in the woods on the other side. The foremost men had seen her stoop in the brush, and perceiving at

once that she had assisted Davis' escape, would have drowned her in their fury. Her husband who was held in great contempt, they had knocked down without ceremony when he attempted to rescue her. Feeling no particular sympathy for either of them, I merely cut loose her hands, told her to see to her husband, and then followed after Hays. I perceived at once that his had been the proper course, for the Bravo and his men were still struggling to climb the slippery steep bank when I lost sight of them. When I caught up with Hays, I found him and his men mounting behind Castro and his warriors, who had galloped around the picketing to the river. I mounted behind a greasy, half-naked fellow, and they pushed their horses into the stream. After a deal of scrambling and splattering we reached the other bank, and stood upon the firm sod. Hays sprang to the ground, and called to us to dismount. It was arranged that Castro's warriors should gallop on in a body to cut off the fugitive's retreat to the Senora Cavillo's Rancho; while we in couples pushed our way into the thick woods. We supposed that the object of both Davis and Agatone would be to get to Cavillo's Rancho—once behind the strong gates of which they might well laugh us to scorn.

The Indians on horseback would overtake Davis if he made directly for the Rancho; if not, they were to spread out their line, and watch while we beat the bush. In this way we supposed we should hardly fail to recapture him, as he had but little start. Castro himself sent his warriors on, while he dismounted, and along with Hays went to where the fellow had been last seen, to take his track and follow it up; but as this would be slow work we went ahead, trusting to chance. Fitz and myself happened to be coupled in the pursuit. For a time, as we penetrated the dense underbrush, the different parties kept in view or at least in hearing of each other. Of course we pushed on as rapidly as the nature of the ground traversed would permit, and it was not long before all other sounds than those of our own scrambles through the vines and brush died away, and we were alone in the silence of the deep woods. I felt little interest in the chase these men were driving so eagerly. It made small difference to me whether the Mongrel escaped or not. I did not wish to find him, indeed, for I should probably



be compelled to shoot him in cold blood—a feat I had no stomach for. But there was *that* in this primitive Nature, wearing her century-calms upon her front, which could not fail to overcome me with a spell—to sink a nameless awe into my being—brooding in shadowy peace upon the tumultuous startle of excitement the passions had been subjected to during the late incidents. Nowhere does this invisible power make itself more palpably felt, than in the deep-tangled aisles of an old Southern Forest. When the sun is near setting, too, as it was then, and strikes its leveled rays square athwart the gloom, glorifying in lines and angles the stout rugged boles and gnarled arms overhead, leaving the severed shades sharply defined beneath and between the sheeted gold. High up, sitting in the halo, the roseate-headed Caraccas Eagle screams to its mate—the Black Squirrel sputters and barks, whisking its dusky brush, and saucily stamping on the Pecan-bark—the long whoo-ooze of the Bull-bat sighs hoarsely through the air—the Paroquet, with its shrill waspish chattering, in a glimmer of lit emeralds goes by—the far tocsin tolled from out the swamp-lake by the Wood-Ibis, or dropped smiting suddenly from the clouds, as the great Snowy Crane sails over—the low quavering wail of the dotted Ocelot—the hack, hack, and quick prolonged rattle of the Ivory-billed Woodpecker’s hammer—the smothered shriek of the prowling Wild-Cat, impatient for the night—the chirr! chirr! of the active little Creeper—the cracked gong of the distant Bittern—these were the sights and sounds that gradually lulled and charmed me into utter abstraction—and of course into entire forgetfulness of the purpose and objects which had brought me in reach of their enchantment. My heedless pace had gradually slackened—for the mood of dreams was on me—and I sat down upon the trunk of a fallen tree. The unpleasant realities of the wild unnatural life I was leading had disappeared, and in delicious revelations the ideal life of calm and holy peace came around me, and in the flushed quiet of that lull, the beguiled Fancy danced with its own airy creatures to the merry click of the castanet a bright-eyed Wood-Chuck was sounding, as it sat familiarly on the other end of the log. Texas, battle, blood, Mexicans, Indians, Davis, all were as things that had been and were not, while my heart made music of its blissful

memories amidst these evening choristers!

Suddenly the blood rushed to the centres in a cold and shuddering revulsion, and I sprang to my feet as if a rifle-ball had struck me. Could it be real? The shrill yell of a human voice had suddenly burst upon the stillness, and been as suddenly smothered. There was a mortal agony in its tones! I looked around. Fitz had disappeared—there was no one in sight. I perceived for the first time that I was not far from the river bank. Again I heard that voice of death-like anguish—stifled into a low plaining—then bursting out again into louder and wilder shrieks of despairing terror. I had been entirely unmanned by the suddenness of the thing; but now the thought of some foul murder being done in the dark woods nerved me in an instant, and I bounded off in the direction of the sounds. I thought of Fitz—but I had heard no gun—it could not be he. Now it was a grating burst of harsh unnatural laughter, with the sound of struggling feet, that guided me as I ran—then all was silence. I burst my way through a chaperal thicket, and came out upon the old bank of the river—and my God! may my eyes never rest upon such another scene! A little below the level where I was standing, the body of a man (who I immediately recognized from the clothes to be Davis) writhing in the agonies of death, was suspended by the neck from the limb of a tree which leaned very far over the last bank of the river. It was moving slowly up, rising toward the limb, while the rope grated harshly over the bark, and as I stepped forward I saw beneath the hairy and haggard face of Black, lit with the wild glare of maniac ferocity. With set uncovered teeth and swollen muscles, he was leaning back, tugging with the furious energy of madness at the other end of the rope by which he was slowly hoisting his victim. My blood felt as if it were freezing with horror. My first impulse was to leap down the bank upon Black, and rescue the poor wretch, when a hand upon my arm and a voice arrested me.

“Well done! he has saved us the trouble!”

It was Fitz. I was inexpressibly relieved—for this terrible concatenation of murder and madness had almost shaken my reason too, and I felt the need of some one near me less deeply excited



than myself. Fitz took the matter with wonderful sang-froid.

"I wonder how he happened over this way," he continued. "Never heard of one man's hanging another alone before!—but they say madmen have the strength of seven men in them!"

"For God's sake," said I, "let's cut him down!—it is too dreadful!"

"Pshaw man! you're not case-hardened! It had to be done—he'd as well do it as any one else!"

The maniac had by this time drawn the body up to the limb, and bringing the end of the lariat several times around a small sapling, he secured it there. Then perceiving us for the first time, he broke into that infernal hideous laugh I had heard before, and pointing with his finger to the dangling corpse, commenced leaping and tossing his body to and fro in the strangest gyrations—gnashing his teeth—then laughing again, and shouting in broken sentences too incoherently for me to understand. Suddenly his mood seemed to change. Observing us steadily for a moment, as we stood silently above him, he glanced quickly up at the body and muttered—"They want it, Mary! Hush! hush honey! they shant!" and slowly crouching his body, his distended eyes fixed on us with that furtive burning light in them peculiar to a panther about to spring, he crept cautiously along the leaves on his hands and knees towards us, keeping the trunks of the trees interposed, as that animal would have done when attempting a surprise. Even Fitz was terrified by this strange manœuvre, and with the instinct of the backwoodsman in all circumstances of danger, cocked his rifle. The madman was dragging after him his battered but heavy gun-barrel; which from the traces of fresh blood I saw upon it, had no doubt been used first in disabling Davis, in the same way that it was now to be used upon one or both of us. For the moment I was utterly at a loss what to do, and found my hand involuntarily clutching at the triggers of my own gun, as I watched the cold, sly, concentrated ferocity with which this worse than wild beast was nearing us for the deadly bound. The thought of shooting was only a momentary thing—that would be worse than all the horrors! I whispered hurriedly to Fitz—"Don't shoot! club your gun for Heaven's sake—we can knock him down!" The words had

scarcely passed my lips before with a wild yell the creature sprang towards us with his gun-barrel swung high in the air. I was nearest to him, and remember a blow like the falling of a tree upon me, which crushed down the parry I had attempted with my rifle barrel; and as I was reeling in the fall, a dark figure bounding past me from behind, a fiercer yell, and the struggle of many feet—and darkness rushed over my senses. A Sombrero full of water dashed into my face brought me to myself. Castro, who had just administered this primitive but most effectual prescription for the cure of obliviousness, was standing over me, grinning with pleasure, though the blood was streaming down his forehead. Hays stood by him bareheaded and panting. Fitz was reclining on the leaves, looking very pale, and evidently badly hurt. The maniac, gnashing his teeth and howling fearfully, lay stretched upon his back, his limbs securely bound with a lariat. His face was wretchedly disfigured, from the severe blows it had been necessary to inflict before he could be subdued. Hays told me that he and Castro had been following the trail of Davis, and hearing the strange noises Black was making, had set off in the direction of them at a run, and had arrived just in time to see me fall, and fortunately to save Fitz, who had nobly forborne to shoot until it would have been too late, for he was staggering under the tremendous blows which the madman was dealing at him. I found that I was more stunned than seriously injured, and was on my feet very soon; the back of my head had been bleeding freely, but the hurt was not severe. It was now nearly dark, and Hays fired his rifle to bring assistance. We then examined the scene of the novel execution, a part of which I had witnessed. There were evidences of a desperate struggle, and on cutting down the body of Davis, we saw that he had received several blows of the gun-barrel, which had no doubt partially disabled him, before even the desperate strength of the madman could have been sufficient to run him up unassisted. We came to the conclusion that Black, who had shown symptoms of insanity for some time before, had been driven stark mad by the excitement of the affair with the Mexican robbers; and having in some way lost his horse during the search for Agatone had been wandering about since through the woods, until



chance brought him and Davis together; and that having heard Davis' name associated with Agatone's escape during Bill's narrative, he had offered him up to appease the ghosts of his murdered family. From all that had dropped from him, it was evident the imagination that they were pursuing him, clamoring for vengeance night and day that they might be permitted to go to their graves in peace, had deranged him. That Fitz and myself had suddenly appeared to his distempered fancy, enemies who came to rob his "Mary" of the victim he had sacrificed to her restless manes, was clear enough, when we remembered what he was muttering when he commenced so unexpectedly and viciously to creep upon us.

Castro's warriors now came galloping up. They reported to him the fresh trail of a horse ridden at full speed, leading into the Rancho from this direction. We were singularly puzzled to conjecture who this horseman could possibly be. It could hardly be one of Agatone's men, escaped from the fray of the morning, for we had taken all their horses. They had traced this rider back to within a few hundred yards of where we were; and from signs which Indians and all experienced trailers read with unerring precision, they were convinced that he had passed within two hours. Hearing Hays' gun, they had dismounted, and sent on three of their best trailers to keep the track while they came to us. While we were discussing this curious item of news with great interest and eagerness, a deep, prolonged whoop, from the direction opposite to that by which the Indians had approached, announced a new comer, and in another moment the tall figure of Bill Johnson was seen indistinctly through the faint twilight, parting the brush before his long strides. At his heels came the three Indian trailers. "Hurrah! here's the Old Otter-dog—he's got the news!" shouted Fitz, feebly. "How is it Bill?" "Who's that fellow on the horse?" "Got another brush to show, old boy?" "Come, fork over the news;" "Shell out, old coon!" &c., exclaimed one and another as he strode into our midst. Bringing the butt of his rifle carefully to the ground, he crossed his hands over the muzzle, leaned his chin upon them, and while his sharp black eyes twinkled rapidly over the scene, the rest of his face looked as if it had been cut in stone. The broad moon, which had been up some time, streamed in sufficient

light through the trees to enable him to see with tolerable distinctness.

"Whar's the Kern," he drawled out, and then, in the same breath, "Ye've been stringin up that pole-cat thar, have yer?"

"Black did it," said Hays. At this moment Bill's eye fell upon the figure of Black, which lay writhing to and fro with low moanings on the ground. He started as if a snake had struck him, while his eyes flamed again. "Look here, fellers, Bill Johnson don't stand this!" and before any one could interpose, or explain, he had drawn a knife from his belt, and with one long stride stood over Black, and was rapidly severing the thongs which bound his limbs.

"Bill, for God's sake don't!—he's raving mad—he'll knock down right and left!" said Fitz rapidly, while the party scattered on all sides.

"Tarnation!" roared Bill, furiously, as he assisted the madman to his feet; "Yer white-livered youngkers! aint these cow-hide strings 'nough to make a man like Jim Black rarein' tearin' mad? Tie a Hunter like some chicken-stealin' sneak in the States, will yer? just for hangin' a man, too! Pretty spot o' work! got any bull-neck Judges—got any weazen-faced lawyers out here to swindle a man's rights away, have yer? mad, is he? Try to serve Bill Johnson so if yer want to see somebody mad. Who done this! Knock down as many as you please, Jim Black—Bill Johnson's here, and old Sue."

I heard the clicking of rifle-cocks around me at this. Bill patted the madman heavily on the shoulder as he gave him this last exhortation to avenge the indignity which it seemed he hastily supposed had been put upon him. Black, who had been standing in a sort of stupor, was thoroughly roused by the friendly blow, and glaring his eyes in the face of his old comrade for a moment, with a loud guttural shriek sprang suddenly at his throat. Nobody interfered, and now the stern and powerful hunter exhibited his finest traits. His iron fingers tore away the frantic grasp of the madman from his throat—then closing with him he clasped him in the bear-hug of those long heavy arms. Black was a very strong man at any time, and inflamed as all his energies now were with the preternatural fires of maniac rage, it required the full exertion of all the huge strength for which Bill was remarkable to cope with him. We looked on with intense



interest, for everybody present, like myself, was uncertain and curious as to whether Bill's indignant and abrupt course had been the result of sheer simplicity—mistaking the sense of the expression “madness,”—of a sagacious intuition of the treatment proper in such a case, or confidence in his own resources. For a minute or so the figures of the two men were tossed to and fro in the uncertain light, linked and writhing in a stern, silent, and desperate struggle. It seemed to me that Bill's object was to quell and overbear the madman by the weight of physical superiority without hurting him. I shuddered, when, as they whirled by close to me, I perceived the cause of the ominous silence of the madman. His teeth were clenched in the shoulder of the Trapper, whose pale face as it gleamed past was rigid and calm as ever. A sudden change came over the aspect of the combat. The two figures were perfectly still for a moment—then that of Black gradually sank towards the ground. I stepped close to them and saw that Bill, by the tremendous power of his hug, had paralyzed him by pressure on the spine. With his back bending in; the grip of his teeth loosened as he sank upon his knees. At that moment, while Bill stooped over him, their eyes met. The two figures seemed at once to be frozen into a death-like pause, while their eyes were riveted upon each other. It seemed to me that those of Bill were emitting a keen and palpable flame that steadily searched the depths of the brain beneath him. There was something terrible and ghost-like in his white stony face, lit with that calm weird light, heightened by a broad fleck of the moon's rays that fell upon it through an opening in the trees. I could scarcely breathe with the excitement—half of awe—which fell upon me as I looked on this intense scene. The glare of animal ferocity rapidly faded from the fascinated gaze of the madman—the spasmodic contraction of his features subsided—his muscles were unstrung from their tension. Bill, yet gazing steadily into his eyes, gently shook off his grasp as he loosened his own hold, and then straitening himself, lifted him slowly up with him to his feet. Black's spell-led eyes still followed the face of his conqueror for an instant—he then drew the back of his rough and gore-encrusted hand quickly across them, and, bursting into tears, with a convulsive sob that seemed to be tearing up the very founda-

tions of his life, reeled to one side and fell heavily to the earth. Not a few long breaths were drawn by those around me—the majority of whom were as much terrified as astonished at this extraordinary *dénouement* of a most remarkable scene. All had observed the mastery Bill's eyes had exhibited over this, to them, mysterious distemper, and some regarded it as a supernatural display; particularly Castro and his Indians who looked upon the Trapper with expressions, ludicrously mingled, of awe, humility, and affright. Bill had ordered water to be brought from the river, of which Black, who had fallen from excessive weakness—the collapse of his long excitement—drank with inconceivable eagerness. He seemed so subdued, I hoped for a moment that the spell had passed from off his soul; but there was the same incoherence and wandering evident as soon as he was able to speak; and when any of us came very near him, the same disposition to injure us. Bill alone could control him—at a single glance from whose eye he became humble again. I should not have been particularly astonished at the simple fact that Bill's eyes, or the eyes of any other man of great firmness, should have exerted this absolute power over a madman—for that such a power had long been known to exist and been used by occasional individuals in the treatment and management of lunatics, I was perfectly aware—but what did surprise me was, that this uncultivated Trapper, who had probably never seen or heard of a medical book in his life, and as probably never saw a madman before, should have seemed so securely conscious of possessing this unusual power as to have trusted to it calmly through a scene of so much peril. How, and where could he have picked up this knowledge, was a question I determined in my own mind to have settled on the first opportunity. In the mean time arrangements were made to return to the Colonel's Rancho. The body of Davis was thrown into the river; Black was mounted upon the horse of a Lipan, the lariat of which Bill held as he led off the party on the return. Hays, Fitz, and several others of the Rangers who had joined us, were discussing and accounting for the late scene with great earnestness, in their own way, as we walked on, some vowing it was one thing, others another; but most inclined to regard it with superstition. Finding that no light was to be gained from them,



I determined to join Bill, who was moodily striding on alone, and try whether I could draw him into a communicative humor. It had occurred to me that the effect had been purely accidental. But this view I was almost disposed to discard on remembering Bill's steady and methodical management from the time he caught the madman's eye. I had observed a trait of superstition in his own character, and was not surprised when I found him very mysterious and difficult of approach on the subject. I soon perceived that he himself did not understand the origin of the power, and it was only after a great deal of cross-questioning and urging, that I could get a hint of the source from which he had originally received the suggestion. It appeared from what he let fall, that years ago in one of his trapping expeditions towards the head waters of the Platte, he had met with three men—two Americans and a half-breed Indian—whose sole occupation seemed to be that of catching mustangs. These, after being captured, the Half-breed would render perfectly tame in a few hours so much so that they would follow him about the Prairie, and come to him at his call. A wolf was captured and tamed in as short a time, and as effectually. The Half-breed had been very mysterious as to his mode of proceeding, and announced that he bewitched them—but added, also, that he *could*, for a "compensation" commensurate with the value of the important secret, impart it to others. Bill had collected a very valuable pack of beaver pelts, and so deeply had he been interested and impressed, that without any hesitation he had offered them in exchange for the secret. This, after some demur, the cunning Half-breed had agreed to—first binding Bill over to secrecy by the most fantastic rites and solemn oaths. Under these injunctions the secret had been communicated, and of course was beyond my reach. Bill said he had often tried the "spell," as he called it, upon the wildest and most ferocious animals with perfect success when he could get them "cornered" long enough for it to work. That he had been equally successful with men who had the "tremblers" (delirium tremens) upon them after a spree. I had often heard of these "wild horse tamers," as they are called, and felt great curiosity with regard to them. It added not a little to the interest I already felt in the character of my long-sided friend, the Trapper, to find that he be-

longed to this mysterious fraternity. Without having witnessed, as yet, any of their feats, I had, under a theory of my own, been disposed to classify them among the unexplained phenomena of Mesmerism; which last designation would, indeed, include all the apparent facts of the embryo science. Bill had never heard of mesmerism, though, and the suspicion that he had stumbled unawares upon the existence of a physical law, of the nature of which, he, in common with its more learned advocates, was profoundly ignorant, had crossed my mind more than once. It was interesting to have thus traced it back to a seeming connection, heretofore unsuspected, with influences producing inexplicable effects in two classes of well-known facts—the taming of madmen and wild beasts. I had afterwards the opportunity of examining this curious subject with greater minuteness, and satisfying myself more definitely as to the plausibility of my new theory.

We met the Colonel with the Bravo and his party near the Rancho, returning bootless from their search pushed in another direction.

The Colonel's sagacity had also discovered the trail of the strange horseman which had so much puzzled us, though the recollection of it had been for the time overcome by the late incidents. Without waiting to hear more of the details we had to give than the simple intelligence that Davis had been hung by Black—which he seemed to consider a matter-of-course incident—he insisted upon Bill's report about Agatone, and explanation, if he had any to give, of the tracks. Bill proceeded in his quaint vernacular to inform us that he had proceeded with Castro and the Indians to the place in Big Bend Bottom, where he had first seen the three men, of whom, the person supposed to be Agatone was riding behind one of the others—the Lieutenant, probably—whom he shot. That here he and Castro had taken their trail again and followed it with the most minute care, examining every tree near the *trunk* of which it passed, to see whether he had been pushed up into it to hide among the long moss. The Indians were spread out on every side to look for the traces of his footsteps, so that every square yard of the ground for some distance on both sides of the trail had been carefully examined up to the point where he, by cutting across, had intercepted the horsemen, and seen, to



his astonishment, that the man riding behind had disappeared. Here Castro had taken Davis' trail, which he followed in to the Rancho, as we have detailed. His Indians he had sent back to beat the woods in every direction again, with no better success than before.

"Arter the red-skins war gone," said Bill, "I squats upon er old log—for, boys, I tell you Bill Johnson war clean dumb-founded! This Agatone's gittin' away so cute tuck the shine out er anything I know'd. Thinks I, whar *is* the little weasel got to? He cant've flewed, sure enough. Then I thunk of that half-an'-half skunk an' wildcat Davis!—what could er brought him out here? He come fer sumphin, sure! I ups upon my pegs an made er bee-line for the place whar his trail come in to jine Agatone's. I tuck on it and follered it backwards er long time round-er-boutin' an' twistifyin' as if he war lookin' for sumphin. It brung me at last, 'way 'round the Bottom to a chaparal, jest in the direction they were makin' for when Agatone sloped so surprisin'. What der ye think, boys! I found a place tramped whar a horse had been standin' hitched since daybreak, maybe, till jest er little before. If I'd er only been a leetle sooner, I'd er had him! I found his fresh tracks on the ground, an' whar the horse had dinged when he started. It war warm. Maybe I did'nt tare my wool and cuss a little! He war off—'twarnt worth while ter sweat. I tuck the back track of his little boots that war plain enough, and may I be catawam-pussed, boys, but he'd been hid in the moss up one er them live oaks I'd looked up inter twenty times ter-day."

"But how the duce did he get thar, Bill; you said you looked up all the trees?" said Fitz, breathlessly.

"Ah! that war the cuninest trick that ever er yaller-belly war up ter yet. Them fellers *war* up ter trailin'—they know'd they had a trailer arter 'em too. I told yer we *did* look up all the trees whar the trail led close ter. Thar war a grape vine, the bigness er my wrist, hangin' down er little way frum er limb twenty feet out frum ther body of the tree. It war pretty high up, too; a man sittin' on er horse could'nt a reached it. The little monkey must er stood up on ther horse's back behind the feller I shot, and while ther horse war goin' at a gallop—for the tracks warn't broke, I look'd out sharp for that—he grab'd the grape vine

and swung off, then eased himself up on the limb and hid in the moss!"

"Hurrah! by jingo, that beats Davy Crockett!" "Good? Agatone will do!" "He's a keener!" were the exclamations which here interrupted Bill's narrative.

The Rangers were too much of woodsmen themselves not to appreciate and admire heartily so dexterous a game as this, though played by an enemy to their own discomfiture.

"Then he must have laid close up there, that you nor the Indians could see him, Bill?"

"Yes, thar war a heap er moss on ther tree—ye might er walked under a bar all day and not seed him!"

"He must have staid there all day, too, until the Indians came away, or they would have found his track?"

"The cunnin' little rascal laid low an' kept dark 'till they were all gone; then he come down and skooted for ther horse."

"Yes, the infernal old hag sent Davis out thar with a fresh horse for him, and the news that we were coming out to look for him, that's how it was," muttered the Colonel.

"But how," suggested I, "could she have got the news that his horse had been wounded by your shot that night?"

"He must have had some fellows with him, and left them outside the Rancho; one of them, you know, shot at me on the log. The others, I expect, were waiting for him out, and he sent one of them back to tell her that night. Davis was to leave the horse at the chaparal, but having the news about us, the traitor went to look for him in the Bend, and that's what made his trail so round-abouting, as Bill says!"

"That war ther way it come."

"But, Bill, you followed the trail of Agatone's horse up, did'nt you?"

"For sartain I did! I went back ter the chaparal, tuck it, and war nosein' it up close when I hern the rifle Captain here fired. Then I cum'd jam agin Castro's three red-skins, who war follerin' it backwards."

"So he's housed, Colonel, you see, snug enough for to-night," said Hays.

"Yes," growled he, "snug enough if I don't burn him out before morning. He slipped in just before Davis got away, I expect, and that in the broad daylight too. He won't get out again so easy, or I'm mistaken."

"But where was Black all this time?" asked I of Bill as he was turning off.

"He tuck off through ther woods soon as we left yer at the ford; did'nt see him any more 'till I com'd whar these green younkers had been insultin' his arms with ther dirty strings!"

Nobody who heard the last speech of the Colonel's suspected him, even remotely, of joking in the threats he let fall. He had appeared so moodily absorbed since it had been made evident that his enemy was near him—almost within his reach—with only wooden walls interposed between them—that it was hard for those who knew him best to conjecture what his surly and desperate hate might *not* do before morning. That he was fiercely determined this night should settle the long account between Agatone and himself at whatever risk, soon became clear enough. He went aside with Bill and Hays and held a long consultation. We, in the mean time, despatched a hasty meal. They then came forward and joined us. After all were through, the Colonel picked up six-shooter and seemed to be examining it attentively, then raised his head suddenly as if a new thought had struck him.

"Boys," said he, grinning hideously, "What do you say to a whole-hog out-and-out frolic to-night?"

"I'm for it," said one.

"I'm thar!" said Texas. "What is it, *Colonel*?"

"Fellers, we must have Agatone any how!"

"In course—but how?"

"Well, we can stampede the sheep-pen—you know that's outside the gate; maybe they'll be fools enough to come out; we can make a rush at the gate then."

"She's too sharp for that, *Colonel*!"

With a rasping chuckle and vicious significant leer he merely said, as he turned off, "I smell something burning—maybe *she* will!"

"Ha! that's the game! She'll burn blue? won't she *Colonel*?" was said by some one as they all rose to get their weapons, without another syllable of comment, upon this monstrous proposition, being considered as called for by these matter-of-fact personages. The idea of setting fire to the houses of three or four hundred unoffending human beings, that the insane hate of three or four men might be gratified with the prospect of any amount of indiscriminate slaughter was

too infernally rich not to be reveled in by these chivalric pioneers of the blessings of civilization and free institutions! What were Mexican women and children born for but to afford them the amusement of seeing them roast. This cool diabolicism, though it could not fail, under any circumstances, to shock me, yet had at least the merit of novelty—it was anomalous in my experience of life, and, so far as curiosity went, attractive. Opposition I knew would avail nothing, and merely subject me to suspicion and personal danger; besides, the companionship of peril which I had voluntarily offered to share with them left me no choice but to see them through. My probable compunctions and whatever of humanity I had left on hand ought to have been looked to before I had placed myself in such relations. As it was, I made the most of a bad move, and endeavored to look forward to the anticipated "barbecue of Yellow Bellies" as some one jocosely called it, with as vividly pleasurable sensations as I could summon. The fact unquestionably was, that this Rancho had long been the greatest nuisance of this frontier. Pretending to be friendly to the Texans, the old Senora Cavillo had secretly aided and encouraged the worst of the border depredators, and the storm of vengeance for several years had been muttering upon her horizon. The Texans had been too few in this region for some time to attempt her destruction, and now that a number—possibly sufficient—had been brought together, and that under circumstances of so much immediate exasperation against her, there was no telling what might be the result of this night's work. I had, unconsciously perhaps, assimilated very much, in my feelings towards the Mexicans, with the tone of those around me, and that was characterized by the most deadly and unutterable scorn. The two races in this country have no sympathy in common but that of hatred—on the one side the malignant assassin hate of coward and conscious inferiority—on the other, the contemptuous exterminating hate of domineering brutality—secure in superior energies, and as destitute of magnanimity as it is grasping. This scorn is a very convenient sentiment, by the way, too often assumed by natures having in them generous susceptibilities, as the readiest mitigation, and higher name for any harsh outbreak of licentious passion upon inferiors. It is hard for warlike men to display chivalry



towards an ignoble foe—ordinarily courtesy calls forth courtesy, and so with its opposite. It is thus on this frontier, that where true bravery exists still, it has most frequently degenerated into a fierce relentlessness, while mere cut-throat ferocity is as frequently mistaken for the nobler virtue. There is little call for the higher traits of the civilized soldier, and they are as little known as valued. From the observation of such facts, I, as well, strongly incline to doubt, whether—with all the parade that has been so popular with regard to the prodigies of Texan valor—that population would prove equal to our “corn-stalk militia” upon an equal field against an equal foe. They may very well afford to fight Mexicans five to one—as the boast is—when not more than one in that five can fire his gun without shutting his eyes; besides, the yet more important fact is, that the social virtues of which the Texans have no over-plus to boast, are the truest and most certain incentives of heroism. The best soldiers are the best sons, and fathers, and citizens. They have desperadoes enough, such as these men were, who feared neither God nor man, it would seem; but desperadoes are not always the surest soldiers—they are ever liable to being panic-stricken when attacked on the blind side, or when called upon to meet danger in any unsuspected or unusual way. These are general observations which apply to a population in which too many of the extremes meet for anything very consistent to be looked for. The truth is, I was gradually becoming Texan myself, under the rapid process of “case-hardening” to which these men around me had been in turn subjected; and that the incrustation of habit was insensibly forming over the moral sense, I became occasionally aware at such times as this, when I found myself so readily sophisticating—so easily reconciled—though conditions absolutely horrifying in themselves were presented. This consciousness would make me extremely restless then, and even the recollection of it now makes me perhaps so spleenetically uncharitable towards these men. The hate engendered through years of mutual wrongs had not yet in my case been kindled into a fierce devouring flame which made a hell at the heart and madness in the brain; yet this had been so with them, and with consequences such as I have described, and shall proceed to show, occurring *within a*

*few days!* judge what the years of such a life must have been!

Black, who might have been a serious and unmanageable incumbrance to a design requiring great secrecy, had fortunately fallen asleep, after devouring, like a famished wild beast, an enormous meal. We set off in silence for the Rancho, accompanied by Castro and his warriors on foot. They were sent ahead with orders to seize, without noise, any straggler they might find, to prevent the alarm being given. The moon was out very bright, but her rays penetrated feebly beneath the dense umbrage of the forest as we approached the log-bridge of which I have spoken. We had nearly reached this difficult passage, when a sudden commotion among the Indians announced that something had happened. There was a scattering crashing and scrambling through the thickets for a moment—a stifled cry—and they came out dragging among them a prisoner. Who should it be, trembling in a mortal panic, but Master Antone, whose unaccountable disappearance after the capture of Davis had since been frequently commented upon in no mincing terms. Indeed, every one suspected him of too warm a sympathy for the traitor, and friendship for the old Senora; and threats had been let fall which now, it appeared, were to be executed. I saw there would be little chance for him when Castro reported that he had heard him or some one else run from a thicket close to the Colonel's Rancho, when we came out and, suspecting he would make for the log, had intercepted him. This placed Sir Braggadocio under the unpleasant imputation of having added the character of spy to his many salient qualities. The proposition was made instantler to swing him up to the nearest limb. The Indians, first binding his mouth to keep him quiet, proceeded to halter him. I had seen enough of such murders for one day, and was unwilling to see this harmless wretch lose his life so unceremoniously; though I saw as well that the men were too fiercely roused to be entirely diverted from their purpose of vengeance. I proposed that we should throw him off the log into the river, tighten and secure the rope just sufficiently to keep his head above water, and leave him there to drown at his leisure—intending myself to come back and release him so soon as I could get away from the party. The novelty of this proposition won for it



success; and with low hearty chucklings of laughter, which could hardly be restrained from bursting into shouts, they dragged the miserable rascal to the log, and, after securely swathing his mouth, plumped him off into the water. Hays, who understood my motive, assisted me with great zeal in adjusting the rope. The rapidity of the stream soon brought him up on the surface of the water, at full length, below the log. There we left him stretched—his hands clenched desperately on the rope, to prevent it tightening to suffocation around his throat—playing to and fro, like a hooked trout on the current, the violence of which would now and then take him clear under suddenly, to bob up again as quickly—a rather funny, but not very dangerous predicament, so long as the strength of his arms lasted. The knave fully deserved the punishment, severe as it was, and we left him to the darkness and the infinite agonies of *such* suspense! All but Hays and myself expected him to drown of course, which would be inevitable so soon as his arms gave out; and the diabolical ingenuity of such a mode of torturing to death gained me great applause, and entirely reinstated me in the confidence of the Colonel, which had been greatly shaken by my officious *humanity* on a former occasion. I was now pronounced worthy of Texas!! When we were all over the log the Colonel proceeded to explain more fully the plan of operation determined upon, and having assigned each one his post, we commenced approaching the Rancho with the precaution necessary to insure against giving the alarm. The time for making active demonstrations was fixed for midnight; until then we were to occupy separately certain locations which brought every side of the Rancho under the eye of some one, so that Agatone might be foiled in any attempt to escape prematurely. We were then to draw up in two detachments near the great gate on each side, and wait the result of the intended manœuvre. The position assigned me was on the river bank, near some huts outside the picketing. I was rejoiced at this chance, for it gave me the opportunity I desired of creeping back and rescuing Antone. I waited until the men, who were cautiously moving off to their different posts, had all disappeared. I then slid lower down the bank, and was starting off noiselessly under its shadow, when a faint “whist!”

sounded near me, suspended my steps. As I turned, a figure, emerging from the loose sand in which it had been covered, sprang up, and showed me the cunning elfish face of the boy John. He came close to me, and peering up into my face with a saucy leer, he whispered, “Ha! ha! ye’r gwine to help him worry the old cat some to night—is ye?” The first thought which crossed my mind on seeing the boy—excited and anxious as I felt for the life of Antone, who might give out any minute—was not surprise that he should be in such a place and so concealed, but that he was the very person to be sent to save the poor fellow. His size and dexterity would enable him to reach the log much sooner than I could, without the fear of giving the alarm. So catching him by the arm, I drew him with me to a more shaded place, slipped a piece of money into his hand, and hastily explaining the circumstances, promised him more money if he would go and extricate Antone quickly as possible. He heard me through, and at my urgency bounded off rapidly, saying—“Never mind; I’ll *fix* him for ye, boss!” It was not until the creature was out of sight, that I thought of the strange, vicious significance of the look with which that promise had been made. I had been too greatly flurried to think of or observe anything but the getting him off in time—for Antone had now been in the water half an hour, and there was no moment to be lost. I now instantly associated that peculiar look with a fact I had heard the Texan laughing about—namely, that while we were gone to Bexar after the Rangers, Antone had accused John to the Colonel of stealing from his pork barrel—which, it will be remembered, was the truth—and that this, together with other causes of exasperation, had gained for John a most brutally severe beating at the hands of the Colonel; recollecting, too, the boy’s reputation for malignancy, it at once flashed upon me that he intended to make this the opportunity of a vengeance, the extent of which it would be hard to conjecture. I set off on the moment at my best speed, to counteract, if possible, what might be the consequences of my inconsiderate haste. My progress was slow enough—for to prevent discovery it was necessary to creep close under the bank next to the water’s edge—and my hurry and impatience did not improve the rapidity of my progress. Now slipping



down the crumbling bank into the water—then wading through the slush and mire until I could drag myself out by a bush, I succeeded at last in reaching a point near the log, where I could safely ascend among the trees on to firm ground. I paused a minute to listen, and could distinguish the sound of heavy splashing and struggles in the water, and a subdued guttural noise like smothered laughter, and now and then a plunge as of some object falling. I stepped noiselessly forward to where I could command a view of the log. The figure of the boy lay crouched on the middle of the bridge; observing him a moment, I saw that he was holding on with his feet and one hand, while with the other he was thrusting a long pole violently down at the hands and head of the wretched Antone, evidently with the hope of breaking his despairing grasp of the rope, or thrusting his head beneath the water. He accompanied every blow with a hissing laugh and some such exclamations as—"It's me! It's John!—he! he! I telled ye so—said I'd fix you—cussed Yaller Belly! he! he! Let go will ye, honey! Tell old Red-Head on John agin? I'll spile them blinkers for ye! yah! yah! ha! ha!"—and the little fiend eased himself up on the log to indulge a heartier burst of merriment at his success in having struck one of the eyes of the victim, al-

ready almost bursting from their sockets, as they were upturned in the spasm of a mute imploring agony. I had in the mean time been approaching him unobserved, and at this moment stood over him, and saw that the pain caused by this last savage expedient had compelled him to quit his hold upon the rope, and in an instant it had tightened upon his throat. Enraged beyond all restraint at the ferocious and unparalleled deviltry of the young murderer, I, without any warning or consideration, struck him a violent blow which knocked him off the log, and the swift stream instantly swept him out of sight. I then laid my gun on the log, and cutting loose the rope, with the end in my hand sprang off into the water. I was a good swimmer, and seizing the body of Antone made for the bank. The force of the current swept me down a long distance, and, encumbered as I was, I should hardly have succeeded in reaching the shore with my burden, but that the favorable accident of my being swept in reach of the twigs of a tree which leaned far over the current, allowed me to drag myself and it out with great difficulty. Loosening the rope, and tearing open his shirt, I found to my relief that the heart still fluttered faintly—and when I tore the bandage from his mouth the water poured forth copiously.

## WORDSWORTH.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

—  
 "—————The mind  
 Where Faith so deep a root could find,  
 Faith, which both love and life could save,  
 And keep the first, in age still fond,  
 Thus blossoming this side the grave  
 In steadfast trust of fruit beyond."  
*Vigil of Faith.*

—  
 "He can still drink in  
 The unshadowed splendors of the universe,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 And fill glen, wood and mountain with the bright  
 And glorious visions poured from the deep home  
 Of an immortal mind."  
*Boyhood Recollections.*

—  
 SUNSET is on the dial: and I know  
 My hands are feeble and my head is white  
 With many snows, and in my dim old eyes  
 Light plays the miser with a frugal care,  
 And soon the curtain drops: But still I know,

The Soul in sceptred majesty of will  
Leaves not the royal dais.

The ancient Winds

Still chant around me all the solemn themes  
I learned when young ; and in the hollow flower  
I hear the murmur left there by the bee ;  
And jubilant Rivers laugh and clap their hands  
Amid the leaning Hills that nurse them there ;  
And far away I see the Eagles float  
Along the gray tops of the billowy Woods  
Like ships that go triumphing on the waves :  
And over all the Sun towers steadily  
Beside his flaming altar, and beholds,  
As he beheld through many centuries gone,  
The holocausts of light roll up to God ;  
And when the Evening walks the western land,  
I know that Mazzaroth will sit and sing  
Within his azure house ; and I shall hear  
Around the pathways of the dim Abyss  
The deep low thunder of those spheréd wheels  
Which He, the Ancient One of Days, in right  
Of soveran godship strode, some ages back :  
And still the play, a venerable play—  
World wide—of this humanity goes on,  
Still dark the plot, the issues unperceived.  
So, with all things thus filling every sense,  
The Soul, in sceptred majesty of will,  
Sits on her royal dais, and wears her crown.  
Then why should I—whose thoughts were shaken down  
On all the Isles and blossomed for their sons—  
My office yield, and let the general Hymn  
Unheeded harmonize the jangling space ?  
By action only doth Creation hold  
Her charter—and, that gone, the worlds are dead.  
'Tis not in souls which would the Noblest find,  
To rest contentedly upon old wreaths ;  
For voices shout from all the moving Stars  
That trouble idle Space—" ON ! ON ! STILL ON !"—  
And all the Deeps, whose slumberous eyes were smit  
By busy Godhead into blazing suns,  
Join in the choral summons—" ON ! STILL ON !"—  
I will *not* rest and unmelodious die ;  
But with my full wreath on these thin, white hairs,  
And rhythmic lips, and vision kindling up,  
March through the Silent Halls, and bravely pass  
Right on into the Land that lies beyond.  
There they my Brother-Bards—this \* with a soul  
As large as peopled worlds which it would bless ;  
And that, † a wond'rous Dream whose lustrous wings  
Winnowed the dull Earth's sea of sleep to life  
And sun-bright motion—those majestic Bards  
Who went before, quiring their holy hymns,  
Watch for my coming on the misty hills.

## II.

But what the burden of that latest song  
Will be, as yet I know not—nor the rhythm

---

\* Southey and † Coleridge.



That shall go beating with her silver feet  
 The sounding aisles of thought : But this I hope,  
 A listening world will hear that latest song,  
 And seat it near the fireside of its heart  
 Forevermore, and by the embers' light  
 Look fondly on its face as men of old  
 Looked on the faces of the angel guests  
 Who tarried sometimes in their pastoral homes :  
 For this last hymn shall wear a holiest smile,  
 Befitting well the time and circumstance.

## III.

Most haply I shall sing some simple words,  
 Rich with the wealth Experience gives to Time—  
 An antique tale of beauty and of tears :  
 Or I may wander in my thought afar  
 Where men have built their homes in forests vast,  
 And see the Atlantic rest his weary feet  
 And lift his large blue eyes on other stars ;  
 Or hear the Sire of many Waters \* hoarse  
 With counting centuries, and rolling on  
 Through the eternal night of silent woods,  
 Whose huge trunks sentinel a thousand leagues,  
 His deep libation to the waiting seas :  
 Then would I join the choral preludes swelling  
 Between the wondrous acts of that great play  
 Which Time is prompting in another sphere :  
 Or I may wander in my thought afar  
 'Mid ruins gray of columns overthrown—  
 When populous Towns went rocking to and fro  
 Wildly upon the troubled Earth's unrest,  
 Like great armadas on the roused seas—  
 And lift up then a song of solemn march  
 Amid the glorious temples crumbling there—  
 The beautiful records of a world which was,  
 Majestic types of what a world must be :  
 Or I may turn to themes that have no touch  
 Of sorrow in them, piloted by joy—  
 And lift the burial stone from shrouded years,  
 And hear the laugh of youth clear ringing out,  
 Or feel again a sweet religious awe,  
 Such as I felt when floated holy chimes  
 In boyhood's ear, and such as stern men feel  
 When passing by cathedral doors they hear  
 A dim-remembered psalm roll softly out  
 And fill their eyes with tears, they know not why :  
 Then I shall sing of children blooming o'er  
 The desolate wide heath of Life, like flowers  
 Which daring men had stolen from Paradise,  
 When near its gate the wearied Cherub slept  
 And dreamed of Heaven.—Or to some pastoral vale  
 Shall pass my trembling feet. There shall I lift  
 To Nature, loved in all her many moods,  
 A chant sublimely earnest. I shall tell  
 To all the tribes with what a stately step  
 She walks the silent Wilderness of Air,  
 Which always puts its starry foliage on  
 At her serene approach, or in her lap

---

\* The Mississippi.

Scatters its harvest-wealth of golden suns :  
 And many a Brook shall murmur in my verse ;  
 And many an Ocean join his cloudy bass ;  
 And many a Volcan shake his flaming mane ;  
 And many a Mountain tower aloft, whereon  
 The black Storm crouches, with his deep, red eyes  
 Glaring upon the valleys stretched below :  
 And many a green Wood rock the small bright birds  
 To musical sleep beneath the large full moon ;  
 And many a Cloud in crumbling prison hold  
 The Rainbow peering through the frequent rents,  
 Impatiently, and longing to come out  
 On faithless lands, a Memory of God :  
 And many a Star shall lift on high her cup  
 Of luminous cold chrysolite—set in gold  
 Chased subtilly over by Angelic art—  
 To catch the odorous dew which Seraphs drink  
 In their wide wanderings : and many a Sun  
 Shall press the pale lips of their timorous Morns  
 Couched in the bridal East : and over all  
 Will brood the visible presence of the ONE  
 To whom my life has been a solemn chant,  
 Because he is and was a mighty God,  
 A King above all Gods. Within his hand  
 He holdeth the deep places of the Earth,  
 And also his the strength of all the hills.  
 Of old he heard his stricken minstrel's voice ;  
 Then shook the Earth and all the hills were moved.  
 A smoke went from his nostrils, and a fire  
 Went from his mouth, a great fire which devoured.  
 He also bowed the Heavens and came down ;  
 And pillared darkness lay beneath his feet :  
 He rode upon a Cherub and did fly ;  
 He flew upon the white wings of the wind :  
 The darkness made his secret place ; his tent  
 Around him was dark waters and thick clouds :  
 He thundered also in the Heavens above ;  
 The Highest gave his voice in hail and fire :  
 The ancient channels of the seas were seen ;  
 And the foundations of the world were shown  
 At thy rebuke, O God ! From all his foes  
 Thy Bard was drawn, and lifted from the waves.\*

## IV.

Then let the sunset fall and flush Life's Dial !  
 No matter how the years may smite my frame,  
 And cast a piteous blank upon my eyes  
 That seek in vain the old, accustomed stars  
 Which skies hold over blue Winandermere,  
 Be sure that I a crownéd Bard will sing  
 Until within the murmuring barque of verse  
 My Spirit bears majestically away,  
 Charming to golden hues the gulf of death—  
 Well knowing that upon my honored grave,  
 Beside the widowed lakes that wail for me,  
 Haply the dust of four great worlds will fall  
 And mingle—thither brought by Pilgrims' feet.

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\* The reader will perceive that the passage from "*of old*" to "*waves*," is nearly word for word from two of the sublimely simple psalms of "The Monarch Minstrel." Excepting the last line and a half, (a condensation of several verses,) the author found it necessary to introduce but five or six words of his own, for the sake of euphony.



## PHRENOLOGY :

## A SOCRATIC DIALOGUE.

*Persons of the Dialogue:—*SOCRATES.\* PHIDIAS.†

*Place.*—The workshop of Phidias, the Statuary, in Athens.

PHIDIAS. You are come in happy time, Socrates. I am perplexed in a choice. Pericles, who will have all things executed in the best manner, commands me to make a statue of Hercules, representing the felicity of that hero after his reception among the Gods. Decide, then, which of these models should be preferred. (*He draws a curtain, discovering a number of models in clay.*)

SOCRATES. All of these seem to me admirable; but especially one nearest, which shows him receiving the nectar from Hebe. I entirely prefer this one.

PHID. But the head is disproportionately small. It was taken from another figure of the same God, and placed here by way of trial.

Soc. You made a rash choice of me for an adviser; but I have a reason for preferring this model.

PHID. You are skillful enough, I know, at giving reasons; and now, all your skill will be required. Say, then, why should this model be preferred?

Soc. Answer me first. Is *strength* a property of the spirit, or of the body?

PHID. Of the body; but there is a strength, also, of the spirit.

Soc. Is there a size, then, of the spirit? Can we say of any man that his spirit is greater or smaller, like his body?

PHID. We often say so; but with what propriety I cannot imagine.

Soc. If, then, there is a *strength* and a *size* of the spirit, why should there not be a *weight*, nay, a *figure* and *substance* of the same, and a *smell* and *sound* of it, as of other things? For, if a thing has strength, we are able to feel it with the hands; and if it has form, we may see it with the eyes; and if sound, we hear it; and if smell, we otherwise perceive it. But is all this true of the soul, or of the spirit?

PHID. There seems, indeed, to be no reason why the soul should have

one of these qualities and not another. But I am inclined to believe that neither soul nor spirit have any such properties.

Soc. Is there, then, a proper “Strength of Soul;” or do we speak mysteriously in so saying, using the name of a mortal quality for a something altogether unimaginable, and above the reach of expression?

PHID. It seems to me that we do so.

Soc. And yet, it were impious to deny, that the spirit is a Being full of power and strength—that it is even the source of these.

PHID. So it seems. But there is a strength in dead matter which causes the motion and the weight of things; is this also spiritual?

Soc. Can we refuse to believe, O Phidias, that this “*strength* of dead matter,” which causes all things to move about, and toward, each other, is indeed spiritual, though different in its nature from the spirituality of man, or the soul of animals; discovering itself by certain necessary laws, immutable, and therefore divine? For the spirit of man is apparent in his reason only; causing him to live by a law of justice, superior to passion and desire. But the *soul* of the beast, which also is in man, discovers itself in passions and in desires. It is disobedient to justice, and causes all manner of iniquity. These, then, operate according to certain *laws*. But the *LAW* of the spirit is superior to that of the animal, and controls it; and both of these are superior to that “*strength*” which appears in dead matter. Do I seem to speak rationally?

PHID. Mystically you speak; but whether rationally or not, I am unable to decide.

Soc. We agreed, O Phidias, that it is impossible to speak otherwise than mystically, and symbolically, concerning the spirit of man.

\* Socrates, the wisest of the Greeks; born 469, B. C.

† Phidias, the Statuary employed by the Athenians as the sculptor and architect of their temples; born 488, B. C.

PHID. Because it is not an object of sense.

Soc. Yes; but if we could, by any sense, perceive, touch, or smell it, then it would no longer be necessary to speak poetically, in symbols. But now, echoing the poets, we say of the spirit, that it is great and fair, or little and black—using such words as are applied to things visible. It is easy to represent the incomprehensible by symbols; but to *know* the significance of these symbols is not easy. Do you think otherwise?

PHID. No, Socrates; I have always believed that it was easier to put a mark upon a thing, or to speak of it by a similitude, than to comprehend it.

Soc. It appears that every man is, himself, a symbol, or mark of ignorance, to another; seeing that his life and actions discover the existence of an intangible principle or energy. But the aim of wisdom is to gain a true knowledge of this energy, and to substitute that knowledge for what is merely symbolic and superficial. If any person is able to substitute a true for a symbolical knowledge, I think them the wiser. To recur now to the model. Of the kinds of energy, whether material, animal, or spiritual, which of all should be seen in a Hercules?

PHID. Because he is a God, the spiritual should predominate.

Soc. But, of the spiritual energies, should this deity be endowed with the regal, heroical, or devotional kind?

PHID. With the heroical, as I think.

Soc. If there is such a being, O Phidias, as the God Hercules, it would be impious to deny that he is endowed with an energy superior to that of animals; for the energy of an animal is in passion, or in prudence and intelligence. But of the regal energy, we ascribe it to kings and legislators, and to Zeus, the king of Gods; and the heroical energy is attributed to such mortals as have acted of their own will for the sake of glory. But this hero, or deity, did nothing of his own will, and was obedient to a pusillanimous master, because Zeus had so commanded. Does it seem, then, to you, that he should rather be endowed with the devotional energy, as one who accomplished miracles through obedience?

PHID. It seems fit that he should be so endowed.

Soc. If he is truly represented, it will then be as one who has no other but this kind of power; and to carve his statue

with the body and countenance of a king, or of a conqueror, would be injudicious.

PHID. By what marks shall an energy be made to appear?

Soc. Are they not already apparent in the model?

PHID. It may be so; for the head was taken from that of a captive who is singularly amiable and obedient. His master maintains him as a wrestler, and he executes promptly whatever is enjoined; though, at first sight, you would pronounce him to be a hero full of dangerous energy; for he surpasses all others in strength and beauty of person.

Soc. But was the head of this wrestler disproportionately small?

PHID. It was; but not as much so as in the model.

Soc. My opinion is, therefore, accordant with nature. If you are willing, I will relate the words of Anaxagoras in regard to this, and other particulars proper to be known by statuaries.

PHID. I shall have a perfect satisfaction in hearing the opinions of a sage who could be the instructor of Pericles.

Soc. When I was a mere youth, my father taught me to assist him in modeling statues, for that was his occupation. We lived then in Alopere, not far from Athens, in a garden-house by the roadside. It happened that I had placed a block of Egyptian marble in the shade of a sycamore which overhung the road, and was then hewing it to the figure of Hercules. Having gone into the house a moment, on returning, I found Anaxagoras seated in the shade as if to rest. It was usual with him to walk alone in the villages and open fields, for the sake of meditation; and I had often met him in by-roads and remote places. Being in doubt, as you are, regarding the model, I inquired of Anaxagoras regarding it. He asked me whether I would represent the God of strength? I assented, and he then inquired whether this strength or energy, as he chose to name it, should be of the mortal, or of the immortal, kind; and, when I was perplexed for an answer, he taught me these differences, to which you have but now assented.

PHID. It is usual with you to disavow your opinions, and repeat them as if gathered from a good genius, or from a sage.

Soc. I do this, believing that wisdom is the property of all the wise. Each



adds a little, and transmits it to the next, like a sacred patrimony.

PHID. Let me be a sharer ; and if Anaxagoras committed anything to you, intrust it also to me.

Soc. He reasoned thus. If energy of body, or of passion, or of intelligence, is common to man and animals, it were impious to ascribe it to a God. A God cannot be imagined as in a fit of rage, or as burdened with desires, or as thinking, or composing poems ; for these imply a kind of imperfection, and a narrowness of faculty proper to the mortal nature. But if there is an energy in man, which is unlimited and perfect in its nature, ruling over all his acts, and harmonizing his affections ; in one word, if there is anything *divine* in man, it will be no impiety to ascribe the same to a God.

PHID. It seems to me, O Socrates, an attempt full of danger and impiety, if a mortal reasons on the nature of deity.

Soc. To those, O son of a just father, who see in man, as in the Gods, an image of the Supreme, it is permitted to reason from the divinity within man to the divinity above man.

PHID. Do you imagine, or believe, that the ancients took this way of inquiry ? By Hercules, there is none so bold !

Soc. But there are many bold enough to think, that they have a perfect idea of divinity, and wish to seem not ignorant even of Him whose name, if he could be named, it were unlawful to utter.

PHID. We received this knowledge from our ancestors ; and they, in remote ages, from the Gods.

Soc. This, then, is a part also of the patrimony of wisdom, to receive and possess within ourselves ideas of the divine natures.

PHID. But is it not surprising, that any man should dare represent a deity : as though divine natures could appear in marble or stone ?

Soc. Can they appear in flesh ?

PHID. None will dare deny it.

Soc. But if they appeared in human form, would it not have been lawful to make a statue or image of them ?

PHID. Not only lawful, but meritorious, and an act of piety.

Soc. But would it be lawful to worship the visible form of a deity, if he should see fit to make himself visible ?

PHID. It would be both lawful and necessary.

Soc. But if a God, even the greatest,

should enter the form of a man, and inspire him ; would not men easily discover this by his countenance, and a certain dignity of manner ?

PHID. They could not fail.

Soc. If we, then, should worship that visible appearance, it would not be unlawful. But if I am able to discern the deity in a man, it must be by a visible sign or mark, such as must signify the presence of a divine influence. (I now repeat the words of Anaxagoras) : If any man is so fortunate as to know such marks, and is able to shape them out of marble or ivory, can he be justly declared impious ?

PHID. No, truly. But how shall these marks be known ?

Soc. When we think of the Gods, we think of them as devoid of all weakness and vice, but full of infinite energy ; and we know that this energy is the ruling principle, and is of an eternal nature, without form or name. By some it is called reason, by others *vous* or intellect ; but by most, the spirit of man. Anaxagoras, therefore, reasoned in this manner : that, if the image of a God is but the exalted image (or idea) of this principle ; to represent men with the marks of it in their gestures and countenances would be to represent them as Gods. Does it seem so to you, or does it not ?

PHID. I am not able to deny it.

Soc. Is it lawful, then, to worship the statues of the Gods, since they cannot be distinguished from those of inspired men ?

PHID. A question hard to be answered. But proceed.

Soc. First answer my question. Is it lawful to worship the image of a God, seeing that it is equally the image of a man ?

PHID. It is first necessary to know what we mean by worship.

Soc. Is not all worship an acknowledgment of superiority ?

PHID. Yes ; and it is also an acknowledgment of goodness in the being who is superior.

Soc. It appears impossible, therefore, to worship a statue, since it is neither superior, nor capable of good. If any person, seeing the marks of divinity in a statue, is thereby reminded of a God, he may offer worship to the God ; but if the Gods are exalted images of men, they are not in kind superior to men—and to worship them because of their superiority in degree only, would be no more lawful than to worship a hero or a king.

PHID. There is, then, no essential difference between the worship of a God, and that of a hero or superior man; and the Deities themselves are only images of this energy which inspires men with reason.

Soc. Thus, then, Anaxagoras reasoned; and now I will repeat his own words: "With you, Socrates, it is easy to converse, because you are willing to confess your ignorance, though you esteem knowledge above all things. You would have me give an opinion of this work of yours, whether it is well or ill designed. And you wish me to converse with you upon the nature of the Gods, as I have done with others—but not always in a manner to gain the reputation of piety. First, then, for the work. If anything can be said with certainty of this Deity, it is that he cannot be otherwise represented, than by a combination of all the marks of power and obedience; for he bears the attributes of obedience in union with those of power. But his obedience is that of a man, and not that of a slave; and if he endured the tyranny of a mortal, it was in obedience to the commands of a God. It will be proper, therefore, to give him an air of cheerful acquiescence and lively courage—as of a servant ready to obey a just command. Because of his immense and unremitted toil, the muscular envelop of his body will have a disproportionate vastness, seeming to bury and obscure the bones and viscera, and giving to the head and extremities an effect of littleness, as though they were unnaturally small. Since the form of the body expresses the temper and habit of the person, this Deity cannot be represented with the angular frame and face of Vulcan, nor with the smooth elegance of Hermes; but like the pancratists, who perform every exercise, his body will discover equal flexibility and power, every muscle appearing ready for its proper service, but all vast, round, and well pronounced." Such, O Phidias, were the words of Anaxagoras, regarding the mode of representing Hercules.

PHID. Did he say in what manner the marks of divinity may be distinguished?

Soc. As I remember he spoke thus: "To you, Socrates, these particulars seem proper to be observed; but if I say that the divinity should appear, not only in the face, but in every feature of the body, do I seem to have said anything absurd?" Not absurd, I answered, but impossible to be observed: for to me it

seems impossible to know the marks of divinity, even in the features; and if any statuary has expressed them, it was by accident, or by a close imitation of some prophet, or sage, at the moment of his inspiration. "To me, on the contrary," said Anaxagoras, "the art of the statuary seems as certain as that of the poet or rhetorician; and like theirs, to be rational, and subject to rules. The arts of speech intend always an expression of some thought, or passion; and the same passion is expressed always in the same manner. The composer of fictions, by discovering in one character a variety of passions and emotions, following the swift order of events, shows us the existence of a superior power, presiding over and controlling them. The *form* of this power or principle, (which is divinity in the soul,) is made apparent by the manner in which it rules over and controls the inferior energies. He then is the true poet, who is able, by a fictitious or real history, to discover by its proper effects a certain form of the superior principle, showing by the choice and order of description its effects upon the heart and mind. But the *forms* of this principle are the forms of the Gods, and the marks by which we know them. In Zeus we discover *authority*; in Juno *regal pride*; in Minerva *prudence*; and in Hercules *obedience*. In every divine or heroical character some one form appears of this energy. But if the maker of fictions and mysteries can show the presence of any form of the rational principle, it must be through a knowledge of it in his own mind."

Tell me then, I exclaimed, whether a knowledge of this ethical reason is not equally necessary to the statuary, if he would truly represent the Gods and heroes? "How," he answered, "can it be otherwise? Is it not apparent, that whoever would represent a thing must have an idea of it; and that this idea cannot be a something hastily acquired and faintly known, but must live as an active power presiding over the mind and hand, shaping every line and poising every stroke?—or do I speak extravagantly?" Not extravagantly, I replied, but you speak impossibilities. "And yet," rejoined he, "it is necessary to have an idea of perfection, if we mean to approach to it in action; for it is impossible otherwise to forgive or be forgiven. The works of a good man, though imperfect, discover his idea of what is best.



Why not say the same of statues and paintings, that though the best of them are gross performances, compared with what they signify, or symbolize, they strike us with delight when they intimate a certain dignity of idea in the workman." To me, I answered, it seems necessary that no one can truly *express* a quality of the soul, unless he is in some degree endowed with that quality. But if an artist will content himself with a careful imitation of nature, selecting models which have the marks of virtue, may he not accomplish much without aiming to know the thing he represents? "If the art of a statuary," he replied, "intended only to produce images of living men, with all their imperfections, it might happen that the images of a few, taken at favorable moments, might discover traces of divinity. But it is required of an artist that he be able, not only to imitate what is set before him, but to make images of the vices and virtues: as of pride, courage, magnanimity, justice; distinguishing these, not by arbitrary symbols, as the barbarians use, but by the marks which discover them in nature; as, magnanimity, by a certain mixture of severity and openness; pride, by a lofty and swelling manner; goodness, by a benign and amiable expression, and the like. If he is able to do this, he may represent whatever he imagines; but he cannot represent pride, without a model or image of pride in his mind. If this image is that of an individual, as, for example, Pericles, (who has a certain pride,) he will continually model images of Pericles; but if this image is conceived through an experience in his own person, he will be able to compose a statue of pride by its natural marks: just as the poet and the actor, through the same knowledge, are able to impersonate it in the character of a king or hero. But an actor who should imitate the gait of Pericles, or a poet who should repeat his sayings, would be entitled to no more of our admiration, than an artist who copies a limb with all its blemishes." It seems then, I answered, that a statuary cannot represent a character without some knowledge of the natural marks by which it is distinguished from other forms of reason. But is it necessary to be a hero that we may represent one, or to be just that we may represent justice?

PHID. A hard condition, O Socrates, you would have laid upon us!

Soc. See, then, whether he relieved

you from it. "If the knowledge of a thing by its marks," continued the sage, "is indeed the thing itself, what you have supposed would follow. But no man confounds the knowledge or idea of pride with the being proud; or the idea of what is proper to anger with the being easily angered. Let us admit, then, that a certain degree only of a quality is necessary to a knowledge of it; but that extreme pride or irascibility is not necessary to a true idea of these qualities." I am willing, I answered, to admit this.

"To me, then," he continued, "it seems evident, that a poet, or a statuary, or an actor, must possess in some degree the virtue and the fault which he impersonates, and that the more admirable his own virtue, the more profound will be the sources of his knowledge; but that this knowledge is the fruit of a peculiar energy, or power in reason, able to rule over, and represent the *passions*, and able also, to conceive and personify images of the *virtues*, but not able to rule over or command them." To you, therefore, answered I, it seems, that the justice and the magnanimity of the artist, enable him to see the marks of these qualities in others; and that a small degree of virtue in me makes me sensible to a much greater degree in another, through this genius, or power of conceiving virtue in the intellect? To this he assented. Is there then, I asked, a power in the human spirit which is proper to it, and which all men in some degree possess—a power by which they are enabled to perceive in others the marks of reason, and so perceiving, to venerate it; and is there also a power or genius, of representation, which enables them to form ideas, and impersonate what they revere? Then he assented. But is not this the power, I continued, which enables the orator to express the grandeur of his own soul, as the poet does, feigning the greatness of another? Again he assented. Say, then, continued I, whether he who has no grandeur of soul can express the marks of grandeur in marble, or in words; or whether by the genius of representation, he can depict anything greater than himself? For but now you asserted that to know the signs of justice in another, it is necessary that we should ourselves be inclined to justice; and if this is true at all, it is so altogether; and they will best discern virtue in others who have most of it in themselves. How, then, can I represent virtue as Homer

has done, unless I have the virtue of Homer? But if I have it not, though I revere, can I represent it? Then Anaxagoras, after meditating a while, made answer as follows. "You have arrived, O Socrates, at a wonderful result in regard to artists and poets, and, indeed, to all men, having discovered the nature of this genius which represents virtue as known, or venerates it as unknown. Whatever virtue is in ourselves we may represent, provided the Creator has endowed us with the genius or energy; and if the poet or the statuary is by nature a hero or a king, he will represent kings and heroes, by their real marks; but if he personates what is superior to himself, as a God or a divine man, he fails in the representation, and is compelled to invent artificial symbols, to express the power, or the degrees of power, which he ignorantly reveres. Is not this, then, O my friend, the reason of that ancient amity between poets and heroes, that they are alike sons of glory, and full of greatness; but to poets the creative, and to heroes the military genius, is accorded." But for that third kind, I replied, who revere though they cannot comprehend—what shall be said of them? "That they too," he answered, "are the children of the Supreme, and his peculiar servants. Like Hercules, they cheerfully obey and execute, and are always employed in good works: nor is their glory less, but rather greater; and all men love them."

PHID. Mysteriously, indeed, he talked with you! I have heard that he was an atheist, and believed in no God but matter.

Soc. As if I, beholding Phidias, should believe only in his skin. Anaxagoras denied that ideas should be mistaken for the beings which they symbolize; and affirmed that no man may comprehend a being superior to his own.

PHID. But if we cannot comprehend, how can we worship?

Soc. By acknowledging this very inability. We just now agreed that worship is not knowledge, but a confession of inferiority.

PHID. In kind, or in degree?

Soc. In kind, as I think. For if I worship what is only superior in degree to myself, I might fall upon my knees to every man who appeared wiser or stronger than I.

PHID. But what said Anaxagoras in regard to the marks by which greatness may be represented?

Soc. Thus, then, he continued: "Since there are two modes of representation—namely, by a symbol, which is mystical, and by the natural sign, which is artistical—the poet and the statuary will desire to have a knowledge of the natural signs of character, and will labor diligently to acquire them. They will be able not only to imitate what they have seen, but to represent what they imagine. Their imaginations are symbolic of their own emotions and character; not like the dreams of a drunkard, but like those of a God. The excellence of what they imagine will be, first, in the thing signified, and secondly in the beauty of the mark or symbol. Phidias has a passion of magnanimity in his soul, and Pericles has an equal passion; but they will diversely discover this: one in war or in oratory, the other in a poem or in the statue of a magnanimous hero. If any man is inspired with greatness, or with prudence, or with justice, or with any other virtue, his inspiration forces him to discover, in some manner, the quality of his spirit. In the strictness of his dealings, the man of wealth discovers his regard for justice, and wins the confidence of the citizens. The hero shows them that he values the fame of courage and constancy above all other things; and at once all men accord it to him. These are driven by necessity to perform many gross and laborious duties, that their virtue may be conspicuous. But the orator and the artist are able to show forth the noblest qualities by the force of words alone, or by the gestures and natural graces of the body. But the power of imagining great qualities, and that of beautifully representing them, are not always conferred upon the same person. I may be able to imagine the quality of justice, and see the signs of it, though I am unable to imagine or shape forth the perfect image of a just person; but the statuary will be able, not only to conceive, but to personify justice. The desire of the artist is, therefore, to know the natural marks of character; for by these he is enabled to express the greatness of his own soul. But if he fails to acquire a knowledge of these marks, he will resort to artificial symbols, invented as substitutes. As when a speaker, unable to describe a glorious action, declares only that it was glorious; putting a word for a thing: or, when an orator, wishing to seem admirable, advises promptness and vigor, but cannot say



what it is that is prompt and vigorous.

PHID. By Hercules, I have known such! But Anaxagoras had not heard our new tragedians, who fill the mouths of their heroes with a kind of metaphysical wisdom, while they compel them to actions fit only for slaves and voluptuaries. By the Gods, if they are admitted to Elysium, the heroes will avoid their society!

Soc. Is it just, then, to be in a rage with their ignorance?

PHID. Not with their ignorance, but with their treachery; for they use the symbols and names of virtue to mislead mankind—like traitors who carry a banner into an ambuscade.

Soc. They are what they are. But hear Anaxagoras.

PHID. Go on; I desire to hear him.

Soc. Thus, then, he continued: "For you, Socrates, if you mean to make images of the Gods, it will be necessary to acquire a knowledge of these beings, or rather, of the qualities in men of which they are sources: as of justice and wisdom, in Zeus; of virtuous prudence in Athene; of knowledge, with the love of glory, in Apollo; and of all inferior qualities in inferior Gods. But because these beings have no body, they cannot be truly represented, and must therefore be symbolized, either by signs and ceremonies significant of their powers, or by human figures, to express their place and authority in man: for to the worshiper it is indifferent whether the power of the God is suggested to him by a statue, or by a ceremony; both are symbolic and equally remote from the reality. The statuary, therefore, will observe the signs of character in the face and limbs, and in the carriage and motion of the body.

PHID. It is impossible to represent motion by a picture or a statue.

Soc. But a poet may represent it to the mind's eye, and the actor may impersonate it, and the musician can give a feeling of it; or am I wrong?

PHID. The gesture of an image in marble should be always at a point of rest, as when the dancer balances in his step, or the wrestler is just equaled by his antagonist, or the orator pauses an instant at the close, keeping an attitude of persuasion: an eagle may be seen poisoning himself, or even soaring upon the ether; but if Theseus, in the marble, rushes down to Hades, I expect at each

moment to see him fall headlong. But proceed.

Soc. "Because the head, and especially the face," he continued, "is the most expressive part of the figure, it will be necessary to have a perfect knowledge of their parts, both internal and external. For in animals, the form of the internal determines that of the external parts. But this knowledge (of the head and face) is much more difficult than that of the body. Strength is easily represented in the limbs, as beauty is in the face; because these parts are the natural seat of such qualities: but to confer beauty upon the limbs is as difficult as to impart vigor to the face. In regard to those qualities to which strength and beauty are subordinate—serving only to recommend and grace them—they appear either in the gesture of the body, or in the expression of the features. But because the knowledge of the superior qualities is inexpressibly difficult, and subject to rules known only to the most skillful, very few have been able to compose statues which fitly represent them; and the greater number are content with an outside of beauty and strength, as in a Lydian woman or a boxer. A few, only, have given a divine expression to the head, as in that of Zeus, and of Homer; and the works of these few are incessantly copied and applied to other subjects. But the science of this art remains unknown, nor has any man pretended ever to be able to teach it."

PHID. I should willingly listen to any one who would teach me such a science.

Soc. Shall we, then, inquire whether it is possible to attain it?

PHID. Let us spare no pains to follow the inquiry: it seems to be a matter of the utmost consequence.

Soc. Let it be conceded that Anaxagoras said nothing extravagant, when he affirmed that the human body is not only the agent, but the image or symbol, of the spirit which informs it; and that every limb and feature must signify, in some manner, the quality of the man. The body, being therefore the natural and only image or symbol of the spirit, has its true stamp and expression in the parts as in the whole. It is to the soul, as the handle of an instrument to the hand which grasps it. But the shape of the hand determines the shape of the handle; and the use to which it is applied, the figure and quality of the blade. So, the various energies of the animal

predetermined the figure of its body. But when it happens that the substance is ill tempered, and the instrument weakly made, it will answer but feebly to its uses. And in the same manner it happens with the body of man—which is of a nature liable to various perversions—that it rarely attains perfection, or is fitted freely to perform its offices.

PHID. Why may not one spirit be inferior to another, and fitted with an inferior body? Or why may not a powerful spirit inhabit a weaker body?

Soc. It seems to me absurd to say that one immortal being is inferior to another of its kind; nor is it right to speak of a spirit as of a thing that may be greater or less; for a spirit has no dimensions. We may say that less of it appears, because of the body's weakness; but not, that the spirit of one man is *essentially* inferior to that of another. Before God, all are equal.

PHID. I am perplexed with a doubt. The actions of some men are wholly passionate, while those of others seem full of reason. Say, then, whether passion and intellect flow from the spirit of reason, or whether one and the same energy is the cause of reason, passion and intellect.

Soc. Say, also, of sensual desire and of instinct. Our inquiry now is, whether the governing spirit is the same with the governed; whether the intellect, the passion, the fancy, and the brute instincts, are the same with that divine energy which governs and regulates them!—which is absurd.

PHID. Is man, therefore, a body inspired by several souls or energies?

Soc. That he is moved by various energies no one denies; but if we choose to call them “souls,” then he is, indeed, a subject of many “souls.” But this is to amuse ourselves with words. Let the grosser energies be named *INSTINCT*, and no one will be offended; for we feel within us the instincts of irrational life. Then let the name *SOUL* be applied to understanding, memory, prudence, fancy, passion and affection; which we have in common with the ape and other intelligent brutes. These are limited and perishable energies, full of pain and variability. As for that “*human soul*,” or, more properly, for that *RATIONAL SPIRIT*, we believe in its immortal nature, and confess that its office is to rule over the intelligences, and over the instincts. Do we not?

PHID. We do, indeed; nor have I ever heard the contrary.

Soc. If, then, the body is the agent and instrument of the instincts and of the intellect and passions, will not these powers make themselves apparent in it by certain marks by which an intelligent, a passionate or an intellectual disposition may be distinguished from one that is gross and instinctive?

PHID. Evidently. But can we say of the inferior energies that they are essentially variable?

Soc. Can we say of two magnets, that the energy of one is essentially inferior to that of the other; or only, that one discovers or possesses more of the common power? Do they differ in degree, or in kind?

PHID. In kind; and the same will be said of two men—that they differ not in kind, (for the same power is in both,) but only in degree—and that one, because of the better disposition of his body, discovers more than another of the spirit which inspires all.

Soc. Every man carries in him the marks of his disposition, as dogs and tigers carry those of theirs; but the bodies of men have also other traits; as, of honor, kindness, magnanimity, rectitude, and the like; which no other animal discovers. Must we not say, then, that this body, with its inferior energies, is created to be the slave of the Rational Spirit?

PHID. How can it be otherwise? But I have seen men who differed little from dogs and cattle.

Soc. Say, rather, you have seen the bodies of men; and that in these bodies the marks of reason were the faintest possible.

PHID. Can we say, then, that a person gifted with observation might discern the shape of the soul by the form of the body?

Soc. We are already guarded, O Phidias, against so gross an absurdity! for we agreed that the human spirit is a being without shape or dimension, but full of power, and able to originate an infinite variety of action, when provided with a body through which it may act. Because the acts of the soul are limited by this condition, the marks of character in the body are the marks of the body's, and not of the soul's, excellence; indicating a greater perfection in the organ, and through this only, a greater *activity* of the Rational Spirit. Do I speak reasonably?



PHID. Mysteriously, if not reasonably. It seems by what we have admitted that the magnanimity and greatness of a man is not like that of a Deity ; but rather belongs to him as an accident or condition of the present life.

Soc. Why not ? Is not all human excellence liable to loss, like life itself, and like all other possessions ? Or, may we suppose that a skillful mathematician will be the same in Hades, or that a good rhetorician or dialectician will find these qualities serviceable among the Gods and genii ; or that any extraordinary virtue in business, or justice in the affairs of the city, will avail much in Elysium ; where there is no business and no city ?

PHID. The spirit of man, O Socrates, seems to me divine ; but this is a new opinion of yours, that justice and the other virtues are among the accidents of her mortal state.

Soc. Consider, and answer me. Does any work of the hands seem to be of much worth ?

PHID. No, not even the best !

Soc. But how is it with a just judge ; does he take a pride in decrees, when he has lawfully divided an estate, or enforced the payment of certain dues ? Or do these acts, and all others, appear contemptible, compared with the power of the spirit ?

PHID. They do, indeed !

Soc. The spirit of man, therefore, despises its body, and desires to be provided with a better. But can the universe itself ever satisfy the desire, or exhaust the capacity, of such a spirit ?

PHID. If all that you say is true, it follows that the spirit of man is not answerable for wrongs done by it in the body ; but if all virtues and all vices are the fruit of this marriage between body and spirit, why are men punished for injustice ? for the fault is not of their spirit but of their body ?

Soc. Answer me ; is punishment of the body or of the spirit ?

PHID. Of both.

Soc. Say, then, is death a punishment of the spirit ?

PHID. Of the body, rather ; for a death of the spirit is as impossible as a birth of the spirit.

Soc. When a person is declared infamous, is that a punishment of the body ?

PHID. Of the spirit, as I think.

Soc. The shame of infamy is, then, a pain of the immortal spirit ; and it follows, that this immortal spirit is a being

susceptible of pain and pleasure. Or is it so ?

PHID. Not so, my friend !

Soc. It appears, therefore, that infamy causes no pain to the infamous.

PHID. By Zeus ! their pains are terrible ; they pine and waste away, as if touched with a pestilence.

Soc. Infamy, it appears, is a pain of the body ; but this pain cannot be inflicted upon brutes, because they are devoid of a spirit. The spirit, therefore, not only governs, but punishes the body. Like the votaries of Isis, remorseful spirits wound and destroy their bodies, in honor of justice.

PHID. But if any man is naturally unfitted for the perception of justice, shall he go unpunished as having no conscience ?

Soc. Answer me again, that I may answer. If my eye is blind, must I be punished for not seeing, or is this blindness its own sufficient penalty ?

PHID. It is a sufficient penalty.

Soc. But if I am blind, shall I be permitted to walk alone, to the danger of my life ; or would you have some one to attend and instruct my steps ?

PHID. I would have you attended and instructed.

Soc. But if any person, through an inward blindness, lives injuriously, hurting himself and others, shall he, too, be watched and restricted, or shall he be suffered to go at large and commit injuries ?

PHID. He shall be confined, and cured, if possible, of his blindness.

Soc. But if the disease is incurable, and the unjust man continue to be unjust, and watches opportunities to destroy his keepers, so that all are in terror of their lives because of his incurable stupidity and ferocity, shall he be permitted to live ?

PHID. I think it would be unjust if the law should suffer it.

Soc. It seems, therefore, O Phidias, that the blindness of the wicked is its own punishment, as the virtue of the just is its own reward.

PHID. Are we to conclude that punishment belongs altogether to the spirit, and that the spirits of the wicked shall torment them while they are scorched with the fire of Tartarus ? or, are the torment and the fire one ?

Soc. We have reason to believe that remorse is the true Tartarean fire.

PHID. Why then, if the faults of men are sufficiently punished by remorse,

should other punishments be inflicted on them by the laws?

Soc. Answer me, is not law established for the protection of the innocent?

PHID. It is; and for the punishment of the guilty.

Soc. But the punishment of a crime should be equal to the crime; or should it not?

PHID. It should.

Soc. Say, then, if I am willing to endure the penalty of a crime for the pleasure of injuring my neighbor, whether the penalty would be of the least avail.

PHID. It would be of no avail; and, on reflection, I think it would be impossible to inflict equal penalties. If it happens, for example, that a thief robs me of my purse, he must be punished by a fine; but if the robber has no property he cannot pay the fine, and will therefore escape free.

Soc. If the laws, O Phidias, are established for the punishment of crime rather than for the protection of the just and innocent, they are miserably contrived, and fail altogether of their purpose. But if we suppose them established for protection, and not for punishment, it seems possible to make them perfectly just. Let us therefore give over the souls and bodies of the wicked, in this life and in the next, to conscience and the fire of Tartarus, as is just; for we know that it is impossible for a mortal to punish adequately; and that if any man attempts it, he is sure to commit injustice. But if the law-maker aims only to protect the helpless, and secure each man in his right, he will have no difficulty in determining what ought to be done with robbers and murderers, or with those who commit crimes against the state. Nor are law-makers to be embarrassed with any sophistical subtleties regarding the nature of the souls, or whether men are, or are not, to blame for the crimes they commit. Whatever danger arises, whether from robbers or neighboring enemies, from sedition or natural calamities, they must provide against it, endeavoring, by wisdom and the utmost vigilance, to insure every one in the enjoyment of what is justly his own. If a robber is mutilated or beaten, it is to deter him and others from a repetition of the wrong; and if a murderer is deprived of his life, it is for the safety of the innocent, and not for the punishment of the guilty. Nor need the lawgiver inquire whether spirit or body is more to blame; when he

knows that by the pains of the body, and the loss of its liberty, the just are protected, and the unjust prevented. If any are ready to excuse their crime with this plea, that being made evil by nature they are blameless, and cannot justly suffer penalties, the legislator may answer, that he intends not punishment but protection; that punishment belongs to God alone; but that if the just and the innocent are injured, those who injure them, or slay them, must be prevented from a repetition of the crime; even, if that be necessary, by their death. From the robber and the wild beast alike, the law protects us: making no inquiry into the nature of soul and body, or whether men are to blame for a naturally bad disposition; but asking only whether the criminal is likely to repeat his crime; and if it appears that he is bad and dangerous, he is prevented by imprisonment or banishment; or, if necessary, by death.

If the blame of evil is thrown altogether upon the body, no man will be any the less fearful of the pains which follow iniquity, the diseases of lust, the shame of vice, the anguish of remorse, and the insufferable anger of the Gods. For, as it is impossible to act, so it is impossible to suffer, without a body. If we imagine a future condition of the spirit, we imagine her in another body; nor is it possible to conceive her otherwise than as capable, through a bodily existence, both of happiness and misery. We think of this body as of a gift of Heaven to the spirit, that it may not only *be*, but may also *EXIST*; in other words, that it may be capable of happiness and misery. The bodies which the spirit animates were given to it in the beginning. On each of them certain energies were conferred, to be the causes of life and death, of good and evil. To have eternal existence is the gift of the spirit, and she imparts this, in a manner, to the body—lengthening its life in time, and extending it over space, by the labors of glory and wisdom. The elected spirit passes continually toward a better life, ascending by steps, and animating at each step a better and more powerful body.

PHID. It is your custom, Socrates, to advance in this manner from the known to the unknown. But we have forgotten this science of expression, of which we just now inquired, whether there could be such a science. I am satisfied that the body must express all the energies; for, if it did not, how should we know



the existence of such energies? since that only is an energy which is the cause of an action or expression.

Soc. If you believe this, you believe in a science of the kind we are discussing. But would it be lawful to use such a science? If any man imagines the Gods have assigned him a body incapable of the greatest virtue, would he fail to be corrupted by this belief—laying the fault of his sins upon the imperfection of his soul's organ?

PHID. How is any danger to be apprehended from that cause? If the measure of a crime is as the greatness of the law it violates, he who is naturally incapable of the law is equally incapable of the crime. The degree of remorse, which is the only divine punishment, will be, in this life and the next, as the degree of conscience given to the criminal.

Soc. It is necessary, O Phidias, if we mean to understand this matter, by no means to confound the body with the spirit; or to imagine that a spirit is a being composed of parts, and originating separate effects. We are compelled, therefore, for each power of the spirit, to provide a separate instrument; as, for the sight, an eye; and for hearing, an ear; and for the combination of these and all other senses, an organ of perception; and for the combination of perceptions, an intelligent organ; and, lastly, for the unity of all, a rational organ, for the actual perception of right. The body, therefore, must represent each and all, being their servant and exponent. If, then, we observe that any person is just in all his actions, it is necessary to confess that the eye of his spirit, with which it beholds justice in externals, is bright and far-seeing. But it would be absurd to say of his immortal spirit itself, that it has more of divinity or more of justice than the spirit of any other; before God, all are equal: for we have agreed that the spirit of man is not a thing of parts and qualities; and that it is, therefore, incapable of the more and the less; but if anything is immeasurable, it is also unimaginable and spiritual—a source of power without substance, and a cause of form without shape. The spirit is, therefore, neither just nor unjust, good or evil, in her essence, but is the perceiver and causer of these through the medium of her instrument. So, also, we say of God, that his justice is in his works, but that he is more than justice. And of justice and other virtue, we say, there is more

or less in this man and in that, as if I were a measurable thing, capable of increase or diminution; but the spirit is incapable of either. We say of a king, that he is a greater or less, according to the width of his dominion; and we say of the spirit, that it is greater or less, according to the excellence of the body in whom it rules. If it could be given to the spirit of a man to animate the body and govern the intelligences of a demigod, it could then discern and practice perfect virtue; but if, as with ourselves, it is confined within a narrow house, and looks out upon the world through imperfect organs, as through the loop-holes of a prison, hardly discerning what is right; is it the part of wisdom to be enraged and discontented, because things are so ordered? It seems to me, therefore, to be not only a lawful but a necessary knowledge, from the marks of the body, to draw conclusions regarding the energies. If I observe the marks of cruelty in a brute, I avoid him; but these marks are equally evident in men. Why should they be overlooked? Is it lawful to discover goodness in the *action* and *speech* of a friend, but unlawful to see it in the features of his body?

PHID. This kind of inquiry, Socrates, already occupies the inquisitive. They are incessantly prying into each other, as if some mighty good might follow a discovery. And now, by this new science, they will be saved much labor, having a certain rule by which to judge and be judged. A vast advantage!

Soc. When a new weapon is brought home from the cutlers, the children seize it for a plaything. Presently an eye is put out, and the mother blames all weapons in general, not excepting knives and hay-forks.

PHID. Have you seen this Egyptian, who, for a piece of silver, gives you a list of your virtues by the signs of your face?

Soc. I saw him followed by a crowd. Some questioned him for themselves, and others for their friends or enemies. A young man, who aspires to the magistracy, asked him whether Pericles' face did not prove him a tyrant. The Egyptian said that it did not; whereupon Thrasymachus cried out in a rage, that if his face did not, his body did; for that he carried it haughtily. The rest then crowded about and silenced him, by applauding the Egyptian, who presently, on this encouragement, gave us what he styled an

analysis of Pericles, and ended with declaring him a God.

PHID. How did the people take it, when he came to the apotheosis?

Soc. They applauded; and some said they thought better of Pericles than of Zeus, since the God had sent a famine upon Attica, but the man had relieved it.

PHID. A fine conception of Zeus, indeed! My statue of the God is far nobler than any mortal.

Soc. Perhaps so, in the form; but for the substance—a worm in flesh is nobler than a God in the stone. Pericles governs by the force of his spirit, not by the beauty of his body.

PHID. I am persuaded, Socrates, in regard to this science, that it is not only a possible, but a natural and lawful part of knowledge: nor, without some degree of it, could I myself compose a statue or a picture. The Greek statuaries excel all others, because they have a quick apprehension of the marks of character in men, and have the art to represent them under the appearances of beauty; but beauty is easily attained, expression not easily. To combine both as I have done, is immensely difficult.

Soc. The Egyptians, who, as you know, observe everything, have a theory, that men's characters may be known from their resemblance to brutes. They compare a coxcomb to a peacock, a fool to an ass, a glutton to a hog; as though the same power impelled both. What think you of that?

PHID. As of the other, that it is true. What could produce the strut of a peacock other than the soul of a peacock? or the malice of a wolf other than the soul of a wolf?

Soc. Men, therefore, are bears, wolves and asses to each other?

PHID. Yes, when they cease to be men.

Soc. I imagine that a power of representing these marks of brutality in the human figure might be useful to a statuary. A smatterer would perpetually injure both himself and others, by affecting to see deeply into men when such penetration is uncalled for. Every art and science has its place and its use. To us, at this moment, a knowledge of physic or astronomy would avail nothing; for we are neither pedants nor sophists. But if we were at sea or sick, they would be serviceable. If the characteristic of a just or wise man is, that he does all things suitably to the occasion, that of a fool is to go about thrusting in his acts

and opinions at the wrong time and place. We say that all things are excellent in their order; but it seems to me that the place and time for using physiognomical art, are easily known by a person of the least discretion. The artist must employ it in studying human faces, or modeling statues in clay. The master may use it, when he purchases a slave or hires a servant.

PHID. You begin to talk of this art as though it were founded in nature and necessity.

Soc. I confess to a belief in its possibility, but not to a true knowledge of it.

PHID. Say, then, how this knowledge may be acquired.

Soc. When any person, with an experience in the nature of things, practices accordingly, we say that he has a *rule*; a number of rules towards one end or purpose constitute an art; and he who can apply rules is equally an artist, whether he originated or learned them. To originate, or to have the power of originating, rules, is named science or invention. It is necessary, therefore, that the science of the marks of character should be invented, and reduced to rules, before it can sustain an art.

PHID. How would you begin to invent such a science?

Soc. I am not addicted, O Phidias, to the invention of sciences, but desire rather to receive them from others; that I may continue, uninterruptedly, in meditation and conversation. Nevertheless, if it is agreeable, I will say what seems fit to be said.

PHID. Say on.

Soc. First, then, we must observe and separate the actions proper to men and brutes, assigning each kind its proper actions, distinguishing the superior from the inferior, and naming each by its common and proper name. Among these, the actions of instinct will rank lowest—for they are common to all—and the actions of reason highest, for they are proper to man. But there is a kind of action, intermediate between reason and instinct, which is common to man with some animals. Of this kind are all impulses of passion, love, cunning, fear, mirth, and pure intelligence. These, let us name by the *Intelligences* or *Powers* to which they belong.

The acts of Reason are either in the gesture and carriage of the body, in the nobler expressions of countenance, in the conduct of affairs, the administration of



laws, and all that regards equally the future and the past. The acts of the Intelligences, on the contrary, are transient and impulsive. They vary with the condition of the actor. The same animal may be now in rage, and now in love, with the same object. All the Intelligences are of a nature which enables them to act in the absence of their objects. Love, for example, is powerful even in the absence of the thing loved.

But for those instincts which impel to sensuous acts, they require an immediate presence of the object, and have no force in its absence. Light has no power with the closed eye, nor in silence is there any effect of sound. These, then, are the acts of sensuous energies, which require an internal or external sensation to bring them into action.

Having assembled the actions proper to instinct under their several energies, and those of the intelligences under theirs, I would then consider with the utmost care, the actions of reason, which it seems proper to name divine. These are, those of justice, of religion, of honor, ambition, faith, and humaneness; as they are seen in government, the care of a household, worship, and the liberal arts; not forgetting the occupations of trade and manufacture—for these must be regarded as perfectly rational. When the energies of reason are known, and severally named, they may be elegantly arranged as the governors of the intelligences. Thus, over cunning and prudence we may assign justice to be the governor; over love and anger, honor; over the sciences and liberal arts, obedience, or reverence for the best.

In like manner I would place the intelligences, love, passion, cunning, intellect and fancy, to reign over the several groups of instincts. Having in this manner effected a perfect order and subordination of the energies, all human actions would fall into a harmony. The ways of God would then appear reasonable and just. Any imperfection of character might then be assigned to its proper cause; and we should say of this and that character, not that it is intrinsically bad, but that certain faculties or energies are feeble or imperfect in it—that it is deficient, for example, in the quality of anger, but has an abundant prudence, which is better, and less barbarous, than to call it “poltroon.” And then, if any such characters should happen to exert a philosophy of their own, leaving anger out of their system,

we should know how to account for the omission.

PHID. None but a lover of true wisdom would be able to complete a system of this nature.

Soc. Though it might need such an one to invent it, the simplest might be made to understand it, once invented. Am I wrong in thinking so?

PHID. You seem to me, O Socrates, to be mistaken in judging that any but a true lover of wisdom could even understand this system.

Soc. Let it be so: everything that is useful is difficult. Be it supposed that some one more fortunate or more laborious than others, has invented a true system of all the powers which govern the body of a man: he is now in a condition to judge of the marks of these powers. For if he did not know the power, how could he know the marks by which it is to be known? Observing each until he has a perfect knowledge of it and knows its mark, he will presently recognize a certain harmony of features or marks, contributing to the beauty of the body. Rectitude will appear in a firmness and perpendicularity of the whole figure—vanity in a toss or lolling of the head—obedience, in a reverent inclination of it—cruelty, in a cold and slow-moving eye—sensuality in all its proper grossness. Thus, the actions of the man will have given an idea of the powers which control him; and the knowledge of these powers will enable a perfect determination of their proper features. By excellent combinations of these features, every degree of beauty, force and expression may be given to the work of the statuary.

PHID. It shall be my prayer to the Muses, O friend, that some one may invent, happily, the science of this art, while I am yet alive. I can think of nothing that carries with it a greater promise of utility, and that, too, not for me only, or those who work in ivory or brass, but for poets and orators, for teachers of youth, and ministers of the Gods.

Soc. Say, then, Phidias, in what manner you think it may be made profitable.

PHID. I would have the orators know what power they address—whether the reason or the passion, the vanity or the justice, of the people. At present, they imagine that the people are incapable of justice, and seldom venture to address that power. Our new science would convince them that every man is more or less ca-

pable of it. And for the poets, if they had this science, they would know how to exclude what is proper to vanity from the speeches of heroes. I would have the teachers of youth instructed in it, that they might not stifle or neglect the powers of their pupils, nor attempt one discipline by the exercises of another. Ministers of the Gods should learn it, that they may know what quality or energy

they adore under the name of a God : for in their present ignorance they confuse the offices of all their deities, and invent abominable tales, under pretence of honoring them.

Soc. Offer my prayers with yours, excellent Phidias, for the happy advent of the new science. May the purpose it may serve more than counterbalance the evil it must bring. J. D. W.

## M A R S H A L M A S S E N A .

No one can be long in Genoa without becoming acquainted with the striking characteristics of Massena. The heights around the city in which he struggled—the crippled and deformed beings that meet one at every turn, pointed to by the inhabitants as the results of that awful famine Massena brought on the inhabitants, when besieged by sea and land he obstinately refused to surrender—are constant mementoes, of that iron-hearted man.

Andrea Massena's birth-place was only a hundred miles from Genoa. He was born at Nice on the 6th of May, 1758, and, while still an infant, was left an orphan in the world. Growing up without parental care, his education was neglected, and he was left to the mercy of almost any impulse that might strike him. An uncle, captain of an ordinary merchant vessel, took him to sea with him while he was a mere boy. But after having made two voyages, the young Andrea, then only seventeen years of age, enlisted as a private soldier in the royal Italian regiment, in which another uncle ranked as captain. This service seemed more fitted to his tastes, and he performed its duties with such regularity and care that he was made corporal. Long after, when scarred with his many battles and standing on the highest pinnacle of military fame—Marshal of France and Duke of Rivoli—he frequently spoke of this first promotion as affording him more happiness than all the after honors that were heaped upon him. From this he went up (gradually enough, it is true) to serjeant, and, finally, adjutant, where he stopped. Unable by the

most strenuous exertions and unimpeachable fidelity to reach the rank of under-lieutenant, he at length, after fourteen years' service, left the army in indignation and, marrying the daughter of a shop-keeper, settled down as a common man in Nice. Here he doubtless would have remained and died a common man, but for the outbreak of the Revolution. Massena, like those other stern-hearted men who afterwards shook Europe so, heard the call for brave and daring spirits and immediately reëntered the army. At the age of thirty-five he found himself general of division, and had acquired in the army of Italy, where he served, the reputation of a man of great courage and skill. He was present at Montenotte, Millesimo, Arcole, Lodi, and through all that brilliant campaign of Napoleon in 1796, in Italy. He did not long escape the eye of the young Corsican who was astonishing Europe by his victories, and he soon began to look upon him as he did upon Ney, Lannes and Murat. He once said to him during this campaign, "Your corps is stronger than that of any other general—you, yourself, are equivalent to six thousand men." When peace was concluded with Austria, he was chosen to convey the ratification of it to the Directory, which received him in the most flattering manner.

While Bonaparte was in Egypt, Massena commanded the army on the eastern frontiers of France. On his return, Massena was intrusted with the defence of Genoa, invested by the Austrians and blockaded by the English. The next two or three years were passed at Paris or Ruel in comparative idleness. He bought



the magnificent chateau of Richelieu at the latter place, and scarce ever appeared at court. He was a strong republican, and disliked the pomp and show the First Consul began to gather around him. Bonaparte was aware of this, but still he felt he could not do without him; and so, when made emperor in 1804, he made him Marshal of France. The next year the defence of Italy was intrusted to him, and at Verona, and afterwards at Caldiero, he beat and completely routed the Archduke Charles and drove him out of the country. The year following this he commanded the army that accompanied Joseph Bonaparte to Naples and, by the successful siege of Gaeta, fixed the new king firmly on his throne. These were the years of his glory; and we find him the next year, 1807, commanding the right wing of the Grand Army in Poland. At the close of this campaign he was created Duke of Rivoli, and presented by Bonaparte with a large sum of money with which to support his new title.

In 1810, Napoleon placed him over the army in Portugal. Reducing Ciudad Rodrigo, after three months' siege, and taking Almeida, he advanced on Wellington, who retreated to the Torres Vedras. Here the English commander intrenched himself and bid defiance to Massena, who, finding himself unable to dislodge him, and famine and sickness wasting his army, was compelled to commence a disastrous and barbarous retreat into Spain. He was shortly after recalled, and from his infirm health and shattered constitution, was left behind in the fatal Russian Expedition, though he earnestly besought it. This ended his military career. He was at Toulon when Bonaparte landed from Elba. He could not at first believe the report, but he was soon convinced of its truth by a letter from Napoleon himself. "Prince," said he, "hoist the banner of Essling on the walls of Toulon and follow me." But the old Marshal refused to break his new allegiance till the surrounding cities had gone over, and the Bourbon cause was evidently lost. He took no part in the military preparations of Napoleon during the Hundred Days, and after the overthrow of the Emperor at Waterloo he was appointed by Louis commander of the National Guard, and was one of the council appointed to try Ney. But the old Marshal declared the court incompetent to perform such a task, and would have nothing to

do with the dishonor and murder of his old comrade in arms.

I have thus given a brief outline of Massena's career, in order to furnish a kind of reference to the reader when I come to speak of the battles in which this intrepid leader exhibited his great strength.

Massena possessed scarcely a trait either of the Italian or French character, though, from his birth-place, he might be supposed to exhibit something of both. He was not an impulsive man like Junot or Murat, nor an impetuous creature like Lannes. He was not easily excited, but when once aroused he was one of the most terrible men in Bonaparte's army. He was like an enormous wheel that requires a great deal of force to set it in motion, but when it does move it crushes everything in its passage. Perhaps the prominent trait in his character was fixedness of purpose. He was more like Ney in this respect than any other of Napoleon's marshals. His tenacity was like death itself. A battle with him never seemed over, unless he gained it. This obstinacy of resolution never forsook him. I do not know an instance in his whole career, where he appeared the least affected by the panic of others. The cry of *saute qui peut*, never hastened his footsteps, or disturbed the regular movement of his thoughts. His own iron will was sufficient for any emergency. He wished no aid or sympathy from others to steady him. He fell back on himself in the most desperate straits with a confidence that was sublime. Amid the wildest hurricane of cavalry—face to face with a hotly-worked battery, while his dead and dying guard lay in heaps around him, or retreating before an overwhelming force—he was the same self-collected and self-poised man. Amid the disordered ranks he stood like a rock amid the waves, and hurled back from his firm breast the chaos that threatened to sweep him away. His stubbornness of will, however, was not mere mulish obstinacy, which is simply aversive to change of purpose, but was based on decisions which evinced the soundest judgment and a most active and vigorous mind. It is true that his hatred of defeat, combined with his stubborn resolution, sometimes caused him to err in exposing his men to useless slaughter. He was brave as courage itself, and constitutionally so. It required no excitement to bring him

up. He did not seem to be aware of danger, and acted, not so much like a man who has made up his mind to meet the perils that environ him heroically, as like one who is perfectly unconscious of their existence. His frame corresponded with his character, and seemed made of iron; his endurance was wonderful. He had one peculiar trait—he grew clear-headed amid the disorder of battle. It is said that on ordinary occasions he appeared dull and heavy, and his remarks were of the most ordinary kind; but the thunder of cannon cleared up his ideas and set his mind in motion. The effect of the first report of cannon, as it rolled heavily away over the field, shaking the plain with its sullen jar, was almost instantaneous, and his mind not only became active but cheerful. It was the kind of music he liked, and his strong, ambitious nature beat time to it. Neither was this a momentary excitement, but a steady effect continuing throughout the contest. Amid the wildest uproar of conflicting thousands—buried in the smoke and tumult of a headlong charge—his thoughts were not only clear and forcible, but indicated the man of genius. Great emergencies often call out great mental and physical efforts; but there are few men whose minds the roar of artillery, the shock of cavalry, and all the confusion and disorder of a fierce-fought battle-field, brighten up into its clearest moods. Such a man must have within him the most terrible elements of our nature. This singular characteristic gave wonderful collectedness to his manner in the midst of the fight. In front of the deadliest fire, struggling against the most desperate odds, he gave his orders and performed his evolutions without the least frustration or alarm. He never seemed disheartened by any reverses, and fought after a defeat with the same energy he did after a victory.

This self-control—this wonderful power of will—rendering a man equal in himself to any emergency—is one of the rarest qualities in man. Those who judge of Massena's ability as a general seem to overlook this characteristic entirely, or place it on a par with mere animal courage. But blind, dogged resistance is one thing—the same tenacity of will, combined with the powerful action of a clear and vigorous mind, is quite another. The former the most common man may possess, but the latter is found only in great men. It is mind alone that imparts that

prodigious power. Mere obstinacy secures about as many disasters as successes, but Massena acquired the title in the French army of “The Favored Child of Victory.” No man could have won that title without genius. Nothing is more common than the absurd echo of Bonaparte's statements, that his generals could do nothing of themselves and were mere engines—terrible, it is true—which *he* brought to act on the enemy's ranks. Men talk as if those conquerors of Europe—the Marshals of Napoleon—were mere senseless avalanches which he hurled where he wished. Such splendid achievements as were wrought in the wars with Bonaparte are the results of military genius, not animal courage. But even Napoleon, when on St. Helena, was inclined to praise Massena. “Massena,” said he, “was a superior man; he was eminently noble and brilliant when surrounded by the fire and disorder of battle. The sound of guns cleared his ideas, and gave him understanding, penetration and cheerfulness. He was endowed with extraordinary courage and firmness, which seemed to increase in excess of danger. When defeated, he was always ready to fight the battle again as though he had been the conqueror.”

This is as true as any criticism Bonaparte ever passed on any of his marshals. The remark respecting his courage increasing “in excess of danger,” is especially so. There seemed an exhaustless reserve force in him which came forth as the storm gathered darker and the dangers thickened around him. That force his will could not summon up—perilous crises alone could do it, and then his very look and voice were terrible. Towering in front of his shattered column, he moved like the God of War, amid the tempest that beat upon him. Sometimes, when moving into the very teeth of destruction, he would encourage his shrinking men by putting his hat on his sword and lifting it over his head, and thus, like a pillar of fire to his men, he marched straight on death. There cannot be a more touching eulogy than that passed on Massena and others by Napoleon when, sad and disheartened, he wrote from before Mantua to the Directory, informing it of his perilous position. Said he, “I despair of preventing the raising of the blockade of Mantua; should that disaster arise, we shall soon be behind the Adda, and perhaps over the Alps. The wounded are few, but they are the



*élite* of the army. Our best officers are struck down; the army of Italy, reduced to a handful of heroes, is exhausted. The heroes of Lodi, of Millesimo, of Castiglione, of Bassano, are dead or in hospitals. Joubert, Lannes, Victor, Murat and Charlot are wounded; we are abandoned in the extremity of Italy. Perhaps the hour of the brave Augereau, of the intrepid Massena, of Berthier, is about to strike; what then will become of these brave soldiers?" In his moments of despondency he confesses how he leans on such men as Massena. Well he might, for a short time after, in the terrible fight in the dikes of Reno, and the passage of Arcole, another of his props went down in Lannes, and Massena escaped almost by a miracle. In the wasting fire to which he was exposed, Massena could not bring his men to charge, except by placing himself at the head of the column, and lifting his chapeau on the point of his sword above his head, and thus moving to the onset. It is said that his bearing on this occasion was magnificent. While his column moved along the dike, he was seen in front, bareheaded, with his glittering sword stretched high over his head, on the point of which swung his hat as a banner to the ranks that pressed after; while his hair streamed in the storm of battle, and his piercing eye flashed fire, as it surveyed the dangers that encompassed him. Thus, again and again did he advance to the charge through the tempest of shot that swept everything down around him, and by this course alone was enabled to maintain his ground during the day.

But with all Massena's bravery, and firmness, and genius, he had some traits of character that stained his reputation and dimmed his glory. He was rapacious, it cannot be denied—though not to the extent his enemies assert—and at times cruel. He seemed almost entirely wanting in human sympathy, and cared no more for the lives of others than for his own, which was apparently not at all.

In the battle of Rivoli, which took place the winter after that of Arcole, Massena exhibited that insensibility to fatigue which always characterized him, and which he, by constant, unwearied discipline, imparted to his soldiers. In this engagement, Bonaparte opposed thirty thousand men to forty thousand. He arrived on the elevated plain of Rivoli at 2 o'clock in the morning of the

14th of January. The heights around were illuminated by the innumerable fires of the bivouac of the enemy, revealing the immense force he was about to struggle against. Nothing daunted, however, he formed his army under the light of the silver moon that was sailing through the midnight heavens, shedding its quiet light on the snow-covered Alps, and casting in deeper shadow the dark fir-trees that clasped their precipitous sides; and by nine in the morning was ready for action. The Austrian columns, moving down from the heights of the Montebaldo, which lay in a semicircle around the French army, fell on the left with such power that it was forced back and overthrown. While the Austrians were following up this success, and the position of the French was every moment becoming more critical, the village of Rivoli, near by, suddenly rang with the clatter of horses' hoofs. Bonaparte, with his guard, was plunging through on a fierce gallop to the head-quarters of Massena. This indomitable chief had marched the whole night, and was now resting his troops before leading them into action. In a moment Massena was on horseback, and, forming his wearied troops into column, charged the Austrians in front with such desperation that they were forced to fall back, and the combat was restored. Bonaparte never called on the intrepid Massena in vain. The doubtful and bloody contest was at length at nightfall decided in favor of the French. But there was another Austrian army farther down on the Lower Adige, where Augereau's position was every hour becoming more critical. With a part of Massena's division, which had marched all the previous night, and fought with unconquerable resolution the whole day, he started for Mantua. These indomitable troops moved off as if fresh from their bivouacs, rather than wearied with a whole night's rapid march and a succeeding day of hard fighting, and marched all that night and the following day, and arrived after dark in the neighborhood of Mantua. At day-break the battle was again raging and, before night, Bonaparte was a second time victorious.

The next year found Berthier governor of Rome, and practicing the most extensive system of pillage on the poor pope and his Ecclesiastical States. The soldiers at length became exasperated with the excesses of their commander, and to check the insubordination, Massena was ap-

pointed to supersede him. All the officers, from the captains down, had assembled and drawn up a protest against the conduct of Berthier. Massena, as soon as he assumed the command, ordered the insubordinate troops, except three thousand, to leave the capital. But they refused to march, and assembling again, drew up another remonstrance—complained of Massena—accused him of pillaging the Venetian States, and practicing extortion and immoralities of every kind. Even his iron hand was not strong enough to reduce the soldiers to allegiance, and, throwing up the command, he retired to Arena.

While Bonaparte was in Egypt, Massena, after suffering various losses, and being finally driven from Zurich by the Archduke Charles, at length retrieved his fame by a masterly movement around the city, and evinced not only his unconquerable tenacity by fighting his lost battles over again, but also his consummate skill as a general in arranging his plan of attack.

But perhaps there is no greater illustration of Massena's firmness, courage and force, than the manner in which he sustained

#### THE SIEGE OF GENOA.

After Bonaparte's return from Egypt, he appointed Massena over the army of Italy. Moreau at the head of a hundred and thirty thousand men was to advance on Swabia, while Napoleon himself, at the head of forty thousand, was to march over the Alps.

The 60,000 soldiers given to Massena had dwindled down through fever and famine to about 36,000 fighting men, which were required to defend both Genoa and Nice, though a hundred and twenty miles apart. Melas, with 120,000 soldiers in good condition, was the enemy he had to oppose. Leaving 50,000 in Piedmont to watch the passes of the Alps, Melas bore down with 70,000 on the gorges of the Appennines, for the purpose of cutting the French army in two, and shutting one half up in Nice, and the other half in Genoa. This he succeeded in doing; and though Suchet and Soult fought with unexampled bravery, the French line was divided, and Suchet and Massena separated from each other. The latter was now compelled to fall back on Genoa, with only 18,000 men. On the evening of the 6th of April, the Austrian flag was flying on the heights that overlooked the city; while at the

same time a British squadron was seen slowly moving up the gulf to shut it in seaward. Without the speedy appearance of a French army over the Alps, the army of Massena was evidently a doomed one. He knew that he could hold the place against all the force that could be brought against it; but the convoys of provisions which had been kept back by adverse winds, were now effectually shut out by the English blockading squadron; while the Austrian army sweeping in an entire line round the walls of the city cut off all supplies from the country, so that famine would soon waste his army. But it was in the midst of difficulties like this, that Massena's spirit rose in its strength. He seemed to multiply with exigencies, and there commenced with the siege of Genoa one of the most heroic struggles witnessed during the war.

Genoa is defended, both by nature and art, as I have never seen any other seaport. The Liguria Gulf strikes its head deep into the Appennines, so that the ground slopes from the very verge of the water up to the mountain. Two moles running from the opposite shores, almost cross each other, cutting off the extreme point of the gulf for the port of the city. Perpendicular walls rise from the water, forming the base of the houses that line the shore. Around these, cannon are planted, while forts are on every commanding point above the city. Added to this, a double wall surrounds the town, one six miles in circumference, the other thirteen. The outer walls, corresponding to the shape of the hill, ascend it somewhat in the form of a triangle. Two forts, the Spur and the Diamond, stood at the top of this triangle, protecting the fortified walls down on either side by their commanding fire. There were three other forts on the east side of the city, protecting commanding eminences that rose from the river Bisagno. On the west, or towards Nice, there were no forts, and the Polevera comes pouring its waters into the gulf without affording any strong positions.

Thus defended, Massena saw the immense Austrian army slowly contracting its lines around the city, like a huge anaconda tightening its folds about its victim. Massena immediately resolved to attempt two desperate projects—one, to sally out on the east with his handful of men, and drive the Austrians over the Appennines—the other, to sally out on the west, and endeavor to cut the Austrian



army in two, and restore his junction with Suchet. Following out his daring plans, he on the 7th of April took Gen. Miollis's division, strengthened by some of the reserve, and dividing it into two columns, marched forth at their head to storm the heights of Monte Ratti. The Austrians were driven from every position by the desperate charges of the French columns, and forced over the Appennines; and Massena returned at evening, marching before him fifteen hundred prisoners, and among others the Baron D'Aspres, who had incited the peasants to a revolt. The inhabitants were crazy with excitement, rending the air with acclamations and shouts of joy—bringing litters for the wounded, and soup for the brave soldiers, and urging them into their houses—proud of the honor of sheltering one of the defenders of the city. Allowing only one day to intervene, Massena on the 9th of April sallied forth on the west side of the city, in order to cut the Austrian army in two, and effect a junction with Suchet. Word had been sent to the latter general of the premeditated attack, with orders to rush on the Austrian forces on the opposite side, and cut his way through. Massena took ten thousand men with him, leaving the remainder to protect the city. Gazan's division he put under Soult, with orders to keep along the ridge of the Appennines, while he, at the head of Gardanne's division, kept along the sea-coast below, the junction to take place at Sassello. Ten thousand French were on the march to meet forty thousand Austrians, under Melas. Soult, reaching Aqua Santa, made a brilliant charge on a superior body of Austrians, which threatened to cut off the retreat to Genoa. But this fierce battle prevented him from being at Sassello when Massena expected him, which would have proved the ruin of almost any other man but Massena. Marching unmolested along the beautiful riviera or sea-coast the first day, he came the second day upon the enemy. His force was divided into two columns, one of which he led in person. Supposing Soult to be at Sassello, and wishing to establish a communication with him, he had pushed on with only twelve hundred men, relying on his right column, now far in the rear, and Soult, to sustain him.

In this position nearly ten thousand Austrians moved down upon him, and endeavored to inclose and crush him.

Then commenced one of those desperate struggles for which Massena was so remarkable. With his 1200 men he kept the whole 10,000 at bay, while he slowly retreated in search of his lost column. Charge after charge of the overwhelming force of the Austrians was made on his little band; but he held them by his presence to the shock, with a firmness that perfectly surprised the enemy. Now it would be perfectly enveloped and lost in the cloud of the enemy that curtained it in, and the next moment it would emerge from the thick masses of infantry, and appear unbroken with its indomitable chief still at its head. Unable to find the column which had lagged far behind, on account of the tardy distribution of provisions, he scaled, with his little band, precipices, plunged into ravines, and cast himself among bands of hostile peasantry, fighting all the while like a lion. Having at length found it, he rallied his troops, and determined to scale the Appennines, and reach Soult, also. But his men were worn out with the desperate fighting of the day, and could not be rallied soon enough to make the attempt successful. So, sending off all that were ready to march, as a reinforcement to Soult, who was struggling in the mountains against the most desperate odds, he fell back along the sea-coast to protect the entrance to the city. His company now being dwindled to a mere handful, it seemed as if every charge of the mighty force that rushed on it must sweep it away. But still Massena, a host in himself, towered unhurt at its head. At length, however, his overthrow seemed inevitable. A sudden charge of Austrian hussars had surprised one of the battalions, and it was just laying down its arms when Massena, seeing the danger, rallied with incredible rapidity thirty horsemen about him, and fell like a thunderbolt on the entire company. Stunned and driven back, they lost their advantage, and the battalion was saved. At length Soult, after proving himself fifty times a hero, joined him; and together, cutting their way through the enemy, they reëntered Genoa with *four thousand prisoners*—more than half the number of the whole army that led them captive. When the Genoese saw him return with his handful of men, preceded by such a column of prisoners, their admiration and wonder knew no bounds, and Massena's power at once became supreme.

But now he was fairly shut in. His

army of eighteen thousand had become reduced to about twelve thousand fighting men. These, and over five thousand prisoners and the population, were to be fed from the scanty provisions which the city contained. In the midst of the darkness that now hung over his prospects Massena walked with a calm and resolute demeanor, looking the sufferings that awaited him and his army full in the face, without one thought of surrendering. At length, one morning about a fortnight after this last sally, a general cannonading was heard all around the city, even from the gun-boats on the sea, telling of some decisive movement of the enemy. A general assault was making on Fort Diamond, which, if taken, would shut up Massena in the inner wall of the city. The plateau in front of the fort was carried by them, and the fort itself summoned to surrender. The Austrians were gaining ground every moment, and threatened to carry the position of the Madonna del Monte, from which the city could be cannonaded. Fort Quezzi had been taken, and Fort Richelieu was now threatened. The French were driven back on all sides, when Massena at noon hastened to the spot. He ordered Soult, with two demi-brigades, to retake the plateau in front of Fort Diamond, while he himself advanced on Fort Quezzi. Around the latter place the struggle became desperate. Col. Mouton, after performing almost incredible deeds of daring, fell, pierced by a musket ball. The combatants had advanced so close to each other that they could not fire, and fought with stones and clubbed muskets. But superior numbers were fast telling on the French, and they were on the point of breaking, when Massena hurled his reserve, composed of only half a battalion, on the enemy. He himself was at its head, cheering it by his presence and voice, and, dividing the enemy before him as the rock flings aside the stream, swept the dense masses of the enemy over their own dead and wounded from the field.

Soult was equally successful, and Massena returned at evening with 1600 prisoners, having slain and wounded 2400 more. For three weeks he had fought an army of about 40,000 men with one of 12,000 in the open country, and had slain and taken prisoners in all nearly 15,000 men, or almost the entire number of the whole army he had led into Genoa. Nearly every man had

killed or taken his man, and yet there were 12,000 left to struggle on.

On the 10th of May Massena made another successful sally with his diminished army. General Ott, of the Austrians, had sent a boast to him that he had gained a victory over Suchet, which was a falsehood. The only reply the marshal made to it, was to fall on the enemy with his brave columns. The Austrians were hurled back by his irresistible onset, and he returned at evening with 1500 more prisoners. Nothing shows the indomitable resolution and power of the man more than these desperate assaults.

But nothing could much longer withstand such superiority of numbers. Three days after this last victory another assault was made on Monte Cremo. Massena was opposed to this movement, for he saw that his exhausted army was not equal to storming a position so strongly defended as this. But he yielded to the urgent solicitation of his under-officers; and the iron-souled Soult was allowed, at his own urgent request, to make the attempt. He ascended with a firm step the mountain, and fought, as he ever had done, with a valor that threatened to overleap every obstacle, when suddenly amid the uproar of battle a thunder-cloud was seen to sweep over the mountain. The lightning mingled in with the flash of musketry, while the rapid thunder-peals rolled over the struggling hosts, presenting to the spectators a scene of indescribable sublimity. In the midst of this war of the elements and war of men, Soult fell on the field. This decided the contest, and the French were driven for the first time before the enemy. Soult, with a broken leg, was taken prisoner.

This ended the fighting with the enemy, and now the whole struggle was to be with famine. Bonaparte knew the distress of his brave general, and he wrote to Moreau to accelerate his movements on the Rhine, so that Massena could be assisted. "That general," said he, in his letter to Moreau, "wants provisions. For fifteen days he has been enduring with his debilitated soldiers the struggle of despair." And, indeed, it was the struggle of despair. Napoleon was doing, but too late, what could be done. His magnificent army was hanging along the Alpine cliffs of San Bernard, while Lannes was pouring his victorious columns into the plains of Italy. But famine was advancing as fast as they.



The women ran furiously through the city ringing bells and calling out for food. Loaded cannon were arranged in the streets to restrain the maddened populace. The corn was all gone—even the beans and oats had failed them. The meat was consumed, and the starving soldiers fell on their horses. These, too, were at length consumed, and then the most loathsome animals were brought out and slain for food. Massena, still unyielding and unsubdued, collected all the starch, linseed and cacao in the city, and had them made into bread, which even many of the hardy soldiers could not digest. But they submitted to their sufferings without a murmur. On its being suggested to them that their general would now surrender—"He surrender!" they exclaimed; "he would sooner make us eat our very boots." They knew the character of the chieftain who had so often led them into battle, and he held over them the sway of a great and lofty mind. But the distress increased every day. Wan and wretched beings strolled about the streets, and, wasted with famine, fell dead beside the walls of the palaces. Emaciated women, no longer able to nourish their infants, roamed about with piteous cries, reaching out their starving offspring for help. The brave soldiers who had struggled for the past month so heroically against the foe, now went staggering through the streets faint for want of food. The sentinels could no longer stand at their posts, and were allowed to mount guard seated. The most desolate cries and lamentations loaded the midnight air; while at intervals came the thunder of cannon and the light of the blazing bomb as it hung like a messenger of death over the city. Added to all, rumors were abroad that the inhabitants were about to revolt and fall on the exhausted army. Still Massena remained unshaken. Amid the dying and the dead he moved with the same calm and resolute mien that he was wont to do amid the storm of battle. He, who could stand unmoved amid the shock of armies, could also meet without fear the slow terrors of famine. His *moral* power was more controlling than the command he held. He disdained to reserve any food for himself, but fared like the most common soldier. Though burdened with the cares and responsibilities that now pressed him down, he ate the miserable soup and more disgusting bread

of the starving soldier, sharing cheerfully with him his dangers and his sufferings. He, too, felt the power of famine on his own nature. Day by day he felt the blood course more sluggishly through his veins, and night by night he lay down gnawed by the pangs of hunger. His iron frame grew thin, and his bronze cheek emaciated, yet his brave heart beat calm and resolute as ever. The eye that never blenched even at the cannon's mouth now surveyed the distress and woe about him with the composure of one who is above the power of fate. But now a new cause of alarm arose. The seven or eight thousand prisoners, grown desperate with famine, threatened every day to break out in open revolt. Massena had furnished them the same supplies he did his own soldiers, and sent first to the Austrian commander and then to Lord Kieth to supply them with provisions, giving his word of honor that none of them should go to the garrison. They refusing to obey his request, he was compelled, in self-defence, to shut up the miserable prisoners in some old hulks of vessels which he anchored out in the port, and then directed a whole park of artillery to be trained on them to sink them the moment the sufferers should break loose. The cries and howls of these wretched thousands struck terror to the boldest heart; and the muffled sound rising night and day over the city, drew tears of pity even from those who themselves were slowly perishing with famine. Still Massena would not yield. A courier sent from Bonaparte had passed by night through the English fleet in an open boat, and though discovered in the morning, and pursued, had boldly leaped into the sea with his sword in his mouth, and, amid the bullets that hailed around him, swam safely to shore. Massena thus knew that Bonaparte was on the Alps, and determined to hold out till the last. But several days had now passed, and no farther tidings were heard of him. Many of the soldiers in despair broke their arms, and others plotted a revolt. In this desperate strait Massena issued a proclamation to them, appealing to their bravery and honor, and pointing to the example of their officers enduring the same privations with themselves. He told them Bonaparte was marching towards the city, and would soon deliver them. But the weary days seemed ages, and when nearly a fortnight had passed without tid-

ings, the last gleam of hope seemed about to expire. But suddenly one morning a heavy rumbling sound was heard rolling over the Appennines, like the dull report of distant cannon. The joy of the soldiers and populace knew no bounds. "Bonaparte is come!" ran like wild-fire through the city. "We hear his cannon towards Bochetta!" they exclaimed in transport, and rushed into each others' arms, and ran in crowds towards the ramparts to catch more distinctly the joyful sound. Massena himself hurried to the heights of Tanailles. Hope quickened his steps as the heavy sound broke over the city, and a gleam of joy shot over his countenance as he thought he should be saved the mortification of a surrender. But as he stood on the ramparts and gazed off in the direction of the sound that had awakened such extravagant joy in the hearts of the besieged, he saw only the edge of a thunder-cloud on the distant horizon; and what had been taken for the thunder of Bonaparte's cannon was only the hoarse "mutterings of the storm in the gorges of the Appennines." The reaction on the soldiers and people was dreadful. Blank melancholy and utter despair settled on every face, and Massena felt that he must at last yield; for even of the loathsome bread on which they had been kept alive there remained only two ounces to each man, and if they subsisted any longer it must be on each other. But the indomitable veteran did not yield until even these two ounces were gone, and even then he delayed. "Give me," said he to the Genoese, in the anguish of his great heart, "give me only two days' provisions, or even one, and I will save you from the Austrian yoke, and my army the pain of a surrender." But it could not be done, and he who deserved to be crowned thrice conqueror, was compelled to treat with the enemy he had so often vanquished.

The Austrian general, knowing his desperate condition, demanded that he should surrender at discretion. Massena, in reply, told him that his army must be allowed to march out with colors flying, with all their arms and baggage, and not as prisoners of war, but with liberty to fight when and where they pleased the moment they were outside of the Austrian lines. "If you do not grant me this," said the iron-willed Massena, "*I will sally forth from Genoa sword in hand. With eight thousand famished men I will attack your camp, and I will fight till I cut my way through it*"—and he would

have done it, too. General Ott, fearing the action of such a leader the moment he should join Suchet, agreed to the terms if Massena would surrender himself prisoner of war. This the old soldier indignantly refused. It was then proposed that the troops should depart by sea, so as not to join Suchet's corps in time to render any assistance in the open campaign of Bonaparte. To all these propositions Massena had but one reply: "Take my terms, or I will cut my way through your army." General Ott knew the character of the man he had to deal with too well to allow things to come to such an issue, and so granted him his own terms. When leaving, Massena said to the Austrian general, "I give you notice that ere fifteen days are passed I shall be once more in Genoa"—and he was.

Thus fell Genoa, defended by one of the bravest men that ever trod a battlefield. Nine days after, the battle of Marengo was fought, and Italy was once more in the hands of France.

I have thus gone over the particulars of this siege, because it exhibits all the great traits of Massena's character. His talents as a commander are seen in the skill with which he planned his repeatedly successful attacks, and the subordination in which he kept his soldiers and the populace amid all the horrors of famine—his bravery, in the courage with which he resisted forces outnumbering his own ten to one, and the personal exposure he was compelled to make to save himself from defeat—and his invincible firmness, in the tenacity with which he fought every battle, and the calmness with which he endured the privations and horrors of famine. His fixed resolution to cut his way through the Austrian host with his famished band, rather than yield himself prisoner of war, shows the unconquerable nature of the man. With such leaders, no wonder Bonaparte swept Europe with his victorious army. Neither is it surprising that, five years after, we find Napoleon intrusting him with the entire command of the army in Italy, although the Archduke Charles was his antagonist. He conducted himself worthy of his former glory in this short but brilliant campaign; and after forcing the Adige at Verona, he assailed the whole Austrian lines at Caldiero. After two days' hard fighting—repeatedly charging at the head of his column, and exposing himself to the deadly fire of the enemy like the meanest soldier—he at



length, with 50,000, gained the victory over 70,000, and drove the Archduke out of Italy. After the campaign of Eylau, in 1807, Massena returned to Paris, and appeared at court. But his blunt, stern nature could not bend to its etiquette and idle ceremonies, and he grew restless and irritable. It was no place for a man like him. But this peaceful spot proved more dangerous than the field of battle; for, hunting one day with a party of officers at St. Cloud, a shot from the grand huntsman's gun pierced his left eye and destroyed it forever. He had gone through fifty pitched battles, stormed batteries, and walked unhurt amid the most wasting fire, and received his first wound in a hunting excursion.

In 1809, in the campaigns of Aspern and Wagram, Massena added to his former renown, and was one of the firm props of Napoleon's empire on those fiercely fought battle-fields. Previous to the battle of Aspern, after the battle of Eckmuhl, while Bonaparte was on the march for Vienna, chasing the Archduke Charles before him, Massena had command of the advance-guard. Following hard after the retreating army of the Archduke, as he had done before in Italy, he came at length to the river Traun, at Ebersberg, or Ebersdorf, a small village on its banks just above where it falls into the Danube. Here, for a while, an effectual stop seemed put to his victorious career, for this stream, opposite Ebersberg, was crossed by a single long, narrow wooden bridge. From shore to shore, across the sand-banks, islands, &c., it was nearly half a mile, and a single narrow causeway traversed the entire distance to the bridge, which itself was about sixty rods long. Over this half-mile of narrow path the whole army was to pass, and the columns to charge; for the deep, impetuous torrent could not be forded. But a gate closed the farther end of the bridge, while the houses filled with soldiers enfiladed the entire opening, and the artillery planted on the heights over it commanded every inch of the narrow way. The high-rolling ground along the river was black with the masses of infantry, sustained by terrific batteries of cannon, all trained on that devoted bridge, apparently enough in themselves to tear it into fragments. To crown the whole, an old castle frowned over the stream, on whose crumbling battlements cannon were planted so as also to command the bridge. As if this

were not enough to deter any man from attempting the passage, another row of heights, over which the road passed, rose behind the first, covered with pine-trees, affording a strong position for the enemy to retire to if driven from their first. Thus defended, thirty-five thousand men, supported by eighty cannon, waited to see if the French would attempt to pass the bridge. Even the genius and boldness of Massena might have been staggered at the spectacle before him. It seemed like marching his army into the mouth of the volcano to advance on the awful batteries that commanded that long, narrow bridge. It was not to be a sudden charge over a short causeway, but a steady march along a narrow defile through a perfect tempest of balls. But this was the key to Vienna, and the Marshal resolved to make the attempt—hoping that Lannes, who was to cross some distance farther up, would aid him by a movement on the enemy's flank. The Austrians had foolishly left four battalions on the side from which the French approached. These were first attacked, and being driven from their positions, were forced along the causeway at the point of the bayonet, and on the bridge, followed by the pursuing French. But the moment the French column touched the bridge, those hitherto silent batteries opened their dreadful fire on its head. It sank like a sand-bank that caves under the torrent. To advance seemed impossible; but the heroic Cohorn, flinging himself in front, cheered them on, and they returned to the charge, driving like an impetuous torrent over the bridge.

Amid the confusion and chaos of the fight between these flying battalions and their pursuers, the Austrians on the shore saw the French colors flying, and fearing the irruption of the enemy with their friends, closed the gate and poured their tempest of cannon balls on friend and foe alike. The carnage then became awful. Smitten in front by the deadly fire of their friends, and pressed with the bayonets behind by their foes, those battalions threw themselves into the torrent below, or were trampled under foot by the steadily advancing column. Amid the explosion of ammunition wagons in the midst, blowing men into the air, and the crashing fire of the enemy's cannon, the French beat down the gate and palisades and rushed with headlong speed into the streets of the village. But here, met by fresh battalions in front and swept by a

destructive cross-fire from the houses, while the old castle hurled its storm of lead on their heads; these brave soldiers were compelled to retire, leaving two-thirds of their number stretched on the pavement. But Massena ordered up fresh battalions, which, marching through the tempest that swept the bridge, joined their companions, and regaining the village, stormed the castle itself. Along the narrow lanes that led to it the dead lay in swathes, and no sooner did the mangled head of the column reach the castle walls than it disappeared before the dreadful fire from the battlements as if it sunk into the earth. Strengthened by a new reinforcement, the dauntless French returned to the assault, and battering down the doors compelled the garrison to surrender. The Austrian army, however, made good their position on the pine-covered ridge behind the village, and disputed every inch of ground with the most stubborn resolution. The French cavalry, now across, came on a plunging gallop through the streets of the village, trampling on the dead and dying, and amid the flames of the burning houses, and through the smoke that rolled over their pathway, hurried on with exulting shouts and rattling armor to the charge. Still the Austrians held out, till threatened with a flank attack they were compelled to retreat.

There was not a more desperate passage in the whole war than this. Massena was compelled to throw his brave soldiers, whether dead or wounded, into the stream, to clear a passage for the columns. Whole companies falling at a time, they choked up the way and increased the obstacles to be overcome. These must be sacrificed, or the whole shattered column that was maintaining their desperate position on the farther side be annihilated. It was an awful spectacle to see the advancing soldiers, amid the most destructive fire, themselves pitch their wounded comrades, while calling out most piteously to be spared, by scores and hundreds into the torrent. Le Grand fought nobly that day. Amid the choked-up defile and the deadly fire of the batteries, he fiercely pressed on, and in answer to the advice of his superior officer, deigned only the stern reply, "*Room for the head of my columns—none of your advice!*" and rushed up to the very walls of the castle. The nature of the contest, and the narrow bridge and streets in which it raged, gave to the

field of battle a most horrid aspect. The dead lay in heaps and ridges piled one across the other, mangled and torn in the most dreadful manner by the hoofs of the cavalry and the wheels of the artillery which were compelled to pass over them. *Twelve thousand* men thus lay heaped, packed and trampled together, while across them were stretched burning rafters and timbers which wrung still more terrible cries and shrieks from the dying mass. Even Bonaparte, when he arrived, shuddered at the appalling sight, and turned with horror from the scene. The streets were one mass of mangled, bleeding, trampled men, overlaid with burning ruins. Napoleon blamed Massena for this act, saying that he should have waited for the flank movement of Lannes; but I suspect this was done simply as a salvo to his own conscience as he looked at the spectacle before him. If Massena had *not* made the attempt he would, undoubtedly, have been blamed still more.

This opened Vienna to the French army, and eighteen days after the battle of Aspern was fought. I have already, when speaking of Marshal Lannes, described this engagement. It will be seen by referring to that description that Massena and Lannes were the two heroes of that disastrous battle. They occupied the two villages of Aspern and Essling, which formed the two extremities of the French lines. Could Bonaparte have had another such point of defence in the centre as Wellington had at Waterloo, the fate of the battle might have been different. At the commencement of the fight, Massena's position was in the cemetery of Aspern. Here he stood under the trees that overshadowed the church, and directed the attack. Calm and collected as he ever was in the heat of the conflict, he surveyed without alarm the dangers that environed him. The onset of the Austrian battalions was terrific, as they came on with shouts that rang over the roar of cannon. But Massena calmly stood, and watching every assailed point supported it in the moment of need, while the huge branches above his head were constantly rending with the storm of cannon balls that swept through them, and the steeple and roof of the church rattled with the hail-storm of bullets that the close batteries hurled upon it. The conflict here became desperate and murderous, but never did he exhibit greater courage or more heroic firmness.



He was everywhere present, steadying his men by his calm, clear voice, and reckless exposure of his person, and again and again wringing victory out of the very grasp of the enemy. Thus, hour after hour, he fought, until night closed over the scene—and then, by the light of blazing bombs and burning houses, and flash of Austrian batteries, he continued the contest with the desperation of one who would not be beat. When an advancing column recoiled before the deadly fire to which it was exposed, he would rush to its head, and crying “Forward!” to his men, with his hat on the point of his sword over his head for a banner, carry them into the very jaws of death. In the midst of one most desperate charge, every one of his guard fell around him dead or wounded, and he stood all alone amid the storm that wasted so fearfully where he passed; yet, strange to say, he was not even wounded. But at length, after the most superhuman efforts, he was forced from the village amid the victorious shouts of the Austrians. But he would not be driven off, and returned to the assault with unbroken courage, and succeeded in wringing some of the houses from the victors, which he retained through the night. The next morning, being always ready to fight a lost battle over again, he made a desperate assault on Aspern, and carried it. Again he stood in the churchyard where he so calmly commenced the battle; but it was now literally loaded with the dead, which outnumbered those above whose tombs they lay. But after the most heroic defence he was again driven out, and the repulse of Lannes’ column on the centre, soon after, completed the disaster. In the awful retreat of the French army across the Danube in the midst of the battle, Massena exhibited his unconquerable tenacity of will, which disputed every inch of ground as if his life were there. When the victorious Austrians pressed on the retreating army crowded on the banks of the Danube, he and Lannes alone prevented an utter rout. They fought side by side with a heroism that astonished even Napoleon. Lannes fell, but this only increased Massena’s almost superhuman exertions to save the army. Now on horseback, while the artillery swept down everything around him, and now on foot to steady the shaking ranks or head a desperate charge, he multiplied

with the dangers that encompassed him. He acted as if he bore a charmed life, and rode and charged through the tempest of balls with a daring that filled the soldiers with astonishment, and animated them with tenfold courage. His eye burned like fire, and his countenance, lit up by the terrible excitement that mastered him, gave him the most heroic appearance as he stormed through the battle. No wonder that Bonaparte, as he leaned on his shoulder afterwards, exclaimed, “Behold my right arm!” For his heroic courage in this engagement he received the title of “Prince of Essling.”

Massena was with Bonaparte while he lay cooped up in the island of Lobau waiting for reinforcements, so that he could retrieve his heavy losses. Here again he was the victim of an accident that well nigh deprived him of life. Though he had moved unharmed amid so many conflicts, and bore a charmed life when death was abroad on the battle-field mowing down men by thousands, and exposed his person with a recklessness that seemed downright madness, with perfect impunity; yet here, while superintending some works on the Danube, his horse stumbling he fell to the ground, and was so injured that he was unable for a long time to sit on horseback. There seems a fatality about some men. Massena had more than once fallen from his dying steed in the headlong fight, and moved in front of his column into a perfect storm of musketry without receiving a scratch; and yet in a peaceful hunt, where there was no apparent danger, he lost an eye, and, riding leisurely along the shores of the Danube, was well nigh killed by a fall from his horse. But this last accident did not keep him out of battle. He was too important a leader to be missed from the field. Lannes was gone, and to lose two such men was like losing thirty thousand soldiers.

At the terrible fight at Wagram, which took place soon after, he went into the field at the head of his corps in a calash. Being still an invalid, one of the surgeons belonging to the medical staff accompanied him, as he did in several other battles. It is said, that Massena was exceedingly amused by the agitation of the timorous doctor the moment the carriage came within range of the enemy’s batteries. He would start at every explosion of the artillery, and then address some careless remark to the old marshal, as much as to

say, "You see I am not frightened at all;" and then, as a cannon ball went whizzing by, or ploughed up the ground near the wheels, he would grow pale, and turn and twist in the greatest agitation, asking of the probabilities and chances of being hit. The old veteran enjoyed his alarm exceedingly, and would laugh and joke at his fears in great delight. But when the storm grew thick, and the battle hot, his face would take its stern aspect, and, forgetful of the poor doctor by his side, he would drive hither and thither amid the falling ranks, giving his orders in a tone that startled this son of Esculapius almost as much as the explosion of cannon.

On the second day of the fight at Wagram, Massena's troops, after having carried the village of Aderklaa, were repulsed by a terrible discharge of grape shot and musketry, and a charge of Austrian cavalry, followed up by an onset from the Archduke Charles himself with his grenadiers, so that they fell back in confusion on the German soldiers, who also breaking and fleeing overturned Massena in his carriage. He was so enraged at the panic of his soldiers, that he ordered the dragoons about his person to charge them as enemies. But it seemed impossible to arrest the disorder. Spreading every moment, this part of the field appeared about to be lost. Massena, unable to mount his horse or head his columns, chafed like a lion in the toils. Disdaining to fly, he strove with his wonted bravery to rally his fugitive army. It was all in vain, and the disabled veteran was left almost alone in his chariot in the midst of the plain. Bonaparte, in the distance, saw the distress of his marshal, and came at a headlong gallop over the field, pressed hard after by his brave cuirassiers and the horse artillery of the guard, which made the plain smoke and tremble in their passage.

Reining up his steed beside Massena's carriage, Bonaparte dismounted and springing into the seat beside the marshal began to discourse, in his rapid way, of his plans. With his finger pointing now towards the steeples of Wagram, and now towards the tower of Neufriedel, he explained in a few seconds the grand movement he was about to make. Remounting his milk-white charger he restored order by his presence and personal exposure, so that the designed movements were successfully made. Massena commanded the advance guard after this

battle, and pursued the Archduke to Znaym, where the Austrians made a stand. The position was an admirable one for defence, and there was evidently to be a desperate struggle before it could be carried. But Massena advanced boldly to the assault. After various successes and defeats amid the most dreadful carnage, enraged at the obstinacy of the resistance and the frequent recoil of his own troops, he declared his resolution, disabled as he was, to mount on horseback and charge at the head of his columns in person. His staff strove in vain to prevent him. With a single glance at his recoiling columns, he leaped from his carriage and sprung to his saddle. His feet had scarcely touched the earth, before a cannon ball crashed through the centre of the vehicle, tearing it into fragments. If he had remained a moment longer he would have been killed instantaneously. Fate seemed to have a peculiar watch over him in battle, leaving him quite at the mercy of the most ordinary chance when out of it.

In 1810, this "favored child of victory" was appointed to the command of the army in Portugal. With a force of between seventy and eighty thousand men, he was directed to drive Wellington out of the kingdom. The French army was superior in numbers to that of the English, which, after the siege and fall of Ciudad Rodrigo, commenced a retreat. The charge of cruelty and dishonesty against Massena is based chiefly on his conduct in this invasion of Portugal, and subsequent retreat. I do not design to follow him through this disastrous campaign; neither shall I enter here into a defence or palliation of his conduct. That there are grounds for this accusation, there can be no doubt—the palliations of his conduct are to be found in his position; still, there can be no excuse for his breach of faith towards the inhabitants of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida.

Probably, Massena, in no part of his military career, exhibited the qualities of a great commander so strikingly as in this campaign. Like the headlong avalanche in a charge—firm as a rock in the hour of disaster—possessed with a power of endurance seldom equaled by any man—he here demonstrated also his great abilities when left alone to plan and execute a protracted war.

It would be uninteresting to go over the details of this memorable pursuit and



retreat. From the first of June to the middle of October, he chased Wellington through Portugal, and for four months and a half crowded the ablest general in Europe backwards until he came to the lines of the Torres Vedras. The English had been engaged on these lines for a year, and they now rose before Massena, an impregnable barrier from which the tide of success must at last recoil. This monument of human skill and enterprise consisted of three lines of intrenchments—one within another—extending for nearly thirty miles. On these lines were a hundred and fifty redoubts and six hundred mounted cannon. This impregnable defence received Wellington and his exhausted army into its bosom, and Massena saw his foe retire from his grasp, and take up his position where his utmost exertions to dislodge him must prove abortive. To add to the security of Wellington, he here received reinforcements that swelled his army to a hundred and thirty thousand men, or more than double that of the French Marshal. To march his weary and diminished army on these stupendous fortifications, defended by such a host, Massena saw would be utter madness. His experienced eye could sometimes see the way to success through the most overwhelming obstacles, but here there was none. Besides the defences which here protected Wellington, there were twenty British ships of the line, and a hundred transports ready to receive the army if forced to retire. Unwilling to retreat, Massena sat down before the Torres Vedras, hoping first to draw Wellington forth with his superior force to a pitched battle in the open field. But the British commander was too wary to do this, and chose rather to provoke an assault on his intrenchments, or starve his enemy into a retreat. Massena sent off to the emperor for instructions, and then began to look about for means to provision his army. For a month the scenes of Genoa were acted over again. The army was reduced to starvation, but still Massena, with his wonted tenacity, refused to retreat. Wellington, in speaking of the position of the French army at this time, declared that Massena provisioned his 60,000 men and 20,000 horses for two months where he could not have maintained a single division of English soldiers. But at length, driven to the last extremity, and seeing that he must either commence a retreat at once,

or his famine-stricken army would be too weak to march, he broke up his position, and began slowly to retrace his victorious steps. Arranging his army into a compact mass, he covered it with a rear-guard under the command of Ney, and, without confusion or disorder, deliberately retired from the Torres Vedras. Wellington immediately commenced the pursuit, and hovered like a destroying angel over his flight. But it was here that the extraordinary abilities of Massena shone forth in their greatest splendor. Not at Aspern, where he fought with a heroism that made him a host in himself, nor at Wagram, nor at Znaym, did he display such qualities as a great military leader as in this retreat. It will ever stand as a model in military history. He showed no haste or perturbation in his movements, but retired in such order and with such skill, that Wellington found it impossible to assail him with success. Taking advantage of every position offered by the country, the French Marshal would make a stand till the main body of the army and the military wagons passed on.

Thus for more than four months in the dead of winter—from the middle of November to the first of May—did Massena slowly retreat towards the frontier of Portugal. At Almeida he made a stand, and the two armies prepared for battle. Wellington was posted along the heights opposite the town. Massena commenced the assault, and fell with such vehemence on the British that they were driven from their position in the village of Fuentes d'Onoro. A counter-charge by the English retrieved a part of the village, and night closed the conflict. Early next morning Massena again commenced the attack, and in a short time the battle became general. So severely was Wellington handled, that he was compelled to abandon his position and take up another on a row of heights in rear of the first. In his retreat he was compelled to cross a plateau four miles in breadth which was perfectly curtained in with French cavalry. Making his left wing a pivot, he swung his entire right in admirable order across the plateau to the heights he wished to occupy. None but English infantry could have performed this perilous movement. Formed into squares, they moved steadily forward while the artillery of Ney was thundering in their rear, and his strong columns rolled like a

resistless torrent against them. Those brave squares would at times be lost to view in the cloud of the enemy that enveloped them, and then emerge from the disorder and smoke of battle without a square broken, steadily executing the required movement on which the contest hung. Had they given way, Wellington would have been lost. The English infantry, as heavy troops, are the best in the world, and the English commander knew he could trust them.

It was during this day that three regiments of English soldiery met the Imperial Guard in full shock, and both disdaining to yield, for the first time during the war bayonets crossed, and the forest of steel of those two formidable masses of infantry lay leveled against each others' bosoms. The onset was made by the British, and so terrible was the shock that many of the steadfast Guard were lifted from the ground, and sent as if hurled from a catapult through the air. The clatter of the crossing steel and the intermingling in such wild conflict of two such bodies of men, is described as being terrible in the extreme.

At night the English were forced back from all their positions; but the new stand Wellington had made was too formidable to be assailed, and after remaining three days before it Massena again commenced his retreat. This ended the pursuit, and Massena fell back to Salamanca, having lost since his invasion of Portugal more than a third of his army.

The cruelties practiced during this re-

treat have given rise to severe accusations on the part of the British. But it remains to be shown, before they can be made good, that these were not necessary in order to harass the enemy. All war is cruel; and the desolation and barrenness that followed in the track of the French army, wasting the inhabitants with famine, were a powerful check on Wellington in his pursuit. The sympathy of the inhabitants with the English doubtless made Massena less careful of their wants and sufferings; but his barbarity has been greatly exaggerated by Walter Scott, and other English historians. The track of a retreating and starving army must always be covered with woe; and one might as well complain of the cruelty of a besieging army, because the innocent women and children of the invested town die by thousands with hunger.

We have already spoken of Massena during the Russian campaign, and the three hundred days that preceded the campaign of Waterloo.

In 1816 the old marshal was accused in the Chamber of Deputies of plotting a conspiracy to bring back Napoleon. He indignantly and successfully repelled the charge, but the blow it gave his feelings hastened, it is thought, his death; and he died the next year at the age of fifty-nine.

Massena had two sons and one daughter. The daughter married his favorite aid-de-camp, Count Reille. The eldest son having died, the second succeeded to the father's estates and titles.

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## THE SALEM WITCHCRAFT.

It is interesting to trace the progress of the British mind from one superstition to another, until it was fully prepared to embrace the belief that the arch-enemy of man not only could, but actually did, make his appearance in the human shape, and impart to the wretch who had entered into an agreement with him power to do many supernatural things in consideration of his soul. We find the word "witch" in the sacred writings in several places; but it is always mentioned in connection with sorcery, false-propheying and conjuration, or used by way of substitution for one or all of those terms. The English and Scotch mind seems always to have been exposed to a belief in a great variety of spirits. It is both pleasant and instructive to see how these creations of superstitious fear and versatile imagination have gradually lost their distinct personalities, and blended with each other new shapes, like geological changes repeatedly wrought upon the same atoms of matter. If you look back to the time so delightfully delineated by Spenser in his *Faerie Queen*, you find merry England haunted in all her dells with Fays and Fairies, dancing on the green sward in graceful circlets, taking care of the interests of the cleanly housewife, or inflicting the most vexatious injuries upon those who were negligent; causing many a lady to pine for the love of a knight, while the same knight was threading the mazes of some interminable forest, himself almost dying of grief from having mistaken the sentiments of the lady. We have also the gnomes, a people living under ground, and the dwarfs, a pigmy people, whimsical, and more generally malicious. Then come the grim, ghostly apparitions of the dead, "visiting the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous." All these creations of the imagination, becoming at length masters of the national mind, and associated with certain texts of Scripture not well understood, gave birth to that monster scourge of the nations, who, under the name of "witch or wizard," held dark and damnable communion with the powers of evil. This superstition our New England ancestors inherited. We do not intend to blame or exculpate the early settlers for doing

what we should have probably all of us approved had we been of their number, but we propose to make a brief historical recital of one of the most sudden and awful tragedies that was ever acted over in the presence of an excited multitude, who were as unfit at the time of distinguishing between the natural and the supernatural, or of weighing human testimony, as the tenants of a madhouse. Every child has heard of the Salem witchcraft, but the story has, from a variety of motives, been told so variously that many people grow up to adult years without forming any correct idea of the moral and philosophical causes that have made it part of our history.

At the close of the year 1691, Mr. Paris, pastor of the church in Salem village, discovered the most unusual symptoms of illness in his daughter, a girl of nine years old, and in his niece of eleven, who then resided at his house. Physicians were called in, but were not able, after the most careful examination of the patients, to give the disease a name, much less to stay its ravages. At last one of them, possibly from professional vanity, mistook, or affected to mistake, the disease for the work of Satan—a very commodious way, in those days, of turning one's ignorance to a good account. They were said to be under an evil hand—they were "bewitched." Mr. Paris had also in his family an Indian and his wife, who, suffering from the common alarm, had recourse to a spell, in order, as they said, to find out the witch. But this attempt did nothing more than to attract the notice of the afflicted, who, in the phrase of the time, "cried out upon them," as being murderers—the witches whom they pretended to seek. They charged the accused with making the most malicious and fiendlike attacks upon their persons; that they pinched, pricked and tormented them; and that they came and went at will, visible only to these unhappy girls, although many others were present with eye-balls dilated to behold them. The public mind was by this time in a high state of ferment; the neighbors were called in, judicious friends were consulted, and, as a final resort, the clergy of that vicinity were sent for.

The result of all this consultation was only to confirm the first opinion.

Shortly after, a public meeting of examination was held in the village. Then followed days of humiliation and public prayers, both in Salem and the neighboring congregations. Following directly upon this was a general fast appointed throughout the colony, "to seek the Lord," (we quote the language of Cotton Mather,) "that he would rebuke Satan, and be a light unto his people in the day of darkness." Other children, finding how well their little playmates had succeeded, and into what a delightful notoriety they had brought themselves, now came forward to sustain the charge. They confirmed whatever had been previously alleged, and implicated several other persons in the accusation, besides making some very important amendments to the first edition of the story. At length Tituba, the Indian woman, from a credulous superstition to which the religion of her tribe had predisposed her, or more probably from a desire to free herself of the oft-repeated accusation, confessed that she was a witch; that she had aided two others in tormenting the afflicted; and that with sundry others whose names she did not know, she had held witch meetings, at which things alike unlawful and unnatural were done in the open fields, under cover of night. On this confession Tituba was, with her companions, committed to jail. While there, she not only repeated this confession, but also declared that she was herself tormented by the spectres of those whom she had involved in the crime. Marks and moles were also found upon her person, supposed to be marks where the devil had wounded her. Others, intimidated by threats, or lured by the hope of being again suffered to go at large, were thus induced to confess. These confessions amounted to fifty in number. Increase Mather was then agent for the Colony, under King William; and at his appointment a special commission was given to some of the ablest jurists of the Colony, who were thereby constituted a court, to try all persons who were or should be accused of this horrible crime. Lieut. Governor Stoughton was appointed chief justice. On the 2d of June, 1692, they met at the court-house in Salem, by special appointment, tried and executed one woman, and then adjourned. The court again convened on the 30th of the same month; and as the result of this

session, five more ancient women were hanged on the 19th of July, following. August 5th, the court again set, and convicted four men and one woman, who were hanged on the 19th of the same month. Five men and six women were executed on the 22d September following. Eight men were condemned who were not executed, for reasons which by and by will be explained.

There were three successive special courts, with a jurisdiction confined solely to capital cases, held at one town in the little space of two months, pouring out human blood like water, under the sanction of the English law, with the aid of a jury, with the warrant, and, let us add, *conscientious* approval, of their fellow citizens. And what were the proofs upon which they were thus ushered from a tribunal of fallible mortals into the presence of the Judge of all the earth? Were they legitimate proofs? Far from it. By the laws of England applicable to other cases, every accused person may, if he can, prove that he could not possibly have committed the crime alleged against him, by proving what is called an alibi—that is, by introducing satisfactory evidence to show that he was personally absent from the place mentioned in the indictment, at the time when the crime is alleged to have been committed; and the jury, upon such facts, will find him "not guilty." But how different the rules of law applicable to the crime of witchcraft! Imagine yourself arraigned before Lieut. Governor Stoughton and his fellow justices. You are put to plead. The accusers appear. They are children scarcely old enough to know the obligations of an oath. They hold up their small right hands in presence of God and men, and swear that what they are about to say shall be nothing but the truth. They then proceed to tell the jury how you have stuck pins into their bodies, pinched their flesh until it was black and blue, and fastened a rope around their necks for the purpose of destroying them. It is in vain that you offer to prove yourself absent when the supposed injuries were done; the merciless little accusers asseverate that if not present bodily, you was there by your *agent*, that is, by your spectre, or imp; and as you cannot deny what others saw, you are perhaps half inclined to believe that Satan has taken your shape, and clothed it, for his own purposes, with his own attributes. But if you are like-



ly to escape from this species of testimony, you are confronted by one still more appalling. There rises up to condemn you a haggard, toothless beldame, and fixes upon you the fiendish eye of malice and revenge. She is a confessor. You recognize in her a personal enemy. She accuses you of being a laborer with her, in the incantations and spells of the arch-destroyer of mankind. She describes the place where she met you on the common, at the hour of midnight. Every circumstance is minutely detailed of the entrance of each one of the ghostly company, and the conduct of this strange medley of mortals and fiends. The devil himself is present to preside over the meeting. After proper obeisance made to him, he produces his immense black book, in which are recorded the names of those who are members of his infernal church.

The blaspheming imitator of the rites of the church militant opens the book, and calls you by name to step forward and sign. You make a slight incision in your right arm with a knife, or other small instrument, and, with the life-current warm from your heart, you forswear all allegiance to the Author of your being, and for the consideration of a temporary power, seal in blood your irrevocable doom. Perhaps you are old, and burdened with the weight of fourscore winters—so much the worse for you. If you lean against the bar in front of which you have pleaded, half a dozen witnesses cry out in one breath that the whole weight of your body is pressing upon their ribs. Move your foot, and suddenly they swear that they are trodden upon. Frown on them with a brow of indignant, insulted innocence, and they set up a wild scream at sight of the spectre that glares in your eye. Supplicate the mercy of the court, and in spite of the staff of the sheriff the crowd will hiss at you. Call God to witness that you are guiltless, you are rebuked on the instant as a blasphemer of His name. Turn where you will, that superstitious credulity which has made even wise men mad, has no sympathy for you. You are a victim. Perchance, by this time, you have begun to think that without your privity the devil has actually assumed your shape; and when the magistrate asks you, "Is not that your master? how comes your appearance to hurt these?" you can only answer, as poor Susannah Martin did, "How do I know? He that appeared

in the shape of Samuel, a glorified saint, may appear in any other shape!" A single instance which I will relate, shows the full extent of this dreadful epidemic. Rebecca Nurse, an unfortunate old woman, was arraigned for this crime; but the jury did not think the evidence sufficient to commit her, and brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty." As soon as the foreman pronounced the verdict, the malignant accusers uttered a wild outcry in open court. The people present shouted their disapprobation; and the intimidated judges yielded to the popular voice. One of them reprimanded the jury in terms of the most indecent violence. Even Chief Justice Stoughton so far stooped from the dignity of his office, as to tell them that they had left unnoticed an important part of the testimony. In the progress of the trial, Goodwife Hobbs, who had confessed that she was herself guilty, was led forward as a witness. As she came into the court room, Rebecca turned around and exclaimed with surprise, "What, do you bring her? She is one of us!" After some comments upon this part of the evidence by the judge, the jury again retired, and in a few minutes returned a verdict of "Guilty." Soon after conviction, she sent to the judges the following epistle: "These presents do humbly show to the honored Court and Jury, that I, being informed that the jury brought me in guilty, upon my saying that Goodwife Hobbs and her daughter were of our company; but I intended no otherways than as they were prisoners with us, and therefore did then, and yet do, judge them not legal evidence against their fellow prisoners. And I, being something hard of hearing, and full of grief, none informing me how the court took up my words, and thus had no opportunity to declare what I intended, when I said they were of our company. Signed, Rebecca Nurse." But this explanation availed her nothing. She was executed shortly after her conviction. Before execution, she was excommunicated from the church. There is a provision in the English law, that where an accused refuses to plead, he shall be laid upon his back, on the floor of his cell, and sustain a heavy weight upon his chest, until he will consent to plead. This harsh torture is applied to his body, if he remains obstinate, until the victim dies. Giles Cory, then eighty years of age, an exemplary Christian, was in obedience to this rule pressed to death. The trial of Mrs. Mary



Easty is a painfully interesting example of the madness of superstition, when once it has pervaded the masses. She was of a good family, and possessed of a gentle, amiable spirit, united to a firmness that would allow her to sacrifice anything sooner than integrity of conscience. She was comparatively young, and of a pleasant personal appearance. She also had a husband and children, who seem to have entertained for her every sentiment of domestic and filial affection. After her conviction, she wrote a letter to the judges, of which the following are brief extracts: "I question not, but your Honors do to the utmost of your powers, in the discovery and detecting of witchcraft, and would not be guilty of innocent blood for the world. But by mine own innocence I know you are in the wrong way." Again she says, "I petition to your Honors, not for mine own sake, for I know I must die, for my appointed time is set; but the Lord he knows, I do it that if it be possible, no more innocent blood be shed, which undoubtedly cannot be avoided in the way and course you go in."

What a beautiful example of the great law of Christian forgiveness, yet what an awful, unanswerable rebuke! What a calm, intellectual atmosphere she breathes, as free from the violence of passion as it is remote from the sullenness of despair. While inured to the common belief in witches and witchcraft, yet strong in the consciousness of a guiltless heart, she turns her eye upwards, to forget, in the contemplation of higher attributes, the bewildering cry of her accusers. Then comes the parting scene between the matron and her husband, and her children. The same dignity pervades her conduct at the scaffold. She dies, as if she were a lovely embodiment of the charities of the New Testament.

When the delusion raged at its intensest heat, every rule of law applicable to the admission of evidence was dashed aside by the triers, as in contempt. Even Justice, who is supposed to preside over the deliberations of courts, seemed suddenly to be hurled from her seat, by an unseen, malignant hand. Sometimes little children, not more than five years old, were arrested and imprisoned, until they confessed themselves guilty, and charged their fathers and mothers of participating in the crime. These confessions, thus extorted, were used on the trials as good legal evidence upon which to convict and hang the parents. Thus the little

unfortunates were not only deprived of their natural guardians, but were forced to become parricides. There is more than one instance of this sort on record. We have seen that the accusations were at first directed to people in very humble life, more geneally of infirm health and declining years. A miserable old woman, too poor to have the common comforts of life at her command, fretful perhaps, and turbulent, on account of the squalid desolation of her house, negligent in attire, with tangled uncombed hair, attenuated almost to a skeleton, hooted at by boys in the street, driven away from the door of competence with untender words, perhaps with menacing gestures, becomes at last, as is most natural, a railer against the very form of human nature, and thus suffers herself to live a common enemy of mankind. As good occasion offers, she whispers in the ear of a confidant (for even want and sorrow have a confidant) her belief that certain neighbors of hers will one day be humbled—that they may even have to make companionship with herself. This confidant proves a betrayer. The indignation of several of the most influential men and women in the parish is thus called down upon her head. At last the horrid issue is joined: she curses them, and they stamp on her wrinkled forehead the brand of "witch." She is tried and hung. This emboldens the accusers, while it strikes terror into the heart of the multitude. Then the fires of persecution are kindled. Now, perhaps, in the neighborhood there is to be found some unhappy victim of insanity. Her heart, once alive to every generous, humane feeling, has fallen a prey to brooding melancholy, or hereditary nervous disease. The world is no longer to her what it once was, a mirror reflecting the portraits of bright thoughts, and delightful memories, but a bleak, blank wilderness of woe. Now she raves, and now again, in a moody fit of fantasy, she steals away at evening to some secluded spot. Suspicion takes the alarm. The wretched woman grows wild. The charges made against her take possession of her imagination. She covets supernatural power. The voice of madness seems the voice of Satan. She believes, she confesses; and the popular frenzy has now gained its second stage of elevation. It now assails the first ranks of society. The security of the hearth is invaded; the tenure of human life becomes solely dependent on the capricious forbearance



of a mob; the whole framework of human government begins to totter to its fall. Then comes the revulsion. The instinct of self-preservation comes to the rescue, and the hand of the destroyer ceases from its work. Such was the case in the present instance. Mrs. Hall, wife of the minister of the first church in Beverly, was at length "cried out upon." She was a lady of high mental cultivation, and had won so spotless a reputation for the practice of every Christian virtue as to be inaccessible to attack. The public were satisfied that her accusers had perjured themselves; and, as if by the snapping of a wand, the desolating spell was broken. Walking spectres, imps in the shape of cats, spiders and crows, the fascinating charm of the evil eye, the sound of flitting wings by the bedside, the shapes that darkened the mazes of the diabolical dance at night on the public common, fled from the affrighted imagination of the people, in a moment;

"And clouds and envious darkness hide  
Those forms not doubtfully descried,  
Their transient mission o'er.  
Oh, say, to what blind regions flee  
Those shapes of awful fantasy—  
To what untrodden shore?"

Let us now inquire, who were the agents in the work? We have already said that the first intimation of it came from a physician. It has further appeared in this brief sketch, that the civil authority helped to hurry forward the excitement by departing from the allotted forms of trial, in a manner highly indecorous; by severe cross-examinations; by imposing upon the credulity of the jury; by doing violence to the simplest rules of evidence. William III. was then the reigning monarch, and Somers was at the head of affairs. Perhaps we need not say that the disposition of William towards the colony of Massachusetts was far from favorable. He took away the old charter, under which the governor was appointed annually, and had been only one among many magistrates, and substituted a charter by the provisions of which that officer held his term during the King's pleasure, and could adjourn, or even dissolve, the legislature at his will. The new charter went into effect in the year 1691. Increase Mather was selected to make the first nominations, and he nominated Sir William Phipps. Perhaps Cotton Mather, the son of the agent, procured the appointment of Wm. Stoughton to the

place of Deputy Governor. Mr. Bancroft, who is more ready to cry "priestcraft" than he is solicitous to find out the facts as they actually existed, thinks he has found the darkest meaning in a certain passage of Cotton Mather, that seems to common observation to be perfectly harmless. The passage is this: "The time for favor is come, yea, the set time is come! Instead of being made a sacrifice to wicked rulers, my father-in-law, with several related to me, and several brethren of my own church, are among the council. The governor of the province is not my enemy, but one whom I baptized, one of my own flock, and one of my dearest friends." By way of comment on these words of Mather, Bancroft says, "And uttering a midnight cry, he wrestled with God to awaken the churches to some remarkable things." Language of this indecent, not to say blasphemous sort, is not only beneath the dignity of a historian, but it is below the breeding of a gentleman. The writer would have us infer, from what he says, that Mather was instrumental in these nominations for the sole purpose of instigating the government to the prosecution of witches; but he speaks without authority, as he speaks without reason. In mercy's name, is not the truth bad enough, without steeping it in prejudice, and coloring it with imagination? From what can be known of the character of Cotton Mather from his writings, Mr. Bancroft either does not understand, or does not see fit to delineate it, as he best might. Cotton Mather, with many eccentricities, was truly a man of high intellectual endowments. It is not extravagant to say, that he was essentially a man of genius. He had been carefully educated, and had inherited from his father some of the strongest and most pointed traits of the New England character. He was, according to the institutions of the colony, a clergyman. He had strong local attachments, strong feelings, strong prejudices. You might call him an opinionated man, and perhaps he was a good deal inclined to be dogmatical. It is fair also to say, that he was a vain man. Possibly, if we follow Isaac Taylor's definition of the word, he might have been a fanatic. He loved with a jealous zeal the church of which, at that time, he was the champion. But the leading characteristic of his mind, was an overpowering, enthusiastic imagination. Through this sometimes misty medium

he saw everything. It was impossible for him to take a middle ground. He was an ardent man, always the last to give over the chase. One could no more stay him in the pursuit of any object, than he could avert the hand of death. His was not a well-balanced mind. Sometimes he was imposed upon by the simplest artifice; at others, he seemed to be hurried forward with the impetuosity of madness.

His vanity, so much flattered by the deference shown him by the accusers, led him into the pursuit; his love of the church, which he supposed to be threatened, seemed to beckon him on; and the pride of opinion, which made him do many things that had need to be repented of, heated by the imaginative faculty, and associated with a headlong will, whirled his reason around in convulsive circles, until it was dizzy almost to blindness!! But when we come to accuse him of violating his conscience, in the part that he took in that transaction—when we raise the cry of “priestcraft,” and intimate that this worthy divine was willfully guilty of bloodshed—we speak more like atheists of the French Revolution school than like Christian historians. The divines of many of the churches were, doubtless, guilty of encouraging the delusion; but they were only fellow-laborers in the common field with the civil authority, with the people of the colony, with the young and old, the learned and ignorant. The fact that children of very tender age were the first to be afflicted with witches and the first to accuse, has puzzled the heads of many who have pondered upon this gloomy page of our history. How could they, it has been asked, have been so perverse and malignant as to perjure their souls for the sake of bringing ruin to the doors of the innocent? How could they have been ingenious enough to invent so many stories, with so many nice details, and such well-adjusted parts? But who does not know that childhood is the period, of all others in human life, for story-telling and romancing? Or what person, who has known anything of the subterfuges and deceitful artifices to which these little miniature actors of human nature are constantly resorting, has not formed his observation corresponding precisely with the declaration of Scripture, that we “*go astray as soon as we are born, speaking lies*?” That curiosity and love of excitement so indigenous to the mind would of itself be

motive enough to set them at work. An uninstructed child has very little care what may be his duty, if only the occasion presents itself of employing his faculties. He is a creature of fun, of impulse, of exploits. He feels and acts; but his moral sense is scarcely yet printed on the verge of his being. After some roguish boy or playful girl had once commenced the excitement, other children would *believe* what their less credulous neighbor had feigned, and terrified by the fears of their parents, perhaps, or vexed with troublesome dreams, or frightened at the sight of a black-plumaged bird, would fancy that the very air was filled with imps, that were working the will of some neighbor witch. It seems to be, therefore, the most natural thing in the world, that children should be the first to cry out that they were afflicted. Is any one shocked at this recital, as reflecting shame upon our ancestors? He ought not to make up an opinion unfavorable to their virtue, before considering carefully the circumstances in which they were placed. It was a period among the darkest that ever had threatened the white population of New England with total destruction. They were in the midst of a gloomy forest. The shades of an inhospitable wilderness were around them. They might almost literally be said to make their home with the wild beasts. Tribes of implacable, savage men, who had the advantage of a minute acquaintance with all the modes of the warfare of the woods, whose hearts swelled with the sense of real or imagined wrongs, sought every opportunity to wreak their vengeance in burnings and scalplings. Pestilence was daily thinning their numbers. Famine was setting the marks of sorrow deep in the faces of the poorer classes; grim war was closing, like a fiery circle, around their borders. We cannot form an adequate idea of the terror with which all these exciting causes filled the public mind. It could not have been far short of delirium. The reader will be pleased to remember, too, that they were implicit believers in the Scriptures, which recognize the repeated interference of Satan in human affairs. For the religion taught in those writings they were ready to make every sacrifice. Perhaps they misapplied, but they were honest in the misapplication of, that text which says, “Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.” At any rate, in their excited state of mind, it is not remarkable



that, in turning to the Bible as their only refuge, they should find it to answer but darkly to the hasty glances of a troubled eye. They had always been a jealous people; particularly suspicious of the father of lies. What more natural, than that they should attribute much of this mischief to such a source? There is another question, somewhat delicate, to treat of, which cannot be omitted; that is to say—was this series of persecutions peculiar to the religious tenets of the inhabitants? People have entertained various opinions upon this question. We will very briefly express our own, by the aid of a few historical examples. Few executions for this crime could be expected to occur under the ordering of the Romish Church, because the priesthood would, in limiting the punishment to the secular power, have given up something of prerogative, and also have lost that lucrative source of revenue, growing out of exorcism fees. But we are not to infer at all, that this superstition did not rage in the atmosphere of the Catholic church. So far from it, the delusion was encouraged, rather than checked, by many of the priests. In the year 1541, to gratify the fears of Henry VIII., a statute was passed against false prophecies, conjuration and witchcraft. But this statute made witchcraft punishable only when connected with its consequences. In the year 1562, another statute was passed, making witchcraft penal *in itself*, irrespective of its consequences. But this statute only made the offence punishable by the pillory. In 1562, the statute of Elizabeth was passed, but was not severe; but in the first year of James the First's reign, a statute was passed, declaring the crime to be felony, without benefit of clergy.

Under this bloody act, in which the parliament submitted to the whims of the sovereign, many executions took place in England; and under its sanction took place that awful tragedy in Massachusetts. Now, to show that this delusion is not peculiar to the dissenters, we have but to consider, that the Puritans who condemned their citizens to the halter, and the king who wrote with his own hand the statute under which these condemnations were had, were directly opposite in their religious views. The Puritans were a humble dissenting people, who had thrown off the oppressive burdens of tithes, and ecclesiastical monopolies, and left the land where they were

born, from their horror of the odious features of the feudal system, and of the king, who was its representative. James, on the other hand, was a proud monarch, born to prerogative, a believer in the divine right of kings, a prop of the established church, and such a hater of the Puritans that he was determined (to use one of his not very classical expressions) "to harry them out of the land." There is a case in the English annals, of singular interest, called the case of the three witches of Warbois. An ingenious English writer, in speaking of it, says:

"Indeed, this story is matter of solemn enough record: for Sir Samuel Cromwell having received the sum of forty pounds, as Lord of the Manor, out of the estates of the poor persons who suffered, turned it into a rent charge of 40 shillings a-year, for the endowment of an annual lecture on the subject of Witchcraft, to be preached by a Doctor of Divinity, or Bachelor of Queen's College. The accused were one Samuel and his wife, and their daughter. It seems that a daughter of a Mr. Throgmorton, who had the misfortune to see goodwife Samuel in a black net cap, and being of a vaporing turn, took it into her head to be afflicted at the sight of her, affirming that she was a witch. Miss Throgmorton was a romantic little lady, and introduced on the stage, to the great fright of her parents, nine imps, which, with the aid of two or three of her sisters, she made respond to her voice, and do a great many agreeable things. The names of seven of them were Pluck, Hardname, Catch, Blue, and three Smacks, who were cousins. One of the Smacks (of course the handsomest of the trio) manifests the gallant, lover-like traits of his character, by doing battle with the other spirits, for the love of the elder Miss Throgmorton. The following dialogue introduces Smack, fresh from the blood of the combat, to his delectable sweetheart:

*Lady.* Whence come you, Mr. Smack, and what news do you bring?

*Smack.* I come from fighting with Pluck; the weapons, great cowl-staves—the scene, a ruinous bakehouse in Dame Samuel's yard.

*Lady.* And who got the mastery, I pray you?

*Smack.* I have broken Pluck's head.

*Lady.* I would he had broken thy neck.

*Smack.* Is that the thanks I am to have for my labors?

*Lady.* Look you for thanks at my hand? I would you were all hanged up together, with your dame for company; for you are all nought."

After this rebuff, Smack, like a sensi-



ble lover, retreats as fast as his limbs can carry him. Then enter the rest of the actor spirits, and go through their parts most tragically, limping, and screeching, and making exhibitions of bloody noses, to the utter discomfiture of reason and common sense. The girl was probably in love with some ideal divinity, and took this strange, fanciful way, of showing that her mind had passed under a temporary eclipse.

It will be seen that the gentleman presiding over the trial of these poor people was acting under the authority of the English government, and under the sanction of the established church; and we mention it for the purpose of showing that these phenomena of which we are discoursing, are not peculiar, as some have pretended to suppose, to the puritan dissenters. We might make instance of a good many other cases, as that of Amy Roberts and Rose Callender, where the great and good Lord Hale was presiding justice, and that pattern of learning, Sir Thomas Brown, was called on the stand as a witness to sustain the prosecution, and overawe the jury by the splendor of his genius, and the authority of his name. We might recite the well-known fact, that the circumstances attendant on this trial were most affecting, and its consequences most fatal. But we do not wish to multiply examples. Enough has been said to convince the unprejudiced, that irrespective of all religious tenets, in defiance of all monarchical and republican institutions, this morbid demon, Superstition, in an age of comparative mental darkness, has uplifted its unseemly form, as if from the earth, and after having wielded for a little while its iron sceptre, has melted into the dawn of a more auspicious day. All nations have shed innocent blood. France has persecuted for witchcraft. The New England colonies (among which Connecticut is to be named) have done the same, after the example set them by the laws and practice of the mother country. Scotland, Wales, Germany, Italy, Spain, all plead guilty to the indictment.

Writers who ought to know better, have said that the Salem delusion was

the most destructive of any which history records. Before we close, therefore, it is proper to allude to the visitation supposed to have been made by the Devil to the inhabitants of the little village of Mohea, in Elfsland, a province in Sweden. It deserves to be mentioned the more, that a special tribunal was appointed, consisting of commissioners, to try these cases, just as a special court was ordained in Salem for a like purpose. In Salem, and in Mohea, the accusations both originated in the stories of roguish or silly children. The Swedish tale, however, in consonance with the character of that poetical people, is much more beautiful and imaginative than the sombre creations of the New England mind. Instead of a black man, with a large, grim-looking book, written all over with bloody characters, in place of the sacrament on the public common, his Satanic majesty is introduced in the guise of a Merry Andrew. The place of meeting is the Hartz forest, so consecrated by the classic fancy of Goethe; and the exercises, though sufficiently ghostly, are much more inviting than those that took place in Salem. The same reckless swearing, the same perversion of testimony, the same vindictive frenzy, characterized both. In the Swedish town seventy persons, of whom fifteen were children, were led to execution—a destruction of life more than three times greater than that which was made on a much larger extent of territory in New England. Such is a very imperfect sketch of one of the most interesting phenomena of our history. To the honor of New England men be it said, that they did what no other people have ever done: as soon as they saw their error, they made such atonement as they could, by asking the forgiveness of the sufferers, and by humbling themselves in fasting and prayer, at the feet of that Providence whom they had unwittingly offended.

Let him who never bowed the knee to folly, nor worshiped an idol which his better reason taught him to dash to the earth, be the last to pity, and the first to condemn.



## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF MR. JUSTICE STORY.

THE great men of a country form the most valuable part of its possessions. They are the sources of its truest pride, and from them are drawn its best claims to honor and remembrance. Without them, material prosperity has no dignity, and commands no respect. Without them, the history of a nation has nothing that quickens, elevates or inspires; nothing that kindles the mind with an emulating glow. It is a dead level of monotonous mediocrity, with no land-mark minds to arrest the eye, and stamp their own character upon the region around them. And in proportion to the value of great men should be our sense of their presence when living, and our memory of their services when dead. We should honor them by respect, by observance, by imitation, and by regret. We should gather up the fragments of their lives and conversation, that nothing may be lost. We should preserve and record all that was most striking in their minds and characters with religious care.

Among the great men of our country, the subject of this biographical notice claims an honorable place. He was great in the extent of his capacity, in the vastness of his attainments, in his devotedness to duty, in his wide and various usefulness, in the elevation, purity and simplicity of his character, and in the moral thoughtfulness which pervaded his whole life. It is good for us to dwell upon the life, the services, of such a man. He deserves well of his country who diffuses among its people a knowledge of what he was and what he did.

Joseph Story was born in Marblehead, in the State of Massachusetts, on the 18th day of September, 1779, and was the eldest child of a second marriage. His father, Dr. Elisha Story, was one of the Whigs of the Revolution, and formed one of the memorable band who destroyed the tea in Boston harbor. He served as surgeon in the Revolutionary army, and subsequently engaged in the practice of medicine, with distinguished success, till his death, which took place in 1805. His second wife, the mother of Mr. Justice Story, is still living, at a very advanced age, in the full possession of all her powers of mind and body, to feel

grateful for the gift of such a son, and mourn over that decree of Providence which has called upon her to perform those last sad services for him, which, in the course of nature, he should have performed for her.

His childhood and early youth passed by without any noticeable events. He was prepared for college in his native town, and entered Harvard University in 1795, half a year in advance. His collegiate life was, in all respects, highly honorable to him. He was a diligent and faithful student of the prescribed course, and found time, in addition, to range over a wide field of English literature. He fell into none of the moral dangers incident to the place, and to his period of life. His cordial, simple and affectionate nature made him a general favorite with his class-mates, among whom were Dr. Channing and Dr. Tuckerman—names so widely known and so highly honored—both of whom have gone before him “from sunshine to the sunless land.” He was graduated, with distinguished honors, in 1798. The profession of the law had been his early and only choice, and immediately after leaving college he entered upon its study, first at Marblehead, in the office of the late Chief Justice Sewall, and afterwards at Salem, in the office of Mr. Justice Putnam. He studied the law with vigorous assiduity, and that ardor of purpose which was so conspicuous a trait in his character through life. Having completed his probationary studies, he was admitted to the bar in 1801, and commenced the practice of the law in the town of Salem.

The stormy politics of that period are fresh in the memory of many persons now living. The democratic party had triumphed in the national election, and seated its chief, Mr. Jefferson, in the Presidential chair, though many of the States, and Massachusetts among them, were still ruled by Federal majorities; and in these States the struggles for political supremacy were particularly vehement and impassioned. Mr. Story took his place in the ranks of the democratic party. The explanation of this step is to be found in his ardent temperament,



his want of experience, his consequent over-estimate of the virtue of man, and ignorance of the disturbing influences of passion and selfishness. His democracy was the dream of a young and pure mind, glowing with visions of an ideal Commonwealth, which were to be realized by the removal of all restraints, and by leaving men free to indulge their natural impulses. He formed his judgment of these impulses by the generous promptings of his own breast; and were all men what he at that time imagined them to be, and what he himself was, democracy is the creed which the old would approve and the wise would embrace. The Federalists were at that time, as we have before said, the predominant party in Massachusetts, and nearly all the men of wealth and influence in Salem were of that political faith. Of course, the unpopular politics of Mr. Story exposed him to mortifications and neglects which were sufficiently wounding to his sensitive and sympathetic nature. Such, however, was the force of his industry, his capacity, his attention to business, and his cordial and attractive manners—so general was the conviction of the sincere conscientiousness of his views, that the rigor of political prejudice began gradually to be relaxed in his favor. He gathered around him good clients, and, what was better, good friends.

In 1805, he was elected one of the Representatives of the town of Salem, in the Legislature of Massachusetts, to which office he was annually reelected till his appointment to the bench. His professional reputation, his industry, his tact in the management of business, and his powers as a public speaker, soon made him the acknowledged leader of his party in the House of Representatives; and, in this capacity, he was called upon to defend the embargo policy of Mr. Jefferson, in 1808, against the resolutions of the Federal party, supported by a great weight of talent and influence, and especially by the distinguished abilities and honorable name of Christopher Gore, then in the fullness of his powers and at the height of his reputation. The gallant manner in which Mr. Story discharged this difficult trust extorted the admiration of his political opponents, and is still well remembered by many who witnessed his efforts.

He was not, however, the slave of party, and the manly independence he showed, on more than one occasion, is a

proof that the democracy of a former age was not, in all respects, like the democracy of our times. In 1806, a vacancy occurred in the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. The unrivaled legal eminence of Theophilus Parsons, at that time in extensive practice in Boston, made it highly desirable, on public grounds, that he should receive the appointment, and it was accordingly tendered to him. He consented to take it, but only upon condition that the salary should be made honorable and permanent, as the compensation previously allowed to the judges had been neither the one nor the other. The democratic party were then in power in Massachusetts, and it was well understood that the proposed change would encounter strong opposition from them, both because they were no friends to the judiciary, and because Mr. Parsons was peculiarly obnoxious to them, as an uncompromising Federalist, whose powerful talents were always at the service of his party, in the hour of need. But the proposition met the cordial approbation of Mr. Story. As a lawyer, he was able to appreciate the eminent legal abilities of Mr. Parsons and the important services which he would render to the State, in a judicial capacity. He generously waived all his political prepossessions, took charge of the proposed measure in the House of Representatives, and carried it successfully through, mainly by the force of his personal influence, and in spite of the opposition of his own party. The honorable spectacle of a leader of one political party exerting his talents and influence to elevate a leader of the opposite party to a station of power and honor, is not often witnessed, and should be esteemed in proportion to its rare occurrence.

Nor did Mr. Story's magnanimous disdain of mere party considerations stop here. Mr. Parsons accepted the appointment of Chief Justice, and the manner in which he discharged the duties of his office was such as to satisfy the highest expectations of the bar and the public. But he found the salary insufficient for the support of his family, and in 1809 he came to the determination of resigning his seat upon the bench and resuming his lucrative practice at the bar, unless his salary were considerably increased. At this time, the democratic party had a majority in both branches of the Legislature of Massachusetts, and, like their loco-foco successors in the same State,



would rather lower the salaries of ten judges, than increase that of one. The patriotism of Mr. Story was again appealed to, and not in vain. He accordingly reported a bill to enlarge the salaries of all the judges, and was the chief speaker in its support in the debate that ensued, which was characterized by an unusual degree of excitement, and in which he was not spared by his political friends. His honorable course, however, was again crowned with success, and by his means, chiefly, the valuable judicial services of Chief Justice Parsons were secured for the remainder of his life, a benefit not only to the State of Massachusetts, but to the whole Union, so large an influence have the judgments of that eminent man had upon the jurisprudence of America.

These events in his life, though their scene and immediate influence were local and not national, deserve to be commemorated, as they do so much credit to his independence of character. The conduct of the party to which he belonged may also be honorably contrasted with that of the democratic legislature of Massachusetts in 1843, which reduced the salaries of all the judges—an act not more in violation of the Constitution of Massachusetts, than a departure from sound republican principles.

While in the legislature, Mr. Story drew up an able report in favor of establishing a separate court of equity jurisdiction, and earnestly enforced the passage of a law in accordance with it. But the jealousy which the legislature of Massachusetts has always felt on the subject of chancery powers, defeated this, as it has many similar measures since.

In 1809, Mr. Story was elected a Representative in Congress to supply the vacancy in Essex, south district, occasioned by the death of Mr. Crowninshield. He served only for the remainder of the term for which he was chosen, and declined a reëlection, deeming the agitations of political life incompatible with that devotion to professional pursuits, without which high success can never be obtained. While in Congress he associated his name with two measures, both of which were distasteful to the great leader of the Democratic party. One of these was a motion made by himself for a committee to consider the expediency of a gradual increase of the navy, which he enforced in an eloquent and elaborate speech. This proposition was defeated

by a strict party vote, the rank and file of the democracy following the lead of Mr. Jefferson, whose visionary and absurd notions on the subject of national defence his admirers do not now pretend to conceal or defend. He also gave his animated support to the proposition for the repeal of the embargo. He had defended this measure, in the legislature of Massachusetts, as a temporary expedient, preparatory to further acts which should, in some way or other, settle the questions at issue between the two countries; but he was wholly opposed to it as a scheme of permanent policy, and contemplated with lively alarm the ruin and misery which must of necessity spring from it. Mr. Jefferson was much displeased with this opposition to his favorite scheme, and he ascribed the repeal of the embargo mainly to Mr. Story's influence. The injury was not forgotten or forgiven, and Mr. Story is accordingly complimented with the epithet of "pseudo-republican," in a letter addressed by Mr. Jefferson to General Dearborn, contained in the fourth volume of his printed works. Mr. Story never was a "republican" in Mr. Jefferson's sense of that word.

In January, 1811, Mr. Story was elected Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts, and he held that office, till his appointment to the bench. For this place he was extremely well qualified by his knowledge of forms, his quickness of mind, his excellent temper and his courteous manner, and he discharged its duties in a way which met the unqualified approbation of all parties.

Though Mr. Story, at the time of his appointment to the bench, had become a conspicuous public man, politics had by no means formed the object of most engrossing interest to him. His profession had been a subject of paramount importance, and to this his time and thoughts had been chiefly devoted. He loved the law, and studied it with the ardor and perseverance which a relish for the pursuit alone could inspire. The business which was intrusted to him was always promptly, ably and conscientiously discharged. He threw himself into the cause of his clients with his characteristic zeal and energy, was sagacious in the management of causes, self-possessed at critical moments, fluent, persuasive and ingenious in his appeals to the jury, and in his arguments to the court thorough, learned and profound. Such a man was not left to languish in obscurity, nor



could his unpopular politics cover with a cloud his shining merits. The sagacious merchants and farmers of Essex found that their most important interests might safely be intrusted to his zealous and able hands, and soon after his admission business began to flow in upon him in a copious stream. In a very few years he was retained in causes of the first magnitude, and measured his powers with such antagonists as no lawyer, living or dead, could venture to disdain; as Mr. Dane, Judge Prescott, Judge Putnam, Judge Jackson, and Mr. Mason of New-Hampshire. At the time of his elevation to the bench, his professional income was not less than five thousand dollars a-year; a very large sum, considering the place and the period. Notwithstanding his laborious and extensive practice, he had not forgotten to pay a part of that debt which every lawyer owes to his profession. In 1805, he published a *Selection of Pleadings in civil actions*, with valuable annotations of his own, a work carefully and accurately compiled, and after the lapse of forty years still resorted to as a safe and trusty guide. In 1809 he edited Chitty's treatise on Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes, with a large body of original notes, which was well received by the legal profession. In the following year, he also prepared for the press an edition of Abbott's excellent work on Shipping, with copious notes and references to American Statutes and decisions. Of this work, he also published an enlarged and improved edition after his elevation to the bench.

During the early period of his life, his walks were not wholly confined to the thorny paths of jurisprudence. He had that fine organization and lively sense of beauty which mark the poetical temperament, which would not have failed to give him the same eminence in literature as he attained in law, had the former been his ultimate choice. While in college he wrote verse with ease and spirit, and was frequently called upon to exercise his poetical talents. A year or two after leaving college he published a poetical work, of some considerable extent, called the "*Power of Solitude*," showing a good deal of skill in versification, and a genuine warmth of poetic feeling. His sterner studies and avocations soon called him away from the haunts of the muses though he never lost his facility of versification, as some exquisite verses, written late in life upon a painful domestic be-

reavement, amply testify. To the close of his life, the reading of the best of the English poets formed the favorite relaxation of his leisure hours, and he ever retained the liveliest sense of their peculiar beauties.

In November, 1811, the place of associate justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of the United States, became vacant by the death of Judge Cushing of Scituate. The post was tendered to Mr. John Quincy Adams, then in Russia, and by him declined; whereupon Mr. Story was appointed to the place. Thus, at the early age of thirty-two years, he was invested with a judicial function of the highest dignity and importance, called upon to decide causes of great magnitude and interest, and to administer all the branches of the common law—in addition to admiralty and equity law, both of which in England are under the charge of separate tribunals—besides constitutional law, a department almost indigenous to the soil of our country, and taking precedence of all other in interest, grandeur and extent of influence. We are not aware that the annals of the common law afford any parallel instance of an advancement to so high a tribunal at so early an age.

The professional reputation of Mr. Story entitled him fairly, as among the lawyers of his own party, to this high honor, notwithstanding his youth; but it is not to be disguised that the appointment occasioned some uneasiness and alarm, throughout the first circuit, especially among the graver and elder members of the Federal party. It was quite unprecedented to see so young a man in a seat so long and so indissolubly associated with the reverend brow and silver locks of age. He was remembered, too, as the able and fearless advocate of political opinions, often warmly embraced by the young and the ardent, but not in favor, as a general rule, with the men who held the property of New England, who, of course, were the most interested in the pure and impartial administration of justice. The commencement of his judicial career was therefore carefully and anxiously watched by those whose rights and property were most likely to be influenced by his official judgment. But whatever of apprehension or uneasiness there may have been in the minds of any portion of the community, was dissipated by the first observation of his conduct upon the bench. It was seen



that in assuming the sacred functions of the judge, he had entirely laid aside the prepossessions of the political advocate. In the suitors who came before him, he knew no other distinctions than those founded upon the essential equity of their claims. No recollections of former conflicts warped his sound judgment, or darkened his clear perception. No judge ever kept the ermine of justice more unspotted from the polluting stains of politics.

The remainder of his life and more than one half of its whole duration, was passed in the tranquil discharge of his judicial duties, to which, at a later period, were added his engagements as a teacher of law and his self-imposed labors as an author. There was only one considerable occasion on which the even flow of his life was interrupted by a summons to appear before the public in any other capacity than those which have been enumerated. In 1820, after the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, a convention was called to revise the constitution of the latter State. Great wisdom was shown in the choice of the delegates who comprised a body illustrious for talent, learning, dignity and experience. In these qualities, it is not too much to say, that this body was not surpassed by any assemblage of men who ever met together in America. Upon it fell the last rays from the mind of the elder Adams and the early splendor of Mr. Webster's unsurpassed genius. To this Convention he was chosen a delegate from the town of Salem. He took a deep interest in its proceedings and an important part in its debates. He defended the independence of the judiciary in an elaborate argument against a proposed amendment authorizing the Legislature to diminish, as well as to increase, the salaries of the judges, during their continuance in office. This measure had been once carried in the Convention by a large majority; but the friends of the judiciary, impressed with a deep sense of the evil consequences of such a measure, exerted themselves so ably and zealously, that when the question was taken upon its final passage it was rejected by the wisdom of the assembly. To this result, his powerful argument, which unfortunately was not reported, materially contributed. The reported debates of the Convention contain a beautiful specimen of his deliberative eloquence in a speech on the basis of the Senatorial representation. In this he

discusses the influence which property has, and should have, upon government, and his wise and judicious remarks commend themselves by their own excellence, not less than by his weight of character. The persuasive eloquence and beautiful tone of feeling of the concluding paragraphs have given them a general and deserved popularity, and secured them a place in what may be called the circulating literature of the country.

In his judicial labors he has reared an imperishable monument to his memory. His duties, taking the whole extent of his judicial career, were more various and more arduous than those of any of his contemporaries. His circuit labors extended over the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Maine. In each of these States he held, by law, two terms in the year, and though they may be lawfully holden by the district judge alone, yet he was never absent except when prevented by illness. The peculiar character of the people of New England, their enterprise and thrift, their saving and accumulating habits, their restless activity and indomitable energy, were also elements which added to the amount of his judicial labors. Soon after his elevation to the bench, the coals of strife between England and America were fanned by the angry passions of the two countries into the blaze of open war. The people of New England had a large share of the evils and sufferings of war and of its unchristian and inhuman gains. They were extensively engaged in navigation, and sustained heavy losses by capture. The British dominions were near at hand, and a part of the soil of New England was occupied by the enemy. The struggle between the natural impulses of man, and the unnatural state of war, produced a system of trading under licenses from the enemy, and of collusive captures. A large portion of the prizes taken from the English were brought into New England ports, having been captured by New England privateers. From these things arose a great variety of questions affecting the principles and application of the prize law, all difficult and some new. The manner in which he administered this novel and intricate branch of law reflects the highest credit upon his learning and ability, and won the cordial praise of foreign and at that time hostile tribunals.

The commercial character of New England and the great amount of its capital



employed in navigation, gave rise also to a variety of perplexing questions in admiralty law, involving the rights of ship-owners, ship-masters and seamen, and the claims of salvors, which were to be adjudicated by a system of law then comparatively in its infancy, ill-defined and imperfectly understood. This was always with Mr. Justice Story a favorite branch of his jurisdiction. Early in his judicial career, he investigated the origin, and expounded the leading principles, of admiralty law, in his celebrated judgment in *De Lovio vs. Boit*, 2 Gallison, 398, in which, his reasoning has never been answered, though his conclusions have often been assailed. In a variety of subsequent judgments, these principles were applied with singular sagacity, clearness and consistency, and with inexhaustible affluence of learning, to the numerous and intricate cases which came before him. Thus mainly by his labors and those of his illustrious contemporary, Lord Stowell, in England, has been formed a department, of law, alike beautiful from the symmetry of its structure and the harmony of its proportions, and useful from the facility with which its principles may be applied to the actual exigencies of life. We believe that no unprejudiced lawyer ever passed from the barbarous jargon, the frivolous distinctions, the scholastic subtlety, the solemn nonsense and the impudent fictions which disfigure such considerable portions of the common law, into the natural and rational course of proceedings in a court of admiralty, without experiencing a relief similar to that felt by the early navigators when they had passed the dark and stormy bourn of Cape Horn and reached into the smooth seas and gentle gales of the Pacific.

His duties as presiding Judge of the New England Circuit also required him to administer, and indeed almost to create, another important branch of law. A phrenological peculiarity of the Yankee skull is the great size of the organ of constructiveness. They are a tool-making, machine-contriving and labor-saving race. A Yankee without mechanical ingenuity is as rare a bird as a thriftless Scotchman or a canny Irishman. So curious and magical are the machines which we have witnessed—the growth of that soil—that we should hardly be surprised to hear of an inventive genius emerging from an obscure New England village, and carrying up to Boston a model of that long-sought and visionary mill,

which, at the turning of a crank, shall convert a live sheep into felt hats, a skin of morocco and four quarters of mutton. In consequence of the inventiveness of the people of New England, a very large proportion of the patent causes of the whole country were tried before the tribunal of the first circuit. The patent law, at the commencement of his judicial career, was in a most imperfect state, and perplexed with the contradictory decisions of English judges, struggling between their sense of justice and the fair principles of interpretation on the one hand, and the influence of the common law doctrines of monopoly on the other. The constructive and creative power of Mr. Justice Story's mind was largely employed in the gradual building up of that admirable fabric of patent law by which the rights of inventors and patentees are now secured and defined, and which is becoming more and more important with the rapid growth of the country, and especially with the extension of its manufacturing interests.

The enlightened principles of equity jurisprudence were always congenial to his mind, and he was soon called upon to apply and expound them judicially. With how much of learning and ability this was done, is well known to the legal profession. There were but few topics discussed in his masterly treatises on this subject, subsequently published, which he was not called upon to examine and explain in a judicial capacity. His judgments in equitable cases are of especial value to the student and the practitioner for their depth of learning, their variety of illustration, and their comprehensive treatment of the points under discussion. He always encouraged the study of equity jurisprudence among the members of the legal profession, and saw with pleasure its growing importance and the more frequent recourse which was had to it, in the settlement of litigated questions. He delighted in its generous and liberal principles, in the flexibility of the instruments which it used to accomplish the ends of justice, and in its superiority to narrow technicalities.

He also devoted himself to the study of constitutional law with the assiduity which its paramount importance required. To this department his attention had not been particularly called while at the bar, and some curiosity, not to say anxiety, was felt as to how far he would sustain the constitutional views of the illustrious



Chief Justice, which, as is well known, were not approved by the great body of the democratic party. That he cordially embraced them, and enforced them with the earnestness and power of genuine conviction, is now matter of history; and this departure from the creed of the party with whom he had been associated while at the bar, is most honorable to his candor and independence, and may we not further add that it furnishes a strong argument in favor of the soundness of the principles of constitutional interpretation of the Marshall school? His constitutional judgments were always most elaborately and carefully prepared, and are worthy of assiduous study, not only from their intrinsic excellence, but as showing so different an intellectual structure from that of the Chief Justice. To watch the processes by which two differing minds arrive at the same results is always interesting. It will be time well employed on the part of the student to read, with this view, the judgments of these two eminent men in the Dartmouth College case, 4 Wheaton, 458, each so masterly and yet so unlike the other. His power as a constitutional lawyer may be felt with peculiar force in those cases in which he differed from the majority of his brethren upon the bench, as in the case of the Warren bridge, 11 Peters, 420. Without presuming to give an opinion as to the soundness of the principles laid down by the majority of the court, no one can help admitting the infinite superiority of the dissenting judgment of Mr. Justice Story in learning, grasp of principle and vigorous reasoning.

Besides the various departments of jurisprudence which we have enumerated, there remains the great body of the common law, which in all its branches he was required to administer and interpret. Every region and province of the common law was to him familiar ground. He was not, like many judges, strong in some of its departments and weak in others; but he had mastered all its various learning, and was everywhere at home. The various modifications of commercial law, including the law of insurance, contracts, bills of exchange and promissory notes, agency, partnership and bailments, were the branches most congenial to his taste; but his judgments upon questions of real law, criminal law and special pleading, were distinguished by the same fullness of learning and untiring patience in research as those upon

questions of commercial law. From a study of his reported judgments, alone, it would be impossible to infer that he had any preference for one kind of law over another. A luminous and profound discussion upon a point of insurance law will be followed by one equally luminous and profound upon some technical question of real law, and this latter by a learned examination of some knotty rule in special pleading. We certainly know of no instance of any judge who attained so high an eminence in so many departments of the law; who was entitled to be ranked with Lord Stowell as an expounder of admiralty and prize law, with Sir William Grant and Lord Cottenham as an equity lawyer, and with Lord Denman and Baron Parke as a common law judge. In regard to the law of patents, we know of no one to compare him with. Herein he stands alone, with no rival near the throne.

His judgments, as presiding judge of the first circuit, are contained in two volumes of Gallison's Reports, five of Mason's, three of Sumner's, and two of Story's; and all the judgments in these volumes were delivered by him. Besides these, he contributed rather more than his natural proportion to the reports of the Supreme Court, contained in Cranch, Wheaton, Peters and Howard. These volumes, taken together, form no inconsiderable law library, and he who would thoroughly master their contents would make himself an excellent lawyer. Of his judgments, taken as a whole, it is certainly not too much to say that they have no superior in the English language; and were the writer to express his own individual opinion, it would be couched in even stronger terms of commendation than these.

He was equally conspicuous for his excellence as a *nisi prius* judge. His quickness of mind was absolutely magical. He comprehended a legal point before the statement had been fairly made by the counsel, and he was as correct in the conclusions to which he came as he was rapid in reaching them. His vast stores of learning were always at command, and he had never occasion to hesitate a moment in the decision of the points which arose in the course of a trial. His manner was courteous, assuring and bland, especially to the young, the timid and the sensitive. There was always a genial atmosphere in his court. No one who came before him had to fear any of



those judicial *coups de patte* which are so lacerating to a thin skin, and add so much to the annoyance of a bad cause and an unreasonable client. They who knew him well could sometimes read in his face signs of weariness at the thrice-told repetitions of some prosing advocate, but no expression of impatience ever escaped his lips. Like all men of powerful abilities upon the bench, he sometimes incurred the charge of arguing a case to the jury instead of simply summing it up. In this we believe there was much that was unreasonable and exaggerated. In his charges to the jury he was always full and minute, and disposed of all the questions of law that had arisen in the course of the trial unreservedly and fearlessly; and in doing this it was hardly possible for him not to hold up to the jury, from his own point of view, those facts to which the principles of law were applied. There is also another consideration to be adverted to on this point. The advocate who closes for the plaintiff is very apt to introduce some new point, or some new modification of a point previously made; and when this was done, he felt himself at liberty to reply to it in his charge to the jury, and generally did so. In regard to his own relations to the causes that were tried before him, he was certainly not of the opinion of John Horne Tooke, who, when on trial for treason, said that the whole matter was between him and the jury—the judge and the crier having each their prescribed duties, neither of which were to affect his rights.

The life of Mr. Justice Story, from the time of his appointment to the bench till that of his removal to Cambridge and the commencement of a new sphere of activity, flowed on in a tranquil and uneventful course. It was a busy, an honorable and a happy life. His judicial duties afforded constant occupation to the highest faculties of his mind, and yet left him considerable time for study, for social satisfactions, and for the discharge of those various claims of society from which the highest are not exempt in our community. He was constantly adding to the stores of his legal learning, and his industrious habits and orderly disposition of time enabled him to keep pace with the current literature of the day. He was eminently happy in his domestic relations, though his affectionate nature was severely tried by the loss of many children—a bereavement which he bore as a Christian, though he felt as a man.

The simple and pure pleasures which clustered round his family hearth were more to his taste than all the gratifications which the world could minister to him. When he crossed his own threshold, all the care and weariness of life vanished from his heart and his brow; and the animation of his smile, and the cheerful vivacity of his tone and manner, showed that he always found there the air of peace. He was so much attached to his home that the only element in his lot which he could have wished to change, was the necessity of an annual separation from his family, required by his attendance upon the Supreme Court at Washington. He was happy, too, in a wide circle of loving and honoring friends, and in the respect and confidence which followed his steps wherever he moved. He always took a lively interest in the progress of the society in which he lived, and never stood coldly aloof when his talents and influence were required in a cause which he approved. His miscellaneous labors in this period of life would alone have redeemed a man from the charge of idleness. He pronounced, in 1813, a eulogy upon Capt. Lawrence, of the frigate *Chesapeake*. The elaborate memorial of the merchants of Salem against the Tariff, in 1820, was drawn up by him. In 1821, he delivered an address before the members of the Suffolk Bar, which was published in the *American Jurist*, in 1829, and has been republished in England in *Clark's Cabinet Library of Scarce and Celebrated Tracts*. In 1835, he pronounced the annual discourse before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard University; a performance marked by a flowing and persuasive eloquence, and showing a familiar acquaintance with the best literature of the age. In 1828, he delivered the centennial address upon the two hundredth Anniversary of the town of Salem, a beautiful discourse, happy in the choice of topics and in the manner of treating them. The paragraph upon the fate of the Indians, in particular, we would specify as adorned by the best graces of poetry and eloquence. He wrote biographical sketches of Samuel Dexter, Mr. Justice Trimble, Mr. Justice Washington, Mr. Chief Justice Parker, William Pinckney, and Thomas A. Emmet. He contributed to the *North American Review* several elaborate papers on legal subjects. In the "*Encyclopædia Americana*," the titles Congress, Contract, Courts of the United



States, Criminal Law, Capital Punishment, Domicil, Equity, Jury, Lien, Law, Legislation and Codes, Natural Law, National Law, Prize, Usury, were furnished by him. To the above may be added his impressive charge to the Grand Jury at Portland, in 1821, on the horrors of the slave-trade.

No inconsiderable portion of his time and thoughts was given to the interests of his *alma mater*, the University in Cambridge, to which he was ever attached by the strong ties of filial love and reverence. In 1818, he was elected an overseer of the College, and in 1825, was chosen a Fellow of the Corporation. In January, 1825, while yet an overseer, he delivered, and afterwards published, an argument against the memorial of the professors and tutors claiming the exclusive right to be elected Fellows of the Corporation, full of curious and recondite learning, upon a subject which, we believe, was never before discussed in America.

In 1829, an important change took place in his life, materially adding to his duties and widening the sphere of his usefulness. In that year, the Hon. Nathan Dane, of Beverly, a name never to be mentioned without a sentiment of respect for his services and labors as a legislator and a jurist, proposed to give a new impulse to that study of sound law which he felt to be so important an element in the permanence of free states, by the foundation of a professorship of law in Harvard University. He made it a condition of the endowment, willingly acceded to by the authorities of the University, that he should nominate the first incumbent of the Chair, and Mr. Justice Story accordingly became the first Dane Professor of Law, and the head of the Law Department of the University. Mr. Dane had previously obtained his consent to the proposed arrangement; and indeed without it, the plan would never have been carried into effect. Mr. Justice Story accordingly, in that year, removed with his family to Cambridge, where he resided during the remainder of his life, actively engaged in the duties of the Professor's chair.

For this new trust he had singular qualifications, giving distinct assurance of the splendid success which soon followed the school, and amply justifying the prophetic sagacity of Mr. Dane. His reputation was widely diffused over the whole United States, and his name was a source of interest and attraction in its most re-

mote borders. His unrivaled stores of learning extorted the admiration of all who were capable of measuring them. But neither his fame nor his learning, nor yet both combined, would have fitted him for a teacher of law. Without other qualifications, his wealth of learning might have been as useless to his pupils as the hoarded gold of the miser to the beggar at his gate. But so remarkable were his powers of teaching, that it is hardly extravagant to say that his learning was the least of the gifts which he brought to that office. It is related of Dugald Stewart, that when very young he taught a mathematical class with singular success, which he explained, by saying that he was only one lesson in advance of his pupils. In like manner, had Mr. Justice Story's legal attainments borne the same relation to those of his pupils, we have no doubt that he would have taught them faithfully and well. Every one who has had occasion to observe the relation between the teacher and the taught, knows that the most important requisite in a teacher—that which is absolutely indispensable—is an element not easily defined but instantly recognized, a mysterious power over the mind, depending, in a very considerable degree, upon natural organization, the want of which can never be supplied, though the faculty itself, like all others, is capable of improvement and cultivation. This quality he had in a preëminent degree. There was a magnetism in his manner which secured the fixed, untrembling attention of all who approached him. His temperament was active, cheerful and buoyant. He threw off the weight of official toil as a strong swimmer flings aside the invading wave. No amount of labor depressed his spirit, or hung heavy upon the natural beatings of his heart. His mind was ever salient, animated and vivacious. Like all men of simple character and habits, he preserved to the last the freshness of his tastes and his relish for the common pleasures of life. In his unoccupied moments, his spirits were ever those of a school-boy on a holiday. When to these gifts are added the purely physical recommendations of a countenance regular, flexible and expressive, beaming with intelligence and benevolence, an animated movement of person, the most cordial and winning of smiles, and a ready joyous and contagious laugh, his power and persuasiveness as a teacher of law may well be imagined.



In his oral instructions he did not confine himself to the written page of the text-book. He made that a point of departure, and explained its positions in a flowing and luminous commentary, in which his great learning and singular power of illustration were seen to the happiest advantage. As he loved the law himself, so he inspired in others that love of law which is as much more to be desired than any amount of legal learning, as a fountain is more inexhaustible than a cistern. It was a hopeless case for the student who did not catch from his instructions the enthusiasm with which they were so pervaded. Many lawyers, now in successful practice, can trace back to his influence, his example and his teachings, their taste for the law, their mastery of its difficulties, and the cheerful confidence that sustained them in those trying years, when their only service was "to stand and wait." And as he was a faithful and fervent teacher of law, so he also was a teacher of better things even than law. By his eloquent precepts and his spotless example, he impressed upon his pupils a deep sense of the beauty of a virtuous life; that all professional triumphs were worthless, that were not honorably won; and that to be a great lawyer, it was requisite first to be a good man. He had an intolerant scorn for the low and dirty tricks which convert the science which should be a shelter and a defence, into a pitfall and a snare. How would his countenance glow with generous indignation, if he had occasion to speak of the lawyer who ventured to minister at the altar of justice with unclean hands. He delighted, too, to inculcate a respect for law itself, for its ministers and constituted authorities, for all ranks of the magistracy, and even for the forms and symbols which serve as the ligatures of society. He revered all institutions which wore the venerable aspect of time. He knew the "strength of backward-looking thoughts." He felt how ephemeral a creature man would be, without the ties which link him to the past and the future. He was fond of speaking of the great men who had lived before him, into whose immortal fellowship he is now received—of Ames, and Cabot, and Parsons, and Gore, and Dexter, and Pinckney, and Marshall—of their virtues, their intellectual features, their services, their peculiar traits of character, the elements of which their being was moulded; and his glowing praise inspired

a love of those excellences which had hallowed their images in his memory. He had a particular respect for those qualities in men which have a tendency to preserve the good order of states, to strengthen the foundations of government, and to give permanence to institutions. He sometimes feared that there were not conservative elements among us, sufficiently strong to counteract the disorganizing influence of the ignorance of the many and the selfishness of the few; and with the whole force of his energetic nature, he denounced the men of talents and education, who lent themselves to destroy what they ought to have upheld. The relations between him and his pupils were always of the most friendly and familiar character. Retaining so much of youthful freshness himself, he delighted in the conversation and society of the young. It was easy for any young man of merit and industry to make his instructor his personal friend, to claim his sympathy and advice, and have the claim allowed. When they left the school, he still followed their fortunes with affectionate interest, and their success in life was ever a source of happiness and self-congratulation.

The rapid increase of the law school surpassed the highest expectations of its friends. Commencing with less than twenty pupils, its numbers gradually swelled till they amounted to more than one hundred and sixty. Its graduates, now engaged in active life throughout the country, are several hundreds in number, all of whom recall with affectionate interest the image of their revered and beloved instructor, and most of whom have had their minds and characters sensibly moulded by his teachings and his precepts. How important his relation thus was to the whole country, will be understood by those who will represent to themselves the influence of such a body of instructed, intelligent and able young men, upon the society in which they move.

Among the duties assigned to the Dane professor was the delivery of a course of lectures upon the law of nature, the law of nations, marine and commercial law, equity law, and the constitutional law of the United States. The discharge of this duty led naturally to the preparation of that admirable series of judicial works which have done so much for the diffusion of his own fame, and the honor of American jurisprudence. The first fruit



of his labors in the chair was the publication of his "*Commentaries on the Law of Bailments*," which contains not only all the common law learning upon this subject, but all that is valuable and important in the writings of the civilians whose works he had studied with the unabated ardor of his earlier years. This work was followed, in 1833, by his "*Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States*," in three volumes, comprising a sketch of the charters, constitutional history and jurisprudence of the British American Colonies, a history and synopsis of the confederation of the States, a history of the adoption of the present Constitution, and a minute exposition of all its provisions—a work of various and profound learning, full of the results of sound political wisdom and careful observation of the history of the country. In 1834, appeared the "*Commentaries upon the Conflict of Laws*," which we may venture to pronounce the most able, original and profound of his legal writings. It is a work of the highest order, and would alone entitle the author to a place in the first class of jurists. There was no similar work before it in the English language, and consequently no guiding landmarks to aid the writer in his extensive researches. His materials were to be gathered from a mass of conflicting decisions, and especially from a frowning array of foreign writers, whose learned treatises were not even known by name to nine-tenths of the English or American bar. The various, deep and rare learning of this work is not more admirable than its luminous arrangement, the natural succession of its topics, and the fullness of its illustrations. From the character of the subject, this work has been more widely circulated than any of his legal treatises. It has had the unbiased and unqualified praise of the principal jurists of Europe, and was commended by a late eminent European judge, as a work that "no jurist can peruse without admiration of the industry, candor and learning with which it has been composed."

His next contribution to the literature of his profession, was a work on *Equity Jurisprudence*, in two volumes. It is not enough to say of this that it is the best work upon the subject in the language, as the previous treatises had not been of conspicuous excellence. It is one of the very best books that have ever been written in English, upon any legal subject. It pours new floods of light upon the ori-

gin and essential character of equity jurisprudence, and shows the harmonious relation which exists between its leading doctrines and the principles of natural law and the rules of sound morality. It is alike satisfactory to the philosophical inquirer and to the practicing lawyer. The same substantial merit may be assigned to his subsequent work on *Equity Pleading*, in which a difficult and abstruse subject is treated with singular clearness and comprehensiveness. These works on Equity have succeeded, in a remarkable degree, in breaking down those barriers of exclusion which our Transatlantic brethren are too apt to rear against foreign juridical works. Their popularity in England is as great as in America, and none of the works of their own great lights of the law are more confidently resorted to for aid, or more frequently cited.

Four other treatises on legal subjects were also prepared and published by him in the last six years of his life, on the Law of Agency, the Law of Partnership, the Law of Bills of Exchange, and the Law of Promissory Notes, all marked by the fullness of learning and the flowing style which had characterized his previous publications. Thus, within the space of fourteen years, twelve large octavo volumes were added to the permanent literature of jurisprudence, by a man engaged in arduous judicial duties, and constantly occupied, except when at Washington, in the labors of the professor's chair. What more honorable trophies of industry has the world to show than these? What encouragements, and what rebukes, may be drawn from such a life! Nor were these toils sufficient to exhaust his unbounded capacity for labor. Within this period belong his inaugural discourse, as professor—an admirable exposition of the spirit and principles of law; his feeling and appropriate eulogy upon his lamented associate, Professor Ashmun, who was cut off in the bloom of his early promise, young in years, but ripe in legal attainments; his beautiful address at the consecration of the cemetery of Mt. Auburn; his lectures before the Boston Mechanics' Institute, the American Institute of Instruction, and a Lyceum in the town of Cambridge; and his discourse before the Alumni of Harvard University. In 1835, at the request of the members of the Suffolk bar, he pronounced a discourse commemorative of the life and services of Chief Justice Marshall—a feeling and



beautiful tribute to the memory of an intimate and dear friend, whose person he loved, whose genius he admired, and whose character he revered. He had previously contributed a biographical sketch of the same illustrious magistrate to the pages of the National Portrait Gallery. With all these accumulated toils, he never seemed hurried or oppressed, so perfect was his command over his powers, and so orderly was his disposition of time. No one who had the slightest claims upon him was ever turned away from his presence; and the stranger who casually saw him in his leisure moments might have supposed him some retired gentleman, who had nothing to do but to stroll from his drawing-room to his library, so free were his conversation and deportment from that nervous anxiety and restless impatience into which very busy men are apt to fall. He still continued a member of the corporation of the University, was a punctual attendant upon their frequent meetings, and was ever ready to assume his fair proportion of their labors. He also took a lively interest in the cemetery of Mt. Auburn, whose hallowed precincts are now made more sacred as the resting-place of his own remains. He was for many years the President of the Corporation, spent much time in the discharge of the duties of the trust, and prepared many elaborate reports. He also found time for the claims of society, and for the gratification of his own kindly and social nature. He was frequently found, an honored guest, in the cultivated and intelligent circles of Boston and Cambridge, instructing his hearers by his genial wisdom and the stores of his capacious memory, and charming them by his good humor, his simplicity and his ready sympathy, rivaling the young in light-hearted gayety, and proving to the old that the lapse of time need have no power over the heart and the mind.

We are now approaching the close of the life of this eminent jurist and excellent man. His health had generally been good, as the vast amount of his labors sufficiently proves, though his constitution was never robust, and occasional fits of illness, especially of late years, had warned him that even his amazing capacity for intellectual toil might be overtasked. The latter years of his judicial life were among the most laborious. The eastern land speculations, especially,

and the ruin and bankruptcy consequent upon the bursting of that portentous bubble, led to some of the most arduous and exhausting trials ever witnessed in a court of justice, and imposed upon him the necessity of examining the most difficult questions in law and equity, and applying them to a long series of transactions of the most complicated and intricate character, perplexed with monstrous contradictions in testimony utterly inconsistent with the veracity of all the witnesses. Warned at length by the lengthening shadows of life, and the occasional admonitions of illness, he had determined to resign his seat upon the bench, to pass the remainder of his days in the home he so much loved, occupied with the duties of the professor's chair and the preparation of new works in jurisprudence. Though his relations with his brethren upon the bench were of the most harmonious kind, it is not improbable that another element which led to this determination was a consciousness of the change which had come over the spirit of the court. In the school of constitutional law he had sat with filial reverence at the feet of Marshall, and now a new generation had arisen, which saw with other eyes and understood with other understanding than his. He had before him the forlorn alternative of perpetual dissent from the majority of the bench, or of giving the negative countenance of his silence to the removal of the old landmarks; and in the sadness of his heart he lent a more ready ear to the warnings of age and the counsels of friendship.

To the interval of repose between the bench and the grave, he looked forward with singular satisfaction. Few men ever entered the vale of declining years, attended by more good angels than he. He had the "honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," which should accompany old age. His fame was extended to every country in which justice is administered by established laws. He formed one of the most prominent attractions of the community in which he lived, and no stranger of any distinction ever visited Boston, who did not look forward to the gratification of seeing him as one of his chief pleasures in anticipation, and no one ever left his presence without a new sense of his greatness and his goodness. The beautiful language of the patriarch might, without the least alloy of extravagance, be applied to him: "When the



ear heard him, then it blessed him; and when the eye saw him, it gave witness to him." Time had not severed those domestic ties from which so large a part of his satisfactions were drawn. The wife of his early manhood still sat by his hearth, the constant sharer of his happiness and his cares. He had the pleasure of seeing his two surviving children—a son and a daughter—dwelling in happy homes of their own, so near to him that the pang of separation was hardly felt. He had, too, the great gratification of reading an excellent treatise on the law of Contracts, by his son, W. W. Story, Esq., and of witnessing its flattering reception by the legal profession. The law school was to him an object of ever-increasing interest and attachment. He looked forward with keen desire to the time when he might devote to it the entire measure of his time and thoughts. To impart to the ingenuous young men who, year after year, should come up to attend upon his teachings, the principles of that science which he comprehended so thoroughly and loved so well; to hold up to their imitation his own standard of public and professional morality; to animate them with his own high-toned patriotism; and thus, to diffuse through an ever-widening circle the influence of his own mind and character, and make their unworn energies the perpetual guardians and protectors of the institutions which he so much valued, gladdening the winter of his own life with the vernal promise of the virtues and capacities which he had helped to rear and train—this was an object of interest to him sufficient to arouse all his powers, and fill the measure of his life with satisfaction and content. Of honor and distinction he had had enough—far more than he had ventured to hope in the wildest dreams of his youth. His pulse no longer bounded to the call of ambition; but the sea is not more swayed by the attraction of the moon than was his spirit moved and stirred, in all its depths, by the great idea of duty.

But the Supreme Disposer of human events, to whose decrees he always bowed with filial submission, did not permit these fond anticipations to be realized. He was desirous, before leaving the bench, to dispose of every case which had been argued before him; and for this purpose, he labored with self-forgetting assiduity during the exhausting heats of the last summer. In this enfeebled state

of his system, a slight cold was the precursor of an acute attack of chronic disorder, which soon baffled the skill of his physicians; and after a few days of great suffering, the powers of nature gradually gave way; and after some hours of apparent unconsciousness, he tranquilly breathed his last on the evening of the tenth of September last.

The intelligence of his death threw a deep gloom over the community of which he had been so long the ornament and the pride. His funeral, though strictly private, was attended by a large number of the most distinguished men in Boston, and its vicinity. An impressive eulogy was pronounced at Cambridge, on the Wednesday after his death, by Professor Greenleaf, at the request of the college faculty and the law students, which was listened to with deep interest by a numerous and most intelligent audience. At a meeting of the members of the Boston bar, appropriate resolutions were offered by Mr. Webster, who accompanied them with some observations, remarkable even among the productions of his mind for their weight of sentiment and serene beauty of style; and it is understood that this distinguished gentleman has in preparation an elaborate discourse upon the life and services of the deceased, which he was requested to pronounce by a vote of the same meeting. Judge Davis, the late district judge of the district of Massachusetts, and Judge Sprague, the present incumbent, also spoke on this occasion. The feeling and tremulous tones in which the former gentleman, venerable for his years, his character and his services, bore his tribute to the virtues and attainments of one who had so long been associated with him in judicial labors, will never be forgotten by those who were present. Similar testimonials of respect were offered by the members of the legal profession in Portland, Providence, New York, Philadelphia and Washington.

Such is an imperfect sketch of the life and services of this great man. We have dwelt upon his conspicuous excellence in three several departments: as a judge, a writer of legal treatises, and a teacher of law. He who, in any one of these, had reached his eminence, would have been deemed a fortunate man; how enviable is the lot of him who was so admirable in them all. To dwell further upon his claims and merits as a jurist; to compare him with the other great names in this



department, living or dead; and to show wherein they equaled, and wherein they fell short of him—for we acknowledge no superior—would be giving to this communication a professional character hardly suitable for a journal devoted to miscellaneous literature and general politics. We have spoken, too, of his most striking qualities as a man. To paint him as he was, crowned with so many claims to love, honor, esteem and admiration—to delineate that image which dwells in the memory of his friends—we cannot hope to do. We believe it is Johnson who compares great men to great cities, which show so fairly at a distance, with their spires and palaces glittering in the sun, but which, when nearly approached, offend the eye with narrow and crooked lanes, uncouth structures, and the wretched hovels of poverty. The comparison is just, as applied to many, perhaps most, great men; but he, of whom we are writing, was a striking exception. The fine gold of his gifts and his virtues was dimmed with as little of alloy as the lot of humanity will permit. There was nothing in him for friendship to conceal, or envy to proclaim. He was not only a great judge, jurist and teacher, but a thoroughly and consistently good man. He was a kind neighbor, a faithful friend, and tender and affectionate son, brother, husband and father. He was born to be loved, as well as honored and esteemed. They alone, who saw him in his intimate relations, could appreciate the simplicity of his character and the warmth of his heart. He had none of the affectations of greatness, and none of its selfishness. He did not affect to conceal what he was, nor pretend to be what he was not. He did not repel men by an owl's gravity of deportment, still less by the chilling haughtiness of his manner. In conversing with him, it was not merely the mind which was instructed and aroused by his vivid intellectual power, and the wonderful variety and extent of his knowledge; but the heart was expanded by the sweetness of his temper and his genial sympathy. The visitor left his presence with a lighter step, and an erected brow of confidence. The kindness of such a man had enhanced his own claims to self-respect. He had no cold and fastidious disdain of the common duties and interests of life. He did not feel himself entitled, because of his greatness, to put aside all that was ex-

acted of common men. He took his part in the general lot of humanity, and whatever of work came in his way was done by him faithfully and conscientiously, without reference to its tendency to add to his consideration or extend his fame. Indeed, his readiness to forget all that separated him from common men, and to remember all that he shared with them, was one of the most touching and beautiful traits in his character. He was tolerant of mediocrity. He bore with equanimity the constant interruptions to which his valuable time was exposed. In his treatment of men of inferior condition, he had none of the insolence of disdain, or of the insolence of condescension. He met them on the level of a common humanity. It was said of Scott by a day-laborer, that he spoke to every man as if he had been a blood-relation; and the spirit of the remark might also be applied to Story. In his last illness, some touching proofs were exhibited of the general attachment which his uniform kindness of manner had inspired. Some of the humblest of his neighbors, whose monotony of daily toil had perhaps been gilded by his cordial greeting, beaming smile or friendly inquiry, came and asked of his household if there was nothing which they could do for him or the members of his family—no small service which they could render to the great man, who had never come within their lowly sphere without lifting them for a moment out of it. During his illness, his condition, with its alternations of hope and fear, was the engrossing subject of interest and conversation in the town of Cambridge. Every face wore the same expression of anxious solicitude; and the tidings of his death filled every household with the gloom of a personal bereavement.

His character had the crowning excellence which flows from a deep principle of religious faith. He had studied the evidences of Christianity with the ardor and application of mind demanded by the importance of the subject, and he rested with calm satisfaction upon the conviction of its divine origin. He often spoke of a purpose which he had in prospect, of writing a work in which the rules of legal evidence should be applied to the events of the gospel narrative, in which the question of the divine origin of Christianity should be argued as before a jury in a court of justice. The value of such a work from such a mind may well be



imagined. His religion was an active principle in his life. He not only knew but felt, that his destiny was in the hands of a God of wisdom, justice and benevolence. He was grateful to Him for the influence and consideration which he enjoyed—for the various blessings with which his life had been crowned. He submitted without a murmur to the parental discipline of his Heavenly Father. The loss of his children had deeply tried his fortitude, and filled his bosom with anguish, but this could only be inferred by the warm sympathy which gushed from his heart, when any of his friends was called to drink the same bitter cup.

Our task is thus brought to a close. In reviewing what we have written, we are painfully struck with its inadequacy to give to those who knew him not a proper estimate of what he was. The writer was, for many years, honored by

his friendship and his confidence, and, in laying this humble offering upon his grave, he feels how unworthy it is of him whose dust reposes beneath. He traces these lines with suffused eyes and a trembling hand, for a part of the daily light of his life has now vanished from his path. His heart swells as he recalls that countenance which for so many years was never turned towards him but with an expression of interest and affection. That well-remembered voice is again borne to the ear by the breeze from the land of spirits. The present fades from the eye and the thoughts, and the past returns; and the beautiful words of Shenstone seem the only adequate expression of the feeling with which he takes leave of the subject:

“Eheu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse.”

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## CALIFORNIA.

LETTERS from Washington, on which we rely, render it probable that Mr. SLIDELL, our newly appointed minister to Mexico, goes clothed with power to treat with that government for the cession of California to the United States. The intelligence is vague, but we trust it is true, and that the negotiation may prove successful. The natural progress of events will undoubtedly give us that province just as it gave us Texas. Already American emigrants thither are to be numbered by thousands, and we may, at almost any moment, look for a declaration, which shall dissolve the slight bonds that now link the province to Mexico, and prepare the way for its ultimate annexation to the United States.

Regarding, therefore, the accession of California as an event which present tendencies, if not checked or counteracted, must render inevitable, we should prefer to see it accomplished by an agency, at once more direct and less questionable in point of national morality. It cannot be disguised that we stand open to the charge of having colonized Texas, and recognized her independence, for the express

purpose of seizing her soil—that we wrested her territory from Mexico, peacefully and by a gradual process, to be sure, but as really and as wrongfully as if we had conquered her by arms in the field of battle. It cannot but be, at least, suspected that the grounds of the revolution which made Texas independent of the central state, lacked those essential elements which alone redeem rebellion from crime, and justify the disruption of those political bonds which constitute a state—that no overwhelming necessity for such a step existed—and that the reasons assigned, where not palpably false, were unsound and frivolous. We were not slow to recognize this independence—nor to avail ourselves of it, to transfer to ourselves that sovereignty which had thus been annulled.

It will be impossible, under all the circumstances of this transaction, to persuade the world that these events had no connection with each other, either in fact or in the intentions of our government which, directly or indirectly, gave vigor and success to them all. Until the memory of this achievement shall have some-

what faded, we do not desire to see the experiment renewed. If we are to have a further accession of territory, we hope to see it effected by an open purchase and a voluntary cession. Thus did we come in possession of Florida, including the Oregon dispute, and on terms which the country, we believe, thus far at least, does not deem extravagant. Texas, it seems not at all unlikely, may yet cost us more than would in the beginning have bought it outright; and California, it may fairly be presumed, may now be purchased, at least *nemine contradicente*, for a sum which the country will deem small for so valuable an acquisition.

For, certainly, we do regard it as extremely desirable that California—a part, at least, of the province known by that name—should become the property, and remain forever under the exclusive jurisdiction, of the United States. Lower California, as it is called, embracing the long, narrow peninsula between the Gulf and the Pacific, stretching from the 21st to the 33d degree of latitude, a distance of above eight hundred miles, with an average breadth of about sixty, is universally represented by travelers as sterile and hopelessly desolate. It consists, indeed, of a chain of volcanic, treeless, barren mountains of rock, broken only by still more dreary plains of sand, destitute of streams, swept by fierce tornadoes, and of necessity abandoned almost entirely to sterility and desolation. Scattered spots now and then occur, where the torrents of rain have not washed away the soil, or where, being surrounded by rocks on every side, it has been protected from those influences which have made the peninsula, on the whole, the most uninhabitable region of the northern temperate zone. These, however, are neither frequent enough nor large enough to redeem, or relieve, the general character of the country; and Lower California must always remain an undesirable possession for any country, except one that sways a barren sceptre and to which extent, not fertility, of territory seems attractive. It may well, therefore, be left to Mexico.

With Upper California the case is different. The southern and eastern portions—indeed nearly the whole province except that part bordering on the Pacific—is scarcely more valuable than the lower province. Through the eastern section extends the chain of the Rocky Mountains, broken into fragments, and con-

verting a wide space of the country, through its entire length, into a waste perfectly uninhabitable, producing very little vegetation, and through which the traveler, with danger and difficulty, finds a casual and precarious path. West of this chain lies a vast, sandy plain, nearly seven hundred miles in length, with a width of one hundred miles at its southern, and two hundred at its northern, extremity. The whole valley of the Colorado is utterly barren, and is described by an American traveler as a great burial-place of former fertility, which can never return. Like its branches the river is not navigable. The Gila, which forms the southeastern boundary of the province, is a rapid stream, and its upper portion flows through rich and beautiful valleys, capable of supporting a numerous population. In the centre of the northern section of Upper California lies the Timpanigos desert, between four and five hundred miles square, and probably the most utterly desolate region of so great an extent upon the western continent. On its northwest border Mary's river takes its rise, and flows southwardly about one hundred and sixty miles, into its own lake, which is about sixty miles in length, and half as wide. The valley of the stream has a rich soil, which, were not the atmosphere too dry, would be well adapted to agricultural purposes, and contains many fine groves of aspen and pine, that shelter deer, elk and other game.

The remaining part of Upper California—that which lies nearest the Pacific coast—is not only by far the best portion of the province, but one of the most beautiful regions on the face of the earth. It embraces the whole country drained by the waters which empty into the Bay of San Francisco. These are, first, beginning at the south, the San Joaquin, which rises in a lake called Bonavista, in latitude 36°, and about three hundred miles northwest of the mouth of the Colorado; it runs thence, northwest some six hundred miles, with a deep and tranquil current, navigable for two hundred and fifty miles above its mouth, and through a valley six hundred miles in length, and from forty to one hundred in width; bounded on every side by mountains, which thus inclose a prairie surface, covered with trees which skirt the streams, of above 40,000 square miles in superficial extent. Among the highlands which inclose this valley, are vast tor-



ests filled with the loftiest and finest cedars and pines in the world, with every variety of soil, fresh water lakes, and every element of unbounded agricultural wealth, except a propitious climate. From November to March the whole valley is flooded by heavy and incessant rains; and from April until Autumn an intolerable heat converts this vast fen of stagnant waters into a valley of the Shadow of Death. This evil, however, it is confidently asserted, is susceptible of an easy remedy by draining these accumulated waters into the river.

From the north flows another and much larger river, the Sacramento, which, rising among the mountains that skirt the lower border of Oregon, flows for nearly three hundred miles through an open, level country, naturally fertile, and annually overflowed by the waters of the river, which thus, like the Nile, enriches and adorns the region through which it runs; cut on the east side by numerous tributary streams skirted with timber, and striped upon the west by groves, and lakes, and great savannas, and presenting one of the richest and most beautiful regions on the face of the earth.\* In the wet season this river is navigable to steamers of three hundred tons for nearly two hundred miles above its mouth; and even in the dryest season, small boats without difficulty make their way for over one hundred miles to what is called the *Forks*, where the Sacramento receives its great western branch, named upon the map of Capt. Wilkes, Destruction river, which rises in the Sierra Nevada, and flows for about two hundred miles with a rapid current, through a fertile region, into its principal stream. The Jesus Maria rises amid the heights of the Snowy Mountains, directly South of Cape Mendocino; and, flowing south at an average distance of twenty miles from the ocean, through a region of hills and rolling plains, heavily covered with forests of most valuable timber, falls into the Bay of San Francisco.

The valuable part of Upper California is thus seen to embrace that region of the province drained by the waters that discharge themselves, at San Francisco, into the Pacific sea. Its superficial extent cannot be estimated at less than 40,000 square miles, nearly as much as that of the State of New York, and two-thirds that of the British Islands. Of its

beauty and fertility, all travelers agree in giving most glowing and enthusiastic descriptions. Perouse, one of the earliest of its visitants, says, that its "climate differs a little from that of the southern provinces of France; at least, the cold is never so piercing there, but the heat of summer is much more moderate, owing to the continual fogs which reign there, and which procure for the land a humidity very favorable to vegetation." Immediately upon the coast it has been represented that the sea-winds and fogs blast the foliage of trees in exposed situations; but on leaving the ocean nothing of the kind is witnessed, and all are alike enchanted with the boundless fertility and unequaled beauty of the inland regions. The English voyager, Vancouver, who traversed this country at an early day, after speaking of the mountains, "the sides and summits of which exhibited a high degree of luxuriant fertility," says:

"We had not proceeded far, when we entered a country I little expected to find in these regions. For about twenty miles, it could only be compared to a park, which had originally been planted with the true old English oak; the underwood, that had probably attained its early growth, had the appearance of having been cleared away, and had left the stately lords of the forest in complete possession of the soil, which was covered with luxuriant herbage, and beautifully diversified with pleasing eminences and valleys; which, with the lofty range of mountains that bounded the prospect, required only to be adorned with the neat habitations of an industrious people, to produce a scene not inferior to the most studied effect of taste in the disposal of grounds."

The same traveler was struck with "the quality, quantity and variety of its excellent productions, not only indigenous to the country, but appertaining to the temperate, as well as torrid zone;" and he makes the remark, that "not one species had been sown or planted that had not flourished and yielded its fruits in abundance, and of excellent quality." Equally explicit, and of still more authority, is the statement of Humboldt:

"New California is as well watered and fertile, as Old California is arid and stony. The climate is much more mild than in the same latitudes on the eastern side of

\* Farnham.

the New Continent, (which includes the Atlantic coast from Boston to Savannah,) the frequent fogs give vigor to vegetation and fertilize the soil, which is covered with a black and spongy earth."

Although agriculture, throughout this vast and fertile region, is of the rudest and most unskillful character, nearly all kinds of grain have been readily raised. In the immediate neighborhood of San Francisco Bay the most extraordinary crops are easily produced. Dr. Marsh, long a resident on the banks of the Sacramento, informed Mr. Farnham that from ten bushels of wheat he had known to be harvested a crop of 3652: though he says that the average yield is from 30 to 50 bushels from one that is sown.\* The first part of this statement is incredible; but Commodore Wilkes mentions an instance in which 3600 bushels were harvested from 30 sown; and he places the average crop at 80 fold.† The most moderate of these statements exhibits a degree of fertility seldom found in the most favored regions of the earth. Indian corn is said to return about 150 fold. The potato thrives; hemp, flax, oats, barley, peas, fruits of all kinds, and indeed all the productions of the temperate zone, are produced in great abundance, and with the greatest ease; while in the southern portion, cotton, tobacco, figs, lemons, olives, oranges, and especially grapes, seem to find a native and most propitious soil; and the marshes about the mouths of the San Joaquin and Sacramento, may easily be turned into some of the richest and most beautiful rice fields in the world.

Here, then, lies upon the Pacific coast, adjoining our western border, included between the parallels which embrace the southern sections of the United States, and stretching northward to the southern boundary of Oregon, a region of country capable of sustaining a greater population than now inhabits the entire American Union. Traversed, through its entire length, and from its most remote corners, by noble rivers all concentrating their waters, and forming at their common mouth, the finest harbor perhaps in the world;—abounding in timber of the best quality for ship-building and all naval purposes, easily floated to a common point, and that the beautiful and capacious har-

bor of San Francisco;—containing measureless water power, immense agricultural resources, and all the elements which nature can furnish of national wealth and national consequence—it is yet shut out from the influences of Christian civilization and abandoned to a people who neither know its capacities, nor feel the pressure of any obligation to develop and expand them. The aggregate population is probably below 20,000; the harvested crops in 1839 amounted to 69,000 bushels of wheat, 22,000 of maize, and 15,000 of barley; and the whole annual merchantable production of the country, including cattle and furs, its staple commodities, is estimated by Capt. Wilkes at less than a million of dollars. Nor is there anything in the history of the country, to induce the hope that, under its present control, it will ever attain that position, and serve those ends, in the great scheme of the world's civilization, for which Providence has so clearly designed it.

For more than three hundred years it has been under exclusive Spanish dominion. Yet up to the present time, notwithstanding its immense advantages for trade, it has no commerce; in spite of its fertility, it has no agriculture; its water power and ability to yield a bountiful supply of every raw material, have not erected a solitary manufacturing establishment within its borders; and the whole country is even now as far removed from that high and palmy state of wealth, cultivation and power of which it is susceptible, as it was before the Spaniard Cabrillo, in 1542, first explored its coast and landed upon its shore. We have stated the probable population of California at 20,000. Captain Wilkes estimates it at but 15,000, of whom some 9000 are Indians, 3000 whites, and 2000 of mixed blood. The whites, who are the only persons of any political account, inherit all the vices, with none of the half-virtues, of their Spanish ancestry; they are utterly ignorant, indolent and rapacious, cruel to their wives and dependants, destitute of spirit, industry and courage, and perfectly incapable of the slightest emotions of ambition, or the faintest pulsation of energy and enterprise.‡

No one who cherishes a faith in the wisdom of an overruling Providence, and

\* Farnham's California, p. 343.

† Exploring Expedition, Vol. v., p. 159.

‡ Com. Wilkes' Exploring Expedition. Vol. v., p. 175.



who sees, in the national movements which convulse the world, the silent operation of an invisible but omnipotent hand, can believe it to be for the interest of humanity, for the well-being of the world, that this vast and magnificent region should continue forever in its present state. Capable of sustaining millions of people, of conferring upon them all the physical comforts of life, and of raising them to the highest point of mental and moral cultivation, if only they have the energy and the ability to use its resources—so long as desolation broods upon it, so long as the shadows of ignorance, indolence and moral degradation hang around it, the manifest designs of Providence are unfulfilled, and the paramount interests of the world lack due advancement. While California remains in possession of its present inhabitants, and under control of its present government, there is no hope of its regeneration. This will demand a life, an impulse of energy, a fiery ambition, of which no spark can ever be struck from the soft sluggishness of the American Spaniard. Attempts have been occasionally made by Mexico to colonize the province; but they were marked by the most perfect ignorance of the nature of the enterprise as well as of the country, and ended in bringing misery upon the emigrants, and loss and ridicule upon the central government.\* In 1836, the people of the province rebelled, and declared Upper California independent of Mexico, and expelled the Mexican troops and officials from the country. But according to Commander Wilkes, the people were excited to this by the acts of the foreigners resident among them; and after the first temporary ebullition of the borrowed patriotism thus infused, they settled back into their old inaction, varied only by sundry extempore acts of atrocious villany, and soon returned at least to the nominal rule of the Mexican Republic. They have not the character required to redeem their country from its low estate. The boundless wealth of land and sea which has been lavished upon it, must forever remain useless, till mental and moral powers are found to use it. For never were uttered, by poet or philosopher, truer words than those noble lines of Wordsworth—

“Winds blow, and waters roll  
Strength to THE BRAVE, and Power and  
Deity;

Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree  
Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the  
SOUL  
Only, the Nations shall be great and free.”

California, to become the seat of wealth and power for which Nature has marked it, must pass into the hands of another race. And who can conjecture what would now have been its condition, had its first colonists been of the stock which peopled the Atlantic coast? Compare its adjacent seas, unruffled by winds, and perfectly free from shoals and dangerous currents—the seas named *pacific*, from their placid and ever quiet waters—with “New England’s stern and rock-bound coast,” or the northern and western shores of Europe. Its soil yields freely and lavishly, to the most ordinary cultivation, an immense variety of the necessities of life and the staples of commerce. No portion of Europe is more richly endowed with all the wealth of nature—the “dread magnificence” of earth and heaven. Yet all these immense advantages, in the language of Forbes, the English traveler, “had not the power to rouse the dormant energies of the Spaniard. It appeared as if these extraordinary bounties of nature had the effect of lulling them into apathy. The coasts were without commerce or navigation; and a deathlike tranquillity reigned throughout the province.”

We have already remarked that the inevitable course of events—which, in the end, will always be seen to coincide perfectly with the highest wisdom and expediency—which is, in fact, the silent, resistless legislation of the Omnipotent Lawgiver—must, ere long, place California beneath other sovereignty than that which now benumbs its powers and stifles and stagnates its undeveloped energy. And not only is this result inevitable, but if the considerations we have adduced have any weight, it must be regarded, upon every principle of a wide expediency, as highly desirable. It is a consummation upon which every reflecting person must look with pleasure and hope. So imperatively is this conviction forced upon the mind of the most disinterested observers—even of those whose interests and feelings are most hostile to the course the matter seems likely to take—that a Mexican correspondent of the *London Times*, while urging the British Government to obtain possession of California, in order

\* Forbes’ *California*, p. 147.

to prevent its falling into the hands of the United States, employs the following very emphatic language concerning the general result to which we have alluded. His letter bears date,

“MEXICO, Sept. 29, 1845.

“In the opinion of many, the existence, as a nation, of Mexico, is hastening to its termination; and, as far as I can see, no great man appears who is equal to the regeneration of the republic. The Government is powerless, even in the capital; the departments barely hold on the central State; there is no population to till the finest soil in the world; and riches, above and below ground, remain unexplored, for want of intelligence and hands to work them. If England will not interfere, the doom of Mexico is sealed, and in the course of a few years it *must be incorporated with the United States*. The Government and people of the United States entertain no doubt on this subject. They say that they do not interfere in the affairs of Europe, and that they are determined no European power shall interfere with them in the affairs of the new world. By aggression, annexation, or conquest, they are resolved on enticing all Mexico, down to the Isthmus, within the Union; and, come what may, *that end must sooner or later be accomplished*. I am fully aware of the danger to which the monetary circulation of Europe will be exposed, when the silver districts of Mexico are under the control of the American Congress, and of the imprudence of our permitting a naval power, like that of the United States, to become the richest nation in the world; but I cannot help admitting, at the same time, that if Great Britain will not interfere, *the general good of humanity must be advanced by the annexation of this country to the American Union*. The tide of emigration will, instead of flowing directly, take the current of the United States, and even millions of English, Scotch and Irish emigrants can pass through the American ports to fix as settlers in this land of milk and honey. The wretched Indian race must give way before the influx of a white population, and myriads of acres, now-untilled, will teem with wealth and abundance. The climate is magnificent, except on the coast, and in particular districts fever does not appear. Every European production can be raised; and I may say there is room for all the emigration that can be poured in a quarter of a century from the British Isles. The next good to the British occupation of Mexico, is its incorporation with the United States. We shall find, when it takes place, immediate employment of our poor, a consumption of British manufactures spread over

this great continent, the dispensation of the English language and English feelings over an almost boundless territory. We must, in short, make up our minds to this result, and happy will it be for the common interests of humanity—unless Great Britain should take the matter directly into her own hands, alarmed at the growing power of the United States, and their dominion over the mining districts from which our monetary circulation is furnished—when it is accomplished.”

The writer of this passage attributes designs to the United States which are unsustained by any evidence, and must therefore pass for simple assertions. But he declares, very emphatically, that the general good of humanity demands that the whole of Mexico should pass into the hands of some foreign power. If this be true of the whole, (and, for our purpose, it is not necessary either to admit or question this,) it must certainly be true of California; and no one, we apprehend, will hesitate to admit that that country would be immensely advanced in wealth and power; that a new field for civilization and all the arts of Christian life would be opened; and that “the general good of humanity must be advanced” by the occupation of that country by another than the Spanish race.

This point, then, being conceded, it remains only to inquire, into whose hands shall California pass? What nation of the earth shall succeed to Mexico, whenever the sovereignty shall pass from her grasp?

There are, we believe, but two powers to whom the design of acquiring California is ever ascribed. One of these is Great Britain; the other is the United States. The German *Allgemeine Zeitung*, a few months since, announced the establishment by Russia of a post at Bodega, in California, and ascribed to that colossal power of the North the intention of obtaining a foothold, and ultimately acquiring dominion, in that extensive province. The *Zeitung* was evidently ignorant of the facts from which it sought to draw so important conclusions. Bodega was first established by the Russian Fur Company, in 1812, with the permission of the then Governor of Monterey, to erect a few small huts for salting their beef. It gradually increased until it successfully resisted the attempt—feeble at the best—of the Spanish authorities to drive it away. But its maintenance be-



came too expensive for the purposes of its establishment, and, in 1839; it was transferred, with all its property, for the sum of \$30,000 to Capt. Suter, an American emigrant, who has nearly supreme command of a very large tract of land upon the eastern bank of the Sacramento. At the time of the visit of Commander Wilkes, the guns had been removed, the stock transferred, the Russian occupants, a few hundreds in number, scattered, and the post was entirely and forever abandoned.\* Russia, then, it may safely be presumed, has no design of obtaining possession of any portion of California.

By Great Britain, on the other hand, such a purpose, we have no doubt, has long been cherished. It is generally known that as long ago as in 1837, by an arrangement with the English creditors of the Mexican government, lands in that country, to the amount of 125,000,000 of acres, were set apart for the payment of the debts which Mexico had incurred in England. The precise terms on which this mortgage was effected are more clearly and succinctly stated in the following letter from the Hon. Mr. Cushing to the writer of this sketch, than elsewhere within our knowledge. The letter has already been published in the *Courier and Enquirer*, from the columns of which journal we copy it:

“*Newburyport, 24th October, 1845.*

“DEAR SIR:—I have before me sundry documents, which appertain to the subject of your inquiry as to the interest of the British holders of Mexican bonds in the territory of California.

I. By decree of the President ad interim of the Mexican Republic, issued April 12th, 1837, under the authority of an Act of Congress of the 4th of the same month, it is declared—

1. That the entire foreign debt of the Republic may, if the public creditors see fit, be consolidated through the agency of Messrs. Lizardi & Co., and of the Mexican Minister in London.

2. That the existing bonds may be exchanged, one half for new bonds of such consolidated fund, ‘and the other half in land warrants on the vacant lands in the departments of Texas, Chihuahua, Sonora, and California, at the rate of four acres for each pound sterling.’

7. That ‘for further security in the payment of the principal and interest of the national consolidated fund, the Mexican government specially hypothecates, in the name of the nation, one hundred mil-

lions (100,000,000) of acres of the vacant lands in the departments of California, Chihuahua, New Mexico, Sonora, and Texas, with special guaranty to said consolidated fund until the total extinction of the bonds.’

10. That ‘foreigners, who, in virtue of their land warrants shall come to establish themselves on their properties, shall acquire from that date the title of colonists, and shall participate, they and their families, in all the privileges which the laws grant, or may grant, to any others of the same origin, and under the same conditions.’

Other articles of this decree, namely, the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th and 9th, regulate various questions of detail, in regard to the new bonds and the land warrants.

II. On the 14th of September, 1837, in pursuance of a previous meeting of the holders of Mexican bonds, it was agreed, between them and the agents of the Mexican government, to accept the offer of the latter, with twelve modifications proposed, of which the most material to the present purpose are the following, namely:

2. That (among other things), instead of at once converting one-half of the old bonds into land warrants, for that half shall be issued *deferred bonds*, ‘which deferred bonds shall be at all times receivable in payment of vacant lands in the departments of Texas, Chihuahua, New Mexico and California, at the choice of the purchaser, at the rate of four acres for each pound sterling.’

4. That the deferred bonds shall contain a clause stipulating that ‘the Mexican government, when thereto required, shall grant to the bearer of the said bond full right of property and complete possession in the number of acres of land corresponding to the amount of said bond, with the accruing interest thereon, at the rate of four acres of land for each pound sterling, of which full and complete possession shall be given, by the competent authorities, on the presentation of said deferred bond.’

7. That the Mexican government, in addition to the general hypothecation of 100,000,000 of acres, contained in the 7th article of the decree, ‘shall specially set apart \* \* twenty-five millions of acres of government lands in the departments having the nearest communication with the Atlantic, and which may appear best suited for colonization from abroad; the said lands to be specifically and exclusively held open for the location of deferred bonds.’

14. That bonds of the first class may run until the year 1866, and those of the second class until the year 1876.

\* See Narrative of Exploring Expedition, Vol. v., p. 178, *et seq.*

The other articles are not particularly important to the subject of inquiry.

III. On the 1st of June, 1839, an act was passed by the Mexican Congress, which

1. Approves the above agreement made with the holders of Mexican bonds on the 14th of September, 1837.

2. Grants one year for the proposed conversion of the foreign debt.

4. Requires the Executive to take heed that 'no lands on the frontier shall be granted to the subjects of the border States, in the event of any bonds falling into their hands, which they may be desirous of exchanging for lands,' &c.

6. Enjoins 'that the lands be so divided among the emigrants as to prevent their too great concentration on one point; they are, therefore, to be located at some distance from each other, and as near to our towns as may be convenient.'

IV. On the 29th of July, 1839, there was issued by the President ad interim of the Mexican Republic, (Santa Anna,) an order in Council, of twenty-four articles, which regulate, in detail, the issue of the new bonds, and especially those of the first class, for which a certain portion of the custom-house revenues were specially pledged; but this order in Council does not materially affect the present object.

Please to observe that the hypothecation of 100,000,000 of acres of land in California, Texas, Chihuahua, New Mexico and Sonora, is permanent until the whole debt be paid, and the right of locating the deferred bonds in California, Texas, Chihuahua and New Mexico, also continues until these are paid, it being a condition inserted in the bonds. Yours truly,

C. CUSHING."

This mortgage, of course, confers no right of sovereignty over the mortgaged soil. But from the day of its date, nearly ten years since, to the present time, it has been made the *point d'appui* for projects of colonization, acquisition and final dominion over California. Thus, an English work on California—that of Mr. Forbes—published in 1839, and written at about the time when the arrangement noticed above was concluded, remarks that "there have been some thoughts of proposing to the Mexican government that it should endeavor to cancel the English debt which now exceeds fifty millions of dollars, by a transfer of California to the creditors." And in pursuing the suggestion, the author says:

"If California was ceded for the English debt, the creditors might be formed into a company, with the difference that they

should have a sort of SOVEREIGNTY over the territory, somewhat IN THE MANNER OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY."

This is, certainly, a most pregnant intimation—one which will not be deemed unworthy of notice by any who understand the history, organization and character of that gigantic engine of British power to which the company in California is to be assimilated. Its origin was far more humble than that suggested for this new establishment. It began simply as a partnership of merchants. In the early part of its career it considered itself merely a trader in the territories of a foreign potentate. It looked closely after its own pecuniary interest, and sought commercial influence and the power of wealth, but did not dream of political projects, or venture, in any way, to interfere with the independent States, among whom it had become a commercial resident. Soon, however, its conception of its position began to change. Political ambition obtained control of it, and soon became its informing and shaping spirit. Wealth was seen to follow power, and the unbounded, unregulated, unprincipled thirst for gold, soon drove its devotees—removed from the restraints of law and the fear of responsibility—into deeds of stupendous guilt. For a stipulated sum of money, the company engaged to extirpate an innocent and independent nation—the Rohillas. English troops were soon posted, first for pay and then from policy, throughout the magnificent province of Oude; and but a short time elapsed before the revenues of all the adjacent countries were under the administration of British subjects. Thus, in the very recent language of the *London Times*, they "began humbly, as merchants and traders—they ended proudly, as kings and conquerors." Availing itself gradually of the weakness and internal dissensions and generous confidence of the Asiatic powers, it "began in commerce and closed in empire," and became, what by Roman justice and reason had been deemed impossible, *eundem negotiatorem et dominum*—or in BURKE'S still more pointed phrase, a "State in disguise of a merchant." Thus it had power to pass laws, to build forts, to maintain a force, to hoist a flag, to keep vessels and govern territory—granted, originally, for purposes of trade, but equally available for purposes of empire. Thus it has gone on, extending its possessions over kingdom after kingdom,



seizing one throne after another, until it has become sovereign of nearly the whole of Central Asia, and is daily meditating the vulture's descent upon the small remainder. The Punjaub has, thus far, been exempt from its interference; but the *Calcutta Englishman*, of a very recent date, heads an article with the ominous words, "Every appearance of a Punjaub war," and goes on to exhibit the "extreme disorder" prevailing in that country, and to speak of the "probability that British intervention cannot be much longer delayed." Scinde was seized upon even in impatient advance of what *Blackwood* calls the "*principle of unavoidable expansion*."\*

The London *Times* proclaims that conquest must go on in Asia until the "natural limits of empire" are reached; and the *Foreign Quarterly Review* has proclaimed that "to Great Britain, as to a conquering and civilized caste, the government of all India belongs, not so much through any paltry right derivable from custom, or originating in popular notions, as from that sacred right imparted by Providence to intellect and justice, to rule over violence and ignorance."† And this career of conquest, which has been continued without interruption and with increasing vigor down to the present time, and which is still advancing with strides worthy of its gigantic power and stupendous purpose, has beyond all doubt involved more perfidy and corruption, more robbery and murder, more butchery and blood, more crime and outrage of every grade and every hue, than the most ruthless deeds of Roman ambition, or, indeed, than can be matched in the history of any single power, of ancient or of modern times. The East India Company has always been one of those convenient and super-serviceable agents whose transactions the sovereign power of Great Britain could avow or disavow at its sovereign pleasure. But now it has come to be universally recognized as simply Great Britain in Asia. Its arm is that of Britain. British ambition is the life that throbs through all its giant frame. British troops are its instruments. The British seal has been affixed even to its most atrocious deeds; the avails of its robberies have swollen the vast tide of British wealth; its conquests—bloody, ruthless, unprincipled as

they are—no matter by what perjuries, by what treasons, by what assassinations, what secret or open crime they may have been achieved, are marked upon the map as British possessions. And Great Britain may most righteously be arraigned before the world, in place of him against whom, as the head of this vast, irresponsible and despotic power, BURKE thundered his terrible denunciations, when he said, "We charge this offender with no crimes that have not arisen from passions which it is criminal to harbor; with no offences that have not their root in avarice, rapacity, pride, insolence, ferocity, treachery, cruelty, malignity of temper; in short, in nothing that does not argue a total extinction of all moral principle, that does not manifest an inveterate blackness of heart, died in grain with malice, vitiated, corrupted, gangrened to the very core." And this is the model upon which is to be formed the projected British Company in California! This Western Continent is to be the theatre on which these scenes are to be reënacted!

Nor is the suggestion we have cited our sole or chief authority, for suspecting the British Government of projects of dominion in this portion of the North American Continent. There has sprung up of late a very general demand from all sides of the British press, for the prompt accomplishment of these designs. The *Foreign Quarterly Review* closes some speculations upon the probable destiny of California, with the remark that "an active minister, who had a forecast of the future, might secure it as an appendage to Oregon, our unquestionable right to which is too clear to be surrendered. The Mexicans," it is added, "would not be sorry to part with it to us upon fair terms." The urgent recommendations of the Mexican correspondent of the London *Times*, we have already quoted; and we have now to offer, from the same source, this explicit and, beyond all doubt, authentic announcement of a fact which our previous citations must have shown to be probable. In his letter, dated September 29, 1845, after speaking of the arrangement in progress between the governments of Mexico and the United States, on the question of boundary, this writer says:

"The question of frontier will also be

\* *Blackwood's Magazine*, No. 328, p. 273.

† *F. Q. Rev.* Jan. 1844, p. 271.

embarrassing on the Pacific coast, and *interfere with the negotiation NOW GOING ON between the British and Mexican governments for the adoption of a frontier parallel, NECESSARY TO BRITISH INTERESTS.*"

With this evidence before us, it is impossible, or at least unwise, to doubt that Great Britain is striving to secure from Mexico sovereignty in California, absolute, it may be, or perhaps "somewhat in the manner of the East India Company."

The next question naturally suggested relates to the probability of her success. This must be simply a matter of opinion. It would be useless to disguise our fear that, so far as Mexico is concerned, she may accomplish her purpose. We have less confidence than perhaps is just, in the good faith of the friendly disposition towards the Government and people of the United States, which Mexico is said of late to have evinced. Our acquisition of Texas is yet too recent—our port towards Mexico has been too commanding—our exactions have been too rigorous, for the wound they inflicted upon this sensitive and resentful race to have yet fully healed. The sonorous blasts of our mutually defiant armies must even yet be echoing among the marshes between Metamoras and Aransas Bay, nor can the proclamations of the Mexican powers, so

"Horribly stuffed with epithets of war,"

have yet wholly passed from their recollection. Their soldiership, we are well aware, was "mere prattle without practice," and they found themselves, like Iago, so

"be-lee'd and calm'd

By clamorous creditors,"

that

"Though they do hate us as they do hell pains,

Yet, for necessity of present life,

They must show out a flag and sign of love,

*Which is, indeed, but sign."*

It seems to us improbable that a government marked and swayed by Mexican temper, which persisted against the advice and example of the leading nations of the earth, in refusing to recognize the independence of Texas, for a long series of years of enforced inaction, which has, from first to last, charged upon the United States the robbery and despoil-

ment of the fairest of her possessions, should now, so soon after the obnoxious deed is finally and fully accomplished, manifest even an intemperate eagerness to resume with us friendly relations, and to negotiate for a boundary upon so liberal a basis as she is said to have proposed. We fear these measures are but the fair-seeming dictates of a "necessity of present life." They have already relieved her seaboard from the presence of our squadron, and her Texan frontier from the pressure of our troops. They have averted, or at least deferred, a blow against which she had found it impossible to interpose the shield of British power, and have released her from the fatal necessity of engaging, single-handed, the power of the United States. Of such a struggle the result has repeatedly been predicted in Europe. The *French Journal des Debats* has declared that "the conquest of Mexico would be a wide step towards the enslavement of the world by the United States, and a levy of bucklers by the Mexicans *at this moment* would lead the way to this subjection." The *London Times* remarks that Mexico has had the sagacity to perceive that a declaration of war would enable the United States to seize upon and retain the Mexican territory. These views were doubtless enforced upon the Mexican administration by the representatives of both France and Great Britain: and the result has been that all thought of immediate war has passed away. Meantime, a negotiation has been set on foot with Great Britain for the cession of California, and is "now in progress." Suppose it to be successful, and the British power to be planted in the Bay and around the tributary waters of San Francisco; will not the European powers be then in a condition to attempt to reduce to practice the theory of M. Guizot, that "the integrity of existing powers in America must be maintained?" "Between the autocracy of Russia on the East, and the democracy of America, aggrandized by the conquest of Mexico, on the West," says the *Journal des Debats*, the official paper of the French government, "*Europe may find herself more compressed than she may one day think consistent with her independence and dignity.*" It cannot be disguised that apprehensions of the future power of the American people are arousing the fears, and influencing the policy of the principal nations of Europe. The leading journal of Great Britain but a few days



since, declared, that "no European politician can look forward to the power of the United States, within the present century, but with the most *appalling* prospects." And so the Paris *Debats* remarks, that "for the political balance of the world, the conquest of Mexico by the United States may create eventual dangers, which, although distant, it may not be superfluous to *guard against*." And so again, upon another occasion, the same official journal employed this still more emphatic language:

"A cry of war between America and Mexico has been raised: although it is not believed that the threats will be followed by acts, yet it would be well for us to be prepared for anything. North America presents her ambitious plans for conquering all the American continent. She began by the annexation of Texas, by which she divides Mexico, and a war will give her a welcome pretence for possessing herself of all Mexico. Soon the smaller states will follow, and the Isthmus of Panama fall into the hands of North America. *Europe should not tolerate this, NOR SUFFER NORTH AMERICA TO INCREASE*, or the independence of Europe might sooner or later be wedged in by the two colossuses of Russia and North America, and suffer from their oppression."

It seems well nigh incredible that any or all the European powers should seriously resolve upon measures to prevent and check the growth, in power and influence, of the United States. To the casual observer we seem to be so far removed from them, the ocean that rolls between us seems so broad, as to stifle and destroy that envy and jealousy which, under other circumstances, might ripen into displeasure and end in open and effective hostility. But farther reflection, we apprehend, will weaken the force of these considerations. The affairs of the whole world are, in many very important respects, linked and even fused together. Commerce, which has come to be the ruling power upon this globe, makes its home upon the broad sea that knows no bounds—its familiar paths are upon the world's great highways; and it knows comparatively little, in its highest and most far-reaching relations, of those national limits which divide, and therefore weaken, the aggregate of human power. That nation of the earth which

has most power, upon land and sea, must have over every other, and over all others, advantages, the weight of which no distance from them can ever seriously impair. Supremacy of this kind long enjoyed will never be readily yielded; nor can any prospect, however remote, that it will be snatched away by some vigorous and growing competitor, fail to be met with discontent which may ripen into scowling defiance and open hostility. These considerations, and others which must readily occur to every one upon slight reflection, must remove or at least modify the incredulity with which the chance of European intervention for the purpose, whether avowed or not, of checking and fixing limits to the growth of American power, is very naturally received.

But there are other considerations which may tend still farther to render probable such intervention. Between the political institutions of the great European states and those of this country, there is a radical and a vital difference—a difference which cannot fail to ripen into hostility whenever the two systems shall threaten collision. Many years ago this difference was thus defined: "The European alliance of emperors and kings have assumed, as the foundation of human society, the doctrine of inalienable *allegiance*. Our doctrine is founded upon the principle of inalienable *right*."\* This is a difference which has become irreconcilable. It exists as an impassable gulf between the family of sovereigns and the great body of the people. It can never be broken down, and can only disappear when kings shall become perfect and undisputed despots, or when they shall cease to wear their crowns. The sovereigns of Europe, by their frequent intermarriages, by their position which elevates them above all other society, and especially by this identity of interest and of safety against the encroachments of the republican spirit, are more closely knit together, and animated by a stronger *esprit du corps* than any other body in the world. It must therefore be expected that they will make common cause against their common enemy, wherever he may have his seat, whenever he shall threaten to disturb their peace, and from whatever quarter, or in whatever shape, his aggressive movements may come. For the last three hundred years the progress

\* Hon. J. Q. Adams, Secretary of State, in a letter to Mr. Anderson, U. S. Minister Colombia, dated 27th May, 1823.

of Republican principles has been uninterrupted. In the sixteenth century—the age of Elizabeth—the defeat of Philip II. of Spain, the head of the Catholic world, by the entire destruction of the immense armada he had despatched against England, established the independence of the Dutch commonwealth so renowned, under the name of the Republic of the United Provinces. The seventeenth century beheld the execution of an English king, and the establishment of a commonwealth on the ruins of the throne, under the Protectorate of Cromwell. Our own revolution, and the bloody scenes which attended the overthrow of royalty in France, rendered the eighteenth forever illustrious. Already has the nineteenth been marked by the triumph of popular power in Spain, Belgium, Norway, and several other nations of Europe, over previous and still recent despotism; and now the growth of a gigantic, overshadowing Republic on the Western Continent, seems likely to affix the seal of decay and death to the startled and half-crumbling monarchies of the Eastern world. The rapidly approaching consummation of this great and universal tendency has only one aspect—that of fear—and holds out but one result—that of utter downfall and extinction—to the whole family of European sovereigns. To the world at large, to the millions of its inhabitants and the general interests of humanity, reason may urge that it is vastly, immeasurably beneficial. But kings can never so regard it; or, if they do, they will never act upon this conviction. Their interests, their personal prosperity and power, their existence even, are menaced and threatened with destruction by this tendency; and they do, therefore, but obey the universal instinct of self-preservation when they combine their forces and unite their counsels and their power, to resist and defeat, and turn back in its channel this rapid, often tumultuous, and sometimes crimson tide of popular ambition. Hence, as a British writer has remarked, “among all their mutual jealousies, sovereigns have always had a strong fellow feeling for a king against a people;”<sup>\*</sup> and nearly all the interventions of European powers in the affairs of other nations of modern times, have been made in support of kings against the people, or in some way for the benefit of the kingly power.

This feeling of hostility to republican-

ism, which, as we have said, is simply the instinct of self-preservation, naturally acquires strength from the magnitude and pressure of the danger to be incurred. When, therefore, we reflect upon the most wonderful advancement of this, our republic, in wealth, population, territory, and all the elements of national greatness and power; upon the spectacle which we present to the world, of eighteen millions of people, active, intelligent and happy, enjoying all the protection and feeling none of the burdens of government, dwelling in peace and in plenty, made conscious of law only by the immunities and blessings it bestows, hearing of no tithe or tax-gatherer, holding their rights and possessions at the caprice of no lord or petty tyrant, but under the sanction of the commonwealth of which they are constituent members, and enjoying all the blessings of a well-ordered State, with what MILTON calls “the utmost bound of civil liberty that wise men look for;”<sup>†</sup> when we look upon the gigantic fabric of power which is thus shooting upward, with a rapidity to which history affords no parallel, towards an overshadowing influence which must make itself felt by land and sea, and in all the departments of human action among the nations of the earth; and when we remember that the resources of modern practical science and art have made it impossible to prevent this unbounded and stupendous achievement from being a cynosure to the whole world; that the people of Europe must and do turn painfully under the yoke which their kings and kingly governments have laid upon their necks, and gaze upon the contrast with their own condition which we present, it can scarcely seem matter longer for surprise that the *London Times* should deem the probable power of the United States within the present century an “*appalling prospect*,” or that the official organ of the French monarchy should proclaim that *Europe must not TOLERATE this rapid growth*, NOR “*SUFFER NORTH AMERICA FURTHER TO INCREASE!*”

The existence of this feeling among the sovereigns of Europe towards this country, cannot be cloaked by honied diplomatic assurances of distinguished consideration, nor disproved by angry or contemptuous denial. We look upon it as a fact—a “*fixed fact*,” which must have weight in any speculations, that

<sup>\*</sup> Edinburgh Review.

<sup>†</sup> Speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing.



claim to be intelligent, concerning our present and future foreign relations. We have introduced it here for the purpose of saying that Mexico cannot be ignorant of its existence, and that, in our judgment, she intends, with more of wisdom than we have given her credit for, to make it serviceable in "feeding fat the grudge" she bears us. She cannot lack the sagacity to perceive that, with Great Britain firmly fixed in California, she could not engage in war with the United States without a certainty, or, at the least, a very strong probability of having Great Britain for an active ally. This is an object worthy her endeavor. It is one likely, we fear, to be attained through the "negotiation *now in progress* for the adoption of a frontier parallel," on her northern border, deemed, by Great Britain, "*necessary to British interests.*" Should it prove successful, our government, we fear, will find reason to regret its forbearance in not having regarded the declarations and acts of Mexico, consequent upon the Annexation of Texas, as in fact, declarations of war against a portion of the American Union, and thus forcing her to a speedy and final adjustment of all points of disagreement.

We deem it impossible that Great Britain should expect to occupy California, either as a colony, or "somewhat in the manner of the East India Company," with the acquiescence or indifference of the United States. In no spot upon the continent could she establish her power, where it could be so effectually wielded to our lasting injury. It can scarcely be doubted that the Pacific Ocean is hereafter to bear upon its bosom a far greater commerce than now floats upon the Atlantic. Whatever may be its relation to Europe, to the United States it is destined to be the highway to Asia, the avenue to the unbounded wealth of the "gorgeous East." Even now, our whaling fleet counts 675 vessels, with an aggregate tonnage of 2,200,000 tons, and the majority of these, with 16,000 of our countrymen, and valued at \$25,000,000 under the American flag, are upon its waters;\* and in half a century our commerce with Asia and the Islands of the Pacific must be counted by hundreds of millions of dollars. San Francisco is one of the finest if not the very best harbor in the world. "Few are more extensive," says Com. Wilkes, "or

could be as readily defended as it; while the combined fleets of all the naval powers of Europe might moor within it."† It lies directly in the track of all transit between Asia and America, and is by far the best, the safest and most valuable harbor on the Western Coast of the Western Continent.

With this port for her naval *depôt*, Great Britain would indeed be MISTRESS OF THE SEAS,

"— not for a day, but for all time!"

An armed squadron, sailing thence, by a single blow could sink millions of American property, seize upon tens of thousands of our citizens, sweep our commerce, and drive our flag from the Pacific Seas. With California in that part of our dominions, Canada upon our northern frontier, Halifax overhanging our northeastern coast, a portion of the West India Islands whence to hurl her brands of open war, and her infernal enginery for exciting civil contention, in our southern section, with Mexico for an ally, and her ports as *points d'appui* for assailing our southern and southwestern cities, she would certainly have enfolded us as completely in her net, as the bloodiest intentions of extermination could possibly desire!

Such a consummation, we venture to say, and England must know, can never be effected with the acquiescence, or without the utmost possible resistance, on the part of the United States. It was, indeed, long ago proclaimed by the Executive of our government, and has recently been reaffirmed by our present chief magistrate, as a principle on which, in all time to come, this country would act, that any attempt on the part of European powers "to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere, would be considered as *dangerous to our peace and safety*;" and that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for colonization by any European powers."‡ And concerning this declaration, and the rights which it established, a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, for July, 1845, remarks:

"Had Europe acquiesced in this declaration, instead of protesting against it, it would in time have given to the United States a prescriptive right to act upon it."

\* Exploring Expedition. Vol. v., p. 485.

† Ibid., Vol. v., p. 159.

‡ Pres. Monroe's Message, December 2, 1823.

The reviewer does not mention any protest against this declaration formally made by any of the powers of Europe; nor are we aware that any such has ever been received by our government. But, whatever may be the extent of our *acknowledged* right to act upon it, we have no doubt, as we remarked in the last number of this Review, that it embodies what is now the actual feeling and determination of this country,\* and that it will be fully and promptly acted upon, whenever the contemplated *casus* shall occur. Indeed, our past history furnishes a case precisely in point, and involves a precedent which, we doubt not, would be promptly followed.

The struggles of the Spanish colonies in South America for their independence, it will be remembered, attracted the attention and enlisted the sympathy of the government and people of the United States to a remarkable extent. We were the first to recognize their national character; and our most assiduous endeavors were then put forth to restore peace between them and Spain. On the 10th of May, 1825, Mr. CLAY, then Secretary of State, addressed to Mr. Middleton, our minister at St. Petersburg, instructions to endeavor to engage the Russian government to use its best exertions towards terminating the contest. In that dispatch occurs the following passage:

“You are authorized, in the spirit of the most perfect frankness and friendship which have ever characterized all the relations between Russia and the United States, to disclose without reserve, the feelings and the wishes of the United States in respect to Cuba and Porto Rico. They are satisfied with the present condition of these Islands, now open to the commerce and enterprise of their citizens. They desire for themselves no political change in them. If Cuba were to declare itself independent, the amount and the character of its population render it improbable that it could maintain its independence. Such a premature declaration might bring about a renewal of those shocking scenes of which a neighboring island was the afflicting theatre. There could be no effectual preventive of such scenes, but in the guaranty, and a large resident force, of foreign powers. The terms of such a guaranty, in the quotas which each should contribute of such a force, would create perplexing questions of very difficult adjustment, to say nothing of the continual jealousies which would be in operation. In the state of possession which

Spain has, there would be a ready acquiescence of these very foreign powers, all of whom would be put into angry activity upon the smallest prospect of a transfer of those islands. *The United States could not, with indifference, see such a transfer to any European power.*”

This dispatch certainly indicates the view taken by our government of its duty and interest in regard to the occupation of Cuba or Porto Rico by any European power. But the matter does not rest even upon that. In the summer of 1825, a large French fleet visited the American seas, and its object was believed in Mexico to be the invasion of the island of Cuba. The Mexican government promptly called upon that of the United States, through Mr. Poinsett our minister, to fulfill the pledge of President Monroe we have already quoted. In rehearsing these facts in a letter to Mr. Poinsett, Mr. CLAY remarks that “what the United States *would have done*, had the contingency happened, may be inferred from a dispatch to the American minister at Paris.” The dispatch thus referred to is from Mr. CLAY to Mr. BROWN, and bears date 25th November, 1825. Our government, through Mr. CLAY, therein uses this very explicit and peremptory language:

“Another consideration to which you will advert in a friendly manner, is the present condition of the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. The views of the Executive of the United States in regard to them, have been already disclosed to France, by you, on the occasion of inviting its coöperation to bring about peace between Spain and her former colonies. In a spirit of great frankness, it was stated to the French government, that *the United States could not see, with indifference, those islands passing from Spain to any other European power*; and that, for ourselves, no change was desired in their present political and commercial condition, nor in the possession which Spain has of them. *In the same spirit, and with the hope of guarding, beforehand, against any possible difficulties on that subject that may arise, you will now add that we could NOT CONSENT TO THE OCCUPATION OF THOSE ISLANDS BY ANY OTHER EUROPEAN POWER THAN SPAIN, UNDER ANY CONTINGENCY WHATEVER.*”

Language of precisely the same tenor was addressed to the other leading European powers. Thus, in a letter addressed to Mr. MIDDLETON, United States minis-

\* Am. Review. Vol. ii, p. 559.



ter at St. Petersburg, under date of December 25, 1835, Mr. CLAY directs him to inform the Russian government that the United States have recommended to the republics of Colombia and Mexico a suspension of any military expedition which they might be preparing against the Islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. He states that he has addressed official notes to the ministers of those republics, urging such a suspension, and he then adds :

“You will observe it intimated, in those notes, that other governments may feel themselves urged, by a sense of their interests and duties, to interpose, in the event of an invasion of the islands, or of contingencies which may accompany or follow it. On this subject, it is proper that we should be perfectly understood by Russia. For ourselves *we desire no change in the possession of Cuba*, as has been heretofore stated. **WE CANNOT ALLOW A TRANSFER OF THE ISLAND TO ANY EUROPEAN POWER.**”

Nothing, certainly, could be more explicit and peremptory than these emphatic and repeated declarations. It was distinctly and solemnly proclaimed to the world, by our government, under PRESIDENT ADAMS, through Mr. CLAY, his Secretary of State, that the declaration made by PRESIDENT MONROE, in 1823—a declaration hailed throughout this country with what was described by a western member of the Congress\* then assembled, as “perhaps an imprudent enthusiasm”—was to be thenceforth enforced as a rule of action: that this continent was “no longer open for colonization by any European power;” and that, therefore, the United States *could not allow* a transfer of the Island of Cuba to any European power *in any contingency whatever*. Nor was this regarded by the European powers to whom it was addressed, as an unjust or unwarrantable assumption on the part of the United States, or as, in any respect, an encroachment upon their just rights. None of them, not even *France*, against whose supposed designs it was especially directed, protested against it. On the contrary, it was *acquiesced in* by them all. In the case of France, this is shown to have been the case, by the following extract from the reply of Mr. BROWN to the instructions of Mr. CLAY, of which an extract is given above, under date of November 25, 1825.

MR. BROWN TO MR. CLAY.

“*Paris, January 10, 1826.*

“SIR:—In order to comply with the instructions contained in your dispatch, No. 3, I obtained an interview with his Excellency, the Baron de Damas, on the 2d instant. I reminded him that in the month of July last, I had, in a spirit of frankness, disclosed to him the views of the President of the United States, in relation to the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico, and that I had then stated to him that the United States could not see, with indifference, these islands passing from Spain to any other European government; and that, for the United States, no change was desired in their political and commercial condition, nor in the possession which Spain has of them. I informed him that I was now instructed to add, in the same frank and friendly spirit, and in order to guard against all possible difficulties that might arise on the subject, that *we could not consent to the occupation of these islands by any other European power than Spain, under any contingency whatever.* \* \* \*

“The Baron de Damas appeared to concur entirely in the view which I took of the subject, and inquired whether it had been mentioned to the British government. I told him that *a similar communication had been made to Mr. Canning, and I had sufficient reason to think that the British government concurred with the President* in the policy of not disturbing the possession of these islands, in favor of either of the great maritime nations.”

And in a dispatch addressed to the Baron de Damas, and dated January 2, 1825, the day of the interview, Mr. BROWN says :

“Having understood your Excellency to say that the policy and views of the United States, as disclosed by me, *corresponded with those of His Majesty's government*, I shall not fail,” &c., &c.

Here, certainly, is nothing like a *protest* against the declaration of President Monroe, nor do we find anything of such a nature in the subsequent diplomatic correspondence, except, indeed, Mr. Rush's reports of protests made in conversation by the British Secretary. On the contrary, Europe seems actually, and even avowedly, to have “acquiesced in that declaration.” Even upon the ground of the Edinburgh Review itself, therefore, it seems apparent that the United States have a “prescriptive right” to act upon it. That they have repeatedly and emphatically

\* Mr. Cook of Illinois. See Niles' Register, vol. xxx. p. 87.

proclaimed their intention so to act, we have clearly shown. To such action it would not become England, of all nations on the earth, to take exception. She has always claimed the right of interfering in the affairs of other powers, and of preventing or counteracting their policy, whenever she deemed it inconsistent with her own selfish and ambitious purposes. Indeed, so firmly established does she consider this right, so thoroughly is it held to be interwoven with her public law, that one of her leading Reviews deems it sufficient refutation of a principle as laid down by Grotius, to exclaim, "If this were international law, what would become of the right of intervention to preserve the balance of power—or of the right of preventing aggression by preventing the accumulation of the means of attack?" This is put forward as an unanswerable *reductio ab absurdum*. And the extent to which, in her practice, she has habitually pushed this asserted right—though scarcely a year of her long and active existence has passed without its exercise, though the world has repeatedly been shaken through all its kingdoms and principalities by its assertion, and though the greatest event of modern times, the downfall of Napoleon by what has been styled the "dishonest victory of Waterloo," was achieved by it—may best be understood by the following opening paragraph of a proclamation issued by Lord Ellenborough concerning Afghanistan, a nation as really sovereign and independent of Great Britain as Mexico or the United States:

"Secret Department,  
"Simla, Oct. 1, 1842.

"The government of India directed its army to pass the Indus, in order to expel from Afghanistan a chief BELIEVED to be hostile to British interests, and to replace upon his throne a sovereign represented to be friendly to those interests, and popular with his subjects."

Only, therefore, in violation of her own fundamental maxims of public law, and in direct hostility to her uniform practice, can England contravene the principle first solemnly pronounced by President MONROE, acted upon by our government under the administration of President ADAMS through Mr. CLAY, his Secretary of State at that time, approved and upheld by our leading statesmen, and by none more ably or emphatically than Mr. WEBSTER, and recently reproclaimed

by our present Executive, and, so far as we are aware, universally sustained by the people of this country.

It cannot be necessary, nor will the limits of this article allow us, to develop the argument *à fortiori* by which the necessity of enforcing this principle in the case of California, may easily be shown to be far more imperative than in that of Cuba. A glance at a globe, or a Mercator's map, will convince any one that the occupation of that province by Great Britain would give to that power, for all time to come, absolute dominion of the Pacific Ocean, with all its islands, coasts and commerce, and place her in a position which might at any moment become infinitely dangerous to our safety and prosperity. In an individual, self-defence is an instinct. In a nation it becomes a *duty*—one, too, of paramount obligation, far superior in binding force to any other, inasmuch as it lies at the foundation of all others, and as obedience to it is the sole condition upon which other duties can be discharged. As in individual cases, too, the obligation of national self-preservation comprises more than resistance to imminent and actual assault. It enforces in peace preparation for war—that is to say, the adoption of such measures as shall, in the event of war, put the national existence and safety beyond the hazards of any contest, and out of reach of any hostile blow. Though it neither sanctions nor requires injustice or wrong, it often supersedes the common rules of international law and, where clear and undeniable, justifies acts for which no public law exists. This broad but fundamental and essential principle, though it cannot invalidate existing rights, wherever they may exist, will most certainly forbid the extension of European dominion over at least this portion of the American Continent. And upon these grounds, sufficiently broad and perfectly tenable as we believe them to be, we have ventured the assertion that England cannot expect to occupy California with the acquiescence or indifference of the United States.

We have left ourselves but small space for reference to the efforts of the United States to become possessed, by purchase from Mexico, of this portion of her territory; but, fortunately, little is required. We have, indeed, upon this subject no authentic information whatever. In the Mexican letter of the London *Times*, dated Sept. 29, 1845, to which we have



already made allusion, we find the statement purporting to be made on authority, that "on the 6th of August, 1835, Mr. Forsyth, Minister of Foreign Affairs at Washington, wrote to Mr. Butler, Chargé d' Affairs at Mexico, and ordered him to arrange the affairs of Texas, and to *make all sacrifices to get possession of the Bay of San Francisco* by insisting on a frontier line drawn from the Gulf of Mexico, following the Rio Bravo, to the 27th degree north latitude, and from that parallel to the Pacific." That this statement did not emanate from any American source, may be inferred from the misnomer of Mr. Forsyth's office; but that it is substantially correct we have no doubt. That the acquisition of California has for some years been desired, and perhaps sought, by our government, is very generally believed; and the report, with which we set out, that Mr. SLIDELL has gone to Mexico clothed with power to effect this purchase, comes from sources apparently worthy of confidence. We trust that whatever negotiations may be held on this subject will be conducted with all the secrecy essential to success. The *London Times* of a very recent date, tauntingly declares that the "*publicity of democratic diplomacy*" may safely be relied on as a guaranty that nothing can transpire in or through this country prejudicial to the interests of England without her timely and sufficient knowledge.

With regard to Mr. Slidell's negotiation, we must repeat, we have misgivings of his success. England stands ready, we doubt not, to give a larger sum for California than our government is likely to offer. If, as she seems to believe her paramount and imperative policy must be to check the further growth of the American Union, and to make perfect her net-work of military posts and stations, from which, at any moment, she may strike with most effect upon every side, her interest certainly lies in the acquisition of the bay and harbor of San Francisco. Nor can we escape the fear that Mexico would greatly prefer such an arrangement to that which we propose. She has not yet abandoned her project of reconquering Texas; and she must feel the need of a powerful ally. She cannot be unaware that her

"Sceptre is a withered bough,  
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand;"  
and she will naturally turn for aid to that power whose "*protection*" has never been relaxed for any nation wealthy enough

to be worth the plundering, and weak enough to be plundered with impunity. She must feel the force of the European argument, that a single-handed contest with the United States may end in the extension of the American Union to the Isthmus of Panama, and she may deem it well to offer San Francisco as a price for the "*guaranty of the integrity*" of the Mexican Republic. And, at the least, by such an arrangement, she may hope to strike a severe and effective blow at the transcendent, overshadowing greatness of the United States;

"And this, if not *victory*, is yet *REVENGE*!"

We have endeavored, in the course of this article, to show,

1. That California, a region of vast resources, and destined, at no distant day, to hold important relations to the commerce and politics of the world, must—and ought, in the natural course of events, and for the general good of humanity—pass from its present dominion into the hands of another race, and under the sway of another political system.

2. That Great Britain is seeking the establishment of her sovereignty there, being moved thereto, not only by her general lust for colonial possessions, but by the necessity which, in common with the other monarchies of Europe, she feels, of interposing a barrier to the growth in wealth, dominion and power, of the American Union, and of thus checking the progress of republican liberty, by which she believes her own institutions, and the position of the family of European sovereigns, to be seriously menaced.

3. That the accomplishment of this design would be inconsistent with the interests and the safety of the United States; that it would be in direct hostility to fundamental principles they are pledged to sustain; and that the paramount law of self-preservation will impel them to assume that, like the European occupation of Cuba, it is an event which they "CANNOT PERMIT IN ANY CONTINGENCY WHATEVER."

In all its aspects and relations, and from whatever point it may be viewed, this is preëminently an AMERICAN question—one to be decided in the light of the future, and upon the broadest and most essential principles of that American system which is fully discussed in another portion of this Review.\* We have not allowed ourselves, therefore, to make the remotest party reference in any

part of our remarks—though our citations from American authorities, as will have been seen, are entirely from sources connected with that party with whose principles and welfare this Review is fully identified. We hope and trust that a timely purchase of California by the United States, and the adjustment of pending questions of difference between our government and those of Great Britain and Mexico, will avert the necessity of an appeal to the terrible arbiter of irreconcilable international disputes. Should such an appeal, through the madness or selfish ambition of any of the contestant parties, be finally taken, the struggle, as has been remarked by a distinguished Senator of the United States,† will involve far more than the questions out of which, as a pretext, it may grow: and not only will the entire territory bordering on the Pacific coast, from the Gulf of California to the Russian frontier, extending over *twenty-three* degrees of latitude, and embracing a region capable of becoming more populous and powerful than is France or the United States at the present day, become the prize of contending nations, but a contest will ensue between opposite systems of political existence—systems in their nature essentially hostile, and between which, in the judgment of many men of foresight and wisdom, there is yet to be a final, and for one or the other a fatal, collision. Most earnestly and sincerely do we hope the prophecy may prove fallacious, and the contest be forever averted. Should, however, the irresistible progress of events throw its tremendous weight upon us, it will not become the American nation, as the only republic of mark on the face of the earth, with timid shrinking or unmanly fear, to decline it, or to tremble for the result. Of its probable issue we have neither desire nor occasion to speak. We would avoid those *κοηπους μεγαλους*—the swelling words of national vanity which, Homer tells us, Jove never fails to abase and bring to shame—as sedulously as that craven spirit which cowers in the presence of a foe, and hugs its wealth with its chains and shields its person by its shame, from possible wound or spoliation. This, however, cannot be amiss: the “Iron Duke” of England is reported to have said that “a war with America must be a SHORT war.” Authentic or

not, the saying is worthy its reputed author. *Rem tetigit acu.* It touches the heart of England’s policy and necessity. Her power and resources are prepared for an onset terrible as a thunderbolt. Ours, on the other hand, are yet in abeyance. Time, an exigency, and the chivalric pulse of the nation’s heart, would call them forth; and, therefore, upon us does it fall to repeat that previous declaration of the same stern warrior in the British Parliament, that a war between this country and Great Britain “CANNOT be a SMALL war.”

For such a struggle, long or short, we ardently hope no necessity may ever arise. By no unmanly concession, however—by no sacrifice of true honor, which is nobly defined by Wordsworth, as

“The finest sense  
Of JUSTICE which the human mind can  
frame,  
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,  
And guard the way of life from all offence,

SUFFERED OR DONE,”—

by no timid shrinking from all the responsibilities of our conspicuous and perilous position, but only by a prompt adherence to the principles of justice, and the necessities of self-defence, can it be avoided or averted. In the course of time, and by the natural progress of events, we have come to hold a position, a system, a policy of our own. An AMERICAN SYSTEM has grown up, which claims a distinct existence, a perfect independence of all European control, and the right to shape its policy and its history, without interference, as it promises to do without the aid, of any of the older nations of the Eastern world. To that system, and by its principles, must our cause henceforth and forever be directed and guided.

“’Tis well! from this day forward we shall  
know. [sought:]

That in ourselves our safety must be  
That by our own right hand it must be  
wrought, [low.]

That we must stand unpropped, or be lain  
O DASTARD! WHOM SUCH FORETASTE  
DOTH NOT CHEER!

We shall exult, if they who rule the land  
Be men who hold its many blessings  
dear,

Wise, upright, valiant; not a servile band,  
Who are to judge of DANGER which  
they FEAR [stand!]

And HONOR which they do not under-

\* See the article on the Panama Mission, p. 1.

† Hon. W. P. Mangum, of North Carolina, Dec., 1845.



## PANDORA.

ILL-STARRED is that people whose rulers, having won power by ministering to the worst and most dangerous passions, find themselves goaded ever by the fatal necessity of pandering afresh to the evil spirits they have aroused and stimulated. Such a people must find in every decisive manifestation of the power of their authorities new reasons to deplore that criminal ambition which seeks exalted station regardless of principle or public good, and that popular infatuation which leads nations to put their trust in those who thus play upon their weaknesses, at a fearful cost to their morals, their true dignity, their vital and lasting interests.

Take the present Oregon Controversy, for example. The Convention which nominated Mr. Polk for President, saw fit, formally, to resolve that "our right to the *whole* of Oregon is clear and unquestionable," and that "the *re-occupation*" of that territory, with the *re-annexation* of Texas, is a great American question, &c., &c. The query at once suggests itself—If these be great national questions, why belittle them to mere party footballs? Why thrust them into the arena of a Presidential controversy? Nothing had been said regarding Oregon by the antagonist convention, nor by the party therein represented, at any time; it had been left, where it should have been ever left, to the constituted authorities of the land, speaking and acting in the name of the whole people. Yet a party convention seizes upon this "great American question," with the sordid intent of making votes out of it, utterly reckless of the mischiefs thence to flow. The candidate nominated by this convention is elected President by this and kindred devices, and comes into power virtually pledged to give effect to the views formally set forth by the body to which he owed his elevation. He enters upon his official duties with a manifesto in which this subject of national controversy, of protracted and anxious negotiation, is treated as nearly as possible in the spirit of the Baltimore resolution. His language is regarded by the rival claimant of the disputed territory as a bravado, a menace, and is responded to accordingly, giving rise to great and deplorable irrita-

tion on both sides. Under these circumstances the negotiation for a settlement of the difference is resumed; but under what serious disadvantages on our part! Our President is embarrassed, hampered by the party resolution aforesaid, in a matter entirely transcending party; and he stands before the world in the attitude of the constrained advocate of a foregone conclusion—maintaining our right to the disputed territory in accordance with a pledge made for him before he came into office, and in order to pave the way for his elevation. Most unfortunate is this position for him, for our country, and for a just appreciation of the strength of our claim by an impartial world.

But when he first comes to act decisively on this subject, he throws his fetters overboard, and offers to compromise by surrendering our claim to nearly half the territory we call Oregon, on condition that the other half is in like manner relinquished to us by our rival claimant. Here, a virtual and important promise, made to secure his election, is plainly repudiated. The voters, whom the Baltimore resolution was adopted to influence, understood it as a pledge to them that, if Mr. Polk would be elected, he would insist on our claim to the *whole* of Oregon without abatement in any case, and should proceed to enforce that claim to its utmost extent. But here, at the outset, he makes an offer to be satisfied with but little more than half, where he was pledged to exact all. How natural is the inference which will be drawn on the other side, that he had been staggered by the force of the British claim, and compelled in conscience to defer to it. How easy the presumption that, where a President so situated could begin by proffering so much, justice would give still more! Such are the evils resulting to the country from the unworthy juggle performed at Baltimore for the sake of catching votes.

But we were intending to speak more directly of the influences exerted upon the business and industry of the country by the opening of the Executive budget at the commencement of the present session of Congress. How significant are the facts that stocks began to tremble on the approach of the first of December,

and that the Message and the Treasury Report have sufficed to signalize the month of their appearance as one of panic and appalling depression. "But who cares for stocks?" queries a staunch Bentonian; "let them totter and tumble as they will; the country cares nothing for the losses or gains of stock-jobbers. True enough; but who shall say that only or mainly brokers, or even capitalists, are interested in the firmness of public securities? As well say, "Who cares for the rise or fall of the mercury in the barometer? we only want good weather outside of it." It is because the value and convertibility of every man's property or labor is, to a great extent, governed by the influences which regulate the prices of stocks, that these are of vital consequence to all. The day-laborer in his humble cabin, whose immediate concern is with the abundance of work and the relative or absolute rate of compensation it will command, has an interest alike with the merchant, the banker, the capitalist, in the firmness and buoyancy of the stock-market. When the faith of States is scrupulously maintained and implicitly relied on, when shares in railroad and canal companies bear good prices, evince an upward tendency, and generally command fair dividends, then new works of like character and promise are freely undertaken and vigorously prosecuted, giving ample employment to labor, not merely on the lines of public works, but in every foundry, forge, factory and workshop throughout the land. Then the farmer's produce finds a ready and remunerating market; lands, houses, mill-sites, &c., command ready money; the merchant finds a brisk demand for his goods, and pay generally takes the place too commonly usurped by promise. There is no man or woman in the community, who lives by industry, or any useful, laudable business, whose interest is not promoted by the buoyancy of the share market and the firmness of public securities.

What, then, must be the intrinsic character of an ascendancy which is felt by the national industry only as a blight, a canker, a sirocco? What must be the verdict of the impartial and discerning on the merits of those measures at the bare proposition whereof enterprise is arrested, currency is contracted, credit falters, and the vast fabric of business feels, through all its over-spreading, intricate ramifications, the throes of ap-

proaching convulsion? "If these things be done in the green tree, what shall be in the dry?" If the naked fact, that a Loco-Foco Congress is about to assemble causes general anxiety and apprehension, and these change to paralysis and calamity when that Congress has assembled and been addressed by the President and his chief constitutional advisers as to the great public interests demanding their attention, what may be rationally expected to result from those measures when carried fully into effect?

And it is worthy of note that, while so many of the elements of national well-being are disquieted and endangered by the mere opening of the Executive portfolio, none have received or been induced to hope for any resulting benefit. Neither the cotton nor any other agricultural interest has experienced any elation consequent on the depression of those interests assailed or undermined by the Executive. On the contrary, cotton has fallen from its previous low estate, hangs heavily on the hands of holders, in the face of a general conviction that the Protective features of our Tariff are to be subverted at the present session and Free Trade established as the policy of the country for four years at least. Where stand the advocates of the forty-bale theory in view of these facts? Why do not some of the mercantile disciples of McCulloch and McDuffie rush into the market and secure immense fortunes by the anticipated rise of cotton when Free Trade shall be proclaimed the law of the land? Alas for the planter! the advocacy of this theory is restricted to commercial dictionaries and Congressional speeches; it makes not its way to the transactions of the exchange and the market, where faith is evinced by solid works.

It is not our purpose to criticise in detail the President's Message and the accompanying Treasury Report. Rather would we bestow some brief attention on their spirit and elemental philosophy. Judicious patriots will have already remarked with surprise and sorrow that the President, in asserting our really strong claim to at least the major and better part of Oregon, sees fit to resort to language far better calculated to irritate and repel than to soften and convince the adverse claimant, and to make up an issue, so far as possible, not merely with Great Britain, but with all Europe. There was no necessity for this—there are very great and obvious peril and mischief in



it. When President Monroe gave to the world his memorable declaration against farther European colonization and subjugation of this continent, he did so in practical resistance to a meditated, apprehended coalition of the great despotisms of Europe to subvert the independence of our sister republics of South America. Such a coalition involved principles of deadly and imminent hostility to our own liberties—to our very existence as an independent people. As such, our government very properly regarded and treated it. But very different are the circumstances under which Mr. Polk now resorts to similar declarations, with reference to the Oregon Controversy. The purpose of this fulmination is very well understood here—it is intended to make personal and party capital by a vain show of bearding the power of banded Europe. But abroad this will not be understood. It will there be interpreted as a clear admission that our claim to Oregon cannot be supported on the established principles of international law, but must be bolstered up by the arbitrary interpolation of canons unknown to Grotius or Vattel. This, with the special rebuff dealt to France, is calculated to preclude all arbitration by making the whole world our opponents, and to unite against us the convictions and the sympathies of civilized mankind. Can any one imagine a substantial and statesman-like reason for this wanton provocation of hostility?

With regard to our domestic policy, the inculcations of the President and his Secretary may be characterized in few words. Their fundamental notion—their all-pervading, all-perverting error—is the assumption of an Antagonism of Interests between the different classes composing the American Commonwealth. To their mole-eyed vision, the planter and the manufacturer, the capitalist and the workman, stand to each other in the relation of envious rivals, if not open enemies, and any public policy calculated to promote the prosperity of the one can do it only at the expense of another, or of all others.

Mr. Polk, in his Message, so far as relates to the Tariff, deals as much as possible in windy generalities, in plausible common-places, intended to stab the policy of Protection by inuendo and implication, without any more direct or palpable manifestation of his entire implacable hostility thereto. The following paragraph is a fair sample of what

he says on the subject, and embodies the essence of his doctrine, viz :

“The terms, ‘protection to domestic industry’ are of popular import; but they should apply under a just system to all the various branches of industry in our country. The farmer or planter who toils yearly in his fields, is engaged in ‘domestic industry,’ and is as much entitled to have his labor ‘protected’ as the manufacturer, the man of commerce, the navigator, or the mechanic, who are engaged also in ‘domestic industry’ in their different pursuits. The joint labors of all these classes constitute the aggregate of the ‘domestic industry’ of the nation, and they are equally entitled to the nation’s ‘protection.’ No one of them can justly claim to be the exclusive recipients of ‘protection,’ *which can only be afforded by increasing burdens on the ‘domestic industry’ of the others.*”

The doctrine here insinuated, which its author had not the moral courage plainly to assert, is this: “Protection to ‘domestic industry,’ is a popular clap-trap, but an utter delusion—a palpable fallacy. You cannot possibly foster and encourage any branch of industry without thereby burthening and injuring, to at least an equal extent, some or all other branches of Production.”—Not a very novel doctrine, certainly, to those who are familiar with the writings of Say, M'Culloch, &c., wherein it is much more honestly stated, and quite as plausibly maintained. The blow aimed at the Protective Policy is vital; it does not threaten some particular form or degree of Protection—it denies the possibility of making a Tariff protective and at the same time beneficial and just. The formidable parade of allegations of defective details, unequal protection, &c., &c., by the President and his Secretary, are but masked batteries intended but to cover the main attack, which is directed against *any* Protective Tariff. The “*equal* protection” approved by Polk in his famous letter to Kane of Pennsylvania, means just exactly *no* protection to any, as the Whigs predicted before the Election it would be found to mean, should its author be chosen President. Such wholesale assertions as the following, though on their face expressing only hostility to particular features of the Tariff, do, in truth, mean hostility to *any* Protective Tariff whatever; since none could be framed, to which such objections might not be urged with a show of

plausibility. Mr. Polk roundly charges that, by the existing Tariff,

“Articles of prime necessity or of coarse quality and low price, used by the masses of the people, are, in many instances, subjected to heavy taxes, while articles of finer quality and higher price, or of luxury, which can be used only by the opulent, are lightly taxed. It imposes heavy and unjust burdens on the farmer, the planter, the commercial man, and those of all other pursuits, except the capitalist who has made his investments in manufactures.”

Look for one moment at the recklessness of notorious facts here exhibited. The commercial interest is now protected on its shipping by an absolutely *prohibitory* provision. None but an American vessel can engage in our carrying trade (which is far more extensive than our foreign commerce) on any terms whatever. A New England manufacturer has, for instance, a thousand bales of goods in New York which he wishes to send to New Orleans. A British ship has come hither from Liverpool with goods, is going hence to New Orleans for cotton, has no freight down, and would gladly take these goods for \$500; while no American vessel (all having freight or a chance to obtain it) will take these same bales for less than \$1,000. The manufacturer is compelled by the law of the land to employ an American ship at \$1,000 in preference to a British vessel at \$500, or even \$100. Yet Mr. Polk says that manufacturers alone are protected.

Take another case: The planting interest has a direct and available protection, equal to fully 60 per cent., on Sugar, of which the culture in our country has been largely and profitably extended under the present Tariff. There is no manufacturer more stringently and effectively protected than the sugar-planter. But the benefits of this are not confined to the sugar-planter alone—far from it. The cotton-planter indirectly participates, through the diversion of fertile lands and labor from the production of his staple to that of sugar. If we estimate this diversion at only 100,000 bales of cotton per annum, its beneficial effect on the entire planting interest is apparent. Who does not realize that cotton would be depressed quite below its present low price by the addition of 100,000 bales to our annual production?

We might go on to show how the

farmer is directly benefited by the demand and prices secured to his wool, hemp, &c., &c., by our Tariff, and far more indirectly by the ready markets and better prices secured to all his products by the diversion of labor from agriculture to manufactures. This was the very mode in which Jefferson, Clay, Jackson, H. Niles, and nearly all the guiding-stars of Democracy, twenty to forty years ago, proposed to benefit Agriculture through a Protective Tariff. Gen. Jackson\* forcibly and truly urged that the diversion to manufactures, of a population sufficient to produce our own wares and fabrics at home, would secure to our farmers a larger and better market than all Europe afforded them. Mr. Polk cannot or will not see anything of this. His range of vision extends only to the capitalist, whom Protection may induce to embark in manufactures—him he teaches all other classes to envy and hate as a general oppressor. He sees not, regards not, the hundreds of thousands who, as brick-makers, lumbermen, builders, excavators, machinists, workers of implements, &c., find employment and reward in consequence of this diversion of capital to manufactures, and who are drawn from the ranks of producers of food, and rendered the readiest and best customers of those who remain farmers. Mr. Secretary Walker even takes occasion to assert that the entire diversion from agriculture to manufactures, effected by the present Tariff, does not exceed forty thousand persons! The recent census of our single State, carefully scanned, will show a diversion of more than one hundred thousand in New York alone. Massachusetts would show a nearly or quite equal diversion. The rapid increase of population since 1842, in New York, Albany, and nearly all the cities and considerable towns of our State, with the like increase in Boston, Lowell, Fall River, &c., &c., is accompanied by a positive *diminution* of the numbers returned from most rural districts of the older States. The cause of this need not be restated—it lies plain on the face of the general subject we are considering.

Having introduced the Secretary of the Treasury, we will proceed to notice some of the assertions whereof his Report is constructed. But first let us look at one of the few instances in which he essays the logical vein:

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\* Letter to Dr. Coleman of N. C., written in 1824.



"If it be true that, when a duty of forty per cent. is imposed by our Tariff, the foreign producer first deducts the duty from the previous price on the sale to our merchant, it must be equally true with a duty of one hundred per cent., which is exactly equal to the previous price, and, when deducted, would reduce the price to nothing."

The reader is not likely to be impressed with the *originality* of this sparkle of treasury wit; he has doubtless encountered the same quip in Joe Miller, and, if learned, may very possibly trace it back through the lapse of centuries to Hierocles, if not farther. Its most familiar embodiment is something like this: A phlegmatic, practical, plodding farmer is importuned by some keen dealer to buy a newly-patented stove which, employed in the place of his old-fashioned fire-place, will (he is assured) save half the wood. Grump stops and ponders a minute, and his dull eye at length beams with the kindling of an idea—he has caught the tail of a witticism, and is about to overwhelm with it the spruce commender of stoves. Hark! he opens his mouth and utters with an irrepressible grin of ample breadth at his own waggery: "Then why not buy *two* stoves and save *all* the wood?" Sure enough—why not? Secretary Walker endorses the logic, and exalts the fugitive quip to the gravity of an official syllogism. If *one* stove would save *half* the wood consumed by a six-foot fire-place, two *must* save *the whole*, or there is no soundness in Treasury logic. If a fabricator of any article would take off forty per cent. of his old price rather than be crowded out of an extensive and once lucrative market, then it follows that he would furnish it for nothing rather than lose this division of his customers—follows Secretary Walker, you will understand, good reader!—we should not care to father the Secretary's logic, even though tempted by the chance of obtaining therewith the credit of his smartness.

Let us pass to a graver exhibition of the Secretary's statesmanship and logic:

"A Protective Tariff is a question regarding the enhancement of the profits of capital. That is its object, and not to augment the wages of labor, which would reduce those profits. It is a question of percentage, and is to decide whether money invested in our manufactures shall, by special legislation, yield a profit of ten, twenty or thirty per cent., or whether it shall remain satis-

fied with a dividend equal to that accruing from the same capital, when invested in agriculture, commerce, or navigation."

We think we take the meaning of the Hon. Secretary in his first sentence above quoted, though no meaning at all is grammatically involved in its terms. He aimed to say that protective duties benefit only the capitalists who are induced by them to embark in manufactures, and that to these are secured annual profits of ten to thirty per cent., so long as the protection endures. Now let us suppose there were some glimmering of truth in this, and see how it must work out: A Protective Tariff, we will say, is enacted, which renders morally certain the return of twenty per cent. annually to those who shall invest the requisite capital in manufacturing broadcloths, prints, plain cottons, or something else—no matter what. A few embark in the business and realize such profits. But are these singular in their preferences of twenty per cent. dividends to three or five per cent.? Are there no others who have no objection to bettering their fortunes? Will not the fact that this business is lucrative at once attract to it hundreds in every part of the country? There is and can be no concealment of the facts—there are in every large city men in abundance who will tell you within a fraction the cost of making each particular fabric, and when it is selling at a profit, when at a loss. Immediately hundreds are attracted to this inviting field of enterprise; new mills are erected, giving employment to labor in a hundred different capacities; new machinery is set in motion, new goods are turned out, in large and still increasing quantities. And this will go on, gathering momentum incessantly, *until the market is overstocked and prices fall to (or below) the cost of production*. Some may thus be driven out of the business, but ultimately prices will settle, by a law resistless as gravitation, at that point where the profits of this will average the same as in other investments. Every business man knows this is so—every reasoning man will see that it *must* be so. Make the duty on any article five, fifty, one hundred or five hundred per cent., and the price of that article will very soon be regulated by the cost of producing it, and not at all by the amount of the duty. There will be occasional oscillations, but this is the general, enduring law. All the Price Currents ever printed confirm

and establish it. There are articles on which the present Tariff imposes very duties—glass and glass-ware, screws, wire, pins, buttons, &c., &c.—which are as cheap to-day as, if not cheaper than, they were in 1841-2, when our duties were at the lowest. There are other articles charged no higher than these, which are selling at enhanced prices. The price in each instance of an article mainly produced among us, is governed by the relation of supply to demand, and by the cost of production, regardless of the amount of the duty.

This truth established, the Secretary's business is done. His Report is left baseless as the unsubstantial fabric of a vision. His assertions that two dollars are paid by our consumers to the protected interests for every one brought into the Treas-

ury by the Tariff—that the rich are favored by it at the expense of the poor—that wages have not been improved by it, while the prices of fabrics have advanced—his attacks on the minimum principle, and all his Jacobinic attempts to excite discord and jealousy between employer and workman, manufacturer and farmer, may all be passed by with the silent scorn they merit. Very mournful is the comparison of this Report with the corresponding (but not kindred) expositions of HAMILTON, A. J. DALLAS, RUSH, WALTER FORWARD, and other eminent men who have preceded Mr. Walker in the position he now occupies, but let that also pass. It is by contrast only that a nation discovers its eminent benefactors, and learns to appreciate their services and reverence their memories.

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## TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

BY MRS. ELLETT.

“Come l'Araba Fenice,  
Che ci sia—ognun lo dice,  
Dove sia—nessun lo sa.”

*Metastasio.*

“Shapeless sights come wandering by,  
The ghastly people of the realm of dream.”

*Prometheus Unbound.*

NOTHING marks the peculiar character of a people more distinctively than their legends and superstitions. These are the first lisplings of the infancy of a nation, expressing its impulses and tendencies, even before thought is matured; they grow with its advancement, embody its spirit, and give a coloring to its whole literature. How perfectly is the literature of the East imbued with the dreamy, voluptuous and gorgeous character of its early poetic creations! Thus with the wild, stern, vigorous genius of the North. And if we wander among the olden, shadowy Teutonic traditions, are we not sure to find the germ of that subtil philosophy which distinguishes the metaphysical nations of Germany?

It is not, therefore, an unprofitable task to pore among these treasures of the past. Though half-forgotten now, their influence still exists, and they are

reproduced in various forms. We have examples of this every day. One of the most beautiful fictions ever written by an American author—“Rip Van Winkle”—owes its existence to the old legend of the Kyffhäuser Mountain.

No work has yet been published, that I know of, containing anything like a fair collection of European traditions. La Motte Fouqué, Musæus, Grimm and Hoffmann have done something towards it—Lyser, perhaps, more; at least his work, being the latest, has the additional advantage of selections from his predecessors. He has already published twenty-six small volumes on the subject, and the field is yet unexhausted.

Perhaps it may be a desirable study for some of the readers of this Review to notice the peculiar genius of different European nations, as shown in those infant utterances of the spirit of poetry.



A glance at a few of the more characteristic superstitions, is the utmost, of course, we can propose; but it may suggest more extensive investigations to others. It will be pleasing, at all events, to wander, unfettered by any proprieties of arrangement or progress over those dim regions of romance, plucking a flower here and there—too happy if we can point out the way to more patient and enterprising, though not more interested, travelers.

The superstition of "the *Nissen*" is very old, and of northern origin. In Germany this fantastic race used to be spoken of under the name of "*Heimchen*." There is a beautiful little ballad of Friedrich Kind, in which a goblin of this species figures as the hero. He plagues the owner of a house haunted by him so unceasingly, that to get rid of him, the man sets fire to the house and runs away. The goblin, however, is seen seated on the top of the wagon containing the moveables, and calls out most provokingly to the owner, "We are off in good time, friend; the house would be burned over our heads." Grimm includes this in his German popular legends. In the Hartswald, the *Nissen* are known by the name of *Wichtelmännchen*. Heine makes his pretty Bergmann's daughter tell of them:

"The little *Wichtel*-men so fleet,—  
They steal away our bread and meat;  
Though locked up safely every night,  
'Tis vanished ere the morning light.  
"The little folks, with dainty lip,  
The rich and yellow cream they sip;  
Uncovered then the dish they leave,  
And give the cat a chance to thief."

A. T. Beer, in his novel "*Die Brüder*," gives a little story that, besides illustrating the superstition, has a deeper meaning.

In a peasant's cottage in Sweden sat little Axela, leaning her head upon her mother's lap. The dame sat listening beside the large chimney that warmed the low-roofed chamber. She had been spinning, but had ceased from her labor, and let her hands fall in her lap; for there was a singing and chirping throughout the apartment, as if hundreds of *Heimchen* (crickets) were mingling their soft and shrill chorus; and a continual tripping to and fro of light, dainty footsteps, as of an invisible host.

"Mother!" cried Axela suddenly, "what is that we hear, but cannot see?" The mother pressed her child closely to her, and whispered—so as not to disturb the invisible folk—"They are the *Nis-*

sen, my Axela." The little maiden looked up inquiringly.

"Thou knowest not yet, my daughter, that every house has its haunting spirits. They blow out the light when one goes into the store-room; quench the last coal in the oven, when one tries to kindle a flame; steal the bacon from the chimney; eat the cheese, curdle the milk, and do everything else to torment the housewife, and give her much to do. They sing and tramp about so to-night, because thy father, for whose presence they have more respect, is gone forth to conduct the strangers over the snow-fields. Besides, they must have a present from time to time. They are dunning me so mercilessly, I must not delay it longer."

Therewith the dame went to the closed cupboard, took out two sweet cakes, and laid them on a little table in a corner of the room. She put, also, in a little dish, some fruits, preserved in sugar. A pudding, and a piece of cheese, and fresh butter, all prepared by the excellent housewife's own hands, completed the meal. She placed a light, also, on the table; for, said she, "they will then let my candles alone."

The mother and daughter then hid themselves in the wide feather bed, drew the covering over their heads, and breathed not a whisper to disturb the feast of the *Nissen*. In the morning the good things had disappeared. The dame was delighted that the little house-goblins had not rejected her propitiatory offering.

Arela was a charming daughter of the north. She was loved by Eric, a young fisherman. Her prudent father would rather have wedded her to a thriving farmer, than a youth whose nets were his sole possession. But he saw that the young people truly loved each other, and the dame besought him not to cross her only child; so that he consented to the marriage, and made the young pair a nuptial present of a cottage completely furnished, with a small garden attached. Axela was the happiest little wife in the world.

One evening she said to her mother, "There are no *Nissen* in our house. I never hear the singing that used to trouble me, or see any of the mischievous tricks that tormented you so often."

"Heaven grant, the race come not near thee!" answered the mother.

Axela became a mother; and Eric, by

the death of a rich, childless uncle, who had been engaged in smuggling, inherited a fortune. The small house was greatly enlarged; the rocky spot of ground that had sufficed for a garden, was made twice as spacious; the store-rooms were filled; a maid came to help the young wife in her household duties—and—the Nissen came also.

Formerly, when Axela set away anything, she was sure to find it again; now it was quite otherwise. If she sat down to mend a garment for one of her children, the other would cry in the chamber; she would spring up to take him, and on her return find the Nissen had stolen away her thimble, or tangled her thread, or done her some other mischief. Or if she set away her jars of sweetmeats, carefully tied up with bladder, she would soon discover that the Nissen had opened a passage into them. Or if she left a new piece of linen in her chamber, when called away on some household duty, she would find it on her return, cut into small pieces, and no one in the room but little Eric, looking up at her with his innocent eyes. Who could have done this but the Nissen? Or if she ran to bring home little Eric, who had strayed too near the water, on going back she would find all the chickens in the garden, scraping and pecking over the beds; while of a certainty she had left the gate closed. Who could have opened it but the Nissen?

Thus it went on day after day. Axela grew quite melancholy. "What shall we do," said she to her husband, "for these tormenting sprites? They plague my very life out."

"We had best," said Eric, "consult my godfather, the wise Ulpf." And throwing on their cloaks, the two went forth, leaving the children with the maid, to the dwelling of Ulpf. The wise man shook his head, and answered, "When the Nissen once have possession of a house, they can never be driven away. But you can travel about, dear children, and thus escape them."

Axela and Eric sighed deeply, for they loved their home. The shrubs and flowers they had planted were grown so beautifully—the new poultry-yard was so convenient—the rooms had such an air of comfort—and the children were so happy, looking out of the window on the sea, where the ships were sailing below them! But the house must be given up—though all wept to leave it.

Who could endure to live with the Nissen?

The large wagon was packed with the best of the household furniture, Eric and Axela going along with it. The children were put with the maid into a small carriage behind. They had gone but a short distance on their melancholy way, when they noticed a light swarm of something upon the tall covered carriage. The drapery was shaken, and little figures, undistinguishable from the distance, glided about, humming like a swarm of bees. Axela was frightened; but Eric went boldly up to the wagon, and cried, "What are you doing, little devils, up there?"

"We are the Nissen!" they murmured, in reply.

"But what do you there?" Eric asked.

A light murmur answered, "Wi flotta," (We are traveling.)

Axela and Eric looked on each other in dismay, and at length burst out a-laughing.

"Let us stay, then, in our own house!" cried she. "The Nissen will not be separated from us; and I can bear their mischief better in my old home than anywhere else."

The horses' heads were turned, and father, mother, children, maid and Nissen returned with great joy.

As the little ones grew up, the Nissen showed themselves less frequently; for the housewifely order and neatness rebuked their pranks. They only claimed, at last, so much freedom as has been yielded them from immemorial time in all the dwellings of Sweden.

The superstition of the Klabotermann, and that of the shore witch, are widely current on the northern coast. The Klabotermann is the *drott* of the sailors, who will not tolerate any incredulity as to its existence. It is said that a crew once mutinied against their captain on this account, and threw him overboard. The Klabotermann is a kobold that haunts ships; he is on shipboard what the gnomes are to the mines, the goblins to the houses, or the trolls or dwarfs to the woods and mountains. When kept in good humor, he is a harmless sprite that works to keep good order in the ship, and never leaves it till it is about to sink. A ship haunted by him cannot be lost, unless he is provoked to forsake it by the misconduct of the crew or the captain. But like other goblins, he is capricious and easily moved to anger. He



never allows himself to be seen so long as he is disposed to stay, but can often be heard at work moving the chests and lading when there is danger from a squall, or pumping out the water that has got into the hold. If the ship has sprung an unseen leak, he will keep up a hammering on the place till the carpenter comes and mends it. If the sailors are negligent about the tackling, he will mischievously tangle the ropes and cords, and taunt them with mocking laughter from the mast-head. If, at any time, this sprite becomes visible to the whole crew, it is a certain sign the ship is doomed to destruction. The sailors, therefore, dread nothing so much as the appearance of the Klabotermann.

The beautiful tradition of LURELEY has often furnished a subject for poetry. It has a place in the Traditions of the Rhine of Schreiber, and also in those of Carl Grib. I do not know that the simple story, as current in popular belief on the spot where it originated, has ever been given in English. Lyser presents it with less embellishment than any other writer.

From the rock of LURELEY is often heard a marvelously sweet female voice, singing so as to bewitch all who hear it. It has proved the destruction of inexperienced sailors; for, intent upon the song, they forget to shun the dangerous whirlpool at the foot of the rock. This ingulfs all that come within its reach. Old and young, therefore, dread that melodious siren voice; and strange tales are current among the people of the maiden who sings upon the rock.

According to one of these, Lureley was a mortal maiden, the daughter of a noble knight, whose burg stood on the rock now named after her. A young and handsome knight was the suitor of the beautiful girl, and obtained her love and her father's consent. The nuptial day was appointed; the knight went to his castle further up the Rhine, to prepare for the reception of his bride. But he returned not again. He was faithless, and forgot his first love in the pursuit of another.

In vain watched Lureley, from early morning of the appointed day, for her beloved. From the high balcony of her chamber she gazed up the river. But she was deceived: he never came. Then wild despair and madness seized upon her heart. She fancied every bark that passed held her lover, but was doomed

to continual disappointment. She tore the bridal wreath from her golden locks, threw it down into the waters, and, plunging after it, ended her life and her sorrows together.

Her old father died of grief; a storm destroyed the burg, of which ere long all traces vanished. The spirit of Lureley has been since often seen standing upon the fatal rock, beguiling men to their death by her enchanting song.

According to another tradition, Lureley is an Undine, and, like all of her race, a lovely, capricious child, as wayward as sportive, and working mischief oft without intending it. A noble youth, the only son of a powerful count of the Rhine, heard the wonderful melody of Lureley, and commanded his sailors to take him to the rock. In vain they strove to dissuade him; he insisted on obedience. But ere they reached the spot, the youth, unable to withstand the powerful spell of the music, sprang from the boat upon a projection of the rock: his foot slipped on the moist stone, and the waters of the Rhine closed over him. The sailors bore the sad news to the old count, that his son had perished by the arts of the witch Lureley—for such they deemed the Undine. The old count tore his hair and garments, in his wild anguish, and gave orders that a body of soldiers should surround the rock of Lureley, and take the witch captive, living or dead.

The soldiers encompassed the rock, from the highest summit of which they could hear the song of Lureley. The leader, with some of his companions, climbed to the top, and saw the maiden sitting there in sea-green, transparent robes, richly decked with jewels, that flashed and sparkled in the evening sun. With a golden comb she was combing her long light hair, and singing:

“The heavens are rosy with sunset's glow,  
And Father Rhine murmurs far below  
Wild tales in his sea-green bower;  
On the top of the rock so airy and free,  
Is Lureley singing her melody.

Lureley! Lureley!

It is the charmed hour.

“Ah, gentle sailor, why pause so long,  
Why listen to Lureley's evening song,  
And upwards gaze, as it floats on the air?  
There's a spell working here, and danger is  
nigh;

Before 'tis too late, from the magic fly:

Lureley—Lureley!

Ah, gentle sailor! beware—beware!”

The leader of the soldiers made a sign to his men, and emerging from the shelter of the rock, they stood before the maiden. Lureley started not, but sat still, and looking with her clear childlike smile upon the intruders, asked what they would have.

"We come to take thee, living or dead," returned the leader; "for thou, evil witch, hast murdered the son of our noble Count." Then Lureley laughed a musical laugh, and springing up quickly, stood on the utmost verge of the rock, clapped her small white hands, and sang, looking downwards towards the Rhine:

"Oh, father! send up thy swiftest steed—  
Send—and bear away thy child with speed:  
Lureley! Lureley!"

There was a hoarse murmuring of the waters far below, and two mighty waves, crested with foam, reared their heads. The Undine floated away on their backs, and smiled archly, as she disappeared in the Rhine.

Then knew the soldiers that Lureley was no witch or enchantress, but an Undine. As they returned to their lord with the tidings, they found, to their great joy and amazement, the young Count restored to his father. He had suffered no injury, but had been kept three days at the bottom of the Rhine by the mischievous water-fairies, in order to cool his mad passion a little.

Not all, however, fared so well as the young Count of the Rhine; and even to this day is heard the dangerous melody. Heine sings:

"The sailor there, in his gliding bark,  
Is borne, alas! to his doom along:  
He cannot see the ridge of rock,  
He hears but the water-fairy's song."

"Ah! soon, ingulphed in the greedy wave  
The sailor-boy and his bark are gone;  
And Lureley smiles above his grave,  
On the mischief her song has done."

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

THE ALPS AND THE RHINE; *a Series of Sketches* by J. T. HEADLEY. New York: WILEY & PUTNAM, 161 BROADWAY. 1845.

MR. HEADLEY belongs to that class of authors, who so infuse their own individuality into their works, as to make it difficult for us to separate the man from his writings. In speaking of a book of his, we always call it Headley's, from an unconscious recognition of his entire personification therein. We feel as if we knew him in the flesh—a friend and intimate—his lineaments, voice, the whole manner of the man clearly defined to our consciousness. Without having seen him, we know what sort of a face he has, how he looks, talks, and all about him. This power of transfusing heart and soul into style, is a rare and happy gift, constituting the resource and secret of successful authorship. Indeed, the writer possessing it, cannot fail of popularity. His book is a fireside visitor—human and genial, which warms the heart as well as fills the mind—has blood in it, and thews and sinews—the charm, glow and action of diverse and real life. We know it—not as an abstraction—an ideal, perfect, but chiseled from cold marble—it is the lovable and social friend—a man of like passions with ourselves, imparting and receiving pleasure. It is

thus that Mr. Headley has introduced himself to the hearts of thousands in our land, as a brilliant, earnest man, of clear, frank vision, and chivalric taste and temper. We warrant everybody knows him to have the face and bearing of a knight! Who that has read his papers on Napoleon's Marshals, could fail at once to recognize in them the "born soldier," with his heroic impulses, his quick mathematical appreciation of vast combinations with their results—his fine and accurate eye for effect, which can, in one gleam of a "white plume," reveal to us through the blind tumult of a battle the heady current, with its foam-crested wave, which drives all before it to the triumph! Who, too, has failed to recognize the same spirit in the stout and loyal *Americanism*, displayed in his scathing review of Alison, in one of our earlier numbers. We acknowledge, as well, cognate traits in the volume before us. Here, the same taste for the daring, the yearning for the physical sublime, which constituted him an appreciative critic of the tactics, even of Napoleon, made him also one of the most graphic limners of the bare, rude terrors—the salient magnificence of Alpine scenery, we remember. We do not know Mr. Headley's birth-place; but we judge his infancy must have been passed in some wild, peaked chaos of our northern mountain scenery. The moun-



taineer is proverbially the soldier of Freedom in its wildest sense. That he has a true and perfect eye in this connection, we intended to demonstrate by a single extract from pages 19 and 20.

So, also, in the truly magnificent and thrilling description of Suwarrow, forced away from the passage of the Naefels, leading his army of 24,000 men through a fresh and heavily-fallen snow, over terrible "mountains, which, as far as the eye could reach, leaned along the solemn sky," where "whole companies would slide together, with a shriek, over the edge of the precipices, and disappear in the untrodden gulfs below," there is certainly a power of description which no writer has surpassed.

Nobody, then, will dispute with us, the power and distinctness of the *effect* produced. That Mr. Headley is an artist, all who have had an opportunity of judging with us, will agree. But a fault we have to find—that is, that he has carried the assured consciousness of this power to an unpleasant extreme. He has forgotten something of his birth-right of *knighthood*, in seeking for the reputation of "*artist*." He not unfrequently sacrifices, the proportions and unity, to an overweening ambition to impress. He gives us too much of a good thing—is too dramatic—gets up too many scenes—permits the Histrionic to show too apparently through the shadowy seeming of the enthusiast. He thus spoils some of his best pictures by demagoguing for effect. He is in danger of becoming rather the trained and *calculating*, than the involuntary artist. These are mistakes for a writer of his capabilities to fall into. We hope he will return with greater confidence to that entire *abandon* of manner which constitutes the striking element of popularity in him. If he will do this, and lop off those superfluities and inaccuracies of style which sometimes deface his page, he will and must become one of our most permanently popular and effective writers. This last fault is rather the result of a characteristic recklessness, than any other cause, and can be easily amended.

PAYNE'S UNIVERSUM, OR PICTORIAL WORLD: being a collection of engravings of views in all countries, portraits of great men, and specimens of art, of all ages and of every character. Edited by CHARLES EDWARDS. Vol. 1. London: BRAIN & PAYNE, 12 Paternoster Row. New York: CHARLES MÜLLER, 118 Nassau Street.

A year's monthly issues of these engravings are before us, bound up in a manner—though our American binders are not famous for their work—quite fitted for the table of any gentleman, (or lady—paren-

thetically is it spoken, as it were in a whisper,) whose taste for externals surpasses his (or her) care for the contents. Having succeeded—skillfully, we think—in "cracking up" the cover, we prefer, in any further remarks, to dilate on the inside. We should care little to say anything of most of the engravings

"On copper, steel, and wood, and Lethæan stone."

in which the present age is prolific—having formed, we confess, no great attachment for them. But we have had these by us so long, that we have become quite familiar with their faces, and may speak from acquaintanceship, at least, if not from admiration.

The beautiful art of engraving has hardly improved since the century or two which furnished the compeers of Albert Durer. There is increased fineness, finish, nicety of touch, more skill in perspective, and a certain pervading dreaminess, which has an exquisite effect of its own, but there is not half the bold limning, striking power of contrasts, and general force of character. Of those, however, which the past year has produced, the "*Universum*"—which has been issued in monthly numbers, as it is to be in future—contains some of the finest. While all of them are good, many are of the first merit. The title-page shows that the plan embraces a very great variety. This first volume has sixty-four, making five monthly. Some of them are humorous. Of these, the "*Blind Mother*," and "*Lizzy, you are not spinning, child*"—in both of which the sunny-faced girl stops her household-wheel to listen to the whispers of her lover, while the old matron, who is guided only by her ears, gropes about to find out the cause of such cessation in domestic industry;—"The Catastrophe," a delicate feline, caught in a relentless trap, having succeeded in turning over a pan of cream—a kind of ecstasy into which we have ourselves helped such culinary depredators; "*The Fast-Day*," on which a pastor surprises a peasant family helping themselves to a bountiful dinner, and "*The Schoolmaster in Jeopardy*"—are the best. The last is really one of the best things we have seen. The angular, fusty, old Pedagogue, with spectacles, buckled shoes, bell-crowned hat and knee-breeches, vest "entirely buttoned up"—as was right—and coat large enough for the man with the seven-leagued boots—trying, in a general fright, to cross a narrow brook on a wide plank without falling off—makes a figure altogether unique and laughable. There are several very good landscapes, river and ocean scenes. Among the best, decidedly, are a new view of the Bay of Naples—which is beautiful always and from every point, though it can hardly be more

so than the magnificent New York harbor—"Amalfi," "Drachenfels" on the ever-glorious Rhine; a hushed pausing of Catholic boatmen as the "ave Maria" steals over the water; a wild Polar scene of whalers attacked in their boats by shoals of white bears—which are accustomed to swim out miles at sea; and "The Land's End," where the heavy and dark waters of the Atlantic roll in upon the iron-bound coasts of Cornwall. The engravings of Cathedrals are quite beautiful, especially of those in Cologne and Strasburg. There is a full-length statue of Mozart—very noble;—a spirited, full-length of Otho, king of Greece, in a rich, Suliote dress—somewhat idealized, we should judge; a fine, thoughtful face of Schiller, another of Lord Nelson, and several effective fancy pieces. But quite the best things of this kind, and perhaps in the volume, are a figure of Goethe, in an antique, flowing robe, reclining on an old Roman wall, and looking off, as it were, into the world of his own creations—and a youthful face of the Scottish Burns, with that eye which Walter Scott, who in his boyhood saw the poet, declared was such as he never beheld in any other human head.

The letter-press illustrations are very unequal in merit, though mainly satisfactory since the chief interest lies in the objects illustrated. We eschew, however, those which are "done into verse."

On the whole, we are greatly pleased with these engravings, and think they will obtain, as they demand, an extensive circulation. To this end their very low price is in their favor.

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*Poems*, by FRANCES S. OSGOOD. New York: Clark and Austin.

What shall we say of this authoress? That she has genius? But we all know that this word means a great deal—has, in fact, almost an infinite significance. Of twenty for whom it has been claimed—by their friends, or oftener by themselves—since Homer wrote, probably not one has really possessed it. Nature is sparing of such peculiar gifts. But then she scatters over many minds light, lightness, grace, earnestness, the touches of passion, the solemnities of deep self-consciousness; and of these qualities Mrs. Osgood has such a share as places her among the acknowledged female authors of the country. We shall quote some passages in proof of what we have said. Some lines from the first piece, "To the Spirit of Poetry," are characteristic of her more serious tone.

Thou that cam'st to me in my dreaming  
childhood,  
Shaping the changful clouds to pageants  
rare,

Peopling the smiling vale, and shaded wild-  
wood,  
With airy beings, faint yet strangely fair;  
Telling me all the sea-born breeze was  
saying,  
While it went whispering thro' the willing  
leaves,  
Bidding me listen to the light rain playing  
Its pleasant tune, about the household  
eaves;  
Tuning the low, sweet ripple of the river,  
Till its melodious murmur seem'd a song,  
A tender and sad chaunt, repeated ever,  
A sweet, impassion'd plaint of love and  
wrong!  
Leave me not yet! Leave me not cold and  
lonely,  
Thou star of promise o'er my clouded  
path!  
Leave not the life, that borrows from thee  
only  
All of delight and beauty that it hath!

"Lenore" is a specimen of delicate and unique versification. The language, also, accords finely with the measure. The only fault is the use of several wrong accents. The same fault is to be found in the succeeding piece, which is otherwise quite beautiful.

#### LENORE.

Oh! fragile and fair, as the delicate chalices,  
Wrought with so rare and so subtle a skill,  
Bright relics, that tell of the pomp of those  
palaces,  
Venice—the sea-goddess—glories in still.

Whose exquisite texture, transparent and  
tender,  
A pure blush alone from the ruby wine  
takes;  
Yet ah! if some false hand, profaning its  
splendor,  
Dares but to taint it with poison,—it  
breaks!

So when Love pour'd thro' thy true heart his  
lightning,  
On thy pale cheek the soft rose-hues  
awoke,—  
So when wild Passion, that timid heart  
frightening,  
Poison'd the treasure—it trembled and  
broke!

#### WHAT CAN BE THE MATTER WITH LIZZIE?

WHAT can be the matter with Lizzie to-  
night?  
Her eyes, that in tears were so touchingly  
tender,  
For twenty-four hours have been filling with  
light,  
Till I scarcely dare meet their bewildering  
splendor.

You'd almost imagine a star had been lighted  
Within her—a new-born and beautiful  
flame,  
To bless with its pure ray her spirit be-  
nighted,  
And smile thro' those eyes to which sor-  
row's cloud came.



What can be the matter with Lizzie!—her cheek,

That of late has been dimpleless, colorless,  
cold,  
Has gather'd a glow and a glory, that speak  
Like an eloquent voice of a rapture untold.

What can be the matter with Lizzie!—her tone,

That was doubting and faint in its low melody,  
As the morning ray rising thro' mist-tears alone,  
Or the sound of a bell ringing soft in the sea,—

Has suddenly thrill'd to a richness and fervor,

A passionate sweetness, untroubled and deep—

You would think in her heart had arisen to nerve her,

An angel,—awaken'd from sorrow and sleep.

Of course the cause is *love*; but we can't go into that. We only wish, in conclusion, that Mrs. Osgood would write more from the depths of her nature.

*Biographical and Critical Miscellanies*,  
by WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT. New York,  
Harper & Brothers.

We are very well pleased to see the movement of a mind like Mr. Prescott's in literary works than those which he has before acknowledged to the public. With most of them, it is true, we had been familiar, as they are all but one taken from early volumes of the *North American Review*; but we did not know their paternity. They are principally reviews of books and literary characters. Charles Brockden Brown, Irving's *Grenada*, Cervantes, Walter Scott, Brancroft's *United States*, Molière, *Scottish Song*, and the *Poetry of Romance of the Italians*, form the principal subjects. Mr. Prescott's style in these critical essays is not of the slashing order of most modern reviewers. It has not the loud tone of a man who means to be heard, like Macaulay's—nor the studied sneer of Jeffrey's—nor the unstudied but severer wit of Sidney Smith's—nor the cutting of fine flesh with a coarse knife, like Gifford's and Lockhart's—nor the dashing, designed, uncertain, abandoned mingling of gentleness and brute force—like a tame bull among mirrors—that characterizes Kit North. Perhaps, indeed, it may be said that Mr. Prescott's critical style has not the point, variety and brilliancy that are most effective, and therefore, most desirable in such writings. But it has nearly all the singular purity and grace, joined with a certain equable strength—like the flow of a full river—that belong to his historical works; and, besides, an evident sincerity that does not always appear in the feats of the truculent badger-baiters above-named. This last quality is in truth

a very great advantage—for if we do not altogether believe that our stalwart critic deals his blows from a spontaneous purpose, they at once lose, for us, half their force.

The volume is *got up* (a horrid phrase, but apparently used inversely to its grace) with much elegance, and uniform with the historical works of the same author.

*The History of Silk, Cotton, Linen, Wool, and other fibrous substances, including Observations on Spinning, Dyeing and Weaving; also an Account of the Pastoral Life of the Ancients, Social State, and Attainments in the Social Arts. With Appendices on Pliny's Natural History; on the Origin and Manufacture of Linen and Cotton paper; on Felting, Netting, &c. Illustrated by Steel Engravings.* New York: Harper & Brothers, 1845.

The above title, which is given in full, sufficiently proves the very great value of the work. It is crowded with the most curious and useful information, and on topics which are constantly attracting more of the attention of this country. The proficiency, still more the processes, of the ancients, in the useful arts—especially in the culture and manufacture of silk, cotton and linen—are very little known. History has been, in this respect disastrously partial. The author, in his preface, remarks justly and well to this point.

The book is a most interesting and important one to all in this country who are engaged, or engaging, in the culture of silk, cotton and flax. This class, especially of silk and flax growers, is becoming larger every day, and they ought to lay hold of whatever sources of information are opened to them. They cannot fail to find this volume worth to them its full price. It is even curious and interesting matter to the general reader. The book is every way well executed, with fine paper and ample illustrations. We recommend it to the agricultural and growing West.

There are several other books on our table, of which we designed to speak, but must forbear at present from want of space. Among them are, "The Border Wars of New York." "The Life and Times of Henry Clay, Vol. ii." "Mrs. Hewitt's Poems," from Ticknor & Co., Boston; "Father Ripa's Residence at the Court of Peking; and "Junkin on the Oath," from Wiley and Putnam; with other volumes of their Series; "Hoffman's Poems;" "Parker's Aids to English Composition," &c., from the Harpers, as also several Nos. of their really cheap, valuable and complete maps, executed by the *Cerographic* art.

THE  
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No. II.

THE OREGON QUESTION: WAR AND PEACE.\*

No subject, of a national interest to us, within the last twenty years, has elicited so various and contradictory opinions, as the character and value of the western coast of this continent, and the question of territorial possession in a portion of those regions. When it was made a matter of diplomatic correspondence, under the administrations of Monroe and Adams, it lay under the disadvantage of not being sufficiently understood. Within the last two years, it has arisen to public interest under the still greater disadvantage—the greatest that can befall a *national* question—of becoming, to an alarming degree, a field for partisan excitement and warfare. A few words on this point will not be out of place.

The more sober and reflecting portion of the people—remembering, simply, that in two or three distinct negotiations our

government have apparently compromised the question, offering a division of claims and a definite boundary line—had been nearly unanimous in supposing England to have, in the case, actual inherent rights of territorial possession, a paramount title to a part of the country. The ground of this conclusion was quite reasonable; for it was hardly to be supposed that so many commissioners and ministers, on the part of the United States and of England, could have conferred so often without settling the question, in its broader merits, beyond the possibility of dispute—certainly beyond the possibility of being discussed, in the end, by positions differing in such important respects from those first assumed and for a long time vigorously defended. Those, on the other hand, who have for some twenty years practiced deepening of their

\* I. The History of Oregon and California, and the other Territories on the Northwest Coast of North America. With Documentary Proofs and Illustrations. By Robert Greenhow, Translator and Librarian to the Department of State. New York: Appleton & Co.

II. History of the Oregon Territory. By Thomas J. Farnham. New York: William Taylor & Co.

III. The History of Oregon—Geographical and Political. By George Wilkes. New York: William H. Collyer.

IV. The Oregon Question; or a Statement of the British Claims to the Oregon Territory. By Thomas Falconer, of Lincoln's Inn, London.

V. Documents accompanying the President's Message: Correspondence of the Department of State.



voices with shouting for the "largest liberty"—which means, in effect, the liberty of progressing, in whatever way, outside both of the Constitution and the Country—having found the Texas affair (in which nearly every step was in violation of some law, legislative or international) to prove an easy transaction, "easy as lying," and of great popular effect—set up forthwith the similar cry, and for the same purposes, "the *whole* of Oregon!" On the other side of the Atlantic, again, the English and French Journals, and the *talking* mass of the English people, spoke confidently of the preponderance of British claims in all the Pacific region north of the Columbia. But did either part of the community in this country, or the journalists and political talkers of Great Britain, give forth their opinions on any grounds of *knowledge* in the premises? We confidently affirm—*not*. We dare assert—without fear of finding ourselves in error, could the truth be known—that not a hundred persons in America, not fifty in Europe, till the publication of Mr. Greenhow's book, and not many times that number till the appearance of the late Diplomatic Correspondence, were aware of the various grounds, on which the claims of either nation are supported, in any degree warranting the constant positive assertions made on every side, that the United States had, or had not, a superior title to the entire extent of Oregon. A few historical facts were familiar to every one. The voyaging of the old Spaniards along the Pacific coast, the subsequent explorations of English navigators, the discovery of the Columbia by a Captain Gray, an American, the expedition of Lewis and Clark, the Nootka Sound Convention; that Spain had made over all her claims to us, that we had a shadowy claim, it was thought—though few could explain how—through the purchase of Louisiana, that the language of the Nootka treaty *seemed* to recognize for England certain positive territorial rights, and that we had afterwards, in two or three negotiations, made offers that implied a compromise—which offers, however, were not accepted; these, and some

other points, were generally agreed upon. But how these discoveries, treaties, offers, did actually affect the ultimate right and title to that immense region between the Rocky Mountains and the Ocean was by no means understood, except by a few diplomatists, congressional or parliamentary debaters, and delvers in matter-of-fact history—and by most of these to an extent not equal to the perplexities of the subject. The great body of the politic-mongers—defenders of national honor—enjoyed extraordinary freedom of speech, from the unusual limits of misapprehension afforded them.

This thorough confidence of knowing in the thorough absence of knowledge, was not, perhaps, to be wondered at. It certainly was not first displayed by the public on this subject. The leaders of popular opinion, when a national question arises, are obliged to appear informed. The public dislike to appear uninformed. The former, accordingly, forthwith declare the subject—as the clown said, in the Old Play—"enveloped in great light." The latter swear by their leaders, and imagine themselves illuminated.

This general ignorance, however, on the subject of Oregon, was not in reality a matter of surprise. The question was eminently complicated, as well as far removed from the common view. It demanded, for an adequate understanding of its merits, not only much investigation among obscure historical documents, but a very thorough acquaintance with the principles of international law. Most evidently the opinions of the mass, under these circumstances, could only be entertained at second-hand. But before the appearance of Mr. Greenhow's\* book no opinions sufficiently guaranteed by authorities were before the public at large. Not but that the knowledge displayed, and the expositions presented, by the American Plenipotentiaries and leading Statesmen in the earlier Discussions,—from 1818-19, the date of the Florida Treaty, to 1827 when the final convention of joint occupancy was signed—were very full and evincing great ability. The management of our claims by Mr. Rush, for some years resident at the Court of

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\* We take this occasion to say of Mr. Greenhow's volume, that it is, in all respects, the most valuable work which has appeared, on the subject of the Pacific Coast and the Oregon question. We do not agree with all its representations, geographical and historical, nor always with its deductions on disputed points; but it is replete with information, and its statements are candidly and clearly presented. No one can do without it who wishes to obtain a full knowledge of the subject.



London, with the exception of one or two important oversights, was entirely creditable to his diplomatic capacity; Mr. Gallatin exhibited throughout, as was to be expected, a profound and thorough acquaintance with the whole subject; and Mr. Adams, whose position at different times brought him into contact with the question, gave evidence, in this connection also, of that extended general knowledge—especially of historical matters—for which he is distinguished. We cannot, indeed, at the risk of appearing invidious, disguise our conviction, that the American Plenipotentiaries displayed a better understanding of the subject than the English Commissioners appeared to possess. We refer especially to Messrs. Huskisson and Addington, who manifested an ignorance on historical points—unless they purposely misstated them—and a fertility of extravagant assumption and illogical reasoning quite remarkable. Our observation will be substantiated by the fact, that many of their statements and positions have been significantly abandoned by the present able minister, Mr. Packenham. But the ample expositions of the question at that time set forth, though they have been made the basis of all late investigations and argument, were never familiar to the public. The territory in dispute appeared, at that period, so far off, and the idea of vast regions of barrenness intervening, on both sides of the Rocky Mountains—thus seemingly shutting it away forever from the cultivation

of the States—was so generally disseminated, that the community for many years felt no interest in the matter, and the documents relating to it were never collected so as to have a united weight, till the publication of Mr. Greenhow's volume. How extensively that work was bought and read (for buying by no means implies reading a book, else it might even be supposed that Mr. Ingersoll's History of the Late War is being perused to some extent) we cannot say, but its circulation could not have been adequate to familiarizing the public with the full merits of the controversy, as the Press gave but few and unconnected abstracts of the valuable materials it contained. Some Congressional speeches since have entered lucidly into parts of the subject—but not fully enough to settle the convictions of the country. Others, uninformed, loud-mouthed—the louder, indeed, the less informed—were made expressly for political effect. Mr. Polk,\* in his Inaugural Address, that he might come up to the measure of a premature declaration, thrust forth in advance for him by ignorant men at a partisan caucus—using assertions, not argument—put forward the whole matter by the ears, to no end but to drag a great national question into the miserable arena of party politics, where it could not fail to be distorted, and make the Republic appear in the eyes of Europe unreasoning, undignified, headstrong and grasping. Thus it happened that the late diplomatic correspondence was the

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\* There is no worse instance of the evil resulting from "scurvy politicians" using acknowledged national questions to hoist themselves into power, than was seen in the position in which Mr. Polk found himself, on assuming the responsibilities of his office. The point has been commented upon in our last number, in the article entitled "Pandora." The Baltimore Convention made haste to resolve that "our right to the *whole* of Oregon is clear and unquestionable;" that Oregon was to be *re*-occupied, as Texas was to be *re*-annexed, &c., &c. But to what end? Was the American title to Oregon a party question? Had the subject been mentioned at the Whig Convention? Had it in any way been compromised by Whig disaffection? No! It was a juggle, and they knew it. They seized upon it to make votes; and they made them. Mark the result! A president, carried into office by this and other scrupulous means, feels himself, at first, called upon to talk as loudly as those who placed him there had talked for him. He utters his manifesto accordingly. England regards it as a menace—a defiance, a resolution of asserting claims *per fas nefasque, quo jure quaque injuria*. She is, of course, angry and assumes the warlike. But our President, when he comes to practical decision on the subject, finds that he has been *unequivocal* too early, that the question was virtually compromised years before, that he is placed in a false and a weak position. He is forced to fling to the wind his bravado promise to exact *the whole*, and the party-pledge which had been made for him beforehand. He offers to give up nearly half of Oregon, provided we be allowed to keep the other half! "How natural," says "Pandora," "is the inference which will be drawn, on the other side, that he had been staggered by the force of the British claim, and compelled, in conscience, to defer to it. How easy the presumption, that when a president, so situated, could begin by professing so much, justice would give still more!"



first consecutive and closely-reasoned view of this complicated question that has fairly been spread before the public.\* It was on both sides exceedingly able, presenting for either country the entire argument. The community were enabled to see—what alone could reasonably determine their opinions—the comparative full strength of the rival claims at one survey. The effect was important. Those who, having “uttered their most sweet voices,” to some effect, for the “bloodless conquest” of Texas, sought afterwards to monopolize the patriotism of the country by exclusive outcries for exclusive rights in Oregon (when, as we have shown, they did not, and could not have known the grounds of the claim), suddenly awoke one morning, like Lord Byron, surprised to “find themselves famous,” as having actually been—for the first time in some years—measurably in the right. Those, on the other hand, whom many historical facts, actual joint occupancy for many years, and most of all, our repeated offers of compromise at the 49th°, had naturally persuaded, that the British right down to that latitude was superior to our own, with perhaps a shadow of argument for something beyond, became, when the best pleadings of both countries were before them, convinced that our title up to the 49th°, is irrefragable, with a claim, even as far as the Russian boundary, stronger than Great Britain can well establish. But they were equally convinced that England was sincere in believing herself possessed of a paramount title to a part; that, if our abstract right to the whole be perfect, it will be difficult to persuade the rest of the world that it is so—a consideration not to be disregarded by a people not careless of a good name.; that, if we could so persuade them, the very fact of our having offered to rest satisfied with the 49th parallel would be, in their eyes, a bar to enforcing a violent claim to the whole; and that whatever might be said of the soil, British subjects have, by long occupancy, acquired in that region rights of property, at least, and trading interests, that can not be overlooked. They were also impressed with a wish that the Republic should not appear to

the world possessed with too great a lust of territory (*avaritia soli*)—a feeling little appreciated by the monopolizers of patriotism. They were willing, therefore, to abide still by a division of claims.

Corresponding positions were assumed by parties in Congress. Loco-foco orators saw a productive opportunity of adding to their stock of political capital, both individual and partisan. They made haste to illuminate themselves, like automaton figures in alabaster, for the admiration of constituents. They arrogated to the Party the position of champions of the national honor, defenders of the soil. They accused the Whig Party of opposition to the wishes of the country, un-American views, subserviency to British interests. They talked boldly of War, and made no preparation; scornfully of England, as if scorn were a defence for our sea-coast and cities. They significantly hinted, that a second Federal dynasty was to be overwhelmed by the odium which should confound a second resistance to the popular war-spirit. The whole country, even the more moderate of their own ranks, saw that they were pulling these dangerous wires for no purpose but to strengthen their present ascendancy, and secure it for the future:—not the 49th or the 54th parallel of latitude, but a parallel of power in '48, was the one object of their resolutions belligerent and noisy declamations. The Whigs in Congress saw quite through this game:—it is singular, indeed, that the Administration party could ever have supposed they could be led blindfolded. They had, for the most part, like the intelligent portion of the community abroad, settled it in their own minds, that the United States have superior rights in Oregon, and that these rights are to be maintained. They felt, however, all those difficulties in the case which we have stated above, and preferred, like men aware of the true foundations of a people's honor, that the Republic, abiding by its offered compromise, should seem to yield something of its abstract claims, now better understood, rather than wear before the world the imputations, which we might not be able to avoid, of inconsistency, ambition and avarice. There was no one of them who was

\* We are not prepared to say, that our practice of publishing the diplomatic correspondence between this and other nations, contrary to European custom, is, in general, to be commended, though we cannot but consider it, in this case, fortunate, as a complete view of this controversy was greatly needed by the public, both in this country and in Europe. There are occasions, however, when the movements of government should be kept in profound secrecy.



not persuaded, that the dispute could be honorably settled without the arbitration of the cannon; and they were especially resolved that the great question of Peace or War should not be used as a political tool by their opponents—by some of them, with no intention that War should follow—by others, with an utter recklessness of results, if so they could gain their sordid ends—“*children* playing on the hole of the asp, *weaned children* putting their hands on the cockatrice’s den.” They took their stand accordingly; and it is not too much to say, that their firm, intelligent, unimpassioned conduct, aided by the position which the Statesman of South Carolina was bold enough to assume in the face of the rank and file of his party, kept the question from being absorbed by an unscrupulous faction for their own sinister purposes. The advices from England, by the last arrival, are such as entirely to sustain them; and the country is free, we think, to rejoice that so important a controversy is placed back on the high national grounds from which it never should have been forced away. Let those who so dealt with it bear the blame. There are symptoms, indeed, that they are not pleased with the *too evident* prospect of peace—for peaceably, we are assured the question will finally be settled. Not that the majority of them, as we have already intimated, ever really desired or expected War. True, they have martial spirits among them—valiant editors, orators, planners of campaigns—men of a “most dire nature,” and plainly born for some emergency—who appear quite ready, and *did* appear quite likely, to lead both their party and their country into danger. And they maintained their valor, for the purpose, to an extraordinary pitch:—

“The lion shagg’d, fierce tail and fiery eye,  
Lasheth his sides to keep his courage high.

But the greater number of the political jugglers, in whom that party have confided, by no means designed that the phantom they had so rashly conjured up, should prove the devil in earnest. They wished only to show their power, and to maintain it, by raising spectres which they alone should seem able to put down again; and they imagined that this Shape of War would be both easily scared up, and the most potent. When they see, however, the portentous shadow unexpectedly dissolve to reappear—too plainly—in the assured form of Peace, they can-

not help feeling a “gentle regret.” They have not yet gained enough by their game. They would gladly have recourse again to the terrors of their magic lantern, careless if they do not finally evoke the actual Angel of Blood, and bring the nation—unfortunate in its rulers!—to “drink at the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury.” But we repeat our assurance, that their machinations are idle, and that the nation will again owe it, as often before, to that “moral power of the Whig Party,” of which we spoke in a former number, that they are not plunged into irreparable misfortune.

We have bestowed, by implication at least, emphatic commendations on the Oregon Correspondence, as having tended to enlighten public opinion in this country, by placing face to face the strongest arguments which either side can furnish; thus enabling every one to judge of preponderating claims, and to take a ground at once positive, moderate, and American. Its effect in England, we apprehend, will be found to have been still greater. The great body of the English people are absurdly ignorant of matters relating to this country. Even most of their public men, journalists and book-makers, betray a lack of knowledge on points of our history, geography, social order, that does great honor to either their self-conceit or their indifference. If we travel in England, one half of those we converse with among the masses are likely to express their wonder that, being Americans, we talk English. Mr. Alison, in his ponderous and partial history—a work as false in its spirit as in its statements—speaks twice of the “two States of Massachusetts and New England”—calls the Canadians the Tyrolese of America—asserts his doubt whether each State, “so extensive and undefined are their powers,” cannot “declare peace and war;” and represents Washington as giving his casting vote, in Congress, while President of the United States. Blunders almost as unpardonable are made in Parliamentary speeches. It is not surprising, therefore, that, on a subject so far removed from them as Oregon, their want of information “from King to Cobbler,” (with the exception of those who had studied it for diplomatic purposes,) was co-extensive with their prejudices—*both* intense. But we observe that the English papers have published the whole, or parts of the correspondence, as first put forth on this side, and we think we can see the im-



pression it has produced in a partial lulling of that confident tone with which they have hitherto asserted their claim down to the Columbia. The Times only attempts to answer Mr. Buchanan's last letter, with a particular effort to show that our possession of several titles, conflicting as between themselves, nullifies the validity of them all as against England. The argument, though more terse and spirited than Mr. Packenham's, is false and inconclusive. We must, indeed, be allowed, as Americans, again to declare the gratification it has afforded us to observe the superior ability manifested on the American side of the correspondence. Mr. Packenham is undoubtedly a very clever man. It may be that he has conducted the argument for his government as well as could have been done by Lord Aberdeen himself. It may be, too, that he appears to disadvantage, because of the palpable weakness of the claim which he urges. But as we read his notes and statements in their connection with those of Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Buchanan, we cannot resist the conviction that an education and practice amid the conflicts of American politics, and in the intellectual gymnastics of the legal profession, is a better training for the art of diplomacy than can be found in all the occupations of British Statesmanship. This aside, however—public opinion in England, we have assured ourselves from the tone of influential journals and by private advices, has been most essentially modified. How much of this is owing to the very diplomatic idea, which has doubtless impressed itself on their statesmen and journalists, that this is an excellent opportunity to obtain from us a concession of Tariff modifications, we cannot say. In what spirit, also, such a compromise—worth more to them than the whole of Oregon—should be met by us, we will not consider at present. All of this change in sentiment that is not due to that hope, is to be placed, we think, to the account of an awakened sense of the actual preponderance of the American claim. Under their united influence, it is believed, the London Times—the dignified, unscrupulous and bitter enemy of American growth in America—put forth the leader which has been much commented upon, urging government to tender us the offer which we twice made them and they rejected, of the 49th parallel, giving England Vancouver's Island, with joint navigation of the Columbia. As this suggestion is

made, it is further believed, by ministerial authority, the question of peace obviously rests with ourselves.

We have thus made a historical summary of the various aspects and positions which this controversy has assumed, partly that our further remarks may be clearly understood, and partly to show how demagogues of little knowledge and less principle can pervert great national questions to party purposes. We are now brought to this important point:—that it probably rests with the present Congress to determine whether the dispute shall be settled without war. It remains to consider the way in which this can be effected, involving the nature of those rights which the British do possess on the Pacific coast, and the extent to which we ought to push our abstract claims.

The Oregon question has been commonly spoken of as a question of boundary. In the proper use of terms, this is not so. The question is rather a question of title, which the parties have in vain attempted to settle by partition. The attempt to divide a territory between contending claimants involves, of course, the proposal of a boundary; and if the parties are agreed that there shall be a division, the question of the line of partition becomes the only one. But even then, the question where the division line shall run bears little resemblance to a boundary question properly so called—such as that which was so happily adjusted by the Treaty of Washington, in 1842.

We notice this misnomer, because it seems to us to have been the occasion of some misapprehension on both sides of the Atlantic. Where one government has clear and undoubted jurisdiction over a given territory, and another government has clear and undoubted jurisdiction over another territory contiguous to the former, and a misunderstanding has arisen as to which range of highlands, which water course, which parallel of latitude, marks the transition from the one jurisdiction to the other—that is a question of boundary. To suppose any analogy between the present question and a question of that kind, is to misunderstand the whole matter. Our rights in Oregon—if we are to hold to the validity of the Spanish title—are as good in every part, from the Mexican boundary to the Russian, as in any part; and on the other hand the rights of Great Britain, if she has any, are equally ubiquitous. If

the "great powers" of Europe should now come to the conclusion, unanimously, that the territories of the Turkish empire have been given up to barbarism long enough, and ought to be reclaimed immediately by being brought under the influence of more civilized institutions—the question how to divide those territories among the great claimants—how much to give to Russia as the ancient enemy of Turkey, and how much to Britain as her ancient ally—how much to give to Austria on the score of contiguity, and how much to France out of respect to the idea that the Mediterranean is a "French lake"—would not be at all like the question of a litigated boundary between Belgium and Holland, but would be like the question now in dispute between the two great powers of the North American continent about the partition of Oregon.

Our Government, then, in asserting an abstract title to the whole territory from California to the Russian boundary, is plainly right in the sense that such title is as good at any one point of the coast as at any other. The British title, on the other hand, if good for anything as a title, is as good for the whole, or for as much as that government may choose to demand, as for any part. This position brings the controversy to its true issue. What is our ground of claim? What is the British? Which of the two is better than the other?

There is little occasion here to give the full details of discovery, exploration, trade and treaties, which constitute the materials of the arguments on either side. The published correspondence, with the various dissertations in reviews and papers, have made the leading facts and principles of the case familiar to the public. The names of Juan de Fuca and Heceta, of Meares and Vancouver, of Gray and Kendrick, of the Treaty of Utrecht and the Nootka Sound Convention—the principles of international law touching the rights acquired by discovery, and the distinction between those treaties which war annihilates, and those which survive the shock of arms—have become like household words wherever there is intelligence enough to read the newspapers. What we propose, then, is rather to express some general thoughts that occur to us respecting the nature of the American claim, the nature of the British rights as distinguished from it, and the manner in which the dispute is

to be peaceably settled. In doing this, however, we shall have occasion to refer to some facts and arguments which have frequently before been employed.

What are the grounds, first, of any *positive* claims on the part of the British government to Oregon, or to any definite part of it as a territory of the British empire? In our view, after giving some attention to the argument, that government seems to have no claim of that sort—none, we mean, that is warranted by the received law of nations. The only sources from which such a title can originate, according to that law as laid down on all sides, are discovery, settlement or occupation, treaty, contiguity and prescription.

What, then, is the source of any claim that Great Britain can set up? Is it *discovery*? Did the British government, or anybody under the authority and protection of that government, discover the north-west coast of America? No. Should we admit the story that Drake sailed up the coast, even to the 48th degree instead of the 43d—an assertion which the English themselves have wisely abandoned—who was Drake? An Englishman sent out by his sovereign to explore? An honest merchant, sailing for lawful purposes under the protection of the British flag? Not at all. He was a buccaneer—a mere pirate—confessed to be such by Queen Elizabeth herself. Did Britain discover the great river of the west? No. After its discovery, did she first explore it from its upper branches to its mouth, with a view to occupation? No. Facts are indisputably against her. Did she discover the great islands, straits and harbors of the North-western Archipelago? No. The old Greek pilot in the Spanish service, Juan de Fuca, has left his name there, from the year 1592, as a perpetual testimony against the British claim of discovery; and if his narrative be rejected as a fabrication—an assertion for which there is not good ground—yet the explorations and discoveries along those coasts and islands, by Perez, Heceta and Bodega, sent out by the Spanish government for that purpose several years before the English appeared in the Pacific Ocean at all, are conclusive against the pretension. The only original discovery of any kind made by her subjects, on the coast or inland, island or river—of a nature to confer title according to received rules—is that of Fraser's



River, which does not cross the 49th parallel, but enters the sea a few miles above; and the claim by this discovery must evidently be subject to the Spanish title by discovery and exploration of the coasts, straits and islands subtending its course in the same latitudes—if that title is found to be valid.

But discovery, not followed by actual occupation, constitutes no title. Has Great Britain, then, acquired a title by occupation? Certainly not. From the days of De Fuca, Perez and Bodega to this hour, she has had no such occupation there as constitutes a title to the sovereignty or even to the soil. Before the Nootka Treaty (1790) her navigators had hardly had time for the absurdity of taking possession, in the name of King George, of a country already discovered by another nation—though they were enabled to commit the greater absurdity of doing it after that treaty was ratified, which expressly “left the sovereignty” of the whole region “in abeyance.”\* As to the establishments of the Hudson’s Bay Company, scattered through Oregon, they are mere stations for traders and hunters, and by the force of a solemn treaty—the very terms of the Nootka Convention itself—are precluded from acquiring any title to exclusive possession by any length of occupancy. Those establishments are no more an occupation of Oregon than the East India Company’s factories at Canton, before the late war there, were an occupation of China. The British flag flying on one of the forts or trading-houses of the Hudson’s Bay Company, is no more an occupation of the country in the sense in which occupation gives title, than the same flag flying over a merchantman or a whaler in the harbor of Honolulu is an occupation of the Sandwich Islands—even less than the same flag flying over the British consulate at Smyrna is an occupation of Asia Minor. The only possible way in which *such* occupancy could even confirm, much less create, a title to territory, would be by its following immediately on original discovery. But the original discovery belonged to another nation.

Has Great Britain, then, acquired a title to the possession or sovereignty of Oregon, or of any part of it, by *treaty*?

Certainly her treaties with the United States have neither given nor recognized any such title, but, on the contrary, they have made it impossible for her, during their continuance, to acquire either the sovereignty or the soil of Oregon, or of any part of it. Her treaty with Spain in 1790 (the Nootka Convention), equally shuts the door against her; and, what is worse, it shuts the door forever, or till that convention be abrogated by something more absolute; for the express terms of the treaty are, that “the sovereignty,” that is, the title, “SHALL BE IN ABEYANCE.” It concedes to her, therefore, no sovereignty in Oregon, and no possession of the soil—gives her no slice out of that Spanish-American empire, which Spain considered in those days as extending to Prince William’s Sound; it only relaxes, in relation to the north-west coast, the rigor of that exclusive system by which Spain had attempted to prevent all access of foreigners to her American possessions; it simply allows to British subjects the privileges which British subjects have enjoyed there ever since—the privilege of trading and fishing on the coast, and of making “settlements” there (not colonies)—under certain restrictions. That the Nootka Sound Convention was considered by the parties at the time as annexing any part of North-western America to the dominions of the British crown, cannot be pretended. We wonder that British plenipotentiaries have ever suffered themselves to make the pretence.

Can a title, then, be awarded to Great Britain on the ground of *contiguity*? Contiguity to what? To Hong Kong? to the coast of Bengal? to New South Wales? or to the *Falkland Islands*? In respect to facilities of communication and mutual dependence, the territory in question is nearer to almost any part of the British empire than to Canada, or the territory drained by the streams that empty into Hudson’s Bay. The only contiguity she can urge, is that of territory conceded to her (by the treaty of London, 1818) above the 49th parallel, and lying along the base of the Rocky Mountains—a boundary, itself utterly uninhabited, and full two thousand miles from any settlement in Canada. This

\* Vancouver, who was dispatched by England to superintend the execution of a treaty, by whose provisions the whole coast should remain free of access to the subjects, both of England and Spain, proceeded to take possession, with divers ceremonies, in the name of King George, of the entire country, from latitude 39° 20', to the 59th parallel—the lower part of which coast now belongs to Mexico, and the upper part to Russia!



very imperfect title is, then, the only positive ground of claim Great Britain possesses. Of its value we shall speak hereafter.

As for the possibility of a title by *prescription*, all the treaties and negotiations, from the Treaty of the Escorial, (usually called the Nootka Sound Treaty,) to Mr. Buchanan's last letter, are conclusive against it. In any event, it could not apply to a region which was not discovered, or at least explored by authority, till within the last seventy years.

But England inquires if we, also, have any sources of absolute title; if, in fact, those regions, for aught we can urge, are not equally open to colonization and possession by the citizens of both nations.

Now we have to remark, at the outset, that on the point of the different American claims conflicting, so as to nullify the value of the whole, the British Plenipotentiaries have put forth some of the most discreditable reasoning we remember ever to have read or listened to. The London Times, also, accuses Mr. Buchanan of "special pleading," and attempts to substantiate Mr. Packenham's argument, which it calls "a fair one." Let us compare the two. Mr. Buchanan is a "Philadelphia lawyer," or at least of Pennsylvania—thought to be a crafty school; but it will not be difficult to show that if any of his reasoning on this point is defective, or unwisely put, their positions in answer, even if successful, avail them just nothing at all.

The facts are these. The Spanish title, if admitted, covers the whole coast. That title was made over to us in 1819. But long before, as early as 1792, we had made important discoveries on that coast by vessels and inland explorations. We base a claim on these discoveries, also.

"But," says Mr. Packenham, "if the Spanish title was perfect, these discoveries and explorations were encroachments on that title. If Russia allowed Spain to enter complaints of her subjects for violating the Spanish territory as high up as the 61st latitude, the American operations on the Columbia River must be considered as a violation of that territory. The two titles, therefore, conflict; both cannot be good."

"The United States can found no claim on discovery, exploration and settlement, effected previously to the Florida treaty, (1819,) without admitting the principles of the Nootka convention, [by which, England alleges, any nation had a right to ex-

plore and make settlements on that coast,] and the consequent validity of the parallel claims of Great Britain founded on like acts; nor can they appeal to any exclusive right, as acquired by the Florida treaty, without upsetting all claims adduced in their own proper right, by reason of discovery, exploration and settlement, antecedent to that arrangement."

"By what authority," responds Mr. Buchanan, "does Great Britain thus interpose?" These titles are both good—AS AGAINST HER. As far as *she* has anything to say, each of them is valid. Of the explorations, "encroachments," by which we establish our second claim, Spain alone had any right to complain, and a question between the two titles could only rise between her government and ours. "Had Great Britain, instead of the United States, acquired the Spanish title, she might have contended that those acts of the United States were encroachments, and disregarded them accordingly; but, standing a stranger to both titles, she cannot interfere." Stated in brief, her argument stands thus: "The American title is not good as against Great Britain, because inconsistent with that of Spain; and the Spanish title is not good as against Great Britain, because inconsistent with that of the United States." But, "was it ever imagined in any court of justice that the acquisition of a new title destroyed the old one: and *vice versa*, that the purchase of the old title destroyed the new one?" "The title now vested in the United States is just as strong as though every act of discovery, exploration and settlement, on the part of both powers, had been performed by Spain alone before she had transferred all her rights to the United States."

"Verbal Sophistries," replies the London Times: "Mr. Packenham's argument is a fair one."

"The claim of the Americans to the Oregon territory must be founded either on prior occupancy, or on the transfer by Spain. It cannot rest on both. If the occupancy were undoubted both in time and kind—if it had been accompanied by all the external symbols of property as well as all the evidences of undivided possession—then an alienation by Spain after an interval of thirty years would be worth nothing at all, for Spain would have in that case transferred what she had no right to; and the American title would thus be good as one of prior occupancy only. But if, on the other hand, America founds her pretensions to the Oregon on a cession by Spain made in the year 1819, any previous



occupation can only be considered as an usurpation ; and a state has no more right than an individual to fortify its title by its own wrong. The prior occupation and the after cession may be cited as distinct facts, but they cannot confer one title. Two bad titles can no more make a good one than two affirmatives can make a negative. By putting forward the cession by Spain the American Minister destroys the claim arising from an earlier right ; and likewise, by appealing to the antecedent right, he destroys all the validity of the Spanish cession. Instead of the two titles coalescing, they are repugnant and mutually destructive."

There is here something wrong in the argument on both sides. Our title through Spain is considered by us as covering the whole of Oregon, from the Mexican boundary to the Russian. Our title, as urged against Great Britain, through our own discoveries, embraces all that is drained by the Columbia and its branches—that is all of that same Oregon territory, except the portion drained by Fraser's river, and two or three other small valleys near the coast, whose streams empty, not into the Columbia, but into the sea : for the sake of clearness, say all up to the 49th parallel. Now, Mr. Buchanan has certainly erred in representing that these two titles—which, within the common limits covered by both, most evidently must conflict as regards each other, but each of which, by itself, is good as against England—*can*, when united, yield, at one and the same view and within those common limits, an amount of validity, as against England, equal to the *sum* of their separate values. It is a manifest Algebraic absurdity, and might be exhibited in simple Equations, were we disposed to trifle. The *full* value of each claim can have no existence even, except when it stands on its own ground. For, in the very nature of values, two perfect titles to the *same* thing cannot coexist, in any relation—whether as towards each other, or as united against an antagonist third claim. It is impossible in theory, still more in practice. The very moment one claim is looked at as conjoined with a second, abstractly conflicting with it, that moment each takes away, both in idea and fact, from the supposed worth, completeness, all-sufficiency of the other, and is itself to be considered, not additive, but supplemental, or compensative, merely. If Mr. Buchanan, therefore, had asked, whether, "in a court of justice, the acquisition of a new title would *impair*, not destroy, the *abso-*

*lute sufficiency*, as once estimated, of the old one," and *vice versa*, the answer would, most unquestionably, be in the affirmative. The very term "new title," indeed, implies that the old title has either wholly or in part, been superseded, or that it has been found to be less complete than was once supposed.

But what have Mr. Packenham and The Times arrived at in taking advantage of these slight and only defects in all Mr. Buchanan's argument? They have effected the absurd conclusion, which no lawyer on either side of the Atlantic would undertake to defend, that these two titles are "mutually *destructive*," and that by basing our claim on both, they are both overthrown and our entire right falls through. Now The Times and Mr. Packenham are continually forgetting, or wilfully overlooking, what Mr. Buchanan, in his last letter, so pointedly dwelt upon in three or four places, that these separate titles are put forward together *as against Great Britain*. To add to the profit of its oversight, "The Times" remarks, "that two bad titles can no more make one good one, than two affirmatives can make a negative." But we would suggest to the enlightened Editor of "Public Opinion in England," that the question is not whether two bad titles can make one good one, but whether *two good* titles can make *one* good one ; and that he had better *prove* the titles to be separately bad, before such a remark shall be considered as adding force to his argument.

Let us elicit the simple truth as to the value of both titles when jointly urged, by asking a candid and fair question, and expecting as fair and candid a reply. England, herself, has always acknowledged that Spain had, at least, *some* rights on the Pacific coast—not by her antiquated claim of two centuries standing, which England denied, but by the explorations of Perez, Heceta and Bodega, previous to those of Cook and Vancouver. But she said they were not exclusive, and she accordingly declared herself at liberty to encroach upon that region where she chose. The United States, also, explored and occupied a part, and, according to Great Britain's own assumption, thus acquired a claim. Neither England, however, nor the United States, (had we been so disposed,) could deny that Spain still had rights along that coast, and might institute a very fair trial of claims against either nation. Those rights, of whatever kind, we bought out ;



and thus, in England's eyes, must have appeared possessed of all claims, except such as she had to assert. Now we ask, if—having, ourselves, established a claim similar to her own, and having bought besides a right of Spain which England could not and did not entirely disregard—this purchase of the Spanish title did not add something—we will not now say the full value of what Spain might have thought it worth, or we, after her, have thought it worth—but *something*, at least, to the sufficiency of our former title. But one answer can be given. In the eyes of England and the world, our claim was worth the more for acquiring the Spanish right. It afforded another ground—a consideration—for urging the propriety, the reasonableness, of our having a larger part of Oregon. So, also, if our title through Spain be preferred first, then our right by prior discovery and occupation (prior as regards Great Britain) is unquestionably an additional “consideration.” It is supplemental, compensative: it strengthens the Spanish title.

“But you are now arguing,” it is replied, “on the ground of the Nootka Convention, admitting that England had a right to settle herself in Oregon—in other words that the Spanish title was defective in so far as it could not cover the entire coast—a point which Mr. Buchanan never allows.” Nor do we allow it; but, supposing it, we have made out one case, at least, where both claims can be presented at once against England, without realizing the Kilkenny allegory—whereas The Times, following Mr. Packenham, says distinctly, “it cannot rest on both,” but both put forward “are mutually destructive.” But assuming, on *our* part, the entire and exclusive validity of the Spanish title, so that not only England's explorations and occupation, but our own, were “encroachments,” we still hold it most evident, that, inasmuch as we have since acquired that title, the explorations and occupancy we had previously instituted must, in the eyes of *other* nations, be of a nature both to justify themselves, and to fortify our claim, *in case that purchased title be assailed by a third party.*

Let the case be again clearly stated. England says:—“You assert the exclusive validity of your claim through Spain. We deny and assail it. You then fall back on your discovery of the Columbia and other explorations to support and help out that claim. This you cannot do; for,

if you maintain the Spanish title as inviolable, a character of encroachment and violation attaches [we use the words of Mr. Packenham] to every act which the United States appealed to in the negotiation of 1818, as giving them a claim to territory on the North-west Coast.” The “acts” referred to were the occupation of the mouth of the Columbia, the expedition of Lewis and Clark, sent out by President Jefferson, in 1805, to explore the branches of the Columbia; the “claim advanced after the late war for the restitution of Astoria, the provisions of joint occupation of Oregon, entered into by the United States with Great Britain, in 1818,” and, above all, “the proposal actually made on the part of the United States, the same year, for a partition of that territory.”

Now, it will be found on inquiry, that all these acts on the part of our government, were entirely natural and proper, and, in our opinion, eminently wise. Nor is any one of them chargeable with the slightest shadow of injustice towards Spain. In the first place, the Trading Settlement, established at the mouth of the Columbia by Astor, was at the time the act of a private individual, and could not involve the honor of the nation with Spain. Afterwards, it was acknowledged and assumed by the United States, by the demand for its restitution after the War, and by accomplishing that demand through an authorized Government Officer. Then, and not till then, could Spain have complained of our government, though she might have complained to it, as it was the act of one of our citizens. “But the Expedition of Lewis and Clark was sent out by Jefferson, then President, in 1805, fourteen years before Spain transferred her claim to the United States.” This is an important point, and demands a clear statement.

Louisiana had been originally held by France—was ceded by her to Spain in 1762—retroceded to France in 1800, and purchased of her by the United States in 1803. How far the immense and undefined territory, going by that name, extended is not, and never has been, well understood. France did not know, when she possessed it—except that it stretched from tropical foliage to a region of six-month snows,—and embraced more than she had explored or could ever use. Spain did not know, when she had it—except that it must join some way her dominions on the Pacific; but how far it was to the Pacific, she was not aware.



The extent of the continent, in fact, in the northern and western direction of Louisiana was scarcely imagined. When we obtained possession of it, the same doubt remained. It was not clearly understood how far the Spanish claim at that time extended. It was known to us, that Spain had rights on the Pacific, as she had for nearly two centuries occupied the coasts of Mexico and California. Her trouble with England at Nootka Sound, and the convention between them has also come to our knowledge. But how far her later discoveries in the Northwest substantiated her ancient claim to the whole coast, our government did not understand. No question had yet arisen to produce an investigation on our part. It was thought, however, that what Spain was not entitled to, would belong to us by the Louisiana Purchase ; and it was seen that England had designs on that coast, and would, if permitted to work unnoticed, gain immense advantages on our western borders. Jefferson, with the foresight of a practical Statesman, commissioned Lewis and Clarke to explore the whole of the Louisiana region, cross the Rocky Mountains, and descend the branches of the Columbia to the Pacific Ocean, thus to perfect a claim, which, if Spain should not set it aside, might be successfully held against Great Britain. The wisdom of that movement is now perceived. Equally so is its propriety. If, indeed, our Government had planned it with full knowledge at the time, that Spain's title to all that region was complete, or with a determination to establish and hold a claim in the face of that title—we, for one, would not hesitate to say, that it would have been the worst of stains on our national honor. But Great Britain cannot show that it was so projected ; and those who have studied the circumstances of the early years of our Government know that it was not.

As to the demand we made for the restitution of Astoria, the arrangement we entered into with England for the joint occupancy with Oregon, and the proposition we made her to have the boundary of the 49th parallel run on over the mountains down to the Pacific—all of which, as taking place in 1818, before we acquired the Spanish title, are alleged as proofs of our utter disregard of

that title at the time—it is sufficient to say, that our statesmen had for many years perceived that the ancient power of Spain on the Continent was breaking fast, and that some other nation must soon become possessed of the unoccupied wilds of her dominions ; that we had begun, in consequence, to negotiate with her in 1815, nearly three years before, for the acquisition of that very title ; that when we were making those propositions to Great Britain, that negotiation was expected daily to be brought to a successful close ; and that it was in fact terminated only four months afterwards with the cession to us of all her claim to the Pacific coast, from California northward. Let it be remembered, too, that through all that negotiation with England, the United States “treated the Spanish title with respect,” not asserting that they had a perfect right to Oregon, but that their claim was good as against Great Britain.

We think, then, it is conclusively proved, that no diplomatic ingenuity can make our two claims when put forward together against a third party, appear not mutually compensative and confirmative, (in case either needed to be strengthened,) rather than “mutually destructive”—and that our rights in Oregon may be firmly and honorably reposed on both at once.

We believe, however, the argument would have been more simply and securely conducted in another way. It was not necessary or well to advance both titles at the same time. Our claim through Spain is held by Mr. Buchanan, to cover the entire territory in dispute. Our claim, in right of our own discoveries, is held to be impregnable for a part. Manifestly the latter could not be necessary to the former, should that prove to be valid ; and, the former swept away, the latter must plainly stand on its own merits.\* The broader claim should, therefore, have been first presented. That failing, we should have been left at entire liberty to fall back upon the other in all its strength, supported by considerations arising from the *Louisiana Purchase* and the principle of *contiguity*.

For England is obliged first of all to prove the invalidity of the original Spanish claim. It is totally impossible for her to gain anything of *title* by relying on the

\* The only ground on which both claims could be advisedly urged together would be the supposition that England would admit the Spanish claim to entitle its holder to a part of the territory, but not all—in which case our own discoveries, explorations and occupation might be urged as reasonable “considerations” why we, the holders of that title, should have a greater share than that alone would give us.



provisions of the Nootka Convention. By the very terms of that treaty the "*Sovereignty*"—that is, the "*Title*"—was to remain "*in abeyance*." The whole question of territorial rights was purposely left—just as it stood—for future settlement. For whatever number of years, therefore, (short of a period sufficient to give a *prescriptive* right,) England might go on extending trading-posts and settlements, it is evident she would acquire only rights of *property*, no rights of soil:—the "*sovereignty*," the "*title*," would still remain to be determined. But granting her able entirely to overthrow the original Spanish claim, she must then, by the provisions of the same Nootka Convention for which she contends, allow that we were at equal liberty with herself to plant ourselves upon that coast, in which case superiority of title to more or less of the territory would rest solely upon priority of discovery, exploration, occupancy, with the addition, on our part, of the Louisiana claim and the right by contiguity, as above stated.

We propose to make a few remarks, and but a few, respecting the Spanish claim.

From the earliest ages of American history, before the commencement of English colonization in Virginia, Spain claimed the entire Pacific coast as a portion of her mighty empire. Her latest assertion of exclusive right was in the negotiation of transfer to us in 1819. How, in the long period that intervened, had she built up and established that claim? In any manner sufficiently in accordance with those rules which nations have agreed to receive as conferring the possession of new territory? Or had she made an empty assertion, to be justly thrown aside whenever she should be unable to maintain it? We cannot do better than just to enumerate the steps of her progress.

The Pacific Ocean was first discovered by Spaniards, in 1513, at the extreme southern limits of the Northern Continent, in the Isthmus of Darien. They immediately began to explore it both north and south for a passage to India. In 1518 Mexico was discovered, lying between the two oceans, but especially stretching along the Pacific. Two years afterwards that great and splendid empire was a Spanish province. Expeditions were immediately fitted out for northern discoveries. In 1528 Monaldo spent six months, surveying the shore as far as the river of Santiago. In 1530 Culiacan was founded at the entrance of

the Gulf of California. In 1539 Ulloa, sent out by Cortez, explored both coasts of the entire peninsula of California, as far north as the 32d°. In 1542 Cabrillo surveyed the coast of the ocean still farther, reaching the 38th parallel. Falling sick and dying, his pilot, Ferrela, continued the voyage north till he came to a promontory under the 41st°, nearly to the southern boundary of Oregon. It is contended, on nearly equal authority, that they reached at that time the 43d degree of latitude.

We have no doubt that the account of De Fuca's discoveries in 1592, and sailing through the Straits, which bear his name, is entirely true. The internal evidence is strong. But as the Spanish Government did not make it public, we shall not rely upon it.

Hitherto, no English navigator had appeared on the Pacific coast, except the buccaneer, Drake; nor did any English flag float along that coast for nearly two centuries more. Spain, also, for nearly two hundred years after the supposed voyage of De Fuca, made no explorations to the north. But did she, therefore, forfeit her ancient claim, for having neglected it so long, as is urged by Great Britain, and is even allowed by Mr. Gallatin? No. For in the absence of any other title, she could hold her claim, as against other nations, by *prescription*. "*Prescription*," says the Oregon article, in the Edinburgh Review, "may exist by itself, when the rest of the world has, for a long series of years, allowed a single nation to exclude all others from a territory to which she has no perfect title by occupation, contiguity, or treaty." Now, this is just what Spain could have urged. We have nothing to do here with any reliance of hers on the absurd bull of the Pope, "dividing all the Pagan countries on the globe between her and Portugal—an arrangement giving to Spain both the Americas. We have nothing to do with this. From the earliest conquest of Mexico—from her earliest exploration of the shores of California—Spain had declared to all nations her exclusive claim to the western side of this continent. She was able to do this on the ground simply of discovery, occupation, and contiguity of sea-coast. And she had guarded that claim with jealous watchfulness. She had forbore to publish the accounts of her navigators, lest other nations should take advantage of them. She had forbid other nations to trade with her Mexican Colonies, lest it should open the door to



encroachments upon her territory. She had especially declared that alien vessels must not navigate any of those parts of the Pacific seas. And what did the rest of the world do? They acquiesced in this claim for two hundred and fifty years. Was it not then too late for them to demur? The very length of time adduced to show that her title had fallen through from neglect to occupy the entire coast, affords her a secondary title by *prescription*, from their neglect to deny her claim by practical demonstrations. Nor, indeed, was the nature of that title, by any means, new to Great Britain. It was very much like that which she now asserts to the coast of Labrador, where she has neither courts nor colonies—very much like the title which Don Pedro of Brazil has to those vast regions of his empire, which the foot of the surveyor or the explorer has never trodden, and where the wild inhabitants know about as little of him and his edicts as of the fabulous blue laws of Connecticut. Spain had never made a treaty with England, or with any other power, in which her claim to the western coast of North America was in any form surrendered. And when, near the close of the last century, some British subjects under the flag of Portugal, and some American citizens under the flag of the Union, began to resort to that coast, for the purpose of purchasing furs of the natives, the Spanish government in Mexico and at Madrid, immediately took the alarm, and asserted its sovereignty over that coast up to Prince William's Sound, in the same tone which England would now use, if her sovereignty over the Hudson's Bay Territory were called in question.

And what if that ancient claim had been entirely lost, by two centuries of neglect to explore farther, and to occupy the higher latitudes? Was it not also entirely *re-assumed* and *re-established* by her final *prior* discoveries and surveys along the whole coast? Unquestionably it was; and we wonder that Mr. Gallatin, of all men, should have overlooked the force of that circumstance. We greatly dislike to be found not agreeing with that venerable and distinguished ex-diplomatist, on a subject so peculiarly his own, and on which he has, within a few days, at the age of eighty-five, surprised the public with such remarkable communications. But we certainly think him in the wrong here, as have been all the British Plenipotentiaries. Cook did not sail into the Pacific till 1776. But

in 1774, Perez, and in 1775, Heceta and Bodega, sent out on purpose by the Spanish Government, explored the coast in various parts, as high as the 58th degree, passed through the great Northwestern Archipelago, discovered the islands now called "Queen Charlotte's" and "Prince of Wales'," and made note of many high mountains, bays and headlands. Perez is believed to have even discovered Nootka Sound, though it cannot be fully authenticated. It was entirely competent to Spain, therefore, to base then, if she chose, an exclusive claim on those discoveries alone. No one can show that she could then feel it necessary for her to go back to anything antecedent—to the Pope's bull, to early explorations, to California settlements involving right of contiguous coast, or to title by prescription. If exploration and discovery can ever confer a claim to territory, this was a case. They were characterized by every requisite circumstance. They were authorized, governmental, projected for the purpose, and what is more, made in a region not only already claimed for two centuries by the nation sending them forth, but never yet coasted by the ships, or seen by the subjects, of any other Power.

In what way, then, could Spain forfeit that claim? In one way only—by neglecting to occupy. But how long must such neglect continue, to make the forfeiture good? Two years? Three years? Five or ten times such a period? If, in ten or twenty years after the English had discovered New Holland, while they were delaying to occupy, some other nation had begun to colonize its coasts, what would they have done? England knows that she would have driven them away at once. She knows she would not have suffered so short a period of apparent neglect to cut her off from so great an acquisition. And how long was Spain indolent, before England set a mailed foot upon her territory? Perez and Bodega sailed up the coast in 1774 and 1775. In 1776—only two years after—Cook followed in their track; and the same year, Meares set up a "shantee," and began to trade with the natives of Nootka Sound. Spain immediately took the alarm. She had, for two centuries, permitted no nations "to trade in her American possessions." She knew, besides, that this trading-but might grow into a settlement, a settlement be called occupancy, and occupancy create a title. The Spanish authorities in Mexico endeavored to



forestall such a result, by seizing Meares' vessel. The English Government, though Meares had come there under a Portuguese flag, with Portuguese sailing-papers, Portuguese sailors—everything Portuguese but himself—demanded instant restitution. Pitt and Fox talked scornfully in Parliament of the Pope's bull and Spain's antiquated title—of Cook and Vancouver—but little of that title's having never before been disputed, or of Perez and Heceta. Spain responded with dignity, and sent a "Circular of Rights" to every European Court; but she at last yielded, and assented to the Nootka Convention.

And by so doing, did she confess her sense of the real weakness of her claim, as England alleges? No. The chief infirmity of the Spanish title to the North-west in 1790, was just the infirmity of the Chinese title to Hong-Kong in 1840,—the want of power to resist the British navy. The paramount law of nations, as evinced by all the precedents of history, is that sovereignty over any country belongs to those who have it, and who by force or by skill can keep it. In 1790, Spain was beginning to feel in all her members, and at her heart, the impending dissolution of that mighty empire which even then overshadowed the world, but is now numbered with the things that were. At the demand, therefore, of Great Britain—then in the act of acquiring in India more than all that she had lost in America—she conceded in North-western America certain rights which she had always before refused.

And what were those? Rights of dominion—rights of soil—as England has assumed? We have shown that they were not so. Spain did not surrender to Great Britain one inch of her sovereignty; she only conceded to British "subjects" the privilege of fishing and trading on the north-west coast, and of "making settlements there;" not a word in the treaty concedes to the British King the right of establishing his jurisdiction there. Whatever her claim was worth in 1790, so much is it worth to-day.

That ancient Spanish title, then—commencing in discovery, kept up by the continued exercise of authority in repelling all foreigners from those seas, confirmed by centuries of prescription, still farther strengthened by later and indisputable explorations and discoveries, never distinctly called in question till the altercation which led to the Nootka

Sound Convention, and even then in no degree compromised—is the basis of our claim.

If that title could be overthrown, we can then, as we have before shown—on England's own assumption—fall back on the discoveries and explorations of the Columbia, the Louisiana Purchase and the broad contiguity of our territory along the Rocky Mountains—all of which considerations would unite to give us Oregon up to the 49th degree.

There is another view of the whole subject, quite independent of all historical questions, and little connected with those dogmas of international law which have been vaguely consented to by European monarchies, who have taken it for granted that because Europe was theirs, therefore the world was theirs, and they had only to agree how to divide it among themselves. The American law of nations is, that God made the world not for Europe but for the world—Europe for Europe—Asia for Asia, and America for America; that the earth is given to man, not for a hunting-ground, but for a planting-ground—not to build wigwams, but to build houses and cities—not to live in the debasement of savage life, contending with wild brutes for dominion over the wildness of nature, but to live in the comforts and refinements of civilization, and in the peace and abundance of well-ordered society. So long as Oregon was to remain a hunting-ground, so long the right of British subjects to hunt there, and to buy skins of the native hunters, and the right of the British government to prevent its subjects in those forests from wronging each other and from wronging the natives, could not be reasonably denied. But the time has now come when Oregon must be occupied for other uses; and the question is, whether the British right of hunting there shall stand in the way of cultivation, and shall exclude those who are ready to fill those valleys with the beauty of civilized society.

But it may be asked, Has not England as good a right to colonize the North-west coast as we have? No. For—without referring to the historical question at all on which the argument for us is shown, we think, to be impregnable—the fact that where Oregon is colonized it must be settled by an American and not a British population, is conclusive on that inquiry.

But if such and so fortified is our naked title to Oregon, are there no rights, no claims on the side of Great Britain? no "considerations" in her favor? no



circumstances surrounding the whole matter from the Nootka Convention to this day affording ground in reason why we should make her some liberal concessions? Most certainly there are. For if the Spanish title be entirely valid, she has one counter-claim of considerable value. The English discovered and first explored the second great river of Oregon—Fraser's River. It rises above the 54th degree, and runs directly south in a valley parallel to that of the North Branch of the Columbia, and empties into De Fuca's Straits, just above the 49th degree. Now, as we argued above that the discovery and exploration of the Columbia must be, in the eyes of other nations, and of England, a most important "consideration" in our favor supporting the exclusive Spanish title when assailed by England, so her discovery of Fraser's River is a just "consideration" in her favor against that title, as urged by us. Again, by the Nootka Convention, Spain confessedly did concede to England important privileges—the right of hunting and fishing in that region, of trading with the natives, and of establishing "settlements" for that purpose. During the long series of wars originating in the French Revolution, the British privileges in Oregon had become, in a degree, prescriptive; and when we became the purchasers of the Spanish title, we acquired that title under the incumbrance of those somewhat undefined British privileges, just as we acquired it under the incumbrance of the right of the natives to roam through the forests, to fish in the streams, and to build their wigwams in the valleys. That incumbrance was accordingly recognized and imperfectly defined in the Convention of 1818. The Nootka Sound Convention, though never formally renewed between the original parties, had never been disclaimed by Spain in the negotiation of new treaties. Magnanimity on our part, and a patriotic regard for our national honor, to say nothing of justice, required us to recognize that incumbrance. On the same grounds, we should recognize the incumbrance still, and negotiate, not in a chaffering or bullying temper, but in generous spirit for its removal. The British have, under guaranty of a treaty, acquired rights of *property* in Oregon, which cannot be disregarded.

Moreover, we have for a quarter of a century, since 1818, consented to their being joint tenants with us of the whole territory, with rights of settlement and trade coequal with our own—we have

thrice renewed the convention conceding these rights—and three different Administrations, including the present, have offered to compromise with Great Britain, by a line that would leave her four-ninths of the whole territory. We do not see how any American could ever think of overlooking these things, urging our claim to the last foot of wilderness soil covered by an abstract naked title.

The duty of the Whig Party, at least, is neither doubtful nor difficult. They are the maintainers of moderate counsels, the conservators of the rights of Order and Reason, in this country. They will maintain the just ground already compromised. And it will not be difficult to lead Great Britain, also, to a just concession. She has no thought of sending her convicts or her paupers, or any other class of her superfluous population, to inhabit Oregon. Her sole interest there is the interest of the Hudson's Bay Company, which has acquired the monopoly of the rights conceded to her subjects in that region. Her tenacity in the controversy is simply the tenacity with which she always contends for commercial privileges, and especially when those privileges have become the vested rights of men that know how to influence her counsels. Satisfy the British government on this point, and at the same time let the British people see that we have no intention either to cheat them or to bully them, and there will be little difficulty.

It is therefore to be looked upon as a duty incumbent upon the Whigs, to encourage and sustain every proposition that looks to renewed negotiation; or, that failing, to ultimate final arbitration. To refuse this common alternative of arbitration, would betray, on our part, an extraordinary distrust in the justice of our claim, or an extraordinary and unreasonable distrust in the capacity or the disposition of any foreign nation, or other third party, to do us justice.

Hardly any arrangement could be proposed for the settlement of this dispute, that would not be—in all respects—cheaper and wiser, and more honorable to both parties, than War. It is not to be endured, that War, between two such nations, should be thought of—much less resorted to—on a question like this, which reason and right *can* settle, and which arms *cannot*. War on such a question, between two Powers so related to each other and to the welfare of the Human Race, would be the greatest calamity that could befall the world at this crisis of the world's history.

## BIRDS AND POETS ILLUSTRATING EACH OTHER.

"We will entangle buds, and flowers, and beams,  
Which twinkle on the fountain's brim, and make  
Strange combinations out of common things."

*Prometheus Unbound.*

"Oft on the dappled turf, at ease,  
I sit, and play with similies—  
Loose types of Things through all degrees."

*Wordsworth—To a Daisy.*

WE love our own face in a mirror, and, like a second Narcissus, we grow amorous over it, shadowed in the burnished lapsing of a fountain—we love the stars sleeping in deep waters, too, (happy association!) and the pageantry of cloud, and rock, and tree, reversed in a still, liquid sky—in a word, we love all similitudes! Perhaps this is because they illustrate to us a power of reproduction external to ourselves, and this is such an approach to that creative faculty which belongs to the "big imagination" in us, that, having no jealousy in our temper, we are charmed to see, even in "dumb nature," something like a rivalry of this "bright particular"—gift—we own. In truth, there is something worth following up in this idea. We should like to see the painter or the poet who could ever produce a landscape so cunningly, even to the last minutest tracery of its lines and shades, as we have seen the unruffled surface of a lake do it some clear, calm morning before sunrise—not one twisted fibre of the grass, one knotted eccentric twig, one blue-eyed, dewy-lipped violet but hung there—upside down, to be sure—perfect as it came from God's hand! "What is this? Does it not mock our pride of art, and crumble its dedicated altars down?" "It is God's handy-work through his natural laws!" "Ah! But the picture is not always there. Does God (in reverence) with his own personal hand paint the landscape in the lake whenever it is seen? Is it a special act?" "No; it is consequential upon an arrangement of laws fixed since the birth of time." "You are smiling! was that smile now upon your face pre-ordained since the same period?" "So far as we know, it was, equally with the other, *consequential*." "That smile was a physical expression of a mental condition or humor

in yourself, was it not?" "Ay." "It might have been a frown, or varied by other external modification?" "Ay." "Might not the landscape in the lake have been a storm-shaken blurr?" "Granted." "Is it not quite as 'consequential,' then, that earth has her physical expressions of certain conditions and humors of the vital force in her which are affected by external relations?" "What external relations can you mean?" "First, those to her solar system; next, those to the other systems which make up the universe. These relations may determine in her all the action of elemental expression—variations of the seasons, &c., &c." "Pshaw! fogmatic!" "Guilty; but *still*, we 'love similitudes.'"

It is an old fancy of that science of seeing deepest into the millstone, called Metaphysical Philosophy, that the earth is an animal—a living thing—of course, insensate brute and huge to *our* apprehension, but to the vision of Higher Intelligences an appareled creature in its robes of cloud and light—swung on its orbéd circuit, amid traveling peers: that to them its vast calm front must be forever pregnant with a meaning of its own; and they can, to "the dumbness of its very gesture," interpret—that it has articulations, "joints and motives" to its body, which must move, act and obey the impulse of the life within it. This active impulse—call it the galvanic fluid, or the principle of life—lives through and animates its own great bulk, as well as through every modification of its aggregate mass which we see as forms, and know as existences:

"One sun illumines heaven; one spirit  
vast  
With life and love makes chaos ever  
new."

That this sphered creature must have been itself in chaos a thought projected



out of the mind of God—the base and original of the being of which was a self-modifying vital principle. This vital force was independent of, and prior to, all organization; yet the law of its energies was the *creative* or self-formative—so that, if it acted through itself at all, it must act creatively—plastically—expressing this action in forms, the combinations of its own constituents. Mark you; the gift of this creative energy was from God, who gave it its laws, making it through them self-acting. In a word, His higher energy produced here a remote modification of some one thought or phase of His own Eternal might; and this we call—and it is to us—creative. The fact of its being an energy sustained from God, implies the necessity of action, and this action constitutes its development of itself—its entity. That this entity must be infinitely remote from the positive being of God is self-evident:

“As if the *cause* of life could think and live.”

God's being must be something immeasurably beyond the ideas of thinking and living, as they appear to us—for how could like *create* its like. It may *pro-create*—creation is absolute and beyond this; the power of pro-creation is from it an endowment: so that in applying the term creativeness to any being under God, we must be understood as using it in the sense of production or projection out of the laws of its own life.

We are no

“Magian with his powerful wand,”

setting up to reveal, or be doctrinal of, that which may not be known; but yet, we protest “we love similitudes,” and are fain to test how far they may playfully and safely carry us; for we mean to *demonstrate* (save the mark!) that these Birds of which we are to treat are no less than the “winged words” of this Earth's Poetry! Do they not express the supremest graces of a purely sensuous life—of action—which we have shown to be a necessity of that vital energy permeating the globe and all that is therein? Now let us see how we can make our Earth a Poet—to discourse in sweet living numbers! This must be comparatively with Man, of course. There are two souls; Man possesses a soul—a peculiar energy, “breathed into his nostrils, the breath of life”—Eternal life, higher than the life of the Earth, and to which its vital principle has been given as a

medium. Then, as the soul is man's *highest* vitality, why may not the Principle of Life, which is to the Earth its highest vitality, be to it the soul—

“The lightning of its being,”

yet a lightning whose fountain may be the sun, while the eternity of God's own life may be the source of that higher soul in man. His soul is creative, and peoples the chambers of its imagery with rare and gorgeous creatures. Then why may it not be—as we have shown it must, from the necessities of its origin and existence—that this lower, or Earth Soul is likewise creative, and all things that it contains, the expression of this self-exercised, self-modifying power, in thoughts that walk, run, creep, are still, or fly? A union of the two energies, the Spiritual and Sensuous, seems to have been necessary to the consummation of things as they are. The purely Spiritual could know nothing of the Sensuous, except as an abstract idea; nor could the purely Sensuous know the Spiritual at all, except through vague and undefined *images* of power; and this very necessity for the interposition of an image precludes the possibility of any knowledge of its essence. Hence it appears to us, that the life of the latter must have been confined to simple *consciousness*—a mere direct knowledge of external things, as they appealed to its senses, effected its organization; while *its* being, to the former, was only a cold and lifeless reflex, such as we have described the inverted landscape in the lake to have been. Now we fancy that, to angelic vision, which alone, under God, regarded things from the *Universe* as a point of view, our world must have hung upon space about as unnaturally as that morning picture did, and all its action have seemed as the shadow of a Bird passing over it would have done to us from *our* point of view.

“—————The Dædal earth,  
That island in the ocean of the world,  
Hung in its cloud of all sustaining air;  
But this divinest universe  
Was yet a chaos and a curse,  
For *thou* wert not; but power from worst  
Producing worst—  
The spirit of the beasts was kindled there,  
And of the birds and of the watery forms.”

That “*thou*” was Adam, and, in reverence, it seems to us that the only way left of righting that apparently shadow-

peopled "island" to the apprehension of those Higher Intelligences, was through the interpenetration of the idiosyncratic life of some one of the "Principalities and Powers" into its lower essence—in a word, by the marriage of the Angelic and Sensuous life. That such a marriage was symbolized by the breathing into the nostrils of Adam the *breath of life*, we have no question. Into his organization—the most subtle and perfect expression of the creative energy of earth—a higher energy had passed, and in this sublimest marriage was the act and purpose of creation consummate. *To the universe*, when he awoke in birth "the great globe itself," with all "the pomp and circumstance" of its peculiar being, stood first revealed beneath the pillared firmament as now it stands—

"Man, the imperial shape, then multiplied  
His generations under the Pavilion  
Of the sun's throne."

His organization became to this vast new entity the law of beauty—of perfect form—harmonizing it with the Universe; his point of vision in common with the Seraphim, disclosing not the *only* but the *highest* reality. *He* first saw beauty here, and heard the choir of morning birds, but he as well, first looked off into heaven and heard the singing of the morning stars. He, alone, could look beyond mere consciousness, and see things, not as they appear to animal sense, but as they exist absolutely to all intelligences. All Truth is relative—but Existences are positive. It is only to man that the higher truth of these Existences was revealed, for he alone saw them in their *relations*. These relations were wide as the extended firmament—deep as abysmal space; and, to him, in right of his angelic birth, "the seeing eye" was gifted. This is "the vision and the faculty divine;" and that his recreant spirituality does not always use it—that he has sometimes walked through life as one having eyes that saw not—does not, for an instant, alter the relations of things, or make their position on the eternal scale less absolute, or iron-hinged. That he has Free Will, in this respect, is his own awful and peculiar gift—we cannot conceive, even of Gabriel, "nearest the throne," as one who *could not FALL*! But we *can* conceive—if man could only see as we do—or (more modestly) would only walk with his eyes open, how

charmingly and pleasantly his relations to the Earth might be changed. It is not so absurd, as might appear at first glance, to suppose her our Primal Parent through whom we have been born of Spirit—for surely we owe to her what we have of flesh and blood. And, to our mind, how lovely such a faith would be! With our hearts possessed of it, then would all the rude tremendous phases of her energy be tempered with amenities. It would then be our large Old Mother, chaunting in her seas a lullaby to us, when the long waves broke roaring on the sands or shook the fast cliffs with lashings. Then it would be the heavy trample of her roused strength in chastenings, when the hoarse storm made noises and the "cross blue lightning" spit its shafts against the crags—or, when her mountainous brows shook off the mellow evening, it would be in parting smiles for us—when their white fronts laughed out with the fiery kiss of morning, it would be to greet us. We might gaze back tranquil love for love into her dark eyes of sleeping waters when they showed eloquent for us the sparkling visions of her infinite life. In pleasant wonder, with some awe, we might look down where the cavernous arteries of her warm great heart were yawning—hear the clinking ripple of her nourishing blood go through her veins—while, far beneath, her fiery bowels yearned and shook the hills with belchings. Then in her long rivers we would see the arms of a nursing Mother thrown around the nations—we should know in the wind-bowed voiceful forest, the shaking of her musical hair—and ah! how tenderly salute the Cowslip "cinque-spotted with its crimson drops," sent forth to us from near her heart—a thought of odors painted and embodied by the Sun. We should then see in Brute active life, not simply savage foes with whom our dealings should be under the law of blood, but Anti-types in which were foreshadowed the physical thoughts of strength, activity, courage &c., which were to be united in man the Type. Lion, tiger, horse, hog, monkey, all blended into one; and he—with his union of the Higher Vitality acting through these forces—exhibiting their utmost capabilities, the basest as well as the best powers of these organized thoughts of action and of passion. Then would they become to us forever a lower Brotherhood, reminding us that we too are born "of the earth, earthy;" that,



with all the keen exulting of this star-measuring vision, we are linked to them through a common life in half that constitutes our being. Then would the Brute King of Numidian forests be a reproach to us—with its inviolate faith to the original laws which stamped it royal—would rebuke its Human Brother of the lion-heart back to “mere nature;” when he grew voluptuous, would taunt him through the fixed wrinkles in its tawny face and the still strength of fierceness in its eye, to

“Rouse ! and the weak and wanton Cupid  
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous  
folds,  
And like a dew-drop from the lion’s mane,  
Be shook to air !”

Even the striped Tiger, in its Hyrcanian lair, stretched, gorged with blood, and harmless as a sleeping child, might teach a Robespierre to tire of slaughter and sheath for once his gore-stained claws. We are forever drawn away from our Earth-Mother by that counter force in us. May it not be that all Evil is the result of this unceasing antagonism of the Organic and Spiritual lives—that in a struggle which should elevate the lower, the symmetry of both is most frequently destroyed. Nature calls us back to her in this symbolical language, while the stars draw us by affinities. We will not see that our true Heaven lies between the two; but in the blindness of our perverse strivings make that happy half-way place a Hell ! Our Mother discourseth with us through these her living words—through these her constant Anti-types of the heroic virtues in us she illustrates the changeless laws by which they are sustained. She warns us when we have disgraced our lion—or even our hog or donkey natures—how we may get back again to truth by copying their simple lives. She speaketh sternly to us, for she cannot lie. Ay—

“Call the creatures  
Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare unhoused  
trunks  
To the conflicting elements exposed  
Answer mere nature—bid them flatter  
thee.”

Ah ! then, too, as well, would birds be the Anti-types of the Poetical in us. As we have said, they are to our Eld-Mother her “winged words” of poetry. The similitude is perfect here ! Even as Poe-

try is to us the higher language of our highest—*i. e.* our angelic nature—so, with this Matron Sister of the stars, is this Poetry the higher expression of the strong and beautiful in her. Furthermore, as in our case it matters not whether this expression speak outwardly through the heart, the blood or the brain, so it be the most purely *creative* and perfect of its kind, it is yet our Poetry—exalted just in proportion as the brain—chief organ of the Soul—has worked it forth. So with her—it boots not whether sunset, waters, clouds, herbs, creeping things, beasts or *Birds* be her language—each condition is the expression of the Soul of action in her, and is, in its highest revelations, her Poetry—and, as Birds embody the purest graces of this action, they are her most elevated articulations ! Is not this fairly “*demonstrated* ?” Should they not seem to us the sublimest voices of her worship, lifted up on wings towards God, and be therefore sacred from all wantonness. Should they not thus be taken close to our hearts because they not only so clearly speak to us of the Soul in her, but as distinctly symbolize our own Souls ? for is it not from their swift aerial movements and melodious tones we gather all the images and language of the Spiritual Life ? In short, are not Birds the clearest, loftiest strain of the Earth’s Poetry—the most perfect allegories of the life to come—the finest Anti-types of the noblest aspirations of the life that is ? Though man has, in common with the elephant, sagacity—with the horse, generous activity—with the lion, magnanimous courage—yet, only in common with the Bird hath he wings, or rendereth up his heart on high in singing. But even as Anti-types of the physical virtues, Birds are the highest expression, and therefore the Heroic Poetry.

The traits enumerated above in connection with Brutes, are those of subordinates, of such as, sword in hand, lead columns crashing in the onset, or mount first “the imminent deadly breach ;” but they act under a controlling mastery, and it is that of such a spirit as the Eagle typifies—of a broad-pinioned cleaver of the mists, whose far-flashing, sun-defying eye sees beyond the concurrence he has wielded to the results. Such a one was Napoleon—whose whole career was the sublimest Heroic Epic the world ever saw. The Eagle was, naturally, his favorite bird, and perched upon his standards,

leading his fiery veterans to victory. It was his Anti-type, with its whole hungry family of Raptures, flame-eyed and hook-beaked, clustered around it in his Marshals! It has been the bird of victory since time began—all the mighty Geniuses of war have loved it—

“The Anarch Chiefs, whose fierce and murderous snares

Have founded many a sceptre-bearing line,”

have taken it for a sign, an omen of triumph. The wry-necked, world-conquering Macedonian followed it to the “Ganges golden” and the Temple of Ammon. The nation-yoking, “hook-billed Roman” carried it before his legions. Beneath its wings the grand Wallenstein, with his German cohorts, “blue-eyed, yellow-haired and strong,” battled haughtily with his Destiny? “The sterner stuff” of our own daring and hardy Fathers saw in its strong wings and continent-girdling flight, the fittest emblem of the freedom and the boundless Empire they were founding here. In a word, it has idealized and glorified all sublimest action and triumphs of the physical. It is the Epic of earth’s heroic Poetry. In it, like Homer, the Old Mother has loosened from “thunderous brows” her topmost thought of beautiful, fierce, exulting strength, and sent it plumed to float upon her storms!—That will do—Miss Barrett-izing the Earth! But let the Daughter paint for us—her bold pencil does it well! When we set up for one of “God’s prophets of the beautiful,” then may we, too, grind down the elements for our palette, and, at a single stroke, dash off such a profile of our Sphynx-headed Mother in her eternal youth, that the very Raven of the ark—said to be now abroad!—will recognize it for the same face it saw lifted calm above the flood! That would be Miss Barrett-izing with a “line effect,” especially if by the one effort we could throw in, as an accessory, the old fellow’s croak of greeting, hoarse with the phlegm of ages. But we are mournfully fain to confess we may not be a Seer—for, as yet, we have seen no sights

“Of calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,”

worth talking about; though, in equal humility, we are ready to acknowledge that, all this while, it may be

“———true I talk of dreams  
Which are the children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy!”

Be our similitudes veritable, or this the “baseless fabric of a vision,” still we reiterate our “weakness” for them! Sure this wondrous wide ocean of Analogy (had we not as well have said *Truth*?) has some sunny spots in it—green islands where we love to stop and play upon the pebbly verge with the weird Albatross—it brings us “whispering shells” from the deep, deep sea. Rebuke not our toying fancy, and you shall hear them, too!

But has not Earth, too, as well as Man, a yet more exalted and exalting Poetry than that of which the Bird of Battle is a sign? We, ourselves, can vouch for this—for have we not heard it?—not alone in strains such as

“———Bottomless conceit

Can comprehend in still imagination,”

but through this carnal sense in our own pricked ears have we confessed it. Ah! how different that mellow rhythm, from the harsh, hungry clarion, sounded in its scream?

Have we not gone aside into those secret places where our Primal Mother

“Plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,

That in the various bustle of resort

Were all too rumpled and sometimes impaired.”

Here an awed silent witness have we not listened when her solemn moods of worship came upon her? Think you she does not know the *Mighty One*, who thought her—Daughter of the Sun—into being? Yes! and she serves an altar to him, “in a house not made with hands;” and thus, for that service—away from the hum and dust of bruising cities—from the rock-rude chaos of her sterner moods, where Eaglets nestle with her Storms—doth she draw apart; and, gathering about her there her delicate thoughts of love and gentlest peace, she lifts them on her green bosom to her old Sire to kiss, and resting tranquil in his warm light—sings! First, she sings an under prelude with the breeze and stream—then, soft and clear, a louder diapason swelling rings in sweet articulations, warbled out or trilling from her thousand living throats! Must not this be her choral incense—hymn of praise—the holier strain she carries in the anthem of the stars? Every note, too, is plumed with wings, and is the living movement of her heart to God. Have we not thus seen that she, too—comparatively with man—has



a Poetry, and discourseth "sweet living numbers," after the same manner with his rapt inspirations? This, *her* "tune-ful choir," is the eldest; and, as it expresses in her the highest yearnings of her purer life, so it stands the Anti-type of the spiritual and truest Poetry in Man—Man! her wayward child, half tyrant and half stranger on her bosom. What reckes he, the hard self-worshiper, that the Linnet is his lowlier sister! Still is she bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and sings for him of love! Yet he, too, sings of love. Her love is of the sun and flowers—his love goes winging to freeze among the stars, and will not stoop to caress her. Ah! unfra-ternal despot; ye may not know the innocent joy when it is warm about the heart. Thus her meek rebuke would be plained low from out her tiny heart! But, gentle singer, though in the aggregate we be

"A people currish, churlish as the seas,  
And rude almost as rudest salvages"—

yet have we men and women of us, who

"Subscribe to tender objects"—

who can turn away from the unholy altars of this "dark idolatry of self," to know and feed upon the beautiful in outward things. To such, thou *art* a lowly sister—

"And for thy songs they give thee song  
again,

But set thy lisps to a loftier strain!"

Safer in their wide sympathies thou mayest nestle than in the strong cedar—cherished and nourished at their deep hearts—take thine ease—thou mayest be glad!

These are the true Monarchs here. They have thrown aside the purple and forgotten State. They go forth bare and meek into the throng of living creatures, and in their beneficence alone do they seem royal—"like the benediction of the covering heavens," their calm, genial smiles fall everywhere in dew;

"And they shall be accounted Poet Kings,  
Who simply say the most heart-easing things."

These are they the Song Birds typify!—the soft-eyed and musical-hearted!—Ah, alike—how full of happy love and the power of giving joy!

It is very pleasant and curious to see how many points of resemblance there are between these Plumy Poets and their bifurcated rivals without feathers. The

points of departure are rather of manner than of kind. The bird is its own instrument, and

"Singeth of Summer in *full-throated*  
ease;"

though there are exceptions: the Woodpecker sometimes makes of the hollow oak an "instrument" whereon to beat a tattoo. The Pheasant extemporizes the thunder of deep bass, using an old log for a drum; but these are incidental deviations, for they are not strictly Song-Birds, though they carry important parts in the orchestra. The Man has a voice too, and uses it to a purpose sometimes—for old Herrick says,

"So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy  
voice,

As, could they hear, the damned would  
make no noise."

And, in further proof of the earnestness with which it may be used, even the delicate Juliet exclaims,

"Else I could tear the cave where Echo  
lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than  
mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name."

And could you but hear the exquisite Mrs. Mowatt in the "Else I could tear" of these lines, you would understand what might be the voice of Shakspeare's "dove-feathered Raven" in sad beautiful rage! In loftier numbers we are told how

"————— The harmonious mind  
Pour'd forth itself in all prophetic song."

But this labial lute—the organic "instrument" in man—could not equal the effects produced by those of his rivals; and, as he was to express in himself everything, he brought his constructive creativeness to bear, and soon through it equalized his individuality with *all*. From the time of

"Jubal's pipe awakening the young  
echoes,"

down to the present, his art has grown until his creatures—in emulation of his Mother—have become alive, and he can

"———— With fleet fingers make  
His liquid-voiced comrade talk with him—  
It can talk measured music eloquently."

And now—oh rarest miracle!—wondrous consummation!

"Let but thy *voice* engender with the  
string,  
And *angels will be born whilst thou dost*  
*sing.*"

HERRICK.

Here is the triumph, "in special," of Man's creativeness over that of Earth! We should like to see the old Dame or any of her Poet-Birds surpass this charmingly refined mode of populating a Heaven! But yet, withal, it is the legitimate procreation of

"Music married to immortal verse," and the logical deduction from our "foregone conclusions," that while Earth's music-notes are embodied in the forms of Birds, those of Man become angels!

Birds love best "the bedabbled morn," and their boldest, freest song bursts forth in wild, sweet garrulous greeting to the sun—while their evening hymns are plaining low and mellow! Our Poets have not been remarkable for seeing the sun rise. They permit

"Full many a glorious morn  
To flatter the mountain-tops"

unreproved of them. They rather affect the ghostly watches of the moon, and though given to becoming somewhat "*mellow*," too, of evenings, "the wild disguise has been apt to almost antick" them.

"Cup us till the world goes round,"

was ever the favorite chorus of their mellow vespers. God bless them! Poor Chaucer is not the only one of whom it might be said—

"That mark upon his lip is wine!"

The song-bird with its pipes a-weary sips, for refreshing, the fiery dews inspired of the sun. They, as well to awake the frost-bound blood or rouse the sacred madness, have quaffed at this

"——— Thespian spring,

Of which sweet swans must drink before they sing

Their true-paced numbers and their holy laws."

Not a strictly Washingtonian sentiment, by the way, but it will do, since Birds and Poets are accountable for it—though so staid a Poet as Wordsworth talks about "Thou drunken Lark!" Birds are proverbially improvident and regardless of the injunction, "give thyself no thought for the morrow, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink"—for with them "sufficient to the day is the *joy* thereof!" That therein Birds and Poets do most agree, the Lay of "The Flower and Leaf" shall bear us witness. The gentle Poet, idling through an embowered Dream-land, becomes

"—— Ware of the fairest medler tree  
That ever yet in all my life I see.

\* \* \* \* \*  
Wherein a goldfinch leaping pretilie  
Fro bough to bough."

The little bird begins to sing

"So passing sweetly, that by manifold  
It was more pleasaunt than I could devise."

Thereby ravished into paradise, he sat him down upon "the sote grasse" to drink in tranquilly the fullness of the new bliss; and reclined thus, his heart begins to chaunt of itself—like wind-stirred boughs—concerning this song of its little Brother which so moved it. Above all images of soft delight, that rippling accord was

"More pleasaunt to me by many fold  
*Than meat or drinke or any other thing*,  
Therefo the herber was so fresh and cold,  
The wholesome savours eke so comforting,  
That as I deemed sith the beginning  
Of the world was never seene er than  
So pleasaunt a ground of none earthly  
man!"

You perceive that Chaucer and his Goldfinch might both have sprung from a very "Halcyon's nest" of spiritual "Loaferdom!" Indeed,

"——— the placid mein  
Of him who first with harmony informed  
The language of our fathers——"

seems to have marked him peculiarly as Prince and Founder of this world-wide Order of "the lovers of the quiet." He absolutely and unblushingly confesses the whole implication in "The Romaunt of the Rose"—

"And then wist I and saw full well  
That *Idlenesse* me served well,  
That put me in such jolitie."

But then, who does not love that "jolitie" when he understands that

"There was many a bird singing  
Throughout the yerde all thringing,"

"is fit for treasons, stratagems," &c. Ay, he is the veriest hind that ever turned up clod, who has not a fountain of sweet apprehensions stirred within him when he hears, mellowed through the gray rifts of Time, the rhythm of

"These birdes that I you devise  
They song her song as faire and well  
As angels doon esprituell."

Ah, exquisite Idlers!—would that in this busy, froward, vexing "Play," the only "acts" for those like you might be to

"—— Sit apart and sing,  
And smoothe your golden hair!"

To the Bird, this gay, blissful Aiden is the reality of sunshiny life—to the pale



Poet, alas! the "semblant shadow" of a taunt. Yet, withal, his brave "faith of gentleness" lives too far on high—too self-sustained in its own quiet might to lust for base appliances. The making melody to feed his own heart's yearning brings to him

"A greater content in course of true delight,

Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,  
Or tie *his* treasure up in silken bags  
To please the fool and death."

But however charming these *general* "similitudes" of the Birds and Poets may be to us, it is necessary for us to remember that there is such a thing as being "cloyed of sweetness" known in the world! We must descend to *particulars* in illustrating our theory of concordance. We have said that song-birds were the Anti-types of they who "shall be accounted Poet Kings." By this we mean that—for each of the Human Poets who has illustrated the external relations of Humanity distinctly from himself—or, in other words, who has seen and sung of things as they *are*—and been purely *creative*—our mother furnishes among Birds a distinct Anti-type. For instance—as the most immediate and convenient example—what sentient thing so strikingly illustrates Shakspeare as the Mocking Bird? Though circumstances rendered the interposition of a "Discoverer" necessary to bring to light the New World, which *alone* could furnish the prototype of such a Genius, yet it is not the less true that it *has* been found. And here we, daringly perhaps, present it. The Mocking Bird is the Monarch of Earth's song—imperial over all the choir of woods and plains that lie beneath the stars—as Shakspeare is over that more spiritual choir which,

"In the rapid plumes of song  
Clothed itself sublime and strong."

Shakspeare is more human than humanity itself—in the subtilty of his mimetic art another "nature that shapes man better." The Mocking Bird in its native powers of song surpasses all other birds; and even when imitating them,

"All that ever was,  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music  
doth surpass."

On some fair morning, when our Mother wears such holiness of smiling peace upon her face that the dreamy Poet wandering forth might be pardoned for supposing that he was

"Amidst the young green wood of Paradise,  
Such store of birds therein yshrouded were,  
Chaunting in shade their sundrie melodie,"

until the very hills reverberate, and meadow grasses dance in cadence—then might he hear the Mocking Bird triumphing! Loud above them all its notes would swell—

"With wanton heed and giddy cunning  
The melting voice through mazes running,  
Untwisting all the chains that tie  
The hidden soul of harmony!"

Every trill and quaver of a rival song its victorious, Elfin skill would reproduce, until each separate throat was choked with envy. Ah, then the joy and glory of its conquest comes! Out of the silence there would go such a "storm of music,"

"Such harmonious madness  
From its throat would flow,"

as might "shake the dull oblivion from his dreams!"

By the way, in this connection we will quote authority, lest we might be set down by some dull doubter as a mere *rhapsodist*. Mr. Audubon is the highest upon such subjects, and he says:

"They are not the soft sounds of the flute or of the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivaled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self."

Shakspeare was diverse as a peopled world; all moods, all thoughts, all humors of all men, alike were his. The verisimilitudes and Protean versatility of the Mocking Bird are quite as strange. Indeed, its power of adaptation is most remarkable. The same authority quoted above represents it in its native and congenial home—the dew-dropping, odor-breathing South—as the most gentle and confiding of creatures. We can bear eye-witness of this; for here it is known and cherished in the fraternal spirit of our Philosophy, and is as fearless, familiar and domestic as a household sprite. We have seen it, as he represents, place its nest openly upon the fence by the side of the public road, and have often thrown crumbs to it as it hopped about the door-sill. But like all vigorous natures, it is restless and a wanderer—though, with a sagacious and mysterious sympathy or

apprehension, it never pushes its migrations beyond the vicinage of Humanity of some sort or other. It is too conscious and fastidious ever to waste its sweetness. We remember it as the pioneer in Southern Kentucky; for it always waits until the conquering axe has made the Eden of meadows, clover-fields and gardens ready for its coming; and in this character it is the very antipode of the Bird of Louisiana. We saw the first one that made its appearance in the neighborhood of our native town. We were quite a youngling, with that old Saxon-robber impulse of destructiveness rioting in our veins. We had our first gun in hand, and it was with the fierce exultation of our savage blood that we saw the first victim fluttering plumb from the tree-top, or the death-spring of a stricken Hare. Racing through the meadows, slaying and to slay, one morning we saw afar off upon a tall tree a graceful Bird, with white upon its wings, fluttering about as though at a loss whether it would be safe to alight and sit still. We at once knew it for a stranger; for every gesture, quip and whim of every particular denizen of wood and plain around us was familiar to us as our own five fingers and toes. We forthwith inhospitably swore that we would possess ourselves of the wanderer dead or alive. We attempted to approach it—in a moment it was gone to another tree—we followed with more caution and as little success—again and again we tried. In a word, no Jack-o-Lantern ever led simple lout of a boor so devious and difficult a dance, through thickets, quagmires, over rude break-neck grounds, as we were drawn to traverse in that futile chase. We reached home weary, dusty and forlorn, cursing the sober circumstantial wit of this wild, fleeting passenger. We saw it often afterwards, but *never* gave it another chase. Its mate soon came, and the Pioneers built their nice tangled house in some secret place—and as brood after brood went forth, it came to be, that all the region round about so

“Resounded

Their anthems sweet devised of love's prayse,

That all the woods theyr echoes back rebounded,

As if they knew the meaning of their lays.”

At first the dull, *Genius loci*, did not regard this witching revelation of enchanted land that was giving its slow-paced hours quick wings, until we—with that

faculty of giving *prestige* to things (ahem!!) which is peculiar to us—*told* them what a miracle it was, and took the fresh, young girls out with us to hear its star-felt strathspeys quiver through the Moon. Then Mocking Birds became “the rage.” No lady's *boudoir* was complete without one caged, and all the bad, vagrant boys in the country were drafted into service to find their nests and young. And it was wonderful to see how—in the precise ratio of the persecution they were subjected to under this new mania—their wariness and foresight were increased. We ourselves, for the purpose of obtaining a closer insight into their habits, it must be confessed, were numbered among their persecutors. Often have we, with a particular individual in our eye, which had shown surpassing powers, (for they differ in this respect as men do!) spent a whole day in the fields watching and following its every movement, in the hope of discovering its nest. But though there were hundreds of others passing—in the suburbs of a town—the shrewd creature would seem to have singled us as a prying inquisitor from all the rest, and, do what we might, would baffle us hour after hour, and day after day. We came, after a while, to regard their sagacity as something wizard-like—inscrutably beyond our ken. So it was, really. The same surprising prowess which made it supreme in its own life otherwise, made it thus here under the compulsion of circumstances. So when impulse and poverty had driven Shakspeare to London, his masterly genius mated itself with circumstances as he found them, (so far as was necessary,)—with the base huckstering elements he saw to be all-powerful around the theatres—until, interfusing his own “candid nature” into those about him, he elevated them upon his triumphs into dignity, as well as awed respect. But this facility of adaptation illustrates only a phase of its Shakspearian character. Shakspeare was the genius of “infinite humors”—Jack Falstaff, Bardolph, Shallow, Nym, *et ii omnes*—with Puck, Ariel, Titania and Oberon thrown in—stand like chiseled laughter upon the monumental front of Time. Our feathered Shakspeare can, in its sphere, contend for nothing so sublimely fixed—but that it is a practical, habitual humorist of the rarest water, we can testify.

We have seen it alight amidst a squad of purple Martins pluming themselves upon the bare topmost boughs of a soli-



ary old oak, in the early sunshine. The Martins would turn their heads—stare soberly at the intruder—half-spread their wings quickly, and twitter to each other in astonishment. The unbidden guest would cock his eye, stare, throw out his wings and twitter too—aping their every gesture and note so exactly that it was impossible to tell who was who! The Martins evidently much surprised, would throw out their wings a little wider, and chirp and twitter in somewhat louder concert. The Mocker would coolly ape each sound and gesture. The simple Birds would seem astonished, and bounce away into the air with short circlings and vociferous clamors—questioning each other what all this meant. The mocking Elf would spring up too and clamor loudly and more clear than they in their own tones—until at last, after a deal of fluttering and to-do, the Martins would come back and quietly settle round him—seeming to have concluded that he must be “one of them!” There he would sit awhile deliberately doing all they did—saying all they said—till some new freak would beset his volatile humor—when, to the sudden shriek of a Hawk in their midst, the simple but valiant Birds would dip swiftly downward, and with shrieks of rage come swooping back to punish their imaginary foe! Nothing was to be seen but the stranger demurely chirruping their own soft language just where he sat before. The poor birds would appear evidently to feel that there was something “more than met the eye”—than they could understand in all this—and would scatter in affright and leave him sole occupant of the perch. This was what the knave seemed to have desired, and would forthwith commence pouring his whimsically glorious gushing melodies until that old tree-top seemed to be populous with infinite various throats—now, piping in measured, slow succession their peculiar strains—then hurried and rushing, trampling with musical tread upon each other’s heels. We will here dismiss this particular contrast. We are fully prepared to expect, that in this instance as well as in those which are to follow our “Similitudes”—our whole Philosophy indeed—will appear to many surface-glancing minds,

“Like the man’s thought dark in the infant’s brain—  
Like aught that is which wraps *what is to be*.”

We are smilingly content to rest all upon this interpretation, so that—in the Poetical sense—it include the pregnant meaning of

“The infantine familiar clasp  
Of things divine.”

And then again, who but Milton, “blind Thamyris” among the “Prophets old” should be a type of the Nightingale? Who does not remember that delicate and touching comparison instituted by himself in allusion to his blindness? Who, other than he, could under such circumstances of blank, rayless desolation—poised on his own supreme spirituality—have loftily fed

“—— on thoughts that voluntary move  
Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird  
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid,  
Tunes her nocturnal note.”

All minds must be impressed by the strange excelling appositeness of the “similitude” in this case. Ah, Soul of the Beautiful! thy

“Cloudy wings with sun-fire garlanded,”

“Before the spirit-sighted countenance  
Of Milton didst thou pass from that sad  
scene

Beyond whose night he saw with a dejected  
mein.”

And what a starry “night” was that thou didst disclose to him! How great a firmament, moving and mingled, populous with burning spheres! And what a dawn is that which has leaped forth from it—in flames, in purple, and in music over Earth! We see it to have been both with Milton and his own loved Philomel, that their midnight song

“———begins anew  
Its strain when other harmonies stopt short  
Leave the dinned air vibrating silvery.”

To both, the prerogative has been given, as a dominion over that ominous, awful pause ’twixt Life and Light,

“To satiate the hungry dark with melody.”

With both it is a solemn minstrelsy—solemn and liquid from its shadowy source—pregnant and high as prophesy. The Nightingale

“The light-winged Driad of the trees,”

sitting and singing ’neath the moon, will make the long-drawn shades to stir, and night’s deep bosom palpitate with bliss. In its rapt song, fluent and rounded like the roll of waters going free, the

fountain of its heart comes forth—now the tide is full and slow, up-swelling through the dusky void—then it is rippled out in low, sweet laughings, and again burst in the shrilly ring of jubilant loudest symphonies. What a joy it is beneath the “visiting moon,”

“The singing of that happy nightingale  
In this sweet forest, from the golden close  
Of evening, till the star of dawn may fail,  
Thus interfused upon the silentness.”

In the tender melancholy, the full, liquid flow of Milton’s majestic measures we can perceive something more than an imaginary resemblance to the characteristics of the bird’s song;

“And Philomel her song with tears doth steep!”

as well as the Blind Singer. The nations crowding eagerly around the pedestal of the Poet’s fame, to do obeisance to his memory, bear witness that

“The mellow touch of music most doth wound  
The soule when it doth rather sigh than sound;”

and, softened down the lengthened night of ages, do those

“Sighs resound through harkless ground.”

Though this saddened, mournful earnestness tempers and leads the general flow of his verse, yet “*L’Allegro*” is contrasted with “*Il Penseroso* :” he can and does smile as well as weep; and the music of his delicate mirth

“Falls on us like a silent dew  
Or like those maiden showers  
Which, by the peep of day, doe strew  
A babtime o’er the flowers!”

The Nightingale will not sing when deprived of its liberty, and dies in a cage. Here we are reminded of Milton’s stern indomitable devotion to human freedom. Who does not remember that glorious burst of this holy enthusiasm—

“—————The uncontrolled worth  
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirit  
With such a flame of sacred vehemence,  
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,  
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves,  
and shake.”

Both Bird and Poet were clothed in that “russet mantle,” which Time and all

things else solemn and strong, love best to wear. In the Bird, with its plain, brown plumes, hid in the lowly hawthorn, singing to the night, who does not see a resemblance to the Republican Poet, in his coarse, simple garb, retired beyond the reach of persecution to his humble home; while, out of his darkness, over all the world,

“Prophetic echoes flung dim melody.”

With so many and such singular points of coincidence between them, who can doubt but that the Poet felt them, and that his mild spirit yearned, and was moved by the tender drawing of affinities towards his tuneful Brother. He, rather than poor Keats, might have passionately pleaded:

“So, let me be thy choir, and make and moan

Upon the midnight hours.  
Thy voice thy lute, thy pipe thy incense sweet

From swung censers teeming;  
Thy shrine thy grove, thy oracle thy heat,  
Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.”

As is Milton, so is the Nightingale peculiarly the favorite of the poets. They are regarded alike with a gentle and deep affection. Kind old Spenser has expressed this for us all, and for all Time, concerning the Bird; and the Poet and the Bird are one.

“Hence, with the nightingale will I take parte,  
That blessed byrd that spends her time of sleepe  
In songs and plaintive pleas——.”

Other coincidences—if possible, even yet more apparent—suggest themselves.

“Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat  
The vaulty heaven so high above our head.”

But the thought of Shelley at once occurs in the high place of that aerial melodist. Who has not, long ago, linked indissolubly in his memory the image of this Poet with that of the Skylark. One could not avoid this association, even if the “Ode to a Skylark” had never been written. The Poet felt it to be his skiey Brother, and greeted it out of his heart of hearts, in the silver-footed cadences of that most rare of exquisite strains. It seems to us that the poet had unconsciously thrown out his own soul upon



those music-hinged plumes up the blue dome of air,

“—————To float and run  
Like an unbodied joy whose race has just begun.”

It is evident that, in the simplicity of this beautiful egotism, he was singing to, and of himself, without being aware. In all poetry, there is not a more nice and perfect similitude of the life and mission of the individual Poet, than that he has furnished of his own in this ode. Who other than Shelley is

“Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought

To sympathize with hopes and fears it heeded not !”

But it was an atmosphere akin to the sun-bright radiance of a prophet's brow, in which he was “hidden ;” and the vision of bat-eyed, oblivious dreamers has shrunk before it, because it was of a

“Light diviner than the common sun.”

Such, “muling” in their dull infanticide of thought, have been venomous as they knew how to be in denouncing him as “a cold, incomprehensible Idealist !” Miss Barrett, in her magnificent “Vision of the Poets,” has been most shamefully disloyal to the glorious apprehensions in herself, when amidst such “goodlie companie,” she dismissed this poet down the ages, on the attenuated echo of this vulgar lie :

“—————And Shelley, in his white ideal  
All statue-blind—————,”

is a falsehood base enough to be Democratic. The “white wings” she prayed might sprout upon the shoulders of George Sand, were singularly unfaithful to her own strong aspirations for the eternally True, at this particular juncture.

A cruel and unrighteous falsehood with regard to that heroic man has been conveyed by her in this characterization. Its meaning, as a Poetical image, most significantly and effectually shuts him out from the whole region of human sympathies. This is the very error in which the mobocracy of mind has persisted with regard to him, and to find a genius possessed of such remarkable prowess as her's has given abundant evidences of, stooping to demagogue with a scrubby prejudice for the sake of an effective image, is painfully displeasing to us. Well might his saddened shade be imagined as exclaiming “*et tu Brute !*”

(with a feminine appellative) to a thrust coming from such a hand. Yet, though she, herself, has first really unsexed genius, she has as well unfraternized it in thus countenancing the mongrel herd which has so long been barking at his heels. What, Shelley !—meekest of the “Elder Brothers of humanity”—who would gladly have anointed the feet of the poor fallen ones and wiped them with his hair, could he thereby have raised them up again

“To live, as if to love and live were one”—

who informed himself of medical science, and walked the hospitals while a mere youth, in view of no other rewards than those which the consciousness of ministering to the woes of others might bring—whose whole private life—with all its passionate derelictions upon mistaken *principles*—is now acknowledged on every hand to have been spent in the “dedicated air” of universal love—whose very errors have a sublimity in them approaching to the awful, from the consistent earnestness of this love for the Brotherhood of Humanity which made them blind. *He* to be stigmatized from such a quarter as whitely cold, in the frozen isolation of his ideality “all statue blind,” is too unpardonable. None but fools and fanatics pretend to pin their faith upon any particular poem of Shelley's as the embodiment of a philosophy or creed. To all *thinkers*, Queen Mab is, to the last intent, false—as he, himself, regretfully acknowledged in later life. But then it is recognized as, *artistically*, the most intense and finest expression of a peculiar period or phase of development common to that dawn of eager energies which as well makes a

“—Morning like the spirit of a youth,  
Who means be of note, begin betimes.”

There is a sublimer thing than Reason, which is Faith—the highest faculty of the human soul—and Shelley has differed from other lofty, earnest minds in the particular, that he has not only thought out and felt out with singular distinctiveness, but left on record every step, feature and condition, of that weary travel from Doubt to assured Truth, each one has to make for himself over the high-way of development. All along the way of his pilgrimage, he has left land-marks which may lead the weak, who stop short, to error ; but to the strong-visioned and the hardy must prove important guides to that high-placed “house

of life," upon the very threshold of which he suddenly fell into the abyss of death. As a metaphysician and philosopher, he is not to be classified so much by what he *was*, as by what the evident tendencies of his later modes of thought showed he *would* have been. His life was an unfinished act upon which the curtain has fallen. He was a mighty Prophet sitting on his grave, which gaped and took him in before the full burthen of his inspiration had been sung. Therefore should he be dealt with in charity, which forgiveth and hopeth much.

Every thorough student of Shelley smiles at his ravings against Religion, because he perceives that, simply, they are monomaniac. He had dwelt upon the fixed idea of its *abuses*, which he so keenly deplored until he had come to place them for the thing itself; while he had, in reality—calling it by another name to himself—taken more of its *essence* into his heart than many who have borne a better name. That all his morality—apart from those vagaries with regard to social organization and perfectability which he, in common with Coleridge and other bright and true souls, was misled by in early life—was of a Christian spirit, is perfectly transparent; though he was unconscious of this himself. He was working his way up through clouds of error, made splendid by his genius, to the clearer atmosphere of Faith—glimpses of which he had already been visited by through the rifts. Had he lived, we have no question, he would have mounted to a *realization* of Faith, and calmly settled with folded wings upon the "Rock of Ages." We see indications, towards the last, that he might have even reached the opposite extreme of high Conservatism in Christianity. Students who cannot get beyond the "notes to Queen Mab," in their appreciation of Shelley as a Man and a Poet, had better have had nothing to do with him. His works are dangerous play-things for *children* of any age!

But we have not room—in the repletion of a philosophic mood—to say all in this connection we should be glad to say about Shelley. This we intend to make a future occasion to do. We have seen that never were Bird and Poet so mated.

Let but the impulse of some holy, even though miscalculated, purpose be presented—of some deed of loyal chivalry to Her *he* knew as Truth, come to him in the humble walks he chose, and

"The low-roosted lark  
From its thatched pallet roused"

never sprang up on sublimer flights than did this Poet,

"Swift as a spirit hastening to his task  
Of glory and of good, —————"

"Sunward now his flight he raises,  
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes  
With uninjured plumes."

With all this flashing wonder of his far and graceful winging, yet is that shrill delight we hear—showering a rain of melody, while soaring he still sings—the voice of our humanity, mellow and rich with old familiar tones. Still we are "overcome, as by a summer cloud," with admiration of this most chaste and sacred enthusiasm, which seems to be mounting, on its own joy, to shake the earth-dews from its pinions off into their old fountains up the sky! Ah, what a charming symbol is it, of the wild, unconquerable might of Love! Though its cradle and its common home is on the base glebe, yet its exultations *will* not be weighed down and tamed—but must as well mount to gladden all above—linking, in "subtle silvery sweetness," the dust-trodden with the starry fields! Shelley most beautifully characterizes that marvelous and indefinable sympathy between the Earth and the Human Poetry—which we have been endeavoring to illustrate—in one of the concluding stanzas to the Skylark!

"Better than all measures,  
Of delightful sound;  
Better than all treasures,  
That in books are found,

Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of  
the ground."

But, ah, wo is me! Weep now, Urania—thou eldest muse—for *him*! That harmony paused—

"— And the spirit of that mighty  
singing

To its abyss was suddenly withdrawn!"

We have not space for a farther extension of these Similes. We will only glance at a few others. There is no English Bird which furnishes a good type of Keats—this Country affords, though, a perfect one in the Thrush, or, as it is most beautifully, though technically termed, "Orpheus Rufus," the Brown Orpheus! It is inferior to the King of Song in the infinite variety, the triumphant energy and force of its minstrelsy. But we are constantly reminded of the poetry of Keats, in the deep liquid rush of its strains and the



keen intense melody of each particular note. Like him, it is a plain, humble Bird, hiding in the low thickets, and only coming forth to sing. Then it mounts upon the topmost pinnacle of the highest tree, that all the world may know of it—for now it has forgotten its timid humility—all its heart is big with the melodious prophecy of sound. Its mood of worship is upon it, and what cares it, or knows, that a proud, cruel world lies at its feet, and that it is only mounting to where every shaft may reach it. Death and fear are no more to it now—it *must* sing—and forth goes the rapt hymn. It has become now

“As one enamored is up-borne in dream  
O’er lily-paven lake, ’mid silver mist,  
To wondrous music——”

Wondrous, but coming unconscious out of its own heart. Then, to we favored Human listeners,

“O blessed bird, the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place,  
That is fit home for thee.”

It is one of those strange coincidences we have before noticed—that Keats, without ever having heard his Prototype, should have yet produced the most exact and singularly minute characterization of its peculiar song—

“——My sense was filled  
With that new blissful golden melody.  
A living death was in each gush of sounds,  
Each family of rapturous hurried notes  
That fell, one after one, yet all at once,  
Like pearl-beads dropping sudden from  
their string,

And then another, then another strain,” &c.

The very collocation of the words themselves, produces upon the ear the effect of a remote resemblance. Alas, poor Keats! The savage Archers reached him on his airy perch, and cut short, forever, those miraculous strains. But though now he be “in his far Rome grave,” among “the sleepers in the oblivious valley,” yet must the echoes he has waked live in still reverberations musical, through all the enchanted caves of Human thought. They are deathless, for in him

“Language was a perpetual Orphic  
song  
Which ruled with Dædal harmonie a  
throng  
Of thoughts and forms.”

But concerning Wordsworth—

“Once have I marked thee happiest guest,  
In all this covert of the blest.  
Hail to THEE far above the rest  
In joy of voice and pinion!  
A life, a presence, like the air,  
Scattering thy gladness without care,  
Too blest with any one to pair;  
Thyself thine own enjoyment!”

The poet thus furnishes us to hand an exquisite characterization of himself in the choir of this “covert of the Blest,” through whose shades we thus tardily “linger listening.” But which shall be prototype to him?

“Art thou the Bird whom man loves best,  
The pious Bird with the scarlet breast,  
Our little English Robin?”

On the highways, in the by-ways, from the green lanes, the hedge-rows and the gardens, by the lintel near the hearth-stone, summer in and winter out, under sunshine, under clouds, happy, calm and musical, ever—

“A life, a Presence like the air;”  
over merry England and the world will  
Robin and the Poet go together,

“Scattering gladness without care.”

But the “Little English Robin” does not furnish a sufficient Anti-type to the higher powers of song which distinguished Wordsworth, as well as these gentler graces. Our American Robin, which belongs to the Shakspearian family of “The Turdineæ,” which includes the Mocking Bird and the Brown Thrush, is, in a better sense, his Anti-type. This Bird is as well a social familiar, and builds its woven house upon the limb that leans nearest the homestead walls. Many a time have we seen it, about dusk, catch the fire-flies within ten feet of the door-sill—as if it swallowed their weird light to feed and go flashing through the tender magic of its vesper hymn! And ah! who—that has heard that vesper hymn, beneath the last golden pauses of the twilight, swell out as if it took the plaintive echo of a saddened Human heart for key-note, and set it in gradations up through the soft notes of Hope to the shrilly clamors of a Joy set free, chastened by the memory of prison bars—will fail to understand how the American Robin is the true Anti-type of Wordsworth! But with thee, venerable and most venerated melodist! “Sunset is on the dial,” and soon we may expect thee to be numbered with “The Prophets Old.” Though thy head is silvered, Time clothes himself in gray when his top-

most deeds of wisest strength are to be done, and, in the language of another daring Singer, to whom, like this Robin, our new world has given birth, we would address thee on this dreadful pause betwixt Sublimity and Death :

“ Then let the sunset fall and flush Life’s Dial !

No matter how the years may smite my frame,

And cast a piteous blank upon my eyes  
That seek in vain the old, accustomed stars,  
Which skies hold over blue Winandermere,  
Be sure that I a crownéd Bard will sing,  
Until within the murmuring barque of verse  
My Spirit bears majestically away,  
Charming to golden hues the gulf of death—  
Well knowing that upon my honored grave,  
Beside the widowed lakes that wait for me,  
Haply the dust of four great worlds will fall  
And mingle—thither brought by Pilgrim’s feet.”

Byron stands in singular contrast with Wordsworth. Of Wordsworth’s calm, slumberous, Oceanic mind, Earth is populous with Similitudes ; but of Byron our Mother furnishes no Anti-type. We know of no sentient natural thing upon her broad placid bosom which symbolizes him—and unless we adopt the old Greek Fancy, and embody the distortions of Human action and passion in scenes like those in which

“ —the half-horsy people, Centaurs hight,  
Fought with the bloudie Lapithies at bord,”  
we are utterly at a loss to conceive how he is to be illustrated. We might create some monstrous cross of the dull, filthy, ravin-hearted Vulture upon the beamy, bounding Lark, and thereby make a tame “ similitude ” of him to the apprehension of the shadow-substanced Citizens of “ Faery ” ! But to the Common World Wordsworth has quietly and fitly designated his hybrid entity, when he says :

“ —thou surely art

A creature of a fiery heart ;  
Those notes of thine, they pierce and pierce  
Tumultuous harmony and fierce.”

We cannot dwell longer in the atmosphere of Him who tortured music through his whole dissonant volcanic life into singing—that

“ Our life is a false nature—’tis not in  
The harmony of things—this hard decree,  
This *uneradicable taint* of sin—  
This boundless Upas,” &c.

We do not recognize him among “ God’s Prophets ” who eternally cants of

“ *The immedicable soul* with heart-aches  
ever new.”

There is an equal difficulty in finding

any distinct Anti-type of Coleridge—though not for the same cause. His magnificent Genius hangs upon the Times like some clouded mystic Fantasy.

“ Up from the lake a shape of golden dew,  
Between two rocks athwart the rising moon,  
Dances i’ the wind where eagle never flew.”

Though there is a Bird—as yet unknown and unclassified of Naturalists—we heard of, and saw a single specimen of, in Mexico, which fully expresses him. It is of very splendid plumage and most miraculous powers of song, and the superstitious natives hold it in great veneration. It haunts the deep groves about the old Catholic Missions, and they say is often heard to imitate from its hidden coverts the strains and voices of the Nuns singing their Aves to the Virgin. We heard it singing one night, and shall never forget the wild unearthly mellow-ness of that song—

“ —and all the place

Was filled with magic sounds, woven into  
one

Oblivious melody, confusing sense.”

So this stranger from a “ far countrie,”

“ —a Bird more bright

Than those of fabulous stock,”

can alone stand as Anti-type of the weird melodist of Christabel and the Ancient Mariner.

The same difficulty presents itself with regard to the gorgeous metaphysical Genius of Old Spenser. We shall have to find his Anti-type in that peopled realm of majestic shadows where he lived. We see

“ A Bird all white, well feathered on each wing,

Hereout up to the throne of God did flie,  
And all the way most pleasaunt notes did sing,

Whilst in the smoak she unto heaven did stie.”

And are we not satisfied—filled to the fullness of repletion—with the beauty of the “ Similitude ” ? But we have already sufficiently extended our recreations in this sunny latitude of charming thought. There are very many Similitudes of equal appropriateness and loveliness which present themselves. These are the chiefest. As for the smaller flock, we will only say in the quaint simile of Spenser :

“ The Nightingale is Sovereigne of song :  
Before him sits the titmouse, silent bee.”

Here we will dismiss this, to us, inexpressibly delightful theme.

“ So let it slip, like a bright-footed dream,  
Out of the chambers of our daily life ! ”



## TO A FLY IN WINTER.

ON BEING AWAKENED BY A SOLITARY FLY IN MIDWINTER; HAVING FALLEN  
ASLEEP WITH A BOOK IN MY HAND.

NUMB palsy seize thee, biting Fly !  
Thy doom is on thee ; thou shalt die—  
To take away the sweetest dream !  
And yet so meanly harmless seem :—  
                    So thou must die,  
                    Thou idle Fly !

Busily buzzing to and fro,  
Why did no spider long ago,  
Cold, lean-eyed *broker*, to his den  
Allure thee first, devour thee then ?—  
                    For thou shalt die,  
                    Thou simple Fly !

And yet thou surely didst but well,  
To rouse me from this torpid spell ;  
The scholar's task I had forgot ;  
Thanks for thy hint—I'll harm thee not :—  
                    Thou shalt not die,  
                    Poor lonely Fly !

But wherefore art thou here alone ?  
Thy gray-winged comrades all are gone.  
Thou hear'st the howling winter's blast,  
Great Nature's dirge !—and thou, the last,  
                    Must shortly die,  
                    Poor lingering Fly !

So pleasant was that life of thine ?  
The steaming noon—the day's decline—  
Sipping the dews the walls that stain,  
Or tirling on the window-pane ?  
                    But thou must die,  
                    Poor busy Fly !

This room's close breath, which heats my brow,  
Gives life to thee ; but even now,  
Thy movement creepeth—Ah ! though late,  
Thou feel'st thy death—thou know'st thy fate—  
                    That thou must die,  
                    Poor weary Fly !

'Tis well, then, thou shouldst mind me thus,  
That time is short with both of us :  
After Life's brief-bright summer day,  
By wintry winds we're swept away—  
                    And so *we* die,  
                    Poor mortal Fly !

## NOTES BY THE ROAD.

## No. I.

## OF WHAT IT COSTS, AND HOW IT COSTS.

GIL BLAS tells us, that when he left Oviedo on his way to Salamanca, with the paternal blessing, and master of his own motions, he was the owner of a mule which his uncle had given him—assuring him it was well worth ten or twelve pistoles—of sundry silver pieces which he had stolen from the same honored uncle, and of forty good ducats. But at the end of only the first day's travel, the young disputant found all his silver gone in a forced charity, his mule sold, upon the recommendation of his innkeeper, for a tenth of its value, and his ducats sadly encroached upon by a supper of omelettes and trout, given to an individual who had opened the way to the favor by flattering the vanity of the young traveler, and assuring him that he was *la huitième merveille du monde*. Poor Gil Blas! But there have been many since the time of the hero of Santillane, who have found themselves on the highway of travel, master of their own motions and an uncle's ducats, who have not known when to stop giving, nor on whose recommendation to bargain for their mules, nor when to cease fancying themselves a wonder of the world. Such will find their silver slipping away, and their ducats changing to silver. And sooner or later—the sooner the better—they will yield to the mortifying reflections of Gil Blas on the first night, at the hotellerie of Peñaflor:—*loin de m'exhorter à ne tromper personne, ils devaient me recommander de ne me pas laisser duper*. Whoever travels now, travel where he will, will be very apt to find that the people among whom he travels have seen travelers before. It is worth while to remember this; not merely as a statistical fact which the progress of civilization and discovery makes true, but as one which may serve as the source of valuable reflections—reflections which very possibly may do away the necessity of any such first-day's experience as that recorded of the young philosopher of Oviedo. It possibly never occurred to him, that the high-road from

Oviedo to Salamanca was made for anybody but himself—or that the old soldier who frightened him into charity was lying in wait for just such as he—or that the worthy innkeeper and honest jockey were established where they were on purpose to make bargains that should bring money out of travelers' pockets into their own—or that the decoy-duck, who had eaten of his omelettes and his trout, was acting only professionally, with just the sort of client in Gil Blas that his heart wished for. It is not altogether surprising, that even at that distant date, upon a high-road to Salamanca, there should be established at intervals personages who knew something of travelers' habits—of their need of good rest and carriage—and who had some crude notions of the capacity of travelers' pockets. But now the wonder is, if wonder it be, that they are to be found everywhere, that business, whim or adventure may take a man. When Saussure ascended Mont Blanc—nor was it so long ago as to be distant—he carried his own tent, and bargained for his own mule, and accomplished the task without meeting with honest jockeys or corcuelos. The top of Mont Blanc was more out of the way of travel than Salamanca for a long time; *now* propose to ascend it, and there are, at the least, a dozen guides to be kept, slept and dowered; so that he who treads on its everlasting snows has need, not only of zeal for science or spirit of adventure, but of at least forty of his own or his uncle's ducats.

In fact, that whole system, whose initial elements struck the Salamanican traveler so strangely, and which occasioned him so poignant regrets, has now become, in nearly every country, legalized and codified. And though some previous knowledge of the science—for it is worth that name—may not enable the voyageur wholly to escape its exactions, it may yet give him the power to avail himself of its least objectionable provisions. To this end, and at the risk of making a very



matter-of-fact, and consequently dull paper for many readers, we propose to say something about the necessary and the unnecessary expenses of traveling, commencing with the father-land.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

On a misty, drizzling, or, as the English expressively and with constant good occasion, say, dirty morning, the traveler finds himself in one of those little rivers, which stream down out of the heart of the British Isle with pleasing sinuosities to the sea. Perhaps there is a bright blue sky overhead; for such instances are on record, though, from our own experience, having approached the coast only on four or five different occasions, we cannot vouch for the occurrence of the phenomenon. But let the weather be what it will, and the chances are, as they say at Plymouth—making a joke of their misfortune—thirteen out of twelve for rain, the traveler finds himself in sight of English landscape, with ten or twelve sovereigns jingling in his purse, a little British silver, and a little American coin, with an order on the Barings or the Brothers Brown, for two or three hundred pounds sterling.

Perhaps it is in sight of the gray old houses and huge docks of Liverpool, that the new-comer first feels himself breathing English air: in that case, he will clamber from shipboard down upon one of those black, dismal-looking little steamers that are scudding in every direction through the dirty waters of the Mersey. His baggage, or what he must now begin to call luggage if he would be understood, goes, whether he wishes or no, to the Queen's warehouse. An old traveler, or whoever the stranger consults, will tell him that an hour or two must elapse before his effects will be examined. He therefore determines to find his hotel *instantly*. Various had been the recommendations to particular houses, before he had left the other side of the water, and they had formed the subject of the last two days' discussions on shipboard. Two or three decide upon the Adelphi, and a very innocent boy on the pier offers to conduct the "gemmen" to a cab. In a strange place the offer is not to be slighted. If it rains, of course a cab must be taken, and of course it rains. Up the long stone steps the initiates follow their conductor—they could not possibly have ascended in any other way—and at the top of the steps—they

could not possibly have missed it—is a dirty-looking, yellow half coach, half cab, with one crazy horse, and a man in an oil-skin cloak and hat upon the box. The boy opens the door, throws down the steps, tells the carman the gentlemen "wishes" to go to the Adelphi, and—lifts his hat. Your English street-boy doesn't manage his hat with much grace, but with a great deal of meaning. There is no mistaking it; and our travelers congratulate themselves on so good an opportunity to get rid of some of their comparatively worthless American coin, and give the boy, with a chuckle, a dime. Another lift of the hat, and a chuckle that they do not hear, and the urchin runs away, glad to sell his money for threepence, and calls it a good day's work. The carman thrashes on as if he were afraid of ugly questions. Over pavements, firm as the everlasting hills, and under warehouses that pile up their stories of stone to a prodigious height—seeing no color but what is gray and sombre, and no material but what is lasting—through narrow streets and through broad streets—by all sorts of shops—a butcher's stall here, a silk importer's there—amid all sorts of noises, from the cry of the wretched-looking women with hot baked chesnuts, to the horn of the conductor of the Everton "Bus," and the music of the bells of St. Peters, the travelers are at length set down before the door of the largest hotel in England. There is no bustle; there are no loiterers hanging about the doorway. The cabman is secured to take the parties to the Queen's warehouse in an hour's time, to see after the luggage; of which, *en passant*, every new traveler carries a half too much. With a threepence to the boy, who was on the watch to open the cab, we presently find ourselves in the hall, where we are met by a prim personage in black, with nicely polished gaiters, white cravat and collar, whom, in our simplicity, we take to be no less than a chaplain or the host; but who, on further acquaintance, turns out to be only one of a numerous bevy of waiters, similarly attired, no one of whom is afraid of a sixpence, and any one of whom is glad to get a shilling. At the sound of a bell which this worthy rings, a little maid comes tripping down the stairs, and making a curtsy, conducts you to chambers which are types of comfort all over the world. Condemned now to the miserably contracted dimensions of



the French *couche*, we bear vividly in mind the generous width and length of the good old high-post English bedstead, with its dark chintz curtains, lined with glazed cambric, closing all round you at night—its mattress piled upon mattress—its clean, heavy, stout cool linen, and heavy Dutch blankets over them; and wash-stand without a speck to mar its cleanliness, and polished grate, with polished shovel and poker, and bell-pull that is sure to ring. This is, it is true, a favorable picture, and better than most new-comers will find at the Adelphi, who will very likely climb three to four pairs of stairs, and find only a tent canopy swung over a bit of bedstead—but always cleanliness.

And what is the English town inn below? There is no reading-room to stroll in upon, and spend a spare half-hour, no smoking-room, in which to take a lounge and a quiet whiff, no sitting-room, in which to retire with a friend for a private chat. And if you ask for one or the other, you will very likely be shown into the coffee-room, with its ranges of tables, at one of which may be a man with a very red nose and a very sharp collar, sipping his brandy and water; at another, a man in a still more pointed collar at a breakfast of cold chicken, eggs, shrimps and tea. A third is at lunch, upon cold beef, bitter ale and biscuit, and a fourth discussing the Times over a toddy. If our travelers enter, the man at the breakfast possibly raises his head, the man with the brandy and water blows his nose, and the man with the Times takes the supplement off the table by him and lays it in his lap. This is the nearest approach toward conversation that can reasonably be looked for in an English coffee-room. You may converse with a friend—at which, however, the man with the paper looks as if he thought you very uncivil, though he knows you are not; you may discuss the most exciting topics of the day, and throw into your remarks all the rancor you please, the man at the breakfast is as imperturbable as the cold chicken at which he is picking, and the gentleman at lunch turns off a tumbler of ale to your extravagances with a smack of the lips, and a twinkle of the eye, that seems to say, “I wish I had a cask of it.” And if you fancy that some extraordinary burst of indignation has given offence to the stout gentleman with the red nose, who has rung so violently the bell, listen

to what he says to the waiter now that the door opens: “John, another glass of brandy and water, please.”

If the stranger, with an aversion, not unnatural, to sauntering in an eating-room, orders a parlor, he will find it in any large hotel as nice as could be wished for. There will be a sofa, not perhaps in the latest French style, but admirably adapted for comfort, and arm-chairs wide enough and easy enough for an East India Director, and there will be a grate that will burn without smoking, and a soft warm rug, and a footstool in the corner, and heavy damask curtains, and a bell that will secure attendance upon a touch, and—quiet—for it is your own parlor, and there will be no intruders.

But it is time to look after our luggage. After whirling a mile or two, the cabman draws up under the heavy arches of the Queen’s warehouse.

If a large number of portmanteaus have come up from the ship, there is a crowd of hangers-on in the neighborhood; but very careful not to jog against the arms of the policemen, whom one learns to distinguish very quickly by their straight blue coats, white buttons, and shining leathern belts. The examination is conducted very quietly by a sub-official, who concludes as quietly, with saying in an under tone—“Thank ye.” A month after, with the experience that a month gives, and the words would be easily understood. But the man in the baize resolves the present difficulty by saying, in unequivocal terms, and with an eye on the officer: “Shall we have a drink upon it?” A sixpence is slipped into his hand by the novice—a very shrewd and satisfactory way of replying.

You look for your cabman to bring out your trunks. But he tells you it’s against the rule—the regular porters are only admitted. You search for a regular porter, who makes the transportation, and you put a shilling in his hand—too much by half. He turns it a time or two in his palm, and says, “Please, sir, there’s two of us—it’s very little.” You give him another, and he thanks you. The portmanteaus are on, and you jump in, thinking to make escape, but there is a boy upon the step, who keeps his hold at the window: “Threepence, sir—please, sir; very heavy portmanteaus, sir, helped put ’em up, sir—always usual, sir—thank ye, sir.”

The inn gained, you ask, with an inward tremor, what is to pay.



"Half-a-guinea, sir." Demurring is in vain, at least with the stranger. The money is paid; but, not content with this, *cochee* says: "We pays heavy for license; can your honor help a poor man a bit toward paying his license?"

If you say, "Begone," the matter ends and the man is satisfied. If you hesitate an instant, if you reason with him, he pushes harder, and eventually adds a sixpence to his half-guinea.

But, whatever expenses thus far, dinner must be had; and every one who has tossed upon the waters of the Atlantic will bear us witness that a dinner on shore is looked forward to with many a wishful sigh. A dinner of a chop or a steak may be had upon short notice; but if the mind's eye is fastened upon a good brown-done joint, swimming in its own gravy, the order must be, in ordinary cases, after four o'clock.

If the snug, quiet parlor, with its cheerful blazing fire, has been secured—and it is an easy thing to order it—the table is presently spread with a cloth—white as snow—the corners hanging to the floor, which of itself has a look that whets an appetite better than bitters. Then the waiter slips softly round, and lays the glass and the silver, and the clean napkin, which he has a way of folding very ingeniously into the form of a cocked hat. Next, he comes with a big tray full, that he sets carefully upon the side-board: there is a quarter of a cheese, yellow as gold, and a dish of nice-looking bread, and sharp-looking vinegars, and sunny-looking oil, and a great glass vase of celery, as white as the cloth.

Presently comes in, under cover, but sending out rich fumes, the nicely-done joint, and the side dishes of smoking potatoes, and a sweet little head of brocoli, and the hot plate, always hot, to eat from. Then one of the big arm-chairs is drawn to the head, and the wax candles set, one on each side, and the fire stirred anew, and all the cinders brushed carefully under the grate. Then comes the question, too tempting for frail humanity—"What wine, sir?" If one has the courage to say, none, the waiter will perhaps understand you, Macon, for which you will be charged some six or seven shillings in the bill: to prevent, therefore, misunderstanding, it would perhaps be as well to say, "Half a pint of sherry." The sherry comes in a little glass decanter, just big enough to hold it; and the waiter says—"Mild or bitter

ale, sir?" If you say none, again, he may understand you porter. Besides, something must be drunk with the wine, and who ever saw a man drink water in England? It is bitter ale, then, or, if you like it better, brown. And with this beside you, and the dish before you, what could a hungry man wish for more? They have good dinners in their way in France, with their *bœuf braisé*, and *fricandeaux*, and *omelettes au confiture*—"the best cooks in the world," as Goldsmith says, "if they had only butchers' meat;" and the Germans give a good dinner that one thinks never will end, so many are the courses: but, after all, give us the juicy, mottled, hot roast beef of England, with a foaming tankard of sparkling brown stout, with flaky-crust tart in prospect, and crisp celery, and Cheshire cheese beyond—"head of Apicius, what a banquet!"

But the dinner is finished, and after it comes in, in a snug way, the tea, with a hot muffin—of which, however, little good can be said; and after that the evening paper—the *Globe* or the *Standard*—and after it the bed-room candle and a good night's sleep. The morning, if you are not too early, sees a fire glowing in the grate, and the cloth laid, with cold beef, cold tongue and cold chicken; and at a touch of the bell, the waiter will bring up coffee and hot milk, and muffins and eggs—if you choose it, a chop. All are good, except the coffee and the muffin. The bill, if ordered, will run something this way: Parlor, 6s.; dinner, 4s. 6d.; wine, 2s.; ale, 1s.; tea, 2s.; fire, 2s.; wax lights, 1s.; bed, 3s. 6d.; breakfast, 3s. 6d. The stranger will very likely have an idea, gained from very authentic sources, that the waiter will expect a small *douceur*. In ignorance of what the amount should be, and fearing thus early to break established rules, he takes the exceedingly judicious course of consulting the personage himself. It is impossible to argue against the condescending tone in which Thomas gives the desired information, and two shillings are put into his hands. At the foot of the stairs is the smiling woman who has made your bed and supplied you with towels. If you consult Thomas again, he will say, "Gentlemen who takes a parlor usually gives a shilling to the housemaid, sir." And a shilling is given, for which you have a curtsy as gratifying to your vanity as were the soft assurances of the cavalier at Peñaflor to

the deluded *Gil Blas*. At the door is a stout fellow in a black glazed jacket, who touches his cap with an air that counts a shilling at the least, and says, "Boots, please, sir." Another shilling, and you are free of the inn, at a sum total of twenty-nine shillings and sixpence.

Such is by no means an extravagant statement of the expenses to which one is exposed who avails himself of the first class provincial hotels, and who consults every one's inclinations except his own. Your experienced English traveler, on the other hand, will go to the same quarter, make himself very easy, and every one else very uneasy, at a cost of some ten or twelve shillings. His management is different from the beginning. Arrived in town, he singles out a sharp-looking boy, gives him his portmanteau, his overcoat and umbrella, promises him a sixpence, and orders him to show the way to the hotel. The boy is satisfied with the sixpence, simply because he knows he can get no more. At the hotel, Boots takes the baggage, and the chambermaid shows a room. If in the attic, he scolds her because it is so high; if below, he says it is so noisy he will never sleep. The sheets, he presumes, are damp. The maid protests they have been aired that very morning. Ah, he always hears the same story, and always takes a wretched cold. Into the coffee-room he walks, as if it were his own, and takes a chair by the fire, and puts his feet upon the fender—perhaps takes the poker and gives the fire a stir. He takes out his memorandum book and puts down, "Sixpence to porter." He gives the bell a jerk, and asks for the *Times*. With the paper in hand, he says, "Waiter, what have you got for dinner?"

"Roast beef, sir, roast mutton, steak, chop."

"And have you veal?"

"No veal, sir—very sorry."

"And what fish have you?"

"Salmon, cod, haddock."

"Have you any sole?"

"No sole to-day, sir—very sorry—nice salmon, sir."

"What soup have you?"

"Nice mutton broth, sir, macaroni, vermicelli——"

"Have you any pea soup?"

"No pea soup to-day, sir—very sorry."

"Bring me a joint of mutton; and, mind, don't let it be done to death."

"What time do you wish it?" says the waiter.

"Directly;" and the traveler continues reading. In ten minutes he becomes uneasy, lays the paper down and takes it up again, and gives the bell a jerk. "How soon will the joint be ready, waiter?"

"In five minutes, sir."

Our traveler pulls out his watch, and notes the time. In three minutes he pulls it out again, and at the end of five he jerks the bell."

This time the waiter comes in with the cloth and the bread, and his everlasting "Directly, directly, sir."

In ten minutes more comes the dinner. The meat is overdone, the potatoes are not fully boiled, and the table is too far from the fire. The waiter's questionings as to liquors are all forestalled by a decisive order to bring a pot of ale.

"Mild or bitter?" says the waiter.

"Which is the best?" says the man at dinner, at the same time running the knife deep into the rich, juicy haunch of the South Down.

"The mild ale is very nice, sir—very nice."

"Eh, you think it is? Well, bring me a pot of it."

And after taking a long draught, burying half his face in the tankard, he orders the waiter to take it away and bring him the bitter. Perhaps he orders a half-pint of port after dinner, but not unless he wishes it. Over it he sits till dark. Very likely he takes a dish of tea or a tumbler of toddy before going to bed; and ordering the Boots in with a pair of slippers that are sure to be too large or too small for any man in the world, and for himself in particular, he shuffles off in them up stairs to his room.

His breakfast is conducted after the same general order. His bill is light, because he has availed himself of no extraordinary privileges; and the waiters are content with their fees, merely because they know that *he* knows that what he gives is enough.

The English waiters are rare students of physiognomy and general outward bearing. They have a way of determining a man's capacity to pay, and his willingness to do so, by such exponents as would have escaped the notice of Lavater himself. And the English housemaid will tell at a glance whether a visitor is to be shown into the second story or the third; while ten to one she will expect the larger *douceur* from the occupant of the fourth. The Boots, too, sooty



though he is, needs no instructions as to when he is to touch his hat, when he is to take it off, and when he is to hold it under his arm. It is perhaps well to know, too, that the ranks which prevail in English society are not without a sort of representation, or rather analogy, in the conductors and servitors of an English hotel. It would be very impolitic to affront the waiter by classing him with the Boots, or the Boots by ranking him with the scullion. So, too, upon the other side of the house, Dame Hostess, whom you rarely see, lords it over host, servants and all, and manages the wires as secretly and as adroitly as an eminent statesman of our country is reported to have done those of political manœuvre, though, as it appears, with far more success. The housemaid, in her turn, looks with ineffable disdain upon the slop-girl, who has even sometimes her inferiors in domestic management. It is a happy thing for the stranger that he can contemplate the issues of distinctions of society in this miniature way, and without going out of his own hotel. Sir Benjamin Brodie would probably demand a larger fee for removing a small tumor than the general practitioner, whom you might pick up at every fifth house along Fleet street: so, you would be obliged to pay the head waiter a larger sum for performing a given duty than the boot-black, or one of the errand boys you find loitering in the street. The first requires something to sustain his dignity; the latter executes a duty for barely what it is worth, or oftener, perhaps, for what he can get. For ordinary acts the scale of fees to waiter, housemaid and boots is in the ratio of three, two and one.

Thus far of the larger hotels, to which the man of fashion, and one who, like Gil Blas, imagines himself a *merveille du monde*, will naturally go. But sinking considerations of personal dignity, and the advices of such friends as like to gratify the traveler's vanity by recommending to him the first places, one will find in the retired, small houses, that rank as second rate, less charges, and ordinarily more comforts.\*

But we must not lose sight of the traveler with whom we commenced observations, and whom we left *en route*. Perhaps, between hotel charges and the

irresistible temptations which are offered in the shop windows of a strange city, he has found it advisable to cash his draft. Perhaps, too, he has paid two and a half per cent. for cashing it, which had never once entered into his calculations. However, once arrived within the beautiful precincts that belong to the station houses of every railway in England, expenses of portage will be at end; since the servants of the various companies are uniformly and very properly forbidden to receive gratuities. The companies, however, do the stockholders justice, by balancing this moderation in the car house by ample charges at the ticket office. Prices are exorbitant—in the first class carriages, at least quadruple the rates upon the best-conducted railroads of America. Nothing can exceed their arrangements for comfort—cushions upon every side of one, luxuriously soft—windows of heavy plate glass, shaded with silk curtains—and the carriages themselves so small, or so arranged, as to give an individual almost the privacy of his easy chair at home. For our talking and equally-privileged world, such arrangements would meet with little favor; but for the English, who must sustain rank, where it exists, by keeping alive distinctions, and must keep alive distinctions by exclusion, it is the very thing.

Less care is had in the second class carriages to accommodate individuals so inclined with privacy; and the seats are so rough and uncomfortable as to drive almost all who are traveling for pleasure into the best carriages. An exception ought to be made in favor of the second class carriages upon the Dublin and Drogheda railway—the only ones met with, in traveling upon fifteen of the principal British lines, which were cushioned, or were in other respects comfortable.

Supposing ourselves, then, less some fifteen or twenty dollars, which have paid for a ticket to London, reposing upon the soft, yielding cushions of a first class carriage, that rumbles with a luxurious ease of motion under the arches of that famous tunnel which leads under and out of Liverpool into the green fields of Lancashire. Little can be seen of a country, at the best, out of a carriage window; and a carriage window passing

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\* In this connection may be recommended, without impropriety, the inns upon Clayton square, Liverpool, and those about Covent Garden market in London.



along at the rate of forty miles in the hour, is made no way better for a look-out place by this extraordinary speed. With but one change of carriage, under the magnificent iron roofs of the station house at Birmingham, the traveler arrives, in from six to ten hours after leaving, at the Euston square in London. The old traveler, who is never embarrassed with more luggage than he can carry a short distance himself, winds his way amid the throng, his carpet-bag in one hand, his umbrella in the other, and in five minutes' time is snug in the corner of an omnibus, which for sixpence will take him within a square of his hotel. Your new traveler, on the other hand, is in a fever of excitement. He sees a great many portman-teaus, very like his own, going off one by one, and he is afraid of his luggage, though it was never safer in the world. He sees a great many cabs coming up, taking their fares and driving away, and he is afraid he will be left without one: he never had a more groundless fear in his life. He sees a great many designing-looking men, and is afraid that, one way or another, he will be cheated: he never had a more rational fear in his life. While he remains within limits that are subject to the jurisdiction of the railway, he is safe from all trickery. The company guards against all extortion from travelers on the part of any one but themselves. His luggage is at length come to the hammer of the conductor for an owner, and, if he chooses, is put upon the cab he selects out of the five or six whose places are constantly supplied.

Some seemingly judicious friend has recommended Morley's Hotel, both for its situation and its arrangements. Both are unexceptionable; and if there were no other consideration, no advice could be better. But if the visitor have in view a trip upon the Continent, after a stop at either Morley's, or Mivart's, or the Clarendon, he will have need to take an early opportunity—whatever his present resources—of sending for a new draft upon the Barings. He must be an old traveler who makes expenses at either of the houses named come under ten dollars a day—much oftener exceeding twenty. Such as feel a sort of pride in spending money freely—for the spirit is growing and branching, unfortunately, in our country—will choose the Clarendon, but will very probably find those there who will treat guineas as they have been used to treat shillings, and will have the mortifying embarrassment of being outwitted

in their witlessness. For a man to play at extravagances in London, and make a show at the play, he must have not only his thousands, or his tens of thousands, or hundreds, or millions even, but almost his tens of millions. Leaving, then, the more noted houses of Charing Cross and Grosvenor and Cavendish squares to dowager old women who loll about in silk-lined carriages, with puppets in their arms—and to younger scions of noble houses, who spend a week in London (at the expense of an elder brother) on their way to India, with a commission in the dragons—and to men about town, who are waiting a berth in some club-house—and to such foreigners as care less for money than appearances—our stranger will find more comfort if the cabman sets him down, on the night of his arrival, at some quiet boarding-house or unpretending inn, anywhere between Hyde Park and the Strand; or he may take lodgings, finding his breakfast at a coffee-room next door, and dine at the eating-rooms around Westminster or under the shadow of St. Paul's. Either of the latter methods will average from twelve to twenty dollars the week; and if the new-comer patronize, on frequent occasions, the dress circle of Her Majesty's theatre and the shops in Regent street, he may safely multiply the last estimate by four, without reckoning very wide of the truth. And, at the best, keeping eyes wide open as he may, the stranger in London will find his ducats fast changing to silver, and his silver slipping away.

Setting aside a very pretty side view of London bridge from the Waterman's pier, and of Waterloo bridge from the balustrade of the London, and of St. Paul's from Ludgate Hill, (this last at the risk of being run over,) little can be seen in London without paying for the sight. The Poet's Corner, at Westminster, is indeed free; but if you wander into that neighborhood with the air of a stranger, (and what stranger of less than half a year's standing can shake off a look of wonderment as he strolls between Westminster Hall and the magnificent tracery of Henry the Seventh's chapel?) you will have a porter or two, with brass labels about their necks, who, with a tip of the hat, will offer to conduct you down the narrow court into the little entry of the Poet's Corner. For this charitable office it is needless to say that at least a sixpence will be expected. The vergers are there in their black gowns, who will sell you a guide for five shillings, or will show



you through aisle and choir, in little parties of six or seven, for sixpence each. It is a fact, indeed, that no cathedral in England can be visited, out of service time, but by payment. At Winchester, at Salisbury, Exeter, Gloucester, Worcester, York, Durham and Lincoln, we have paid our shilling, and contentedly—for we were permitted to range at will, and, if we chose it, unattended, under the gray old arches; but at Westminster, the glory of them all for its historic recollections, even this privilege is denied. The scale of charges has become reduced to a code: every tomb bears its price; every chapel must have a little offering deposited at its shrine—not to the spirit of the departed great—not even with the miserable excuse that Catholicism offers, of saying mass for the dead—but as *trinkgeld* for the worthless vergers. St. Paul's is nominally free, and you may almost lose yourself in the great shadows of its interior unattended; but if you wish to enter the choir, or to ascend the dome or the cross, you will find that each has its price. Even the stalls upon a Sunday have all of them their valuation, and nothing but a silver key unlocks the iron side-doors which lead to the gallery. Somerset House and the Tower, Christ's Hospital and the Monument, the Zoological Garden, or the Houses of Parliament, are all subject to the same rules of visit. Fees regulated by authority will be found far more economical than those dependent upon the good will of the giver. Thus, the visitor at Chelsea Hospital, an institution nominally open to the public, will be met at the gateway by some rosy-faced old soldier, perhaps stumping it upon a wooden leg or two, who loves a cup of ale now as well as he loved the Rhine wine at Coblenz, and who will take off his hat in military style and kindly offer to conduct you about the buildings. At the door of the chapel he hands you over to another brother of the mess, who discourses upon the banners and the paintings. With a small fee at parting, you come again into the hands of your first usher, who by turns gives you over to the conduct of the man of the wards and the man of the hall; all whose fees, added to the shilling you give the general usher at leaving, make a pretty little sum, with which our old soldiers adjourn an hour after to a neighboring beer-shop, and, made merry with the malt, shoulder the crutch,

He is wise who, while looking at the sights of London, fills his pocket of a morning with six and fourpenny bits. Pence are hard to carry; besides, they are not well received in England; they may be put aside, in a corner of the trunk, for disbursement in Ireland. Even half-crowns are better than shillings; you may sometimes look for change on payment of half-a-crown—from a shilling, never.

One must ride much to see London, unless he anticipates a stay of one or two years. It behoves him, then, to acquire early some general knowledge of omnibus and cab rates. Both are regulated by law; but the misfortune is, that the conductors and drivers prove more than a match for the noviciate in expounding the law. The best general caution in regard to the omnibus is, never get in unless you have better authority than the word of the conductor as to where you are going, or unless you are careless where you are going. Imagine the satisfaction of a stranger who, invited to dine in the neighborhood of Portland Place at six o'clock, takes an omnibus at half-past five at Charing Cross, and at the end of three-quarters of an hour finds himself in the borough of Southwark, at least six miles from the desired point. Expostulation is too late, if it availed anything; the conductor had only misunderstood you, and kindly offers to make what amends he can, by taking you, for an additional sixpence, by the return omnibus to the place at which he took you up.

Cab riding is not expensive if the bargain be made beforehand—less even than in most of the provincial towns.

Suppose, now, the traveler, quit of London, upon the top of one of the stage-coaches, which yet have their booking offices in retired corners of the city, and which crash through the long line of suburbs, down into the quiet and bright-faced country. And what has he paid for his seat, whether he be going to Ware or Edmonton? Too much, if a stranger; for the modern purveyors of the English stage-coach are graceless varlets, and if the principals are out of the way, you may find at the desk a booker as meek-looking as Newman Noggs, but as keen as old Nickleby, who will charge a half-crown over the fare, and make the cash book and cash box tally by the ingenious expedient of dropping the surplus into his own pocket. The time when responsibility attached

“And show how fields were won.”

to the conductors of the system, and when the great court-yard of the Bull and Mouth thundered with the hoofs of the reeking teams from every county in England, has utterly gone by. It is only upon the lesser cross routes, and under the surveillance of proprietors of little capital and little character, that the present coach system is conducted. In Suffolk, and Norfolk, and Cambridgeshire, with parts of South Wales and Devonshire, where the blaze of railways has not yet reached, the coach is now only to be found in England, with its old appointments.

Among the first acquaintances which the stranger makes in coach traveling—even before the grooms have left the horses' heads—is the coach-porter. If you have a portmanteau, he is very sure to know where it has been put—"he has looked out for it." If you have no portmanteau, and have not the air of one too poor to own one, he takes your umbrella as you climb to the top, and thinks, perhaps, that "your honor has a very nice umbrella," and hopes you may have a fine day. As the coach sets off, he worms his way over the top—avoiding shrewish-looking old women, if there are any, and people in blouses, and men in scant camlet cloaks, who carry baggy family umbrellas, and always look as if they had just lost a guinea—and touches his hat to easy, free-looking fellows and strangers, whom he learns to detect at least two squares off. The coach-porter, notwithstanding his rough exterior, has a great deal of suavity in his way of making demands, and in his acknowledgments; it is, moreover, worthy of remark, that he is the most moderate of all English officials in his claims. He will not refuse threepence; he even encourages, with a compassionate look, the givers of twopence, and, on one occasion, we remember to have seen him slip a penny-half-penny into his waistcoat pocket, without apparent affront.

No one, not a lady, and she hardly, should think of riding inside an English coach. Prices for the four seats within are nearly double those of the ten or twelve without, and much more than half less is to be seen from within. Of all the seats, *à la voiture*, we have ridden upon—from the curious side seats of the Irish car and Swiss *char à banc*, to the coupée and banquette of the French diligence—we have found none equal, for thorough country seeing, to the top of

the English stage-coach. In posting, in phaeton, or gig riding, one is not high enough to see well over the hedges; and in the banquette, one can see only before him. In front you have the coachman, and behind, upon the mail, you have the guard.

At the end of a stage, some thirty miles on the route, you are a little surprised by the coachman's tipping his hat to you, and saying, in a cheerful, familiar way, that he goes no further on the box. To this you, as a stranger, wishing to chime in with the coachman's good humor, reply by expressing one or two very courteous regrets. But the old stager next you, wondering whether you are very shallow or very deep, makes his acknowledgment of the coachman's information by quietly slipping his thumb and finger into his traveling pocket, and pulling out a sixpence. It is next your turn, and for want of sixpence, you must give a shilling.

Perhaps there will be another opportunity of the sort, before the end of the day's ride, thus fortunately rendering you familiar at an early period with the customs of the country.

The guard, too, at the end, looks you in the face, in a way that makes it very hard to look back, unless you put a shilling or eighteenpence in his hand; to be sure, if he be upon the mail, he is forbidden to receive money; but pray, what guard can be found so ill-bred as to affront a stranger by refusing a trifling gratuity? Affronts of that kind are very rare in England.

The stranger who travels post, will find expenses multiplying beyond measure. He must expect to pay too much for his horses—too much for the post-chaise, and he will never be able to satisfy the postillion. Beside, there is the boy who flings open the door—the groom who stands by the horses' heads—the boots who sees that the luggage is all right—the waiter who negotiates the bargain for the fresh horses—the maid who sidles out to ask madam if she will have a glass of water—and the crowd of beggars, who very rationally conjecture, that whoever travels post has plenty of spare pennies. Moreover, the post-traveler must never think of any but the first houses, nor of any place in them but the best parlors, nor of ordinary wine, except by the bottle; and if he could manage to dispose of one or two pints of Bordeaux at dinner, it would add amaz-



ingly to the *éclat* of his visit, and he would have the satisfaction of finding half the small boys in town about his carriage at leaving.

Another mode of traveling which, in a given time, is the least expensive of all, and for one who wishes to see all, the most desirable, is walking. Your portmanteau may be sent forward to any part, as safely as if you were with it, or your knapsack may be strapped upon your back. At night, you wander wearily into one of those little close-nestled, gray-thatched country villages, far away from the great lines of travel, where even the thunder of a post-chaise through its single, narrow street, is a rare event, where the children stop their seeming play to have a look at you, and rosy-faced girls peep out from behind half-open doors. A little by itself, with a bench each side the door, is the inn of the "Eagle and the Falcon"—which guardian birds, some native Dick Tinto has pictured on the square sign that hangs out from the corner. The hostess is half ready to embrace you, and treats you like a prince in disguise. She shows you through the tap-room into a little parlor, with white curtains, and mirror in gilt frame, and two or three family portraits interspersed with lithographic representations of the ancient patriarchs—half a dozen rich-bottomed chairs, a substantial walnut bureau of antique air, with a few books upon it that have doubtless descended in the family for two or three generations, complete the adornments. Here, alone, beside a brisk fire, kindled with furze, you can watch the white flame leaping lazily through the black lumps of coal, and enjoy the best fare of the "Eagle and the Falcon." Nor is the fare to be spurned. The bread may not be as white as in the shops about Whitehall, but it is sweet, and the butter is fresh and as yellow as gold. And she will cut you a nice rump steak to broil, and put you down a pot of potatoes, and half a head of a savoy. And she will scrape a little horse-radish to dress your steak with, and bring you a pitcher of foaming "home-brewed." And if it be in the time of summer berries, she will set before you, afterward, a generous bowl of them, sprinkled with sugar, and cream to eat upon them; and if too late or too early for her garden stock, she bethinks herself of some little pot of jelly in an out of the way cupboard of the house,

and setting it temptingly in her prettiest dish, she coyly slips it upon the white cloth, with a little apology that it is not better, and a little evident satisfaction that it is so good.

After a dinner, that the walk, the cleanliness and the good will of the hostess, have made more enjoyable than any one in your recollection, you may sit musing before the glowing fire, as quiet as the cat that has come in to bear you company. And at night, you have sheets as fresh as the air of the mountains. The breakfast is ready when you wish, and there are chops, and fresh eggs, and toast and coffee. For all this, you have less to pay than a dinner would cost in town—you have the friendly wishes of the good woman to follow you, and more than this, you see a remnant of the simplicity of English country character.

But let not the post traveler, or the coach, or the railway traveler, amuse himself with the anticipation of any such hostellrie in his route, or any such small bills to pay out of his purse. It is only the foot-loiterer, who, like ourselves, has pushed his way into retired hamlets, of which the name is scarce known to gazetteers, not knowing at morning where the darkness will come upon him—careless for to-morrow's journey, but exquisitely enjoying the novelties of to-day—directed by his pleasure, and guided by his map—such an one, and such an one only, can have pleasant reminiscences of the costs of English travel.

But what is the country inn that the ordinary traveler meets with? A good inn; holding a middle rank between the last spoken of, and the first. Such old towns as Woodstock, or Northampton, or Durham, or Carlisle, furnish the best specimens of this intermediate rank. In general they preserve the old inn-court with its balcony, where pretty Mary the housemaid and the younger Weller passed their serious pleasantries, and where, farther back, much gay tittle-tattle of the old English Drama had its *locum in quo*. The doors are low, the ceilings are low, and the archway that the coach thunders under with all its load, lowers down as if it would take you by the shoulders at the least. Boots and the maid, who in many of them acts the waiter, are always waiting to receive you with their best smiles. You get a good dinner of joint, and fish, and pastry, and the very best of ale. It is in such inns as these, one makes the acquaintance of

that order of persons, who are known by all the waiters and chambermaids in England as Commercial Gents. It is very likely that fat Joseph, who waits at the Star and Garter in Worcester, would ask a stranger, who was evidently a stranger, and a single man, if he would see the coffee or commercial room. To one who was not *au fait* the question might be embarrassing. If he were shown to the latter, he would find three or four very buxom individuals, who seem to be well met, and who employ professional terms as unintelligible as the slang of St. Giles to Judge Broderip. Some very heavy drab great-coats hang upon pegs about the room. Some half-dozen whips stand in the corner, and an amazing quantity of packages with oil-cloth wrappers, are about the floor, the chairs, and even cumber the top of the old-fashioned sideboard. The commercial men eye the new comer with a great deal of curiosity, and perhaps, politely venture an inquiry as to "what he may be in?" or if he "came down in a gig?"

If the stranger absurdly imagines himself insulted, and makes little or no reply, there is no appearance of affront on the part of his companions farther than will be manifested by rather more silence, and circumspection in their conversation. These Commercial Gents are each the agent of some importer or manufacturer. The packages are the samples of their goods; the whips are used in professional style to touch the really good horses they secure to ride after, in their easy gigs, from town to town, to secure orders. Unlike the system obtaining with us, of the country merchants going to town to purchase, in Britain, the town dealer sends an agent to the country to sell. These "gents," as Boots familiarly terms them, eat good dinners, and order their half-pint of port after it; and make up at least half of the custom of the country inns.\* The hostess likes them, and always gives them a friendly word on their periodical visits, because they are regular customers; the waiter likes them because they send new travelers to the house; the Boots likes them, because they give him small jobs of packet carrying in the town; and the

housemaid likes them, because they chuck her under the chin, and tell her she is the prettiest girl in the shire.

The chambers in one of these old country inns, has those old-fashioned sort of comforts—the best comforts in the world—which are only to be found in our country in the houses of those who have been, these twenty years, grandfathers or grandmothers. They belong to times which have been gone a long reach of years, and in all the fast growing towns have been supplanted by more stylish, though less available comforts; but they linger still under the quaint gables, within the latticed casements, under the low, wainscotted ceiling of the old English country inn, with a congruity of aspect, that modern furnishings can in no way present. Beside, what glorious dreams come over a man's slumbers as he fancies himself in the chamber, nay, upon the very bedstead, that may have held some roistering cavalier of King Charles' time, as he slept away the fumes of his punch bowl? But this is not to our purpose. The bill is light; the hostess comes to the door to bid you good morning; Boots takes off his cap, and if you have favored him with an extra sixpence, has secured you a seat upon the box of the coach; the maid looks out from the balcony; the coachman gathers his reins; the porter says, "all right;" the grooms let go the horses' heads, and away all dashes, under the archway, and down the street; and the low shops, and the people looking, and the quaint houses all fleet by, like a flock of gulls to leeward.

One may live at the inns of Glasgow and Edinburgh, than which there are no better in Great Britain, at a less rate than in English inns of the same pretensions; but, on the other hand, the country inns in Scotland, particularly those along the pleasure routes amid the Highlands, are more expensive than similar ones in the southern country. Wherever the English travel for pleasure, be it in Thibet, or over the sands of Suez, they scatter gold like dust. Deny them this privilege, and you deny them half the pleasure of their travel. Those who follow in their wake must look for the natural consequences of their extrava-

\* It may be worth while to make a note of the amount of fees paid by these habitual inn-frequenters. Sixpence to waiter, the same to maid, and threepence to boots, is their *minimum* for two meals and a night, and their *maximum* two shillings to be divided by the corps servitorial.



gance—exorbitance limited only by positive refusal to comply with its demands. The beauties of Loch Lomond and of Loch Katrine, (which would be put to the blush, notwithstanding its fabled Ellen, by some half-dozen pools of water that lie sleeping among the green hills of New England,) are dear beauties, not only to the lover of nature, but to the lover of a round purse. The little inn, seated among the Trosachs, with its arbors of ivy and creepers, is a very cottage in the wood; but only in these outward features does the *vraisemblance* to natural simplicity hold good. For natural simplicity supposes nothing about waiters in black pantaloons, and white aprons, and gaiter-boots, who demand half-a-crown for a bowl of milk, though you eat it with a wooden spoon, and half-a-crown more for a bed, though you sleep upon the floor, and half-a-crown more for service-money. And at beautiful Perth, lying in one of the sweetest valleys of Scotland, we remember to have paid a bill for wax lights, and parlor, and dinner, and wine, and the Sassenach servitors, such as would have made a fearful inroad into the dowry of the Fair Maid of Scott's romance. But to one wandering out of the great track of travel, as he may do here and there, sustenance will come at a cheaper rate. At a little inn, twelve miles north of Inverness, the capital of the Highlands, under the eaves of the castle where good King Duncan was taken off by Macbeth, we ate a supper of brown bread, and oatmeal cakes, and cold fowl, and boiled ham, and had a bed with clean white curtains, and coffee by sunrise, with a new-laid egg and a trench of bacon—all for a song. And not only this, but a thousand apologies from the good woman, because what was so good was not better. But in the progress of a few years, the railway will have laid its iron fingers on that retired heath, and in place of the low-porched cottage, will spring up a town hotel; and in place of the Celtic woman with her tartan turban and low charges, will be a lacquey in a white cravat, with extortionate demands.

The Irish have the credit of being a hospitable people; perhaps it is the reason why Irish inns are so bad. In the country, particularly at the north, things will be found dirty about the inns, and attention bad. If the visitor finds two or three panes of glass gone from his chamber window, and dirty sheets upon his bed, he would do well to stuff his hat

and coat through the broken glass, and slip quietly into bed in his pantaloons. For if he pulls the bell-rope, ten chances to one, it will not ring; and if it rings, ten chances to one, nobody will hear; and if a body hears, it is very problematical whether a body will answer; and if an answer, we defy Irish ingenuity to devise a plan which would better satisfy Irish negligence, than the one already proposed. And if there be need of the visitor's rising at 5 o'clock, to take the mail for Drogheda or Limerick, let him count only on his own nervous temperament for waking in time—"Boots" is sure to be drowsy. Such unfortunate circumstances are no way counterbalanced by moderation of charges; for though the Irish hostess cannot make a bed, she can make a bill; and whatever limits she puts to the wants of others, she puts still less to her own.

These remarks must not be understood to apply to such cities as Dublin or Belfast, nor to many houses which may be found in the neighborhood of Killarney, and through the charming county of Wicklow.

The inns of Wales are good and moderate, and you get at them nice dishes of gold-speckled trout, fresh from the mountain brooks; but let one who values his small coin beware of the Welsh miners; or, if charitably disposed, let him fill his pockets with penny pieces, or, if rich enough, with fourpenny bits—a Cræsus, even, could not give a sixpence to all the claimants in the great works of Merthyr Tydvil, without a sensible diminution of his purse's plethora.

Beggars are to be met with everywhere; and though they do not, like the Spanish beggar of Gil Blas' experience, present arms—they do, like the Spanish beggar, expect alms to be presented. In England they may be thrust aside; in Scotland they are too proud to beg aloud, and one may feign deafness; in Ireland they must be satisfied—but a penny, even, is a treasure.

There is yet another species of people with which one meets in traveling, and who do their part at changing the ducats to silver, who do not come within the category of any class named. These are the guides—not guide-books; and it is important to keep this distinction in view; for in many hotels, if one demands a guide to the town, instead of a book, with here and there an engraving and some historical notices, he will be served

with a stout man in rusty leggings, and a clean, straight shirt collar. Such men are very attentive, and, being recommended by the hotel, may be confided in—that is to say, they will not lead you out of the town unwarily, when it is the town you wish to see, nor will they tell you any fanciful stories about the strange objects you may see, because they know of none; nor will they tell you any important personages are buried in the church, who are not buried there, because they know of none who are not buried there; they will not run away with your coat or umbrella, but will quietly walk away at the end of the town with one of your half-crown pieces. A half-crown piece, which it were quite as well to keep in one's own pocket, provided one has not a strange fancy for following the order prescribed by the man in the rusty leggings in viewing the objects of curiosity, rather than his own choice or the determination of accident. The town-guides make up a family of themselves—are great lovers of brandy and water—feel it their duty to keep talking, though they have nothing to say—are very careful to express concurrence of opinion with whatever may be observed by the stranger—and, in consequence, are quite sure of their money; this they will take as if it was the first fee of the sort they had ever taken in their lives, and as if they had distressing doubts whether they should return it, or drop it in their own pockets.

The cathedral guide is more useless still; but, unlike the other, he cannot be avoided—he keeps the keys. And he will run over with his senseless roll of names and dates, tombs that cover the ashes of martyrs—tombs that sepulchre the hearts of kings, and of heroes greater than kings; reciting in his monotone, without a pause, a galaxy of names, every one of which makes the ear of a man familiar with English history to tingle, and his eye to leap in his head. The cicerone in public institutions is, of course, not to be shaken off; and his services are often very essential. The servitors in the palaces of the nobility are, of all ushers, the most exorbitant in their expectations; nor have you one only to keep in pay, but the porter, the gardener, the housekeeper, and the butler. The times when one could stroll through the park, and step up by a side door in the great courts and give a quiet rap, and be ushered in by a curtsying house-maid, with a high head-dress, and

sit down between her and the old steward at a round table, with a foaming tankard of home-brewed, are all wrapt in cloudy distance that will never brighten. A stout porter with a cockade catches you at the entrance, and you must wait the time of a half-dozen officials, who try to persuade you that they know all the evolutions of court ceremony, while you are panting for a look at veritable Carlo Dolcis.

There is yet another guide—the guide to mountain and flood—from the gouty bailiff who shows you the Wilderness of Cowpers' patron, Sir John Throckmorton, to the score of ragged peasants, who scream wild Irish in your ears under the cliffs of the Giant's Causeway. The guides of this class are earnest and indefatigable. They do not scruple to detail to you at length their capacities, and frequently have little convenient pocket-books, containing the favorable testimony of past employers. They may be found in Wales to show the toys of Snowdon, or any trout brook in the valleys round—at Helvellyn with ponies, to take you up the mountain, and perhaps will tell some odd story about a traveler's perishing there in the snows. They are at the mines of Derbyshire, and in Dovedale, and under Ben Nevis, to carry a whiskey bottle, and show the way through the mists; and at Blair Athol, to show the falls of Bruar, and perhaps hum you a line of Burns' address to Bruar water—they are in the north, upon Culloden Moor—they are in the south, upon Bosworth field—in the west, they will row you around the Bell Rock—and in the east, will take you to the rocky isle, where Grace Darling lived and died. Sometimes, such guides are useful, but far oftener useless. They are never satisfied: the more that is given, the more is wanted. Their ideas of the monied value of a given piece of service are extraordinary, varying most unaccountably with the general air and bearing of their employers. Whoever is wise, will put a few plain inquiries to them at the outset; all delicacy, in deferring them to the last, will be miserably misplaced. With a pannier of cake, and biscuit, and cheese, a pint bottle of "mountain dew," a snug white pony, and a guide, at a cost of some ten or twelve shillings, we remember going up Ben Lomond to see the rich panorama of lake and mountain; and we note in comparison, the ascent untended, with no ponies but a pike-staff,



no guide but a chart, no provisions but a wee bit of a Bologna sausage, and no drink but the melting glacier-mountains of the Alpine range, beside which Ben's Nevis and Lomond were mere molehills.

In reckoning the incidental expenses to which one is subject, the guide-book must not be forgotten. Nearly every town in England of any note has its little description *livraison*, some with pictures and some without, giving dates and facts which help the stranger so much to the appreciation of the scenes that he will hardly be without them in any place of special interest. Of general guide-books, which cover the whole ground, none stands preëminent. Nothing is better than a map, and a thorough knowledge of English history. These two together, will open sights to a man with eyes, at which he cannot tire of looking, and which he never will forget. And he who is not familiar with the great epochs of English history, and the localities of their evolutions, will spend a few days economically in a garret of London or Liverpool, sweating with Turner or Hume.

It had been our intention at beginning, to give in a single paper, an idea of costs in Great Britain and on the Continent. But without leaving the coasts of the English Isle, the subject has filled limits already too great to be extended. Perhaps at some future time, we may have something to say of the garçons of France, or the greasy dinners of Tuscany, or the Romansch Aubergistes of Switzerland.

We leave the traveler in England: we cannot leave him where he should keep a better look-out for the thousand new and strange objects, all the while presenting themselves to a stranger; we cannot leave him, where he should keep a better look-out for his ducats. In France or Switzerland, he may be duped out of

them, as was Gil Blas at the town of Valladolid; in Spain or in Italy they may be stolen from him, as from Gil Blas at the prison of Burgos; but in England, they will be promptly demanded as of Gil Blas at the inn of Peñafior.

Though in traveling no country demands more money, no country pays the observing traveler better for the money. And to observe well there is need of caution, and for caution, slowness. The man who takes the rail from Liverpool to London, with two days or three in each, three more to Southampton or Brighton, and ships for Havre or Boulogne, knows very little more of Great Britain than Herschell knows of the moon. And the poster, even, who hurries on the two Islands, as if he were seeking a Gretna Green, with Lady Adela Villiers by him, and an Earl of Jersey after him, knows little more. There are places where one must loiter; there are places where one must linger. We have seen those who could go through such a city as Gloucester, and never stop for a look into its glorious cathedral; such a man is not fit to travel. And one within reach of Alnwick Castle—the seat of all the Northumberlands from Hotspurdom—about which, Halleck has thrown the pretty tissue of his poem, and over which age has thrown gray color and ivy; and yet should never visit its old halls, what sort of traveler could such one be? Tastes indeed must vary; and he who explores the coal caverns of Staffordshire, may have no ear for the wild music of the Cave of Staffa.

Objects of travel must be different; but one object—that of seeing the most at the least cost—must belong to all. If these hints shall enable any to form an opinion as to how it may be done, they will have answered the ends the writer had in view.

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## THE VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.

A TRANSLATION OF SCHILLER'S "DIE GRÖSSE DER WELT."

## I.

AWAY, on the strong, swift wing of thought,  
 Through the world of stars I'll fly,  
 Which the Maker once from chaos brought,  
 And sphered in the bending sky ;  
 Till on the dusky strand,  
 That bounds its waves, I stand,  
 Where the breeze in the wide, waste silence dies,  
 And the land-marks of Creation rise.

## II.

Already I see young stars ascend  
 Their millennial race to run,  
 And around its orbit brightly bend  
 Each firmamental sun :  
 And now their cyclic play  
 Begins to fade away,  
 And before my dimmed and wandering glance,  
 Through the twilight spreads a drear expanse.

## III.

Still farther to urge my pathless flight  
 To the realms of nothingness,  
 I ascend the flashing car of light,  
 And steadily onward press,  
 Till dim to my backward gaze  
 Is the nearest solar blaze ;  
 Yet around me the atoms of unborn stars  
 Cluster and gleam like powdered spars.

## IV.

Lo ! midway along my wild, lone course  
 A swift-winged spirit detains my flight—  
 " Why here, in the heart of the Universe ?"  
 " I fly to the far-off shore of night :  
 On, on, to the formless vast  
 Where the works of God are passed,  
 And Creation's pillared land-marks loom  
 Above the infinite sea of gloom."

## V.

" Here pause, bold wanderer ! Vain thy quest ;  
 For a limitless world still lies before."  
 " Thou, too, swift spirit ! here take thy rest ;  
 For as far from thee is the *other* shore.  
 Brave mariner of the air,  
 Thine idle voyage spare.  
 Thine eagle-wing may be strong and free,  
 But the world of God is a *shoreless* sea !"

*Maryland, Nov., 1845.*

NOSMETIPSI.



## BUENOS AYRES AND THE REPUBLIC OF THE BANDA ORIENTAL.

BY MRS. S. P. JENKINS.

[THERE has been a great variety of counter statements in the papers of the day respecting the position of affairs in the Argentine Republic. The force of opinion, however, seems to set against the French and English influence and interference in that region. That the people of this country are not, and should not be, particularly pleased with foreign interference in the affairs of the Republics of this continent, has become quite evident. But we apprehend that the state of things in the region of the river Plate may, for some time past, justly and sternly have demanded the stepping in of some foreign power. A pure dictatorship established and upheld in a Republic by violence and blood, speedily makes it anything else than a Republic, and, if disturbed in its career, presents no very strong appeal to our sympathy. At the same time, it becomes a significant question, how disinterested is this intermeddling on the part of England and France? It has been affirmed that France and the Prince de Joinville have the most ambitious designs upon Brazil, and as much more of South America as can readily be brought under their influence; and as regards England, her course of empire for a century past has been such as to make it no unkindness to suspect something sinister in her present conduct in the waters of Buenos Ayres. Aside, indeed, from any views personal to herself, the presence of England on that coast may be intended to watch the designs of France; but we confess that we observe with deep suspicion the proceedings of both these civilized powers, whenever they come in contact with half-civilized or savage nations, too weak to keep possession of their country by force, and too "*uncultivated*" to diplomatize with skill. Of the merits of the present difficulties in that region, we have been able to form as yet no settled judgment. We shall take occasion hereafter to state all the facts that may transpire. In the mean time, the following communication, from a most intelligent person who has long resided in that quarter of the world, will throw light on the subject. If the impressions conveyed are wrong, our pages will be open to any of our contributors who can substantially rectify them. We give the note accompanying the MS.—EDS. AM. REV.]

*To the Editors of the American Review:*

SIRs—I have been induced to select your widely-circulated Review as the most appropriate medium for the publication of the accompanying article, on the question now agitating on the shores of the river Plate.

On my return, a few months since, from a residence of many years in that part of the world, I was surprised and pained to find how industriously *false impressions* had been circulated with regard to the state of things in that struggling and war-distracted country; and I cannot but feel desirous that the *truth* may be as widely disseminated.

I am now engaged in preparing a work, the materials for which have been supplied by my long residence on the Rio de la Plata; but I would wish, if possible, that something of the *actual* state of things should be known even before that work can be published.

Respectfully,

S. P. J.

Two years ago a spirited little pamphlet made its appearance in Montevideo. It was entitled, "Observations on the Occurrences in the river Plate, as connected with the Foreign Agents, and the Anglo-French Intervention." This pamphlet, written by Don Florentio Varela, a man eminent for intelligence and enlightened patriotism, is designed to give a truthful exposé of the conduct of the representatives of foreign nations, as it regards the system of government pursued by Rosas,

the supreme dictator of the Argentine Confederation. The candor with which this work is written commends it in an especial manner to those who, having resided in the war-distracted provinces of the river Plate during any part of the period of the domination of Rosas, know that it is but a softened picture of the injustice to which these feeble and struggling Republics have so long been subjected.

"A heavy charge," says the indignant

Varela, "will ever lie against the greater part of those men who, for the past twelve years, have represented foreign nations in the provinces of the river Plate."

Twelve years ago Rosas threw off all restraint, and after forcing from the senate of Buenos Ayres, not only the concession of "*extraordinary powers*," but *la suma del poder publico*, (the entire public power,) proceeded to establish a system of government, "whose foundations (to use the strong language of Varela) are ignorance and falsehood." Corruption, spoliation, outrage, imprisonment, torture, banishment, death!—such have been the means by which the enormous system of the tyrant Rosas has been sustained. And what is the end proposed by this system? The annihilation of every germ of morality, civilization and intellectual advancement—the determination of this modern Nero to govern without restraint the whole of the fertile region of La Plata, as his prototype Francia governed in Paraguay.

With the most culpable and unaccountable apathy have the representatives of foreign nations witnessed the progress of this ominous power, that thus essays to interpose a barrier to the waves that rush onward, "white with the foam of inevitable progress," and to thrust a nation, panting for moral and political freedom, back into the abyss of superstition, anarchy and despotism.

Shall I mention a few of the facts which have been witnessed by the representatives of civilized and Christian nations?—facts which they cannot, which they dare not deny—facts which, with frightful but resistless eloquence, reveal a system of perversity and crime which no mere words can gloze over or conceal.

Literary, scientific and humane institutions, which had been established and liberally maintained previous to the administration of Rosas, have long since ceased to receive any support from the government; and the consequence is, that the former are annihilated, and the latter owe a continued but precarious existence to private charity.

In the year 1839, and in the following years, the portrait of Rosas, placed in a triumphal car, was drawn through the streets of Buenos Ayres by the wives and daughters of those associated with him in his iniquitous government, while shouts of "Death to the savage Unitarians!" rent the air. When this shameful procession arrived at the portico of

a church, it has been received by the priests, dressed as for the celebration of high mass. It has been borne to the sound of the organ through the aisles of the deserted temples of God, and, amid the waving of incense and the chanting of the multitude, has been placed upon the illuminated altar, and the solemn rites of religious worship have been informally offered to it by an enslaved and degraded priesthood. The Jesuits—and be it remembered to their honor—refused to assist in these impious rites; and because they refused, were banished from Buenos Ayres, and their property confiscated.

The *Unitarians*—and by this name all are designated who are not the blind and unquestioning adherents of Rosas—have been denied entrance to the churches, have been repelled from the communion of the Lord's table, have been refused the last rites of their faith, when trembling on the verge of eternity. Their bodies have been denied sepulture; their extermination has been preached from the pulpits by the parasites of Rosas, as an evangelical virtue and a Christian obligation.

"General confiscations, and the sale, at the lowest price, of the confiscated property, have been published officially by the press." It is notorious to every dweller in Buenos Ayres that at these sales—for the most part public auctions—no one dared to bid against the creatures of Rosas, for whom it was well known that this confiscated property was designed. Men, who one day were scarcely more than beggars, have suddenly become possessed of immense fortunes, while the opulent have been as suddenly reduced to the extremest want; and this not from fluctuations in business, but from the corruption of the government under whose auspices these violent and unjust transfers of property have been made.

During the frightful massacres of October, 1840, and April, 1842, the heads of well-known citizens have been paraded through the streets in carts, accompanied by indecent music, and followed by the cries of "Who'll buy peaches? who'll buy oranges?" The bodies of other victims have been exposed naked in the public market place, the severed heads adorned with blue ribbons, and the bodies labeled, "*Carne con cuero*," (beef with the hide.)

One of the ornaments of the drawing-room of Rosas, which has been seen again and again by foreigners visiting at



his house, is a glass case containing the salted ears of Colonel Borda, which were sent by Don Manuel Oribe to the daughter of Rosas, Doña Manuela, during the time that Oribe commanded the army in Tucuman.

Frightful tortures have been inflicted upon those who have fallen into the hands of this sanguinary tyrant, as prisoners of war; and those who have surrendered themselves by capitulation, under the most solemn guaranty of safety to their lives, have been basely and treacherously assassinated. Witness the murder of the unfortunate General Acha, whose severed head was nailed in a conspicuous place near the city of Mendoza. Witness Altanniano and his brave companions, shot without mercy, after their lives had been guarantied by capitulation. Witness the horrible tortures of Salinas, whose eyes were torn out, whose arms were cut off, whose tongue was wrenched out by the roots, and finally, that these torments might be ended by an appropriate death, his breast was opened and his heart torn out. And who was Salinas, that such refinement of barbarity should have been reserved for him? An inhabitant of Bolivia, distinguished for his high literary attainments. He was the Secretary of the Constitutional Congress, and editor of two periodicals, the "True Friend of the Country," and the "Echo of the Andes."

I could cite many more of these instances of inhuman cruelty, but I weary of enumerating horrors, the remembrance of which chills my blood. Let the revelations which I rejoice to see that the noble and fearless O'Brien is making in England, prove by their corroborative testimony that I am relating no idle tales of an overwrought fancy. The voice of the companion in arms of the brave and illustrious Lord Cochran will surely be heard and credited.

Banishments innumerable have taken place; and these have not been confined to men, who might with some show of justice be supposed to be guilty of political offences, but defenceless women and children have been thrust from their desecrated houses, and, without being allowed even a change of raiment, have been banished at a few hours' warning from their native land. There are now hundreds of these families residing in Montevideo, either sustained by charity, or earning a scanty subsistence by such efforts as those can make who have been bred in ease

and affluence, and are in an instant reduced to the extremest poverty.

All written transactions with the government of Buenos Ayres, of whatever nature, must be executed upon stamped paper, which, in addition to the arms of the country, bears the sanguinary motto, impressed in crimson characters, "*Mueren los salvages Unitarios*," (Death to the savage Unitarians.) Merchants who boast of a birth-place in enlightened and civilized Europe, and those whose first vital breath was inhaled in the land of Washington, have, without one word of remonstrance or one expression of disgust, been content to see this death-denouncing motto inscribed on every custom-house permit, and every paper containing any commercial arrangement or business transaction with this iniquitous government.

Not a single denunciation of the enormous crimes to which they have been daily witnesses has been heard from the accredited agents of civilized Europe or free North America; although these agents have seen the system of Rosas in all its deformity, have fully comprehended its whole tendency, and have shuddered at the thought of such a system of government being by any possibility established in their own country. These persons, unmindful of the responsibility which rests upon their honor, their public station, or their sentiments as men, have basely kept silence, and have shown a servile respect to the founder and sustainer of this execrable system.

That Rosas possesses a subtil divination of the weaknesses, and passions, and vices of men, and that by means of these weaknesses, passions or vices he sways them to his purposes, none can deny; and that he has thus obtained an ascendancy over the representatives of foreign powers resident in Buenos Ayres is equally certain. Nay, there have been those who have even raised their voices in favor of the man and his systematic tyranny. On this point, let me quote again from Varela: "It may be," he says, "that some foreign powers do not even yet comprehend the careless or culpable conduct of their representatives in the provinces of La Plata, because, having no other organ through which to become acquainted with our countries than these same persons, they naturally receive vitiated information from vitiated minds. Without comprehending what they unfortunately have not taken the trouble to

study—the causes of the anarchy and disorders which they have witnessed—they have laid down as a primary principle, that it is impossible to govern these countries but by an iron despotism, which they have dignified by the name of a *strong government*. First their blindness, and afterwards the compromises into which they fell, have urged them to support the empire of the despot, and to give credit to the horrible system of ‘extraordinary powers,’ by procuring for it the sympathies of European governments. Even when the corrosive action of the irresponsible and brutal system has annihilated commerce, has caused wealth to disappear, and has decimated the consuming population—then, even then, the foreign agents have deceived their governments and their fellow-countrymen with false explanations of these results, whenever they have begun to call the attention, by injuring the interests, of the manufacturing centres of Europe.”

In proof of these assertions of Varela, I would simply refer to a work written by Sir Woodbine Parish, entitled, “Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata,” published in London, 1838. Although this author, for many years the representative of the English government in Buenos Ayres, by a reprehensible silence on many points, shows himself to be a partisan of Rosas, yet the plain language of arithmetical statistics cannot be set aside or misunderstood.

From the reluctant admissions of Sir Woodbine Parish, we learn that during the years of the dictatorship of Rosas, the importations were nearly *one-third* less than during those which preceded his administration. That while the consumption of common cotton fabrics was greatly augmented, that of silks and woollens was almost as strikingly diminished; and this, too, while the population has been constantly decreasing, and no manufactories have been established. The greater consumption of cottons by a diminished population, is a startling and eloquent proof of the retrogradation and poverty of the remaining consumers, and of the great impoverishment of Buenos Ayres under their responsible despotism of Rosas.

Another fact I would mention in connection with this. While the consumption of those articles which reveal the wealth and progress of refined taste in nations was thus decreasing, that of the instruments of destruction and

death received an ominous augmentation. “In the year 1830, when Rosas was but rising to power, and had not yet developed his system of extermination, the value of arms and ammunition imported from England was one hundred and fifty-eight pounds sterling.” In the short period of five years this importation had increased to six thousand three hundred and eighty-eight pounds sterling. The horrible significance of this fact needs no comment.

I have said that the population of the Province of the Rio de la Plata has been decimated during the administration of Rosas. Lest I should exceed the limits which I have prescribed to myself in this article, I will simply make an extract from a work called “Rosas and his opponents,” published in Montevideo, 1843, by Don José Rivera Indarte. After a fearfully significant document, entitled “Tables of Blood,” in which the names of the principal victims of Rosas, with the manner and time of their death, is narrated, he gives the following “Resumen.”

Poisoned, . . . .	4
Throats cut, . . . .	3,765
Shot, . . . .	1,393
Assassinated, . . . .	722
Killed in battle, . . . .	14,920
Killed in skirmishes, military punishments, &c., according to very moderate computation, . . . .	1,600

Here are more than *twenty-two thousand* victims to the sanguinary despotism of a single tyrant; and, according to the same author, there are not less than *thirty thousand* more, who have either been banished by express order of the Dictator, during the same period, or have fled from his oppressive government and have found a refuge in the Republic of Montevideo, in Brazil, in Chili, Peru and Bolivia.

I am fully aware that even the faint delineation I have given of the enormities of which Rosas has made the provinces of the Rio de la Plata the blood-stained theatre, may be looked upon as incredible; the more so, as the venal press of Buenos Ayres, (which is well known to every dweller in that ill-fated city to be wholly under the control of the Dictator,) labors unceasingly to give a false coloring to everything connected with the present state of things in that part of South America.



And this false coloring is heightened by the representations of those who have for some years past *mis*-represented the free and enlightened States of North America in Buenos Ayres. Of *one*, it is sufficient to say that he was compromised to sustain the Governor of Buenos Ayres and his monstrous system, by the connivance which that Governor gave to his eluding the vigilance of his numerous creditors, and slipping away, without a passport, as *bearer of dispatches* to Alvear, the Argentine Representative at Washington. This sometime *Consul* is now employing his pen in favor of Rosas, in denunciation of his opponents, and in inflammatory articles touching the Anglo-French Intervention, which has been solicited by the independent, yet struggling republic of the Banda Oriental. Another, whose diplomatic rank was somewhat higher, finding that the infirmities of age and the inadequacy of his pay rendered the cares of house-keeping a dreaded burden, gladly accepted the invitation which, at the suggestion of Rosas, was given him by Hallett, to become his *guest*; and when the poor old man wanted a little recreation in the country, Gilbert (as I see by the date of some of his dispatches) invited him to enjoy the luxuries of his country-seat.

Hallett and Gilbert are closely connected with the official organs of the monstrous government of Rosas;\* and both well known by all who have lived in Buenos Ayres or Montevideo, (if they dare speak the truth,) to be the purchased bond-slaves of the tyrant. Add to this *most worthy* companionship for the representative of the liberty-loving United States, the fact that, as the good old man did not understand the Spanish language—and was too feeble and too advanced in years to acquire it—it was necessary that he should employ an interpreter; and his interpreter was *Rosas' dragoman*.

How clear a knowledge of the true relations of the Banda Oriental to Buenos Ayres—how just an appreciation of the justice of the present struggle between these two independent powers—and how clear a conception of the right of either to call in the aid of a foreign alliance to protect it from the aggressions of

the other, a man far past the prime and vigor of manhood could acquire, under the circumstances I have mentioned, I leave to any candid and enlightened mind to determine.

When the Argentine Government demanded of the Foreign Powers the recognition of a *strict blockade* of the port of Montevideo, after a *partial blockade* of that port had been for more than a year recognized and enforced, the naval commanders of the squadrons of France and England refused to sanction any other blockade than that to which they had already given their sanction. Our well-meaning Chargé, (fancying the while that he saw with his own eyes, and heard with his own ears, and that his conclusions were formed by the unbiassed and uninfluenced operations of his own mind,) with a formidable flourish of trumpets, made a *Protest* against the unwarrantable conduct of France and England in not *re*-recognizing a new blockade; and this he called “trampling upon the laws of nations, and the rights of an independent and sovereign people.”

I was residing in Montevideo at the time of this very absurd protest, and well remember the deriding laugh that its ridiculous pretensions excited; while those who truly esteemed the blinded but honest-hearted old man by whom it was made, knew too well the source from which it emanated to blame what they regretted so deeply.

Of a similar character to this, is the attempt to *regulate* the terms of the Anglo-French mediation, so long and ardently solicited by the struggling Montevideans, and so tardily awarded by those Powers. Much time has been consumed by these *now* allied mediators, in watchful and jealous observation of each other's movements, in this important question of “Shall the Province of the Banda Oriental be swallowed up in the wide domination of the Argentine Confederation, and subjected to the irresponsible tyranny of its Dictator; or shall the independent existence guarantied by England to this Republic by the Convention of 1828 be maintained, and the encroachments of Rosas resisted?”

The Macedonian cry of the beleaguered Montevideans has at last been heard, and

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\* The “British Packet” may be justly ranked with the “Gaceta Mercantil” as an official exponent of the system of Rosas, although *professing* to be an *independent English paper*.

France and England have said to their representatives that this unjustifiable war (spite of the flimsy pretext which would veil its real ends) shall be terminated. *Peaceably* will they effect this mediation between the belligerent parties if they *can*, *forcibly* if they *must*.

The attempted interference of our good old *Chargé*, in regulating the terms of the mediation, was met by Ousely and Defandis, by the dignified and diplomatic rebuke—We cannot treat with our inferior in diplomatic rank; with a *Minister Plenipotentiary* of the United States, we should treat with pleasure, but with a *Chargé d’Affaires* or *Diplomatic Agent* it is impossible. And all the reward the interference received was the laudation of a venal press, whose praise is infamy.

The impression which has been made upon the minds of the enlightened citizens of the Republic of the United States, by the language of the *acts* of these partizan representatives, as well as their *words*, is plainly perceivable in the wholly different view taken of the affairs of the river Plate by those who have resided there, and have calmly investigated and particularly observed the causes of the anarchy and confusion which prevails in these war-convulsed provinces, and those who form their opinions solely from the lying columns of the British Packet, and the *Gaceta Mercantil*,\* or from the *interested* or *ignorant* misrepresentations of those Foreign Representatives, whom Rosas protectingly styles “*his Guachos*.”

Well and truly says the eloquent author, from whom I have quoted in the former part of this article: “It is a most bitter truth, one that is felt most palpably by all those who have spoken of the enormities of Rosas’ system of legalized crime, beyond the theatre where its horrors are enacted, that solemn and impartial truths are taken for the lying expressions of party hatred, and that the cries of the tyrant’s victims, and the appeals which they have made to civilized and Christian powers, have been viewed as the ambitious efforts of a revolutionary faction to call in foreign aid, in order to resist an authorized and legitimate government. And this because such state-

ments have been at variance with the approving silence of Foreign Agents, or their more culpable defence by word and deed, of the illimitable encroachments of the Buenos Ayrean Dictator.”

The province of the Banda Oriental del Uruguay, or Montevideo, belonged in the time of the old Spanish dominion to the Viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, under the title, and possessing the immunities, of a Captain-Generalship. When, however, Buenos Ayres raised the standard of revolt against the Spanish crown in the year 1810, Montevideo withdrew herself from the union of the provinces of the Rio de la Plata, and openly declared herself the rival of the Provisorio of Buenos Ayres. Impatient, however, of the domination of the Bonapartes in Spain, and imbued with that spirit which at this period seemed awake, to convulse and overthrow all the decayed and time-worn systems of old feudal Europe and of her colonies in this newer region, Montevideo joined in the thrilling cry of “Liberty or Death.”

A series of disastrous and desolating wars ensued, which, but for the extraordinary natural advantages and resources of this beautiful province, must have destroyed it wholly.

Brazil began to look with jealousy upon the mighty and independent confederation consolidating itself upon her very borders, and to prevent its extent beyond the northern shore of the river Plate, sent an army in 1817 into the Banda Oriental, of such force as to reduce the province to her power. Montevideo now became incorporated with Brazil under the name of the Cisplatine Province.

Buenos Ayres was determined in the mean time that the most precious jewel of the vice-regal crown should not be thus wrenched away, but that it should remain to sparkle brightest in the cascanet of the confederated Republic. Determined to repossess herself of Montevideo, Buenos Ayres engaged in a war for this purpose with Brazil. This continued with various successes until the year 1828, when England, finding that the market for her fabrics was seriously affected by a war, which seemed interminable, offered

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\* Nearly all the notices that appear in our public papers, of “Affairs on the river Plate,” are extracted from these two papers, published in Buenos Ayres. Let any one who has lived in Buenos Ayres say what is the character of these publications for *veracity*.



her services as mediator between the belligerent Powers of Brazil and the Argentine Confederation.

The friendly office was accepted, and the object of contention withdrawn from both parties, by Montevideo being declared *independent* by common consent, on the 27th of August, 1828. And on the 10th of September, 1829, a Constitution was proclaimed, framed upon the same principles as that of the United States of North America, with this exception, that the Constitution of the United States provides for the government of distinct portions of territory, independent as it regards their local regulations, under one general government, while the Constitution of Montevideo applies the principles of Republican government simply to one independent and sovereign state. It is called the "*Constitution de la Republica Oriental del Uruguay*," or the Republic lying east of the river Uruguay.

Although Buenos Ayres consented to, and formally recognized, the independence of the Banda Oriental in 1828, yet she has ever viewed this independence jealously, and because that Montevideo formed part of the Buenos Ayrean Viceroyalty, has always determined (her late protestations to the contrary, notwithstanding) that Montevideo should also form part of the Argentine Confederation.

Belligerent demonstrations that the steady purpose of Buenos Ayres has never wavered on this subject, have been made from time to time. Political agitations have been fomented, and disaffected persons from Montevideo have always found a ready asylum and refuge in Buenos Ayres.

The watch-word which forms the motto of the Government paper—"*Vive la Federacion mueran los Salvages Unitarios*"—and which, since the administration of Rosas, has greeted the eye in every possible form, and the ear upon every possible occasion, speaks unmistakeably the views of Buenos Ayres. Its literal signification is, long life to those who would unite *all* the provinces of the river Plate into one Confederation, and death to those who would wish *one* to remain an independent unit.

The Constitution of the Banda Oriental provides for the election of a President and other officers once in four years; and in accordance with this provision, Don Manuel Oribe was elected President in 1836. His ill-advised and unsupported

acts, however, excited so much odium that the country was brought to the eve of a revolution; and Oribe found that the only course left for him, was to *resign* the Presidency—an alternative permitted by the Constitution of the Republic. On the 23d of October, 1838, he addressed a note to the General Assembly, *formally renouncing the dignity of President*. The ground which he assigned for this act was, "his conviction that his remaining in power was the only obstacle in the way of restoring to the Republic the tranquillity it so much needed." He added that he acted thus, because it was demanded by "the peace of the country, and from the consideration that the giving up of personal interests is a sacrifice due to the public good." The resignation of Oribe was accepted by the General Assembly; and he left the province and went to Buenos Ayres, leaving his family unmolested residents of Montevideo. An election was held, and Don Fructoso Rivera was called to fill the office of President.

Rosas received Oribe with open arms. Every honor was paid to the man who he at once saw would be a fit instrument for carrying into effect his designs upon the independence of the Banda Oriental. With his accustomed astuteness, however, he did not suffer this design at once to be apparent; but conferring upon Oribe the title of Brigadier-General, gave him the command of that portion of his army which was kept actively employed to preserve the interior provinces *faithful* to the Confederation; or rather—for the subject is too grave for irony—to maintain the power of the despot by keeping the unfortunate inhabitants of these interior provinces benumbed and stupefied by terror.

The acts of Oribe in Cordova, Catamaran, Tucuman and Entre Rios, show him to have been a follower worthy of such a master as Rosas, and of such companions in arms as Mariano Maya, Juan Balboa, and Friar Felix Aldao.

I have already said that Rosas fully understood how to govern men by their views, their weaknesses, or their passions. This astuteness was singularly displayed in his awarding, with the most scrupulous deference, the title of "*Legal President* of the Republic of the Banda Oriental," to Don Manuel Oribe. This title was assumed upon the ground that the constitutional term of the office is in the Banda Oriental, as with us, four

years; and that more than a year of that term was wanting at the time of his resignation. But the Dictator, as will soon be seen, had his own ends to serve in all this show of "justice to the victim of a faction."

In 1840, the design of invading the Banda Oriental with an Argentine army, of which Oribe was made by Rosas Commander-in-chief, was arranged in Buenos Ayres. The pretext of this invasion was to recover the *legal rights*, as President of the Republic, of the man who, in 1838, had *voluntarily resigned* it. "After the solemn declaration made, in that act of his resignation—upon his honor and under his signature—Oribe demands, with arms in his hands, the power he had renounced. And so far from thinking that this is "*an obstacle in the way of the tranquillity which the Republic needs*," so far from "*giving up the personal interests*" of his ambition, as "*a sacrifice to the general good*," leads a foreign army into his native country, devastates her fields, destroys her towns, ruins her commerce—in short, brings upon her the combined horrors of a *civil* as well as a *foreign* war.

That Oribe has his partizans in the Banda Oriental, and that the *blanquilla* party (as those partizans are termed) include many of the most intelligent and wealthy of the inhabitants, does not for one moment admit of a doubt; and that, had he returned to his native country unaccompanied by the emissaries of Rosas, and unsustained by an Argentine army, some compromise would have been arranged, and he might even now have been quietly reëlected to the station he had renounced, is perhaps no less true.

It is the terror inspired by the thought of the domination of Rosas—it is the fact, to which no one can blind themselves, that Oribe is the willing tool of Rosas—it is a well-founded fear of having the inestimable privilege of an independent existence wrenched from them, that has inspired the Montevideans to their brave and determined resistance of the

invading army. It is this that has induced them to send a special envoy\* to the Courts of France and England, praying for aid against the encroachments of Rosas. To England, especially, as in a measure the author of her independent existence, has Montevideo looked confidently for the assistance she needed in her fearful extremity. Tardily has that aid been awarded; and, alas for vaunted British honor and British philanthropy, the despairing cry would have been all unheeded, had not *Paraguay* beckoned too invitingly in the distance, and had not the failure to renew the treaty with Brazil, which expired in 1844, made it essential to seek a way by which her fabrics could be introduced into Brazil, without the impediments offered by the custom-house-guarded cities of the Atlantic coast.

Let the motive be what it may, the fact remains the same: that England and France have decidedly resolved to aid oppressed and struggling Montevideo in resisting the encroachments of the despotism of Rosas, and in preserving inviolable their independent existence.

The hireling writers of the Dictator have, hitherto, sedulously striven to impress upon the world that the Banda Oriental was an integral part of the Argentine Confederation, and that the war of *self-defence*, into which she has been forced, was one of *rebellion* against the remaining United Powers. Now, the tone is changed, and none can clamor so loudly of the *entire independence* of the invaded province, while the sole motive of the presence of the Argentine army is declared to be, to protect the oppressed inhabitants from the machinations of *designing* foreigners, and the exactions of the *usurping* Riveristas! The falsehood and absurdity of these pretensions have been demonstrated. I could have wished that an abler pen than mine might have added the lofty power of eloquence to the simple form of *Truth*.

New York, Dec. 12, 1845.

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\* Don Florentio Varela, who departed upon this mission in 1843, and was absent nearly one year.



## THE AUTHOR OF THE VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION.

[The incompatibility of the doctrines inferable from the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* with truths held as established on higher authority than human knowledge, together with the great popularity of that work, gives to the question discussed in the following article an importance greater than at first sight appears. Persons carried away by the plausibility, earnestness and apparent research of the book, may, as long as the authorship remains unknown, attribute it to higher scientific authority than it deserves. The whole superstructure of the theory of the author rests so entirely upon the abstrusities of science, that all but a few are precluded from the possibility of settling the question in their own minds except by authority. A sufficient reason will at once be seen for our admitting the article on these grounds, especially as it makes out so exceedingly plausible a case. The eminent author to whom the writer attributes the book can of course receive no injury from them if the conjectures are misplaced, as he necessarily ran such a risk in common with all writers who have treated kindred things. Before letting the article speak for itself, we may note one circumstance overlooked by the writer, somewhat confirmatory of his position—that Mr. Taylor published, as our readers will remember, several of his works anonymously, finally, we believe, avowing himself the author on applying for a professor's chair in one of the Scottish colleges. We would request our readers to note, in particular, the similarity in the *structure of style* in the passages taken from "*The Vestiges*" and Isaac Taylor's books, especially "*The Physical Theory of Another Life*." Many strong evidences, to our mind, are made out, and we think we subserve the cause of truth by publishing the article; since, by discovering the author, we may be able to settle his competency to treat of so great a subject as that on which the author of "*Vestiges*" has put forth so many startling lucubrations. If the article given by us wrongly refers that book to Mr. Taylor, the blame in the case must rest with the writer who puts forth such a work without the responsibilities that attach to paternity. In any event, Mr. Taylor will have no right to complain, since, as we have remarked, he has published all his own books anonymously.—ED. AM. REV.]

AT first sight, there would seem to be no obvious reason why an author should not be at liberty to send forth his work into the world, either with his name stamped upon the title-page, or without it; and if he adopt the latter procedure, why he should not be left unmolested to preserve his incognito, as he may, in the obscurity in which he chooses to shroud himself. Who besides the author, it may be asked, can possibly have an interest in the matter? He toiled with his own strength in the composition of the work; he wrote with his own pen on his own paper at his own desk; his publisher assumed the responsibility of its issue from the press. When published, not even a constructive obligation exists to buy it; or if bought, to read it. Should it be a work of merit, and the author choose to deny himself the reputation which would follow the announcement of his name, who can justly complain? Should it be worthless, and the umpires of literature choose to condemn it, what more can they ask? Who hinders them from proceeding to the utmost limits of unsparing denunciation? No one. Then,

surely, if the author, on the one hand, modestly declines the laurel with which they would encircle his brows, he should be permitted, on the other, to endure in secret the tortures of wounded self-love, without the additional and superfluous agony of exposure to the gaze of the un pitying multitude. The case falls, apparently, under the established laws of polished life; which guard what is purely personal, and intended to be private, from intrusion. To pry into the affairs of an author seems to be as great a breach of good manners as to pry into the affairs of any other man.

Such is the first impression; and such, we confess, was our own impression, until reflection, aided by a few detached leaves from the book of human nature, convinced us that, like most first impressions, it is not, in every particular, correct. It assumes a controvertible premise: that the publication of a book is simply an action; whereas, it is a *transaction*, having two parties—of whom the author is one, and the public the other. These parties have corresponding rights; and whatever relates to the transaction

is common property. Among these rights, the least questionable is that of the public to know with whom it deals: a part of this common property is the author's name. A covenant between a person and a thing, a reality and a shadow, is an absurdity. Any reserve on this head, is therefore, and necessarily must be, by indulgence. An anonymous author, if his work have no value, may be permitted to remain unknown, and his work to float, unmolested, down the stream of oblivion. The public has no interest in the discovery of the one, nor in the preservation of the other. If it have value, if manifestly the product of a great soul, for every clear thought, aptly and nobly expressed, by which men are made more wise; for every pleasing invasion of the heart, to kindle emotion, and to cherish the gentle and tender affections into warmth, and throbbing life, and health, and bloom, and growth, by which men are made more happy, the public will render its spoken and unspeakable gratitude; and none the less because the author chose to make them wiser and happier by stealth. This shall not abate its love and veneration one jot. The anonymous character, in such a case, is no failing; or if so accounted, in a benefactor it may be tolerated.

Not so, however, when the anonymous author would shake that little faith in man, in nature, God, which is yet extant on earth; and which, though it be but "as a grain of mustard seed," is a precious inheritance of humanity; and though "the least of all seeds," may, under a genial sun and friendly nurture, grow into the greatest of all shrubs, and lodge in the branches thereof the beautiful birds of heaven: still less, if he would corrupt that purity of thought and feeling, from which wells up, as from a fountain, the little sweetness that mingles with the huge bitterness of life. The dormant right of the public now revives; and we may justly avail ourselves of the mystic powers, which lie hidden in the folds of a search-warrant, for his discovery. It may be the author's wish to remain unknown, to nestle in the dark, but it is ours to draw him forth and hold him up to moral reprobation; and we will do this, moreover, with as little compunction as we would ferret out and expose a sly nocturnal thief, or a cowardly midnight assassin. When able to point out the man and say, "That's he," we shall be satisfied; not before. To stop short

of this, with a bare condemnation of his work, is not enough: this is to imprison the crime, and leave the criminal at large. For every great moral outrage of this kind, we must have an accountable agent to bear its reproach; and though we would never inflict physical pains and penalties on an author as on other moral delinquents, we would yet identify and expose him to "the slow, unmoving finger of scorn," as a solemn admonition to similar offenders. Thus would we have treated the author of the celebrated Newburgh letters; thus the far-famed Junius; and thus all who, lying in ambush behind anonymous publication, discharged their envenomed shafts to the centre of the unwary throng passing that way.

Again: no trivial share of the reputation and influence acquired by anonymous authors proceeds from the very circumstance of their being anonymous. Strip them of this character, identify them, and if "their occupation is not gone," like that of another celebrated personage, it is, at least, comparatively harmless. The unseen power which the imagination, prone to hyperbole, dilates into vastness and invests in gloom, is shorn of its terrible fascination, and "drops plumb down" to insignificance and contempt. All doubtless remember the effect produced by the letters of Junius when they appeared; how, from the king on his throne, through every gradation of "lords and commons," to the beggarly scavenger in the streets of the British metropolis, men stood aghast at the portent. But think you, reader, they would have thus stood long, had the name, station and influence of their author been known? Why, not Burke himself, with his acknowledged mental affluence, backed by the entire political force of his Whig associates, could have kept up the illusion a single hour; much less the understrapper of an understrapper in some one of various departments of the government, by whom it will, in all probability, be at length ascertained they were written. The mystery in which they were involved and veiled imparted at least half their elegance of diction, and nearly all their power of intimidation.

Once more: it is an obvious result of the anonymous publication of works which offend the moral sense of mankind, to bring in question the character of every respectable author in the republic of letters, who may be thought capable



of writing it. As soon as a work of this kind appears, inquiry after its author is afoot; and then begins a series of imputations which can terminate only when the real authorship shall have been avowed. To what annoyance are honest men in this way subjected! The work is, in the first place, ascribed to A. When A, after the lapse, it may be, of weeks, perhaps months, learns to what "bad eminence" he has been raised, he must come before the public, through the medium of the press, with a disclaimer. It is then, in the second place, ascribed to B; and B must do the same: then to C, and so round the whole circle of eminent writers. Nor is this all. It not unfrequently happens that the real author remains unknown; in which case A, B and C, notwithstanding their explicit disavowals of any participation whatever in the production of the work, continue under the opprobrium of having written it with their contemporaries and posterity: not merely suffering the consequences of an unrighteous imputation, the condemnation of a crime they never committed nor dreamed of committing, but being branded as liars for denying it. Lee, Burke, Lord Sackville and Sir Philip Francis, are to this day bearing, in different degrees, the reproach of the unknown Junius, already adverted to; and greater reproach than to be deemed, however slightly, the author of productions so rife with calumny, so steeped in malignity, so barbarously abusive, we can scarcely conceive.

In view of these and other considerations, unnecessary to adduce, it is our deliberate opinion, that the authorship of an anonymous work of injurious tendency not only may be inquired after, but ought to be. Inquiry should be pushed in every conceivable direction, and with untiring diligence. No place of concealment should escape its scrutiny; nor should it rest until the author, however fertile in expedients to avert detection, shall stand confessed—in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the only argument necessary for his complete discomfiture; for with the appearance of the author in *propria persona*, the light of his influence as a writer grows dim and soon goes out.

We shall not apologize, then, for the following, perhaps feeble, attempt to identify the author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*; a work, the manifest tendency of which,

its extraordinary circulation, the commendation bestowed on it in certain high quarters, though properly denounced in others, and, of consequence, the widely-spread and deleterious influence it is fitted to exert, give it an importance both in a religious and scientific point of view, exceeded by that of no other which has recently issued from the press. So far as its influence could be counteracted by an exposure of its numerous fallacies in reasoning and misstatements of facts, it has been already done in this and other reviews both in America and Europe. If to the results of these useful labors we add a knowledge of the author, and thus deprive it of its factitious character, and of his utter incompetence for the work which he undertook to perform, when he began writing the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, and thus reduce him to a level with the common herd of superficial pretenders, nothing would seem to be wanting to render the system of sanatory measures complete.

To begin, then, the writer of this work, we regret, though we cannot hesitate to say, in view of the evidence we are able to adduce, is Isaac Taylor, the author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, *Saturday Evening*, *Spiritual Despotism*, and the *Physical Theory of a Future Life*. With every allowance for liability to mistake, we think we cannot err in holding Mr. Taylor responsible for its existence. If the difficulties of the supposition are great, and we confess they are; if it appear incredible, and we confess it does, that a man who had written so many works of, apparently, a very different tenor from that of the *Vestiges*—works which would be creditable to the abilities and acquirements of any theologian in England or the United States, which have gained for their author an enviable reputation in both countries—should be capable of writing a work containing a flagrant, bold, unblushing assertion of assumed facts, and a train of cool and deliberate reasoning from those facts, which subvert, if admitted, the very foundations of Christianity: we have only to say that the proofs which attest his hand in the composition of it, are as nearly decisive as we could expect them to be, considering the nature of the case. Besides, if we look into the matter somewhat more closely, we shall, perhaps, find reasons for modifying our belief in the incompatibility of the sentiments of the *Vestiges* with those of

previous acknowledged works of Mr. Taylor; and these perhaps, also, the very grounds on which the supposition of his being the author of the former is deemed incredible, may afford corroborative evidence of its truth. It can be shown that at least one of Mr. Taylor's acknowledged works, published several years ago, sufficiently resembles the *Vestiges* to be regarded as its twin-brother; for

“An apple cleft in two, is not more twin  
Than these two creatures.”

The tendency of the work referred to was, at the time, not understood; it is not yet understood. Men were blinded by the nature of the subject; by the flattering prospects it opened to human hope; by its soothing appliances to human pride. Hence, instead of being to him a ground of disparagement, it materially increased and extended a reputation already great. This reputation, doubtless, is dear to Mr. Taylor; and he was by far too shrewd not to perceive that, if he published, supposing him to have published, the *Vestiges* under his “seal and sign manual,” though in it following the same line of thought, bearing on the same general conclusion, it would be brought in jeopardy—there being nothing in the subject of this work or in his treatment, (but the reverse,) to conceal from men its obvious tendency to overthrow the Christian system. We have thus a reason for its anonymous publication. The reluctance of the author to be known is satisfactorily explained; a reluctance otherwise, we conceive, wholly inexplicable. That he was afraid to incur the responsibility of the commotion his work might cause in the religious and scientific world, simply in consequence of its paradoxical character, of running counter to received belief, is a supposition not to be entertained for a moment—it is not consistent with his own avowals. He earnestly declares, and we have no reason to doubt, his serious belief of the doctrines, general and particular, which he advocates; he considers them “valuable, and their dissemination a blessing;” he believes that “they have nothing in them which can injure the public mind;” and he impressively informs us that they are given to the world for “the sole purpose of improving the knowledge of mankind, and, through that medium, their happiness.” With this depth of conviction, attaching this importance to his doctrines—finally,

believing, as he does, in their subserviency to the best interests of mankind—is it conceivable that he would hesitate to incur any of the common hazards incident to an avowal of his name? Think of Paul, for such a reason, publishing anonymously the gospel of the Son of God, and you have a fair illustration of the absurdity of regarding this man's fear of the reception, absolutely considered, with which his doctrines might meet, as the controlling motive which induced him to suppress his name; and when we reflect that he plants himself on the immovable foundations of science, and hence has no imaginable reason to fear, since he lives—not in the age of Galileo, when to announce that Jupiter has his satellites, was a crime—but in an age when scientific facts are verified as soon as they are announced, and universally admitted as soon as they are verified; this absurdity will appear even still more glaring. No, it was no such fear, but there was a fear, nevertheless; and how simple is the solution of all this reluctance to publish under his own signature, if we view the author as giving utterance, in this book, to sentiments subversive, or thought to be subversive, of a whole life of previous teaching; as reversing the case of the Apostle but just now named—and instead of preaching the faith he once destroyed—destroying, or thought to be destroying, the faith which he once preached. With Cassio, he knows the value of a reputation; but, more provident than Cassio, he resolved to retain it. In fine, all the circumstances of the anonymous publication of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation* which we are able to divine, are favorable to the supposition that Mr. Taylor is the author; so viewed, they tend to fortify the conclusion at which we expect to arrive by a comparison of this work with any other known to have proceeded from his pen. This comparison we shall now commence. Placing it by the side of the *Physical Theory of a Future Life*, the work to which we have alluded as its twin-brother, we make the most striking coincidences in the style, as to general tone, and the use of words and phrases; in fundamental and subordinate ideas; in minor incidents. To the evidence of authorship in common, to be adduced under each of these heads, we ask attention.

I. The peculiarities of style are, in both of these works, precisely the same.



The style of Mr. Taylor, as it appears in his *Physical Theory* and other works, it is by no means difficult to identify. It is singularly correct, but studied, cold, reserved, and somewhat pedantic—betraying a dash of high self-estimation in the writer; it is vigorous, too, in no ordinary degree, but vigorous without variety of movement; it is vigorous, and remarkably monotonous at the same time; tiring by a repetition of similar impressions, and producing in one a sensation not unlike that of a man pushed or dragged along, much to his dissatisfaction, by force steadily and continuously exerted. This is the style of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*; best marked, indeed, in the purely historical portions of the work, but appearing in full costume, whenever the author has an opportunity, as in the closing chapters and occasionally elsewhere, for argument or reflection. [We shall offer no examples of these peculiarities, for a full illustration of them would occupy more space than we have at command. We must refer the reader to the works themselves; or, if these are not at hand, to the copious extracts under succeeding heads.]

But while there is this general coincidence of style in the *Vestiges* and *Physical Theory*, &c., there are several minor coincidences which deserve notice.

1. The use of what the vulgar expressively term “hard words;” the substitution of the less for the more familiar—of Latinized English, for the simple, intelligible, good old English of the Saxons. We subjoin a few examples of single words of not unfrequent occurrence in both. Thus, in the *Vestiges*, we have *cognizance*, *abnormal*, *mobility*, *pre-human*, *postulate*, *actuary*, *isolatedly*, *retrogression*, *aberrant*, *arrestment*, *persistency*, *potentiality*, *telurian*, *super-adequacy*, *under-adequacy*, &c., &c.; in the *Physical Theory*, *incertitude*, *occult*, *nascent*, *potent*, *vivacious*, *reluctate*, *aperose*, *cogitation*, *extra-human*, *telluric*, *tangential*, &c., &c.

2. The use of the same words and phrases.

Of single words, a few are these: *Mundane*, the only word, we believe, employed in the two works to express the same idea.—*Vestiges*, pp. 249, 269, 270, 287; *Physical Theory*, pp. 148, 188, 220: *conditions*, to express the circumstances necessary, favorable or adapted, to generation, development, growth, &c., &c. This is a frequently repeated,

and, apparently, a favorite word with our author; consequently, we notice only a few of the numberless occasions on which it is used.—*Vestiges*, pp. 12, 23, 45, 114, 140, 143, 161, 164, 172, 227, *et. al.*; *Physical Theory*, pp. 38, 41, 68, 75, 203, *et. al.* *Rudiments*, *rudimental*, in the sense of germs, germinal.—*Vestiges*, pp. 20, 21, 149, 255, 260, 261, 262; *Physical Theory*, pp. 12, 95, 267, 271.

Of phrases, let the following suffice: some are striking.

“Thus we *avoid the damage*, which the very appearance of an opposition to natural truth,” &c.—*Vestiges*, p. 291. “It is very true that Christianity *has suffered damage* by vain presumptuous intrusion into its mysteries,” &c.—*Physical Theory*, p. 11.

“*Reverting* to a former illustration,” &c.—*Vestiges*, p. 21. “*To revert a moment* to our present conjecture,” &c.—*Physical Theory*, p. 190.

“The observations made upon the surface of the moon, by telescopes, *tend strongly* to support the hypothesis,” &c.—*Vestiges*, p. 33. “Many reasons may be adduced, *strongly tending* to suggest the belief, that all races,” &c.—*Physical Theory*, p. 178.

“*It might well be* with a kind of awe,” &c.—*Vestiges*, p. 48. “*It might well happen*,” &c.—*Physical Theory*, p. 177.

“My sincere desire in the composition of the book, was to give the true view of the History of Nature, *with as little disturbance as possible to existing beliefs*,” &c.—*Vestiges*, p. 290. “Or that it can rightfully have any force *in disturbing our religious convictions*.”—*Physical Theory*, p. 10.

Beside these phrases there are two others, which though used in a different sense in the two works, have peculiarities clearly implying a common origin. One of these we shall quote; to the other we can merely refer.

“There are, indeed, abundant appearances as if, throughout all the changes of the surface, the various kinds of organic life invariably *pressed in*, immediately on the specially suitable conditions arising,” &c.—*Vestiges*, p. 115. “Organic life *presses in*, as has been remarked, wherever there was room and encouragement for it.”—*Vestiges*, p. 122.

“There may be a yearning after the lost corporeity, or after the expected corporeity: there may be a *pressing on* toward the frequented walks of active existence. Now let it be just imagined that, as almost all natural principles and modes of life are open to some degree of inequality, and ad-

mit excepted cases, so this pressure of the vast community of the dead, toward the precincts of life, may, in certain cases," &c.—Physical Theory, p. 224.

The other phrase, to which we adverted, turning upon the words *definite*, and *indefinite*, are found on p. 257 of the *Vestiges*; and p. 41, of the *Theory of a Future Life*.

II. The coincidence of subject matter is still more remarkable than the coincidence of style; affording evidence not less by their number than their specific nature, that the two works were projected and executed under the auspices of the same mind.

1. The fundamental idea of the two works is precisely the same; namely, *the development of a lower organization into a higher by law*. In the *Theory of a Future Life*, the author's aim is to show that the future man, the man beyond the grave, is to be a development by law, or a *natural* development of the present man. In the *Vestiges*, the present man with his specific organization, is a development by law, or a natural development of some one of the various lower animals; which, again, was itself a development of some other below; and so down to the simplest forms of existence. The two books are therefore but parts of one book: two divisions of the same general proposition; two elements of the same thought; yet the *Physical Theory* when it appeared was lauded heaven-high! The *Vestiges* come forth, *alter et idem*, and loaded with execrations, it sinks into the Abyss!—perhaps. Such is man: marvelously tickled, tickled to the very marrow, at the idea of unfolding by law or otherwise, into the unshorn gorgeous magnificence of an archangel! but barely hint from the author of the *Vestiges*, or with my Lord Monboddo before him, that he is himself an unfolding, by law of monkey organization with its caudal extension abraded by the bad habit of sitting on it, and the world is instantaneously in an uproar! Verily, Lady Montague was right: "Men and woman have a deal of human nature in them." But not to linger by the way, though a pleasanter subject of dalliance we know not of, the following extracts, which are necessarily somewhat liberal, will evince the coincidence of which we are now speaking.

"There may be, as in fact we assume that there are, the strongest physical rea-

sons for expecting a new and expanded life, as intended for the human family. Innumerable analogies gathered from the processes of the vegetable and animal world, illustrate, and in a sense, corroborate this expectation; while the irresistible impulses and instincts of the human mind—moral as well as intellectual—all support it. Yet there is a particular, or incidental consequence, resulting from our receiving the knowledge of another life through the medium of miraculously attested revelation, which demands to be noticed; and it is this, that the corporeal renovation of human nature, which may properly be regarded as an established part of the great order of the material and sentient universe, or as a *NATURAL TRANSITION*, comes to be," &c.—Physical Theory, p. 136.

"It will perhaps be found, in some instances, that our own conviction of the reality of things future, or unseen, has suddenly and remarkably become more impressive, merely in consequence of our having seen reason to think of them as *natural*, or as proper parts of the established scheme of the universe, instead of miraculous interruptions of that scheme."—Physical Theory, p. 138.

"With the daily and hourly miracles (so to call them,) of the vegetable and animal world before our eyes; with creations, renovations, transitions, and transmigrations innumerable going on, while yet individuality and identity are preserved, nothing ought to be thought incredible or unlikely concerning the destiny of man which comports with these common wonders, and which in itself is only an analogous transformation. No prejudice of the vulgar can be more unphilosophical than is that which would obstruct, for a moment, our acquiescence in the belief of a future transfusion of human nature, with its individuality, into a new and more refined corporeal structure. The profound resources of the Divine Intelligence are constantly being developed in our view, not in a thousand modes merely, but in a hundred thousand; and it is perfectly manifest that this Sovereign Intelligence—master of whatever is abstractedly possible, delights in taking the utmost range of diversity, not merely as to fashion, but as to rule and condition, and as to history and circumstance; and if so low a mode of speaking were tolerable, one might say, the probabilities that man, the chief terrestrial animal, and an animal of so complex a constitution, is destined to undergo several transitions, are as a thousand to one of the contrary. Everything belonging to human nature is mysterious; or rather, bespeaks the existence of powers and instincts *undeveloped*, and which, though they just indicate their presence, do not reach their apparent end."—Physical Theory, p. 139.



"Whether it is to take place in that same day of telluric ruin, or not, there is to be—and it is to come in at a proper part of the great economy of the universe—a second birth of the human family; when all born of Eve shall, by the creative energy, live again; and, whether for the better or the worse, individually, shall take their stand upon a higher level of physical existence than at first. This transition, which now we find it so difficult to think of, otherwise than with a sort of incredulous apprehension, as a mysterious article of our Christian faith, shall, when it occurs, be felt, however momentous in its consequences, as a simple fact, and as forming a natural epoch in the history of man, whom, we shall then understand to be a creature destined, from the first, to metamorphoses, and for extended progression."—Physical Theory, p. 149.

"Some other idea must then be come to with regard to *the mode* in which the Divine Author proceeded in the organic creation. Let us seek in the history of the earth's formation for a new suggestion on this point. We have seen powerful evidence that the construction of this globe and its associates, and inferentially that of all the globes of space, was the result, not of any immediate or personal exertion on the part of Deity, but of natural laws which are expressions of his will. What is to hinder our supposing that the organic creation is also the result of natural laws, which are in like manner an expression of his will."—Vestiges, p. 117.

"The tendency of all these illustrations is to make us look to *development* as the principle which has been immediately concerned in the peopling of this globe; a process extending over a vast space of time, but which is nevertheless connected in character with the briefer process by which an individual being is evoked from a simple germ. The whole train of animated beings, from the simplest and oldest up to the highest and most recent, are, then, to be regarded as a series of *advances of the principles of development*, which have depended upon external physical circumstances, to which the resulting animals are appropriate."—Vestiges, p. 153.

"The sum of all we have seen of the psychological constitution of man is, that its Almighty Author has destined it, like everything else, to be developed from inherent qualities, and to have a mode of action depending solely on its own mode of organization. Thus the whole is complete on one principle. The masses of space are formed by law: law makes them in due time theatres of existence for plants and animals: sensation, disposition, intellect, are all in like manner developed and sustained in action by law. It is most interesting to observe into how small a field the whole of

the mysteries of nature thus ultimately resolve themselves. The inorganic has one final comprehensive law, GRAVITATION: the organic, the other great department of mundane things, rests in like manner on one law; and that is, DEVELOPMENT.

On these extracts we forbear making a single remark; not because they do not afford scope for it, but simply because they are of themselves sufficiently explicit and intelligible. They obviously assert and labor to confirm the same general proposition: *Natural development or development by law*. As we might expect, where the leading idea is thus identical, the same coincidence is found in the subordinate ideas. A few of these are worthy of notice.

#### 1. The distance of fixed stars.

"The nearest of the fixed stars is at a greater distance from our system than 19,200,000,000,000 miles; and the most remote of those that are distinctly visible by the telescope, are probably twice that distance, or much more."—Physical Theory, p. 58. "Methods of computation which are not uncertain, afford us the means of advancing a negative proposition; to this effect, that the nearest of the fixed stars is more remote than the distance already mentioned; (p. 58.) or about twenty billions of miles: a distance which would be traversed by light, (passing ninety-five millions of miles in 8 min. 7 sec.) in three years and two hundred and sixteen days. But there are millions of stars so much more remote than those that have been supposed to afford a parallax, that they may actually have ceased to exist three thousand years ago, and yet may appear in their places."—Physical Theory, pp. 253-4.

"Attempts have been made to ascertain the distance of some of the stars by calculations founded on parallax: it being previously understood that, if a parallax of so much at one second, or 3600th of a degree, could be ascertained in any one instance, the distance might be assumed in that instance, at not less than 19,200 millions of miles. In the case of the most brilliant star, Sirius, even this minute parallax could not be found; from which, of course, it was to be inferred that the distance of that star is something beyond the vast distance that has been stated. In some others, on which the experiment has been tried, no sensible parallax could be detected; from which the same inference was to be made in their case."—Vestiges, p. 8.

#### 2. The constitution of other globes and our own.

"Unprepared as most men are for the announcement, there can be no doubt that



we are able, in this limited sphere, to form some satisfactory conclusions as to the plants and animals of those other spheres which move at such immense distances from us."—"We see that matter has originally been diffused in one mass, of which spheres are portions. Consequently, inorganic matter must be presumed to be everywhere the same; although, probably, with differences in the proportions of ingredients in different globes, and also some difference of conditions. Out of a certain number of the elements of inorganic matter are composed organic bodies, both vegetable and animal: such must be the rule in Jupiter and Sirius, as it is here. We therefore are all but certain that herbaceous and ligneous fibre, that flesh and blood, are the constituents of the organic beings of all those spheres which are as yet seats of life. Gravitation we see to be an all-pervading principle: therefore there must be a relation between the spheres and their respective organic occupants, by virtue of which they are fixed, as far as necessary, on the surface. Such a relation, of course, involves details as to the density and elasticity of structure, as well as size, of the organic tenants, in proportion to the gravity of the respective planets; peculiarities, however, which may quite well consist with the idea of a universality of general types, to which we are about to come. Electricity we also see to be universal; if, therefore, it be a principle concerned in life and in mental action, as science strongly suggests, life and mental action must everywhere be of one general character. We come to comparatively a matter of detail, when we advert to heat and light; yet it is important to consider that these are universal agents, and that, as they bear marked relations to organic life and structure on earth, they may be presumed to do so in other spheres also. The considerations as to light are particularly interesting; for, on our globe, the structure of one important organ, almost universally distributed in the animal kingdom, is in direct and precise relation to it. Where there is light there will be eyes; and these in other spheres will be the same, in all respects, as the eyes of tellurian animals, with only such differences as may be necessary to accord with minor peculiarities of conditions and of situation. It is but a small stretch of the argument to suppose that, one conspicuous organ of a large portion of our animal kingdom being thus universal, a parity in all other organs, species for species, class for class, kingdom for kingdom, is highly likely; and that thus the inhabitants of all the other globes of space bear not only a general, but a particular resemblance to those of our own."—*Vestiges*, p. 123-4-5. See also pp. 29, 30.

"It is also now ascertained that the great laws of our own planet, and of the solar

system to which it belongs, prevail in all other and the most remote systems, so as to make the visible universe, in the strictest sense, one system, indicating one origin, and showing the presence of one controlling Power. Thus the law of gravitation, with all the conditions it implies, and the laws of light, are demonstrated to be in regions incalculably remote; and just so far as the physical constitution of the other planets of our system can be either traced, or reasonably conjectured, it appears that, amid great diversities of constitution, the same great principles prevail in all; and therefore our further conjecture, concerning the existence of sentient and rational life, in other worlds, is borne out by every sort of analogy, abstract and physical; and this same rule of analogy impels us to suppose that rational and moral agents, in whatever world found, and whatever diversity of form may distinguish them, would be such that we should soon feel ourselves at home in their society, and able to confer with them; to communicate knowledge to them, and to receive knowledge from them."—*Physical Theory*, p. 176. See also pp. 248-9, 250, where the author expands these ideas, but at too great length for quotation.

### 3. The mind immortal, but depending on organization.

"There is, in reality, nothing to prevent our regarding man as specially endowed with an immortal spirit, at the same time that his ordinary mental manifestations are looked upon as simple phenomena resulting from organization: those of the lower animals being phenomena absolutely the same in character, though developed within much narrower limits."—*Vestiges*, p. 244.

"Man we believe to be immortal, (revelations apart,) not because his mind is separable from animal organization, but because his intellectual and moral constitution is such as to demand a future development of his nature."—*Physical Theory*, p. 273.

"There are those, probably, who would not wish even to see the materialist confuted, if it must be on the strange and offensive condition, a condition so derogatory to the dignity of man, of our acknowledging a brotherhood of mind, such as shall include the polypus, the sea-jelly, and the animalcule of a stagnant pool. But science knows no aversions, and must hold on its way through evil report and good report. Truth, in the end, will not fail to justify itself, in all its consequences and relations."—*Physical Theory*, p. 274.

### 4. The brain is a voltaic pile or galvanic battery.

"The nervous system, the more comprehensive term for its organic apparatus, is variously developed in different classes



and species, and also in different individuals: the volume or mass bearing a general relation to the amount of power."—"There are many facts which tend to prove that the action of this apparatus is of an electric nature: a modification of that surprising agent, which takes magnetism, heat and light, as other subordinate forms, and of whose general scope in the great system of things, we are only beginning to have a right conception. It has been found that simple electricity, artificially produced, and sent along the nerves of a dead body, excites muscular action. The brain of a newly killed animal being taken out, and replaced by a substance which produces electric action, the operation of digestion, which had been interrupted by the death of the animal, was renewed: showing the absolute identity of the brain with a galvanic battery."—*Vestiges*, pp. 249, 250.

"All we are conscious of is the volition; and all we learn from physiology is, that muscular contraction requires a certain galvanic influence; of which influence the brain appears to be the secreting viscus, and the nerves the channel."—*Physical Theory*, p. 50. "Now this exceptive case, accidentally made known to us, naturally suggests the belief that what the brain supplies is galvanic excitement merely; or a stimulus, of whatever kind, equivalent to that furnished by galvanism."—*Ibid*, p. 275. "But now let it be supposed that the nervous system, connecting the brain and spinal process with the entire muscular apparatus, serves no other purpose than that of conveying, from the former to the latter, a copious efflux of galvanic power; which power the cerebral mass incessantly generates."—*Ibid*, p. 211. "The tremendous (voltaic) apparatus which fills the cranium, has relation, as we suppose, to the inertness and the inelasticity of the animal body."—*Ibid*, p. 213.

5. Phrenology the true science of mind.

"Gall, however, has shown, by induction from a vast number of actual cases, that there is a part of the brain devoted to perception; and that even this is subdivided into portions which are respectively dedicated to the reception of different sets of ideas; as of form, size, color, weight, objects in their totality, events in their progress or occurrence, time, musical sounds, &c. The system of mind invented by this philosopher, the only one founded upon nature, or which even pretends to or admits of that necessary basis, shows a portion of the brain acting as a faculty of comic ideas, another of imitation, another of wonder, one for discriminating or observing differences, and another in which resides the power of tracing effects to causes."—*Vestiges*, p. 255.

"In every mental process, and in every movement of the affections, there is an attendant organic action: a subsidiary operation of the medullary mass, and of the arterial system, not to say of the vital organs; and inasmuch as this accompaniment is necessarily clogged with the conditions that attach to inert matter, the mind is so far bound down to those conditions, and is restrained from moving at any other rate than that at which the body can safely follow, and duly perform its part. Reason (in man) is not reason absolute, but a *reasoning faculty, dependent, to a great extent, upon, and characterized by, the particular cerebral conformation, and by the constitution or temperament of the individual*. The same manifestly is true of the purest and most elevated of the moral sentiments.' —*Physical Theory*, pp. 64-5.

It is interesting to observe the progress of Mr. Taylor's mind, (on the supposition of his being the author of the *Vestiges*,) in the province of Metaphysics. From a passage of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, it is evident that he sought, with Reid, Stewart and others, all the phenomena of mind in personal consciousness; while he treated the phrenologist with marked contempt. (*Nat. Hist. of Enthusiasm*, p. 273: Leavitt's Ed. 1831.) In his *Physical Theory*, however, as we have seen, he asserts the dependence of mind for its manifestations on cerebral volume and conformation; and in a passage we have not quoted on account of its length, he avows his belief that the phenomena of mind are not to be sought in personal consciousness alone, but in a comparison with those which present themselves in brutes; that is, of course, on the principle of Gall. Again, as he advances from Reid and Stewart in the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, to Gall in the *Physical Theory*, so now we see him advancing from Gall in the *Physical Theory*, to the utmost limits of materialism in the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*. In the *Theory*, the brain, in his opinion, is a voltaic pile or galvanic battery which supplies to the nerves, at the pleasure of the mind, a copious stream of electricity. The mind itself is not a resident of the brain, but exists diffused throughout the body. It is not the brain, nor the electric current; but something perfectly distinct from both. (*Physical Theory*, pp. 276-7-8.) Between the publication of the *Physical Theory* and that of the *Vestiges*, he has obtained more light. Mind is no longer distinct from electricity; it is electricity: as such, the velo-

city of its action may be measured as you would measure the velocity of a cart-wheel. (Vestiges, pp. 250-1, and Note, compared with the italic portion of another note on p. 245, quoted with approbation from Hope, *On the Origin and Prospects of Man.*) We proceed:

6. The consistency of his views, especially his fundamental idea, with Revelation.

On this point both the Vestiges and the Physical Theory disclose an extraordinary solicitude. In both, a strong desire is manifested to convince the reader of the author's deference to the authority of Scripture, and to leave an impression on his mind of the author's elevated religious character. In both, there is betrayed the same consciousness of handling a delicate topic, and giving utterance to views, the boldness of which may perchance startle some who are not as conversant as himself with the secrets of nature. In both, we have the same methods of softening and insinuation; the same appeals from present ignorance and prejudice to the knowledge and liberality of the future; the same dependence on time and progress to familiarize the extraordinary facts of science, and reconcile them with the severest interpretations of the sacred volume. In fine, notwithstanding all that has been affirmed, and more that has been intimated by the press as to the scepticism of the author of the Vestiges, it is all but absolutely certain, that he is a professed believer in Divine revelation, and regards the doctrines taught by him as being consistent with it. This is the case, we need scarcely say, with the author of the Physical Theory; and this peculiarity, while it identifies the two, satisfactorily explains their anxiety to avert the imputation of being hostile to the Sacred Scriptures; of which anxiety, and the unique manner in which it betrays itself in the two works, we confess ourselves unable by extract to give any adequate conception. They should be read—especially the following references.—Vestiges pp. 118-19, 142, 290. Physical Theory, pp. 13, 172-4, 220-1, 269, 270.

III. Having, to this extent, devoted our attention to coincidence of style and of ideas, we shall now conclude our series of proofs, by dwelling, a few moments, on a few of an incidental nature, not without weight in a discussion of this kind.

It appears from the preface to the Physical Theory, that the earlier works of Mr. Taylor, from which so large a share of his reputation as a religious writer has been derived, were the fruit of suspending, for a season, his favorite studies—a digression from the general direction of his selected literary course; and he informs us that having achieved by that digression all it was possible to achieve, he returned to his original path—"to the favorite and peaceful themes of his earlier meditations and studies;" declaring himself "most happy to find himself in a region not exposed to storms." The result of this agreeable relapse was the composition of the Physical Theory of a Future Life; and from this, in connection with the preface, we readily divine what the themes of his earlier meditations and studies were; namely, NATURAL HISTORY, with special reference to the origin, progress and ultimate destination of man.

The influence of this study on the mind is well known. Men, pursuing it with any degree of enthusiasm, and unhappily not subject to a conservative religious faith—and in proportion as they are not subject—imperceptibly acquire the habit of looking at every event in the social and political, and every fact in the material, world, through the medium of second causes: as if it were the effect of general laws impressed, at the beginning of things, by the Deity on mind and matter. Those utterances of nature, which to other men, perhaps not less enlightened and profound, are the significant and awe-inspiring symbols of a present God overshadowing and surrounding, are to them mere signs of certain formularies, written in the text-books of the physiologist, the geologist or the astronomer. With them, a special Providence, that sublime consolation of the Sacred Scriptures, which has smoothed the path of many a struggle with the world's fierce storms, thrown around tried constancy impregnable defences, drawn melodies of the heart from prison-vaults, shed "poppies and roses" upon the lids of the unhappy, and diffused through the chamber of the dying martyr of many sorrows the fragrance of "crushed spices," ceases to be a special truth, and is struck from the roll of recognized facts: even miracles, the avowed testimony and earnest expostulation of God himself against the sovereignty of general laws, are either discarded as the obsolete device



of a crafty priesthood, or explained away by referring them to the operation of some obvious or unknown physical cause. In short, under the materializing influence of these studies, some of the noblest names written in the annals of science, have ultimately recognized no God, or him only of Epicurus—a God remote, absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections, indifferent alike to the existence, circumstances, wants, cares and cries of his creatures.

Let us be understood. When we speak of a materializing influence exerted by these studies, we are far from meaning a necessary influence. As none are more attractive, so, in our opinion, none are naturally more healthful, bracing and invigorating. We believe that their natural tendency is to kindle the imagination, enlarge the understanding, and purify the heart; to exalt our conceptions both of nature and of God; and paralyzed be the arm that would hang a single impediment on the limbs, or lay a single obstruction in the way, of the most ardent, bold, and even adventurous inquiry. Rather would we quicken its diligence, and multiply its facilities: rather would we throw open every door, fling wide every window, and lift every veil in the vast temple of nature, and, like Wisdom, “cry at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in of the doors, ‘Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is unto the sons of men.’” Still in the midst of this general enthusiasm, we would drop a word of caution to the worshiper: for, unhappily, that which is not merely good, but transcendantly good, in this world of anomalies, becomes, by its perversion, death. As food which, to a healthy man, brings strength and enjoyment, only the more debilitates the diseased and aggravates his sufferings, so the same truth which, to a proper adjustment of the moral powers, imparts a deeper conviction of Divine existence and government, and inspires a more awful reverence for the Divine character, coming in contact with a deranged moral system, causes a wider estrangement from the Divine: a deplorable scepticism. Of the manner in which this extraordinary result is reached, or how it is truth produces these singular effects, it is unnecessary to speak. We are not writing a metaphysical treatise, but stating a fact, for the confirmation of which we may adduce, if we please, with a few brilliant exceptions, the entire annals of science.

Of these exceptions, Mr. Taylor, assuredly, is not one. Fresh from “the themes of their earlier meditations and studies,” we perceive their influence on his mind in the very first of his episodic productions, the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*; the title of which, if nothing more, betrays already a developed, (to use a favorite term of his own) a developed tendency to look at every subject through a physical medium; in his *Spiritual Despotism*, so simple a thing as its progress must have its geological periods, epochs, eras and cycles; and in his *Physical Theory*, this tendency to the earth, earthy, assumes a portentous aspect. It trenches on the spiritual and supernatural at almost every point of their circles from centre to circumference: still, however, with some degree of timidity; with reservations, with qualifications, with saving clauses. His doubts, as yet, are half suppressed, or cautiously insinuated, or covertly implied, as if he were himself half afraid of his own possible conclusions. He is apparently yet unprepared to take his stand and speak out boldly; his courage falters in view of the point to which he but half perceives himself hastening; he has quaffed an intoxicating cup, but so much only as rather to bewilder than determine his vision. Some glimmerings of received thought remain: some old moral restraints are felt. He has much in him that “partakes of the nature of insurrection,” but the “mortal instruments” are not yet ready for the outbreak. The “council” deliberates, but cannot decide. Sufficient, however, has transpired, to assure us that a decision is certain, and to make known its tenor to the multitude in suspense. If Mr. Taylor—speaking always on the supposition that it is he, which we think, indeed, has been clearly shown—continues, after “resuming his earlier meditations and studies,” and matures another work in the line of the *Physical Theory of a Future Life*, we have, in this, the premonitory signs of its appearance, and a programme of its contents. Rationalism will have reached its crisis. Development by law, confined, in the *Physical Theory*, to the future new creation, will extend to the past old. Man *naturally* passing into a higher order of being, will as *naturally have* passed from a lower. In fine, consistency and the obviously progressive influence of his meditations and studies, demand from Mr. Taylor



that he should land precisely at that point on the shore of inquiry, where, on the supposition of his being the author of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, we find him. There is, therefore, on his own showing, the strongest antecedent probability that he wrote this work. If, in connection with this probability, we consider, what appears to be the almost unmistakable similarity of style and the identity of titles, (the *Natural History of Creation*, the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*) already adverted to; (and they are by no means common titles;) if, still farther, we consider the fact that the real though suppressed title of the "*Physical Theory*" is, the *Vestiges of the Natural History of the future creation*, it is believed we can scarcely doubt that both "*Vestiges*" and "*Theory*" sprang from the same brain, and were suggested by the same course of Physical investigation.

We have but little to add: if we have justly attributed this work to Mr. Taylor, there are vestiges of the natural history of his mind from which we may draw the most impressive moral lessons. We learn the hazard of speculation when it treads along the extreme boundaries of human knowledge; especially when it passes beyond them. Remote from the region of positive facts, they of necessity offer merely a few faint traces of truth, or dim analogies on which to exercise its power. From the practice of dealing with these alone, it comes imperceptibly, though surely, to regard them as the highest class of proofs; and so from the slenderest, most attenuated thread, mere gossamer, it weaves a fabric which, though easily demolished by the breath of a sleeping infant, it presses on mankind as a substitute for finer, durable, and withal, comfortable textures. Thus has it been with Mr. Taylor. Possessing an intellect acute, penetrating, comprehensive, powerful, which, properly directed, might have largely contributed to the precious stores of science and literature, he rashly, in an evil hour, abandons the sphere of legitimate inquiry, and commits himself to the chaos of conjecture, where, assailed by

"A universal hubbub wild  
Of stunning sounds and voices all confused,  
Borne through the hollow dark,"

he soon loses his self-command: his brain reels: he falls into an ecstasy of lunatic conceit, orders the attendance of

his amanuensis, dictates his crazy philosophy for publication, and calls upon sane men to receive it as an oracular response from the tripod. Alas, the man! It is as if we again saw Lucifer, son of the morning, sinking from the constellated splendors of the empyrean to quench anew his lustre in the utter dark. The example is pregnant with admonition.

But the practical inference, german to the matter under consideration, which we draw from identifying the author of the *Vestiges* in Mr. Taylor, is his total incompetency to compose a reliable work on such a subject. This, manifestly, required a man profoundly versed in geology, physiology and astronomy; not merely in their general ideas, but particular. He should be familiarly and minutely acquainted with all the facts in each of those sciences, and in the different departments of these sciences, hitherto ascertained; and in order to estimate the value of these facts, he should be quite as familiarly acquainted with the various processes of experiments by which they were ascertained. Then, too, if these facts are to be harmonized into a cosmical theory consistent with revelation, an equally profound knowledge of the Hebrew language and literature is requisite. In fine, there is needed by the man who would undertake a work on the subject of the *Vestiges* without presumption, a kind and amount of scientific knowledge, almost infinitely beyond the possible attainments of Mr. Taylor. During the longer portions of his life, he has been engaged in writing such works as the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, *Saturday Evening*, *Spiritual Despotism*, and the *Physical Theory*. He has had no time, therefore, to acquire the necessary scientific knowledge of which we speak; nor if he had, will his long devotion to the composition of these works form a very acceptable guaranty, to those who understand the difference between moral and demonstrative reasoning, of his qualifications to construct a physical theory of the creation. What he has written, then, on the supposition of his being the author of the *Vestiges*, is destitute of the first element of influence on sober minds. It has no authority. We might have listened to Science speaking from her throne, but to a mere tyro, babbling about he knows not what, whose presumption is in proportion with his superficial attainments, we confess, it is a few grains worse than our patience can bear.



## WORDS OF THE CORPSE-WATCHER TO HIS COMRADE.

GONE is each saddened face and tearful eye,  
 Of mother, brother, and of sisters fair;  
 Like the low falling wind their footsteps die  
 Through whispering hall, and up the rustling stair.  
 In yonder room the newly dead doth sleep;  
 Begin we now, my friend, our watch to keep!

And now both feed the fire and trim the lamp,  
 Pass, cheerly, if we can, the slow-paced hours;  
 For all without is cold, and drear, and damp,  
 And the wide air with storm and darkness lowers.  
 Pass cheerly, if we may, the livelong night,  
 Putting pale phantoms, paler sleep, to flight.

We will not talk of death, of pall and knell—  
 Leave that, the mirth of brighter hours to check—  
 But tales of life, love, beauty, let us tell,  
 Or of stern battle, sea, and stormy wreck;  
 Call up the visions gay of other days—  
 Our boyhood freaks, our careless, youthful ways.

Hark to the distant bell! an hour is gone!  
 Unlatch the parlor door and bring the light;  
 Our brief but solemn duty must be done—  
 To dip the cloth, and stay Death's hastening blight,  
 To bare the ghastly face, and dip the cloth  
 That hides a mortal, "crushed before the moth."

The bathing liquid scents the chilly room;  
 Of spectral white are shroud and veiling lace,  
 On yonder sideboard in the fearful gloom:  
 Take off the stifler from the sleeper's face!  
 Heaven! did you speak, my friend, of ghastly eye?  
 Ah, what a vision of beauty here doth lie!

Never hath Art, from purest wax or stone,  
 So fair an image, and so lustrous, wrought!  
 It is as if a beam from heaven had shown  
 A weary angel in sweet slumber caught!  
 The smiling lip, the slightly tinted cheek—  
 And all so calm, so saint-like, and so meek!

They sing of beauty in the silver moon,  
 And beauty in the penciled, drooping flower;  
 They tell of flashing eye and luring tone,  
 In radiant Hope's and rosy Health's gay hour;  
 But where is beauty, in this rounded world,  
 Like Death upon a maiden's lip imperaled!

Veil thou the dead! close to the open door!  
 Perhaps the spirit, ere it soar above,  
 Would watch its clay alone, and hover o'er  
 The face it once did kindle into love:  
 Commune we hence, O friend, this wakeful night,  
 Of *Death made lovely* by this blessed sight!

## MY FIRST AND LAST CHAMOIS HUNT.

“Es ist Zeit zu aufstehen—es ist drei viertel auf eins,” said a voice in reply to my question, “Wer ist da?” as I was awakened by a low knock at my door. I had just composed myself to sleep for the second time, as this “It is time to get up, it wants a quarter of one,” aroused me. I was in the mountain-valley of Grindelwald in the very heart of the Oberland. I had been wandering for weeks amid the glorious scenery of the Alps, which had gone on changing from grand to awful till I had become as familiar with precipices, and gorges, and glaciers, and snow-peaks, and avalanches, as with the meadow-spots and hill-sides of my native valley. I had stood in the shadow of Mont Blanc, and seen the sun go down on his bosom of snow, until, from the base to the heaven-reaching summit, it was all one transparent rose color, blushing and glowing in bright and wondrous beauty in the evening atmosphere. I had stood and gazed on him and his mountain guard, tinted with the same deep rose-hue, till their glory departed, and Mont Blanc rose, white, and cold, and awful, like a mighty model in the pale moonlight. I had wandered over its sea of ice, and climbed its break-neck precipices, and trod the difficult passes that surround it, but never yet had seen a wild chamois on its native hills. I had roamed through the Oberland with no better success. All that I had heard and dreamed of the Alps had been more than realized. Down the bosom of the Jungfrau I had seen the reckless avalanche stream, and listened all night to its thunder crash in the deep gulfs, sending its solemn monotone through the Alpine solitudes, till my heart stood still in my bosom. From the highest peak of the Wetterhorn (peak of tempests) I had seen one of those “thunderbolts of snow” launch itself in terror and might into the very path I was treading—crushed by its own weight into a mere mist that rose up the face of the precipice, like spray from the foot of a waterfall. With its precipices leaning over me, I had walked along with silent lips and subdued feelings, as one who trod near the margin of Jehovah’s mantle. I had never been so humbled in the presence of nature before, and a whole

world of new emotions and new thoughts had been opened within me. Along the horizon of my memory some of those wondrous peaks were now drawn as distinctly as they lay along the Alpine heavens. Now and then, a sweet pasturage had burst on me from amid this savage scenery, like a sudden smile on the brow of wrath, while the wild strain of the Alp-horn, ringing through the rare atmosphere, and the clear voices of the mountaineers singing their “*ranz de vaches*,” as they led their herds along the mountain path to their eagle-nested huts, had turned it all into poetry. If a man wishes to have remembrances that never grow old, and never lose their power to excite the deepest wonder, let him roam through the Oberland.

But I like to have forgotten the hunt I started to describe, in the wonderful scenery its remembrance called up. Grindelwald is a green valley lying between the passes of the Wengern Alp and the Grand Scheideck, which are between three and four thousand feet above it, and are, in turn, surrounded by mountains six or seven thousand feet loftier still, although the valley itself is higher than the tops of the Catskill range. There, rise in solemn majesty, as if to wall in forever the little valley, the Eigher, or Giant—the Schreckhorn, or terrible peak—the Wetterhorn, or peak of tempests—the Faulhorn, or foul peak—the Grand Scheideck, and a little farther away the Jungfrau, or virgin. Thus surrounded, and overlooked, and guarded forever, the green valley sleeps on as if unconscious of the presence of such awful forms. Here and there, by the stream that wanders through it, and over the green slopes that go modestly up to the mountain on either side, are scattered wooden cottages, as if thrown there by some careless hand, presenting from the heights around one of the most picturesque views one meets in Switzerland. When the sun has left his last baptism on the high snow-peaks, and deep shadow is settling down on Grindelwald, there is a perfect storm of sound through the valley from the thousands of bells that are attached to the nearly six thousand of cattle the inhabitants keep in the pasturage during the day. The clamor



of these bells in a still Alpine valley, made louder by the mountains that shut in the sound, is singularly wild and pleasing.

But the two most remarkable objects in this valley are two enormous glaciers which, born far up amid the mountains—grown there among the gulfs into seas—come streaming down into these green pasturages, plunging their foreheads into the flat ground which lies even lower than the village. Rocks are thrown up, and even small hills, by the enormous pressure of the superincumbent mass. Miles of ice, from sixty to six hundred feet thick, push against the mass in front which meets the valley. One immense rock, which seems a mere projection from the primeval base of the mountains, has resisted the pressure of one of these immense glaciers, which, consequently, has forced itself over, leaving a huge cave from its foot up to where the rock lies imbedded. I went into this cavern, the roof of which was blue as heaven and polished like a mirror, while a still pool at the bottom acted as a mirror to this mirror, till it stood confined as in a magic circle. These two glaciers push themselves boldly almost into the very heart of the village, chilling its air and acting like huge refrigerators, especially at evening. The day previous to the one appointed for the chamois hunt had been one of extreme toil to me. I had traveled from morning till night, and most of the time on foot in deep snow, although a July sun pretended to be shining overhead. Unable to sleep, I had risen about midnight and opened my window, when I was startled as though I had seen an apparition; for there before me, and apparently within reach of my hand, and whiter than the moonlight that was poured in a perfect flood upon it, stood one of those immense glaciers. The night had lessened even the little distance that intervened between the hamlet and it during the day, and it looked like some awful white monster—some sudden and terrific creation of the gods, moved there on purpose to congeal men's hearts with terror. But as my eye grew more familiar to it, and I remembered it was but an Alpine glacier, I gazed on it with indescribable feelings. From the contemplation of this white and silent form I had just returned to my couch and to my slumbers, when the exclamation at the head of this sketch awoke me. It was one o'clock in the

morning, and I must up if I would fulfill my engagement with the chamois hunters.

In coming down the slope of the Grand Scheideck into the Grindelwald, you see on the opposite mountain a huge mass of rock rising out of the centre of a green pasturage which rises at the base of an immense snow region. Flats and hollows, no matter how high up among the Alps, become pasturages in the summer. The debris of the mountains above, washed down by the torrents, form a slight soil, on which grass will grow, while the snows melted by the summer sun flow down upon it, keeping it constantly moist and green. These pasturages, though at an elevation of eight thousand feet, will keep green, while the slopes and peaks around are covered with perpetual snow; and furnish not only grazing for the goats which the mountaineer leads thither with the first break of day, but food for the wild chamois, which descend from the snow fields around at early dawn to take their morning repast. With the first sound of the shepherd's horn winding up the cliffs with his flocks, they hie them away again to their inaccessible paths. The eye of the chamois is wonderfully keen, and it is almost impossible to approach him when he is thus feeding. The only way the hunter can get a shot at him is to arrive at the pasturage first, and find some place of concealment near by, in which he can wait his approach. The pile of rocks I alluded to, standing in the midst of the elevated pasturage, furnished such a place of concealment, and seemed made on purpose for the hunter's benefit.

It is two or three good hours' tramp to reach these rocks from Grindelwald, and it may be imagined with how much enthusiasm I turned out of my bed, where I had obtained scarcely two hour's sleep, on such a cold expedition as this. It is astonishing how differently a man views things at night and in the morning. The evening before I was all excitement in anticipation of the morning hunt, but now I would willingly have given all I had promised the three hunters who were to accompany me, if I could only have lain still and taken another nap. I looked out of the window, hoping to see some indications of a storm which would furnish an excuse for not turning out in the cold midnight to climb an Alpine mountain. But for once the heavens were provokingly clear, and the stars twinkled over the distant snow summits as if they



enjoyed the clear frosty air of that high region; while the full-orbed moon, just stooping behind the western horizon, (which, by the way, was much nearer the zenith than the horizon proper,) looked the Eigher (a giant) full in his lordly face, till his brow of ice and snow shone like silver in the light. With our rifles in our hands we emerged from the inn and passed through the sleeping hamlet. Not a sound broke the stillness save the monotonous roar of the turbulent little streamlet that went hurrying onward, or now and then the cracking and crushing sound of the ice amid the glaciers.

I had hunted deer in the forests of America, both at evening and morning, but never with teeth chattering so loudly as they did before I had fairly begun to ascend the mountain. Ugh! I can remember it as if it were but yesterday—how my bones ached, and my fingers closed like so many sticks around my rifle. Imagine the effect of two heaps of red-hot coals, about a hundred feet thick and several miles long, lifted to an angle of forty-five degrees, in a small and confined valley, and then by contrast you may get some idea of the cold generated by these two enormous glaciers. Yes, I say *generated*; for I gave up that morning all my old notions about cold being the absence of heat, &c., and became perfectly convinced that heat was the *absence of cold*, for if *cold* did not radiate from those masses of ice, then there is no reliance to be placed on one's sensations.

Now crawling over the rocks, now picking our way over the snow-crust, which bore us or not, just as the whim took it, I at length slipped and fell and rolled over in the snow, by way of a cold bath. This completed my discomfort, and I fairly groaned aloud in vexation at my stupidity in taking this freezing tramp for the sake of a chamois, which, after all, we might not get. But the continuous straining effort demanded by the steepness of the ascent finally got my blood in full circulation, and I began to think there might be a worse expedition even than this undertaken by a sensible man.

At length we reached the massive pile of rocks, which covered at least an acre and a half of ground, and began to bestow ourselves away in the most advantageous places of concealment, of which there was an abundance. But a half-hour's sitting on the rocks in this high region, surrounded by everlasting snow, brought

my blood from its barely comfortable temperature back to zero again, and I shook like a man in an ague. I knew that a chamois would be perfectly safe at any distance greater than two feet from the muzzle of my rifle, with such shaking limbs; so I began to leap about, and rub my legs, and stamp, to the no small annoyance of my fellow-hunters, who were afraid the chamois might see me before we should see them. Wearied with waiting for the dawn, I climbed up among the rocks, and, resting myself in a cavity secure from notice, gazed around me on the wondrous scene. Strangely white forms arose on every side, while deep down in the valley the darkness lay like a cloud. Not a sound broke the deep hush that lay on everything, and I forgot for the time my chilliness, chamois hunters and all, in the impressive scene that surrounded me. As I sat in mute silence gazing on the awful peaks that tore up the heavens in every direction, suddenly there came a dull heavy sound like the booming of heavy cannon through the jarred atmosphere. An avalanche had fallen all alone into some deep abyss, and this was the voice it sent back as it crushed below. As that low thunder-sound died away over the peaks, a feeling of awe and mystery crept over me, and it seemed dangerous to speak in the presence of such majesty and power.

"Hist! hist!" broke from my companions below; and I turned to where their eyes were straining through the dim twilight. It was a long time before I could discover anything but snow-fields and precipices; but at length I discerned several moving black objects that in the distance appeared like so many insects on the white slope that stretched away towards the summit of the mountain. Bringing my pocket spy-glass to bear upon them, I saw they were chamois moving down towards the pasturage. Now carefully crawling down some ledge, now leaping over a crevice and jumping a few steps forward, and now gently trotting down the inclined plane of snow, they made their way down the mountain. As the daylight grew broader over the peaks, and they approached nearer, their movements and course became more distinct and evident. They were making for the upper end of the pasturage, and it might be two hours before they would work down to our ambuscade; indeed, they might get their fill without coming near us at all. I watched them through



my spy-glass as they fed without fear on the green herbage, and almost wished they *would* keep out of the range of our rifles. They were the perfect impersonation of wildness and timidity. The lifting of the head, the springy tread and the quick movement in every limb, told how little it would take to send them with the speed of the wind to their mountain homes. The chamois is built something like the tame goat, only slighter, while his fore legs are longer than his hinder ones, so that he slants downward from his head to his tail. His horns are beautiful, being a jet black, and rising in parallel line from his head even to the point where they curve over. They neither incline backward nor outward, but, rising straight out of the head, seem to project forward, while their parallel position almost to the tips of the curvatures gives them a very crank appearance. They are as black as ebony, and some of them bend in as true a curve as if turned by the most skillful hand.

I watched every movement of these wild creatures till my attention was arrested by a more attractive sight. The sun had touched the topmost peaks of the loftiest mountains that hemmed in the sweet valley of Grindelwald, turning the snow into fire, till the lordly summits seemed to waver to and fro in the red light that bathed them. A deep shadow still lay on the vale, through which the cottages of the inhabitants could scarcely be distinguished. At length they grew clearer and clearer in the increasing light, and column after column of smoke rose in the morning air, striving in vain to reach half way up the mountains that stood in silent reverence before the up-rising sun. The ruddy light had descended down the Alps, turning them all into a deep rose color. There stood the Giant, robed like an angel; and there the Schreckhorn, beautiful as the morning; and there the Faulhorn, with the same glorious appareling on; and farther away the Jungfrau, looking indeed like a virgin, with all her snowy vestments about her, tinged with the hue of the rose. All around and heaven-high rose these glorious forms, looking as if the Deity had thrown the mantle of his majesty over them on purpose to see how they became their glorious appareling.

It was a scene of enchantment. At length the mighty orb which had wrought all this magnificent change on the Alpine peaks, rose slowly into view. How ma-

jestic he came up from behind that peak, as if conscious of the glory he was shedding on creation. The dim glaciers that before lay in shadow flashed out like seas of silver—the mountains paled away into their virgin white, and it was broad sunrise in the Alps.

I had forgotten the chamois in this sudden unrolling of so much magnificence before me, and lay absorbed in the overpowering emotions they naturally awakened, when the faint and far-off strain of the shepherd's horn came floating by. The mellow notes lingered among the rocks, and were prolonged in softer cadences through the deep valleys, and finally died away on the distant summits. A shepherd was on his way to this pasturage with his goats. He wears a horn, which he now and then winds to keep his flock in the path; and also during the day, when he sees any one of the number straying too near pitfalls and crevices, he blows his horn, and the straggler turns back to the pasturage.

A second low exclamation from my Swiss hunters again drew my attention to the chamois. They also had heard the sound of the horn, and had pricked up their ears, and stood listening. A second strain sounding nearer and clearer, they started for the snow fields. As good luck would have it, they came trotting in a diagonal line across the pasturage which would bring them in close range of our rifles. We lay all prepared, and when they came opposite us, one of the hunters made a low sound which caused them all to stop. At a given signal we all fired. One gave a convulsive spring into the air, ran a few rods, and fell mortally wounded. The rest, winged with fear and terror, made for the heights. I watched their rapid flight for some distance, when I noticed that one began to flag, and finally dropped entirely behind. Poor fellow, thought I to myself, you are struck. His leap grew slower and slower till at length he stopped, then gave a few faint springs forward, then stopped again, and seemed to look wistfully towards his flying companions that vanished like shadows over the snow fields that sloped up to the inaccessible peaks. I could not but pity him as I saw him limp painfully on. In imagination I could already see the life-blood oozing drop by drop from his side, bringing faintness over his heart and exhaustion to his fleet limbs.

Losing sight of him for the moment, we hastened to the one that lay struggling in his last dying efforts upon the grass. I have seen deer die that my bullet had brought down, and as I gazed on the wild yet gentle eye, expressing no anger even in death, but only fear and terror, my heart has smitten me for the deed I had done. The excitement of the chase is one thing—to be in at the death is quite another. But not even the eye of a deer, with its beseeching, imploring look, just before the green film closes over it, is half so pitiful as was the expression of this dying chamois. Such a wild eye I never saw in an animal's head, nor such helpless terror depicted in the look of any creature. It was absolutely distressing to see such agonizing fear, and I was glad when the knife passed over his throat, and he gave his last struggle. As soon as he was dispatched we started off after the wounded one. We had no sooner reached the snow than the blood spots told where the sufferer had gone. It was easy enough to trace him by the life he left with every step, and we soon came upon him stretched upon his side. As he heard us approach the poor fellow made a desperate effort to rise, but he only half erected himself before he rolled back with a faint bleat and lay panting on the snow. He was soon dispatched; and, with the two bodies strung on poles, we turned our steps homeward. Who of the four had been the successful marksmen it was impossible to tell, though I had a secret conviction I was not one of them—still, my fellow-hunters insisted that I was. Not only the position itself made it probable, but the bullet-hole corresponded in size to the bore of my rifle. The evidences, however, were not so clear to my own mind; and I could not but think they would not have been to theirs, but for the *silver bullet* I was expected to shoot with when we returned to the valley. The size of *that* had more to do with their judgment than the rent in the side of the poor chamois.

Part of one was dressed for my break-

fast, and for once it possessed quite a relish. This was owing to two things—first, my appetite, which several hours on the mountain had made ravenous, and second, to the simple way in which I had ordered it to be dressed. The flesh of the chamois is very black, and possesses nothing of the flavor of our venison. Added to this, the mountaineers cook it in oil, or stew it up in some barbarous manner, till it becomes anything but a palatable dish.

The two most peculiar things about a chamois are its hoofs and its horns. The former are hollow, and hard as flint. The edges are sharp, and will catch on a rock where a claw would give way. It is the peculiar sharpness and hardness of the hoof that give it security in its reckless climbing along the cleits of precipices. It will leap over chasms on to a narrow ledge where you would think it could not stand, even if carefully placed there. It flings itself from rock to rock in the most reckless manner, relying alone on its sharp hoof for safety. Its horns seem to answer no purpose at all, being utterly useless both from their position and shape as an instrument of defence. They may add solidity to the head, and thus assist in its butting conflicts with its fellows. Some of the Swiss told me, however, that the animal struck on them when it missed its hold and fell over a precipice—thus breaking the force of the fall. It may be so, but it looked rather apocryphal to me. It would not be an easy matter, in the rapidity of a headlong fall, to adjust the body so that its whole force would come directly on the curvature of the horns, especially when the landing spot may be smooth earth, a rock lying at an angle of forty-five degrees, or a block of ice.

The evening after my expedition I spent with some hunters, who entertained me with stories of the chase, some of which would make a Texas frontier man open his eyes. One of these I designed to relate, but find I have not room. At some future time I may give it.

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## MEMOIR OF HON. I. C. BATES, LATE UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

THE scene which the Senate Chamber of the United States presented on the 19th of March last, was one which will not be speedily forgotten by those who witnessed it. At the close of an arduous Session—when men's minds had been deeply perplexed with the uncertain issues of new party organizations—when the largest questions of national policy, questions involving all of national peace, and security, and honor, had been earnestly discussed—questions with which was mingled no small share of personal feeling—a Session which had seen the breaking up of many long-cherished hopes, and the growth of many sudden aspirations—while the heat of debate was hardly yet over, and the passions that had been aroused were but beginning to be allayed—the senators were summoned to behold, in the theatre of their recent competitions, a spectacle which, more than any other, serves to make men pause in the hurrying career of their ambition, and subdues, for an hour, at least, the busy passions of the most worldly. One who, but a few days before, had stood among them strong in manly health, in the full maturity and vigor of his powers, not more like than any other of their number to be speedily called away by the destroyer, whose impassioned words had not yet died out from their ears,—one whose courteous bearing and noble nature had won the confidence and affection of them all—had passed away from the living, and all that was mortal of him was now for the last time before them, and in an hour there would remain with them only the memory of what he was. It was an occasion full of mournful thoughts to his associates, and no less of solemn warning how uncertain might be the issues, and how surely the end must come, of all the schemes of our poor humanity, and enough to inspire the eloquent tongue of him who was the mourner, not the eulogist.

Isaac Chapman Bates, the late Senator from Massachusetts, was born in the town of Evanville, in the old County of Hampshire, in that ancient Commonwealth, January 23d, 1780. His father was a farmer in that town, to which he had retired at the close of the war of the

Revolution, in which he served as lieutenant. He was a man of high respectability, distinguished among his neighbors by the persevering industry and simple uprightness of his life. His son was designed by him for his own occupation, and resided with him, engaged in the active labors of the farm, till in his nineteenth year. In these labors, and in the rude though manly sports in which the youth of that mountainous region indulge their leisure—which he was always foremost in for skill and strength—he acquired a firm constitution and vigorous health, which enabled him to pass through the more exhausting toils of professional and public life, and which he retained till the close of all. With the consciousness, however, of abilities which were suited to a different sphere, and with an ambition of intellectual distinction by no means uncommon in the farmers' sons of New England, and which has raised from that station not a few whom the whole country has been proud of, he obtained his father's permission to pursue a course of academical studies; and hanging up the scythe with which he had cut the last clip of the summer's mowing, he declared his emancipation from the labors of the field, and in the morning was on his way to the study of the teacher he had chosen. This was the Rev. Dr. Cooley, now the venerable, as for fifty years he has been the honored and useful, pastor of the Congregational Church in East Evanville, and who to the faithful discharge of the duties of his sacred office has added the careful training of large numbers of young men in their preparation for college life. He was a near relative of Mr. Bates, whose rapid development he watched with affectionate interest, and whose later career he ever looked on with gratulation and pride. Within an unusually short period Mr. Bates went through the course of studies then required for entrance at college, and joined the freshman's class at New Haven in the autumn of 1799. Of his manner of life while there no record remains. He is known, however, to have been a close student, and scrupulous in his observance of all college regulations. He was a favorite pupil of President Dwight,

whose commendation is warrant for a high order of merit, and who was so much pleased with his graceful and elegant style of composition, that he used to say of him, then, he would prove an American Addison. His mind was, however, of a more masculine character, and, without neglecting the graces of purely literary accomplishment, he found great pleasure in the severe discipline of mathematics; and, in later years, he said of himself, that his first full consciousness of mental power was gained from Euclid's Elements. He graduated in 1802. The part in the exercises of the commencement assigned to him was the valedictory oration, reckoned then, as now, the highest honor a student could attain.

Immediately on leaving college he entered the office of the late Judge Hinckley, who resided at Northampton, and continued under his instructions as a student at law during the time prescribed for admission to the bar. He was led to the choice of this profession, not more perhaps by hopes of a future elevation to which it always is the readiest avenue, than by the natural advantages he possessed for success in it. To a shrewd and penetrating intellect, well fitted to investigate the abstruse doctrines of legal science, habits of industrious application which might have ensured him the mastery of it, he added, in a peculiar degree, the forensic qualities which are hardly less needful to one who would plead the cause of human rights, a graceful and commanding person, a dignified and persuasive manner, a free, bold, manly style of elocution, and a careful training in extempore debate, to which he had strenuously devoted himself throughout his collegiate life.

He was admitted to practice as an Attorney in the Court of Common Pleas, May Term, 1805, and to the Supreme Court in 1808. Soon after he entered on the practice of his profession, he married Martha, the daughter of Judge Henshaw, who survives him, a mourner indeed, yet rich in the memory of the faithful love he bore her. The connection was in every way a desirable one, and was fully justified by the rapid increase of his practice. In 1805, he made his first public appearance in any other than a professional capacity, in the delivery of a Fourth of July Oration, and by the vigor of his style, and the elevated tone of his sentiment, encouraged all the expectations

his friends had formed of his future success. This oration had also a political character which, though not obtrusively prominent, was yet so decided as to turn to him the attention of the leading politicians of that quarter of the county. In the years 1809, 1810, the people of Northampton showed their confidence in him by electing him one of their delegates to the General Court; a trust which the sagacious people of that precinct are not used to commit to unskillful or inexperienced hands. Here he acquired the friendship of many who like him were making their first demonstrations of ability, and which continued with unabated strength with many who have been and are now in the highest places of that State. He was not, however, desirous, nor would the habits of that county, which try men before they confide in them, have allowed him, to enter so early into a political career. He therefore strictly applied himself to the practice of the Law, and, as if to sever himself from public life, he accepted, somewhat later, the office of Register of Probate, which office he held till the solicitations of his friends, who could no longer spare him from a wider field, compelled him to relinquish it. Yet, in 1812, he was called once more to express his political preferences in a discourse before the Washington Benevolent Society. In this address, which was remarkable alike for its polished and manly eloquence, for the lofty spirit of patriotism, and clear appreciation of the true principles of liberty displayed in it, he avowed his adherence to the doctrines of the Federal party, then far from being in the ascendant—and to that scheme of public policy, which, as modified, not changed, by the events of later years, made him a consistent and strenuous advocate of Whig measures. Touching the views of those who held thus the administration of the General Government, he felt keenly, and spoke fearlessly.

Satisfied with this indication of his preferences, and of the course he should take when he might be called to a more active participation in public concerns, he continued to devote himself with unwearied diligence to the interests of his clients.

On entering his professional life, Mr. Bates became at once associated with men of the highest intellectual ability and legal science, and practiced eloquence with Ashmun and Mills, both his predecessors in the Senate of the United



States, with Bliss, and others, men whose competition could not fail to arouse all the energies of a more youthful aspirant. And although the field was thus ably filled, he rose rapidly to an extensive practice and an enviable reputation. The professional character of Mr. Bates was more that of an accomplished advocate than of a technical lawyer. Though possessed of powers of mind which could readily unravel the most intricate legal problems, and which, had they been devoted to the law as a science, would have gained for him the highest celebrity among the professors of that rare and most difficult learning; he chose rather that branch of practice which would bring him often before a jury, as being better suited to his tastes, and one in which he was sure of a more rapid success. He had little fondness for the details and drudgery of the preparation of a case for trial, but few could surpass him in the clearness with which he saw the general principles that should govern it, or the plainness, simplicity and earnestness with which he could present and enforce them. Yet few persons have so habitually made so elaborate a preparation for the argument of his cases. His topics were selected with great care, his illustrations skillfully arranged, and the whole thrown into a form of compact argumentation. His style of address, often highly polished and elegant, was always singularly forcible; and his language pure, idiomatic and masculine, chosen not for rhetorical embellishment, but for pith and point. His elocution was fluent, impassioned, and often vehement, and accompanied with much action, yet always controlled by severe taste, as well as animated with genuine feeling. And all his efforts in this kind were pervaded by a strain of high and manly sentiment, which appealed to the better feelings of his hearers, and often swayed them as much as his force of reasoning. With an eloquence, at once persuasive and commanding, his aid was much sought after in all important cases, especially those in which questions of life and character were involved; and for many years he was reckoned to be, in addresses to a jury, without an equal at the bar in the region in which he practiced.

With this diligent attention to his profession, Mr. Bates found leisure to engage extensively in the pursuits of agriculture. This was his favorite occupation, to which he was led by his sense of its

value to the country, as well as by the predilections of his early life. He was always alive to the interests of the tillers of the soil, which he encouraged by his own example, and fostered by the diffusion among them of the knowledge most useful for their purposes. He adopted, and so commended to them, the best improvements in modes of tillage. He was largely concerned in the improvement of the breed of sheep, and in the importation of Merinos and Saxons. He was one of the founders, and zealously promoted the interests, of an agricultural society which embraced in its influence the farmers of the old county of Hampshire, and which was of the highest service to them by spreading useful knowledge, and by suggesting, through the liberal distribution of premiums, an honorable competition. In 1823 he delivered the annual address before this association. It was a lucid and most able application of the doctrines of political economy to the social relations of the people whom he addressed—a discussion of high value, as well for the profoundness of the views it presents as for the remarkable simplicity of his statements of them.

Not only in such ways did Mr. Bates show an interest in the welfare of his neighbors. He was also a warm friend and supporter of the benevolent movements which have been so nobly sustained by the people of New England, and by none more generally than by those among whom he lived. The various societies for distributing the Bible, for circulating tracts, sending abroad missionaries, and the like, ever found in him a sincere and strenuous advocate. In May, 1825, he was invited to deliver an address at the anniversary of the American Bible Society in New York—a time when such speeches were less hacknied, and came more from the heart, than they are found to do now. The speech which he made on that occasion made a striking impression, and indeed was fit to be a model for such addresses, in its condensed energy of thought, its lofty conceptions and suggestive vividness of imagery. Mr. Bates, soon after the commencement of his residence at Northampton, had connected himself with the Congregational church in that town. This he had been prompted to do by his naturally deep religious feeling, which marked all the more deliberate and important movements of his life. This feeling in him was never obtrusive, nor did it lead him



to dark and austere views of human duty; but, combined with a sober judgment, displayed itself most of all in an habitual sense of Divine goodness, and a cheerful trust in Him who is the Father of us all. He remained in the communion of that church to the last, and was sustained throughout, and most, it is believed, in the closing scene of all, by the assurances of Christian faith, and the serenity of a Christian hope.

The character thus formed, and endeared to his fellow-citizens by many acts of high-minded integrity and of an affectionate regard for their well-being, naturally turned their thoughts to him, as one most fit to represent their interests in the councils of the nation. For many years he had resisted the importunities of his friends, who were anxious to bring him forward in a more public career; for, however he may have felt the influence of "that last infirmity of noble minds," he was, more than most men, disposed to shrink from the excitement of an election, and the disquiet and the too often unhallowed agitations of political life. Nor, though his views on all the great questions of public policy were well settled and firmly held, had he any sympathy with the feelings and practices of mere political partisanship. He had much of the pure love of country, and devotion to her institutions and true interests, which characterized the statesmen of the times which followed close upon the Revolution, and which, we fear, are less common in these degenerate days; and, while ready to do his best service in that cause, it was not in his nature to stoop to the meannesses of which political aspirants are sometimes guilty, or to accept, much less to seek, success by the aid of one unmanly act. Office was rather offered him than sought by him; and entering it, as he did, with unstained hands and a will unfettered to do what he might for his country's good, he kept himself aloof from the tricks and shufflings of party, and never descended to an unworthy compliance with the caprices of popular feeling. Official distinction had not charms enough for him to be bought at such a price. Indeed, he avoided, as carefully as most men search after and embrace them, the occasions which most honorably he might have used of making himself conspicuous in the common eye, and of securing to himself such measure of public favor as he must have felt that his abilities deserved. Known by his

friends to be influenced by such principles, and having already won the confidence of all within his precinct, he was presented to the voters of his district as a candidate for a seat in the national House of Representatives, and elected by a majority which was a flattering testimonial of the high estimation in which he was held by those who knew him best. He took his seat in the Congress of 1827, and continued to occupy that place by successive elections till 1835, when he declined a reelection. During this period he was always at his post, faithfully guarding the Constitution and the interests of his constituents and of the country. The suavity of his manners gained him there a large circle of friends; and the matureness and accuracy of his judgment, and the extent and minuteness of his information, particularly on questions relating to agriculture and manufactures, caused his opinions to be listened to with much respect. Never ambitious of display, he addressed the House in formal speeches much less frequently than he might effectively have done. He was more a man of work than of words, ambitious rather of useful action in the committee-room, and seeking to acquire an influence over the sentiments of men, and so over the conduct of affairs, by weight of character, and in the unostentatious methods of private intercourse; a way in which more opinions and more votes are changed than by most eloquent orations. He served as chairman of several important committees, and was much engaged with those on claims, on agriculture, on pensions, &c. Yet his labors were not confined to these, but on several occasions he took an active and distinguished part in the debates of the House; when his addresses always commanded a deferent attention for the closeness of their logic and the high tone of moral sentiment which characterized them, as well as for the earnest conviction they manifested, and his chaste elocution. Many of these efforts were suffered to pass away with the occasion which called them forth; several, however, received a more permanent form than the common newspaper reports, and were widely circulated. One of the earliest of these was a speech on the tariff, delivered March 26th, 1828. It was occupied chiefly with a discussion of the duty on woollens, and the need of a special protection to the industry of the wool-grower. Being himself largely con-



cerned in the production of wool, he brought to this subject all the knowledge, and confidence, and zeal which personal interest gives. The argument was worthy of note for its clearness and cogency, and the aptness of his abundant illustrations. It had the fault, if fault it be, of being too purely an argument, or rather too abstract, for the place even in which it was delivered. As a specimen of reasoning, admirable as it was, it was perhaps better fitted for careful consideration in the closet than to sway the deliberations of a popular assembly, where flashes of eloquence and bursts of passion are more likely to be appreciated than a course of continuous thought. The latter, indeed, is in some respects of a higher order, and implies, which the other does not, something of what he used to say was the true sense of Demosthenes' triple rule of "action"—mental action, perpetual onwardness. The disposal of the Indian tribes, a subject which agitated the public mind very deeply for several years, and engaged the anxious attention of Congress, was one which appealed too strongly to his sense of justice, and to all his sympathies with humanity, to be lightly regarded by Mr. Bates. He entered zealously into the plans that were devised to prevent their removal beyond the Mississippi. He carefully investigated their title to the lands they occupied, and found it valid. He regarded with deep indignation the attempts which were made to bribe and coerce them from their birthright. He held the faith of treaties sacred, and mourned over the threatened violation of our national honor. He sought by every means to avert what he deemed so melancholy a consummation. Among those who eloquently remonstrated against this measure, his voice was none of the feeblest. In May, 1830, he presented his views to the House, in a speech in which the legal merits of the question were most ably set forth, and the iniquitous wrongfulness of their enforced exile from the burial-grounds of their fathers most feelingly portrayed—a speech not inferior, in the full grasp of the subject and in completeness of argument, to any which grew out of that great national interest, and which closed with a brief strain of lofty sentiment, and burning rebuke, and subduing pathos, hardly surpassed in any oration of modern times. The excitement of the occasion called out all his powers, and he perhaps needed such an excitement to

display what he could do. When themes of ordinary interest were before the House, he was little disposed to hinder action by speaking. Yet once more, in January, 1833, he again made a speech on the tariff, in which he took a more general view of that subject, and which, as marked with his usual ability, was thought worthy of being given to the public.

On his retirement from the House of Representatives, as he imagined, to the quiet of his farm and the more congenial business of his profession, his services were found too valuable to the State to be dispensed with; and he was appointed, in October, 1835, by the executive of that commonwealth, the agent to prosecute the Massachusetts claim. To this most difficult business he devoted much time and labor. After all the attention which others, his predecessors, had bestowed on it, there remained an arduous task for him. A huge variety of documents were to be consulted, cases almost forgotten in the lapse of time to be vindicated, principles to be discussed and settled, and the whole to be arranged for a jealous scrutiny. This was done by him, and the entire subject presented repeatedly, with great clearness and force, to the War Department. The honor, no less than the interest, of his native State was involved in his success, and he spared no pains to bring it to a prosperous issue. He at length, in December, 1837, obtained from Mr. Poinsett, then Secretary of War, a report to the House of Representatives favorable to the allowance of the claim, and finally from the House a partial appropriation. While engaged in this business, and away from home, he was nominated by the Whig convention of Hampshire county their candidate for the Senate of that State. On his return he promptly declined the nomination, as the duties of that station would interfere with the execution of his commission.

In 1839 he was chosen a delegate from Massachusetts to the convention which met at Harrisburg, in December of that year, to select a candidate for the Presidency of the United States. He was elected to preside over that body, during its preliminary organization; and though entirely without experience of such a post, (and the choice of one so unused was a token of their ample confidence,) he performed its delicate duties with great courtesy, promptness of decision and firmness. He was afterwards one of the



vice presidents of the convention. The result of their deliberations was the nomination of General Harrison. The desire and hope of Mr. Bates had been that the nomination might be given to another, to whose hands he would gladly have confided the destinies of the country; yet such was the great interest at stake, and such the need of unanimity in the Whig counsels, that, with many others, he felt bound to sacrifice his own preferences, and acquiesce in the decision of the majority; and on his return he did much to reconcile the people of New England to a result so unlike their anticipations. In the summer of 1840 he was chosen one of the electors at large, and, with the college, gave his vote for what all saw was now inevitable, and which he now believed was for the best.

In the autumn of the same year, as he had been the year before, he was chosen one of the Executive Council; and a vacancy occurring in the Senate of the United States by the resignation of Gov. Davis, he was elected by the Legislature, January 15th, 1841, for the remainder of his term, and also for the six years from the ensuing March. This election, entirely unsought, and spontaneous on the part of those who made it, and simply a tribute to his abilities and worth, was highly gratifying and honorable. He immediately took his seat in that body; and with a mind trained by long experience, he entered at once on the duties of that high office as if he had been familiar with them all. None there were more honest and steadfast to their sense of duty, more high-minded and self-sacrificing for the public good, than he; and though many were more widely known, there were few more intelligent to understand the right, or more resolute in its defence. Here he continued to act on the same habit of abstinence from efforts to display himself, which had marked his whole career—a habit not common in this forth-putting age, and which his friends used to complain of as the only hindrance to his earlier and more complete success. The speeches which he made in the Senate were mostly very brief, pertinent to the occasion, and yet distinguished by their terseness of expression and condensed fullness of meaning; and some of them betrayed glimpses of the old Roman temper—a spirit of patriotism which scorned, in comparison with the claims of country, all sectional and party preferences, and all the prompt-

ings of personal interest. We need only allude to a few touching remarks which he offered to the Senate in June, 1842, on the bill for the relief of the widow of General Harrison; to a speech pregnant with noble feelings on a motion “to refer the plan of a fiscal agent;” and to one delivered June 6th, 1842, “on the districting clause of the apportionment bill,” which was a fine specimen of constitutional interpretation. In February, 1844, he embraced the opportunity given by Mr. McDuffie and Mr. Woodbury, to address the Senate “in defence of the Protective System.” It was a most able defence, urged by arguments derived from the history and origin of that system, its present vital necessity to the prosperity of the Eastern States, its general influence on the morals and happiness of their people, and its intrinsic fitness to our national condition. It was marked by his usual perspicuity and force, by caustic though courteous retort, and by much epigrammatic point and brevity of expression, while it gave utterance to large and statesmanlike views of public policy. It was delivered in a style of animated and impressive elocution, and excited much admiration. It was not answered. So highly was this speech esteemed as a vindication of that great feature of our policy, that large editions of it were printed for general circulation. Not less than thirty thousand were distributed in Connecticut alone, and great numbers in Pennsylvania.

During the summer of 1844, the whole country was stirred with the activities of a Presidential election. Mr. Bates partook more than he was wont of the general excitement. Such was his conception of the great interests depending on the issue of that struggle, and such his confidence in the great man to whom he looked for a safe and honorable administration of national affairs, that, as indeed the leading spirits of the time were doing, he suffered himself to be drawn from his seclusion, and was persuaded to lend the influence of his eloquence to secure the election of his favorite candidate. He was often summoned from a distance to address large audiences on this exciting theme. The speech which he gave to the “Young Men’s Whig Association” was the only one of them that was published, except by newspaper reporters; and it is believed that few, of the many which that canvass called out, presented a fairer statement of the princi-



ples involved in it, or a more manly assertion of the claims of the Whig party to success. The election resulted in the defeat of Mr. Clay.

Deeply disappointed, though not disheartened, by this untoward event, Mr. Bates repaired to Washington at the opening of the session. He had taken leave of his family in more than his usual health, and entered on his duties with his accustomed alacrity. But he had already passed that period of life when labor is pleasure, and the anxieties and fatigues of that session gradually undermined his strength. The Annexation of Texas had again been vehemently pressed on the attention of Congress, and as the time for acting on it in the Senate drew near, his solicitude to avert it became intense. Nothing but a feeling of the foul iniquity and danger of that measure could have induced him, exhausted and enfeebled as he was, to employ his remaining strength in a final effort at resistance. He was called to close the debate; and he did so in a speech, whose eloquent appeals for his country's honor and safety will be long remembered by those who heard them. The effort, protracted long beyond his wish by the refusal of the Senate to adjourn, and yet sustained by the deep enthusiasm of the hour, was more than he could bear. He was in his place again the following day, and that night was seized with a violent pulmonary fever, which defied medical skill, and in a few days all was over. He died March 16, 1845. To his associates in the Senate his loss was a severe shock—not only as the sudden taking one from their number, but as the sundering of a private affection. He had not an enemy among them, and none were more warmly loved. He had won their confidence, and they mourned for him as for a friend.

Among his neighbors and friends at home Mr. Bates had always commanded an almost unbounded love and veneration; he had been the friend of the poor, the defender of the oppressed, the frank, honorable, noble-minded man, whom

they had delighted to honor. Not one was there in that large community who did not feel, when the news of the sad event reached him, that he had lost one whom he himself could ill afford to spare. When the messengers of the Senate bearing his remains had arrived at the borders of the State, they were met by a company of gentlemen, who escorted the body in solemn procession to his late home. When they entered the village at night, the tolling of the bells admonished all that he whom they had loved was returned to leave them no more. On the day of the funeral, all shops were closed, and every hill and valley in that wide region poured forth its multitudes to join in the last sad offices to the dead. Had his colleague seen the universal sorrow, he could not have more truly portrayed it than he did. "When information of his death," said Mr. Webster, "shall reach the beautiful village in which he lived, it will be a day of general grief. I see many an aged and venerable form, known to me, and better known to him, leaning tremulously on his staff, and shedding copious tears at the sad intelligence. I see the middle-aged pause in their pursuits, to regret the death of a neighbor, an adviser and a friend. I see the youth, of both sexes, lamenting that the mansion always open to their innocent associations, always made instructive by the kindness and conversation of its head, is now closed against its accustomed visitors by the stroke of death; and I hear the solemn tones which shall call afflicted families and an afflicted neighborhood into the house of God, to pay respect to his memory, and to supplicate the consolations of religion."

Not only the people in the midst of whom he dwelt, and the happy family whom this bereavement has so sorely afflicted, but the whole country may well lament the death of such a man. And the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, rich as she is in able and faithful men, has few so worthy as he whom she has lost.

H.

*Newbern, N. C.*

## THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF POETRY.

## CAMPBELL'S AND "AMELIA'S" POEMS ON THE RAINBOW COMPARED.

[THE following observations from an able contributor are given, as affording some views, which many may agree with, on one side of the much-disputed question—What is Poetry? That we do *not*, ourselves, mainly agree with the sentiments expressed, is of little consequence, since opinions on the subject have always been so various. We have contented ourselves at present, with marking two or three important points of dissent in a note.—ED.]

THE comparison of two or more poems—as indeed of any other subjects—to be intelligible or even possible, implies two prerequisites. It should first appear that the things to be compared are rightly referred to a common category or class, and, in order to this—secondly, What may be the nature of the general subject, and what its criterion of excellence.

But these preliminaries, though indispensable in a regular dissertation on Poetry, would be out of proportion, if not out of place, with reference to the present limited and lighter purpose. Some prefatory explanation, however, seems to be necessary, in a matter so confused: the more especially, since the views to be offered here upon it may be found to differ from the prevailing. We are obliged to render these views intelligible; it cannot be equally imperative upon us to ensure their approval.

What is Poetry? seems to be a question akin to those posers of all times, What is the Supreme Good? What is Happiness? What is Virtue? Does Poetry consist in the rhyme or the metre, in imagery, in eloquence, or in some or all of these together? Or does it rather lie in the subject-matter, not in the form? All this has been, is, and probably will long continue to be, disputed. Then, there is a second set of questions, as to poetical rank: May the writer of odes be as *great* a poet as the writer of epics? Yet, with full knowledge, presumably, of this multitude of doubts and distinctions, we every day hear the critics, as well as the crowd, pronounce apace upon the merits of poems and poets, absolutely and comparatively, without the least advertence to any standard of judgment, and as if Poetry was a unity as definite and indivisible as a "primordial particle." Nor has a definition been furnished—that we remember at this moment—by even those who have written systematic treatises on the art; by Horace in an-

cient, or by Vida, Boileau, Pope, in more modern times.

Poetry is a supplement to the reality of life, and relates to the imagination, according to Lord Bacon—himself no mean poet, were this his description receivable.

Poetry says, or sings Campbell (Gertrude of Wyoming) "is the eloquence of truth." Well, so is oratory, properly, the eloquence of truth. So is music, too; at least in a qualified acceptation. And then, what is eloquence? what is truth?

Poetry, says Lord Byron, "is but passion;" which to us proves that his lordship (or rather his bardship) could define, as well as he could write it. He adds a negative compliment of the definition, intimating what is *not* Poetry, and equally pointed for its logic, its satire and its truth:

"Or at least was so, *e'er it grew a fashion.*"

Here, Byron, with his usual sagacity and precision, has hit the nail on the head. Passion in the writer, Pleasure in the reader; Impulse the motive, Emotion the effect—such do we conceive to be the two essential elements of Poetry.

The term passion we, of course, understand not in any of its obnoxious acceptations, either the moral or the theological, or as designative of any excess whatever; but simply in a metaphysical sense, as an attribute of the soul and contradistinguished from reflection and reasoning. It is not that Poetry is not compatible with reason, according to a popular notion. On the contrary, there can, in our opinion, be no Poetry where there is not reason. Poetry has its logic as well as any of the sciences. But it is a logic of its own, a logic *secundum quid* (to borrow a term of the trade); a logic, not of rule, but of circumstance and instinct; it is the winged reason of the passions, not the lagging *ratiocination* of the syllogism. This distinction between the reasoning of the head and that of the heart, together with the kindred one between an



erudite and an emotional imagination, furnishes the best criterion of the true poetic genius. The distinction is not always obvious; and as the recognition of it is of prime importance to our purpose, we will pause awhile to illustrate. This, from the nature of the subject, is better done by example than by argumentation. When Pope wrote—to take a strong case—

“Dash the proud gamester in his gilded  
car,  
Bare the base heart that lurks beneath a  
star,”

the lines might, to ordinary attention,

“Avert it, Heaven! that thou, my Cibber, e’er  
Shouldst wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair!  
Like the vile straw that’s blown about the streets,  
The needy poet sticks to all he meets;  
Coached, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,  
And carried off in some dog’s-tail at last.  
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone  
Thy *giddy dullness* still shall *lumber on*;  
Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray,  
But lick up every blockhead in the way.”

Now if (according to Bacon) imagination constituted the essence of poetry, this would be a poetical masterpiece. Nothing can be better imagined and expressed; especially the lumbering waddle of the rolling-stone, as descriptive of “Colly”—the manner and the man. But we put it to the general mind, if what strikes the reader he not, as in the former couplet the rhetoric, so in the latter extract the wit, or the satire, or the fancy; never, perhaps, (rhyme aside,) the poetry. The reason of this effect seems to be, that the imagination of these lines supposes no feeling; that it is obviously the texture of refined reflection and a cultivated intellect, not the natural imagery of the passions.

The distinction will be clearer if we set in contrast with the preceding illustrations of the rhetoric and imagery of

seem suffused with indignant feeling. But considered more carefully, they will be found to be the deliberate result of rigorous thought, of collected reason. For it is only the manner in which all persons, capable intellectually, might treat the subject. They are certainly the “eloquence of truth.” They are fine rhetoric. But they are not poetry; that is, they are not passion.

Here is another passage from the same writer, which is not to be excelled in fertility and fitness of fancy; but which is amenable to the same observation and test, it being, manifestly, the production of a reasoned, not of a spontaneous imagination:

Thought, an example or two of the eloquence and the imagination of Passion. For this imagination, we shall quote from Racine part of the terrible monologue of Phedre, in the celebrated tragedy of that name. For the present purpose an exact translation would, perhaps, serve sufficiently. But there is none of any sort; and we have not ourselves the heart, even if we had the hand, to attempt one.

Phedre discovers that Hyppolytus, her stepson, has given to another the love which he had disdainfully refused to her own delirious and incestuous passion for him. She breaks forth into an execration of herself, her nurse, the gods and all nature. The thought occurs of getting her husband, Theseus, to put her rival in his son’s affections to death. But startled by this new complication of her enormities, she checks herself:

“Que fais-je ? où ma raison se va-t-elle égarer ?  
Moi jalouse ! et Thésée est celui que j’implore !  
Mon époux est vivant, et moi je brûle encore !  
Pour qui ? quel est le cœur où prétendent mes vœux ?  
Chaque mot sur ma front fait dresser mes cheveux.  
Mes crimes désormais ont comblés la mesure :  
Je respire à-la-fois l’inceste et l’imposture ;  
Mes homicides mains, promptes à me venger,  
Dans le sang innocent brûlent de se plonger.  
Misérable ! et je vis ! et je soutiens la vue  
De ce sacré soleil dont je suis descendue !

J'ai pour aïeul le père et le maître des dieux ;  
 Le ciel, tout l'univers est plein de mes aïeux :  
 Où me cacher ? Fuyons dans la nuit infernal.  
 Mais que dis-je ? mon père y tient l'urne fatale ;  
 Le sort, dit-on, l'a mise en ses sévères mains :  
 Minos juge aux enfers tous les pâles humains.  
 Ah ! combien frémira son ombre épouvantée  
 Lorsqu'il verra sa fille, à ses yeux présentée,  
 Contrainte d'avouer tant de forfaits divers,  
 Et des crimes peut-être inconnus aux enfers !  
 Que diras-tu, mon père, à ce spectacle horrible ?  
 Je crois voir de ta main tomber l'urne terrible ;  
 Je crois te voir, cherchant un supplice nouveau,  
 Toi-même de ton sang devenir le bourreau.  
 Pardonne ! Un dieu cruel a perdu ta famille :  
 Reconnais sa vengeance aux fureurs de ta fille.  
 Hélas ! du crime affreux dont la honte me suit  
 Jamais mon triste cœur n'a recueilli le fruit :  
 Jusqu'au dernier soupir, de malheurs poursuivie,  
 Je rends dans les tourments une pénible vie."

Now here has been exerted more of profound thought and of refined reasoning, infinitely more, than was requisite to produce pages like the passage from Pope. The imagination, too, is of the most vigorous compass; recalling to this wretched queen, from the past, the secret sufferings of her abominable love; then hurrying her into the future, where she is met by horrors that efface all the preceding, in contemplating the blisses in store for her rival in the possession of the beloved Hyppolytus. For though she knows of a device on foot to disappoint them of this their felicity, and is, moreover, reminded of it by her nurse—who remarks to her consolingly :

ÆNONE.—Quel fruit recevront-ils de leurs vains amours ?

Ils ne se verront plus—

yet it brings no mitigation of her jealous anguish; and her reply is one of the finest touches of woman's love in all poetry, save, perhaps, that it is rather too pure for the character of Phedre :

PHEDRE.—Ils s'aimeront toujours !

What will their fruitless love avail them? suggests the nurse; they will never more meet. But they will *love*, not the less; rejoins the jealous Phedre.

Then she is transported into the skies, where she encounters the frowns of her celestial ancestry. Next she imagines her-

self in hell, where she is about to be adjudged to eternal torments by her own father; and so vivid does the scene become to her, that she apostrophises him as if really present, and sees the fatal urn drop from his palsied paternal hand. Yet, what reader, at all capable of being swept along in this tornado, will ever think of the reasoning, the eloquence, or the imagination? It is that here all these have been made (so to speak) to pass through the heart; they have been colored with the feelings. What prominently impresses is the truth and the passion; and this is the impression to which all minds, unsophisticated by vain critical distinctions, apply, emphatically, though often indistinctly, perhaps, the name of Poetry.

Let us now turn from this terrible picture to repose a moment on another representation of the same passion, more gentle, as more pure and legitimate; and also, we think, more conclusive still upon the position for which we are contending. From the abundance which distinguishes the poetry of Lord Byron, we select the well-known parting scene between Conrad and Medora. We quote without preface, deeming that it would be discourteous not to assume the whole poem to be familiar to at least our poetical readers; the only readers, probably, who will take much interest in the present speculations :

"She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,  
 Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden face.  
 He dared not raise to his that deep blue eye,  
 Which, downcast, drooped in tearless agony.  
 Her long fair hair lay floating o'er her arms,  
 In all the wildness of disheveled charms.



Scarce beat the bosom where his image dwelt  
So full—that feeling seemed almost unfelt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Again—again—that form he madly pressed ;  
Which *mutely clasped, imploringly caressed !*  
And tottering to the couch, his *bride* he bore ;  
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more ;  
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone ;  
Kissed her *cold forehead*—turned, &c.”

Here, surely, is not less of the eloquence of truth, than in the lines of Pope ; nor less of the force of imagination, in the sense, at least, that the scene described is, of course, purely fictitious. Yet no reader—save some profane pedant who should have proposed it to his pupils as an exercise in parsing—no reader of taste and feeling, we say, will be found to have adverted, in the perusal, to either of those attributes ; whereas, in Pope, they were the main objects of attention and admiration. The admiration here, as in the soliloquy of “Phedre,” will only be expressed by an exclamation, half-involuntary, that “This is *Poetry* indeed !” But how Poetry ? This extract pretends to none of the reputed constituents of Poetry ; nothing of invention or plot, nothing of historical allusion, nothing of figurative illustration or adornment. What is remarkable, indeed, (and was a motive to our selecting this passage,) it does not contain, in its nearly twenty lines, a single figure—not so much even as a trope ! It is merely a relation of facts (acts or emotions) simple and naked as an entry in a merchant’s ledger. Whence its acknowledged Poetry, then ? Conclusively, from that source of all Poetry, passion—passion nobly and truly, but delicately, spiritually delineated ; for the poet should never forget that his muse is a virgin.

Accordingly, how exquisitely is this supreme rule observed by Byron in the above passionate and critical situation ! How admirable, for example, the precaution suggested by introducing the term “bride” (in the last but three lines), lest the reader should, for an instant, forget the legitimacy of the freedom ! So, in the next line, the phrase, “as if to gaze no more.” The mere artificer of verse would not have failed to disclose the *fact* that Conrad was “gazing” on her for the last time (alive), crudely thinking to borrow “effect” from the anticipation ; while, on the other hand, your mystical modern sentimentalists would have travestied the affecting unconsciousness

of Conrad into a presentiment. But Conrad could not, naturally, have known his calamity at this time ; and Byron was too much the poet not to have kept to the truth of chronology and of nature. Not less finely conceived is the kiss on the “cold forehead”—any warmer being probably, repulsive, even to love the most passionate, in the swooning state of Medora. These are the profound subtleties—though to many they may seem vain refinements—which best distinguish the poet from the artist. They must be drawn from feeling ; they can never be detected by observation, or seized by cold analysis. Hence, the ancient maxim, *poeta nascitur*, is an eternal and absolute truth. For the rest, there is scarce a line of this mutely eloquent portraiture that does not discover the hand of a master, or rather the genius of the poet. Let the reader only compare with it the not dissimilar parting-scene of Gertrude and her Henry, by Campbell. To make our position—that passion is the source of Poetry—still more familiar, as well as to exemplify the conditions before intimated as requisite to this effect, we indulge ourselves and readers, we hope, in another extract from the “Corsair”—a poem which, in truth, is one illustration of our principle, from the first line to the last ; and, in our opinion, is the most poetical, that is, the most passion-inspired of compositions in the English, perhaps in any, language.

Conrad is returning, (as the reader will remember,) to his island home and bride. The beautiful Gulnare—who, partly in gratitude for his having rescued her from the burning harem, but principally through love, has contrived his escape from impending death—is on board. She finds herself treated with more than coldness by the man whom she has risked

“Her all on earth, and more than all in Heaven,”

to save ; the brave pirate disdaining the redemption of his own life at the price of the sultan’s assassination. Thus de-

nied even the sympathy of him she loved and saved, and, as for his love, knowing that a few hour's sail will place her in that presence—the most terrible to an enamored woman—a successful rival's; condemned, moreover, by her own conscience, and Conrad's disapprobation of that most shocking of crimes, especially in a female; standing alone and aloof on the deck before a crowd of pirates—what should be woman's conduct, in such a

situation? This is what none of the contemporaries of Byron could have portrayed. Yet this is what he has depicted, with an art so consummately unartificial, as to make you forget, in a few lines, the blood-stained murderess, in the meek dignity of endurance, the unselfish devotedness and the all-forgotten, (and, too often, all-atoning,) abandonment of female love.

“And her—at once above—beneath her sex,  
Whom blood appals not, their regards perplex.  
To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,  
She drops her veil and stands in silence by;  
*Her arms are meekly folded on that breast*  
Which—*Conrad safe*—to fate resigns the rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

This Conrad marked and felt—ah! could he less?  
Hate of that deed—but grief for her distress;

\* \* \* \* \*

And now he turned him to that dark-eyed slave,  
Whose brow was bowed beneath the glance he gave,  
Who now seemed changed and humbled—faint and meek,  
But varying oft the color of her cheek  
‘To deeper shades of paleness—*all its red*  
*That fearful spot which stained it from the dead!*  
He took that hand—*it trembled*—now too late:  
So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate;  
He clasped that hand—*it trembled*—and his own  
*Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.*  
‘Gulnare!’—but she replied not—‘*dear Gulnare!*’  
She *raised her eye—her only answer there—*  
*At once she sought and sunk in his embrace:”*

Nor is Conrad's conjugal fidelity, in this trying scene, less happily preserved than proved:

“If he had driven her from that resting-place,  
His had been more or less than human heart;  
But—good or ill—*IT bade her not depart.*  
And even Medora might forgive the kiss  
That asked from form so fair no more than this,  
The first, the last, that frailty stole from faith—  
To lips where Love had lavished all his breath;  
To lips, whose *broken sighs such fragrance fling*  
As he had fanned them freshly with his wing!”

In this, as in the preceding extract, there is, it may be observed, scarce a single figurative expression. The phrase, “*it bade her, &c.*,” is not a personification, but is admirably designed to separate the duty of the husband from the weakness of the heart. The solitary metaphor—and a happier could not be imagined—is the “*broken sighs*,” taken from fragrant plants, which grow sweeter when torn or bruised. Passion, then, it is evident, is here the supreme, the sole art of the writer. It is this that turns sentiments the most ordinary, and diction the most unornamented, into the gold of Poetry.

There is, however, another quality not less distinctive of this author—the illative truth of the reasoning—we mean, of course, the reasoning of the passions. Both these qualities combined seem to us to have placed Byron—irrespective of the controverted merits of his writings, and merely by the proverbial birth-right alluded to, and so amply evinced in the poem before us—in the first rank, if not first in that rank, of the few genuine poets of any age or any country. In him alone, or in the highest degree, it may be said that passion was reason, and reason was passion. Though his soul was kindled



with etherial flame, (as he has said himself of a kindred spirit,) yet, in him, the flame was ever fed by the soundest and deepest knowledge of the world, and of the heart of man. This, which is sometimes called "common sense," (a thing, by the by, the most uncommon upon earth,) is, so to express ourselves, the genius of the Humanity, as passion is that of the Divinity, of our nature; and it is by the union of both, that the Poetry of Byron has the fortune, almost singular, of responding to the two prime elements of human being.

As passion is the efficient principle, so pleasure, we have said, is the proper end of Poetry. True, there may be rhythmical compositions useful for their teachings, admired for their ingenuity, applauded for their eloquence. But these grounds of approbation are reflex, refer to an ulterior object, and properly belong to other forms of literature, whose province is to inform the understanding or

move the will. Whereas, of Poetry, the characteristic object and the natural effect, (however other effects may concur,) is pleasure—pleasure which, in this case, like virtue, is its own reward. So that one may say of Poetry as the enthusiastic De Stael said of flowers: its distinctive excellence consists in being "gloriously useless."\*

Lord Byron—who might have been also among the first of critics—it is true, ridiculed Bowles for pretending (in the "Pope controversy") to lay down "Invariable principles of Poetry." And the ridicule was merited, according to the prevailing notions of the poetic art; for those principles were avowedly based upon the subject-matter, which is, necessarily mixed and mutable. But to his lordship's interrogatory, "What is there that is invariable?" perhaps a sufficient answer would be, human Passion, as dividing the field of human consciousness with Thought; that Passion which con-

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\* We entirely reject the idea that "the proper end," if by that be meant the *only* end of Poetry is pleasure. We reject it even on the assumption, long disputed, that the *happiness* of men is, to them, the *only* design of the universe of material and spiritual objects, qualities and effects, out of which the many-colored tissues of Poetry are woven; for "happiness" is a term of very wide signification, and demands, for its full attainment in the lives of men, a varied, and earnest, and most intelligent attention to the laws and circumstances that govern their being. But we do not, and cannot, pay this attention understandingly, except through many teachings and in many ways. Now, there are far higher teachings to lead men to the better summits of happiness, than are found in the abstract and cold canons of ethical reasoning. The first and highest descend into the mind and heart through what have always been recognized as Divine influences—Revelation, Inspiration, Conscience. But altogether aside from those is that great gift of seeing the beautiful and true in nature, in mind, in the passions, in human action; and it is by the appreciation and expression of this perception given us—that is by Poetry and the Poetic sentiment—that we may be purified and elevated, if we will—*taught*, in a word, many lessons entirely essential to our noblest felicity. The best gift of Poetry, therefore, is not the mere feeling of present pleasure, (which is what the writer means,) but those influences, *teachings*, that go so far to make us "assured of our immortality." The same, indeed, may be said of flowers, to which the writer so appositely refers. They are *not*, any more than Poetry, "gloriously useless." Aside from the fact, (quite practical and cold in this connection, we allow,) that every blossom belongs to some plant that has its particular use—those delicately-nurtured "affections of the soil," those "stars of the earth"—as a German writer has called them—flowers—afford us too many beautiful instructions, are symbols of too many tender and immortal things in our own nature, to be so characterized. We believe, indeed, that the brilliant De Stael herself, by the very use of the enthusiastic expression, "gloriously," intuitively felt what in words she denies, that these "fresh-eyed children of the elements" are performing among us a beautiful and benign mission. Flowers are themselves Poetry.

As to passion being the great "efficient principle" of Poetry, if the writer means to embrace by the term whatever powerfully affects, not only the sensibilities, the heart, but the high faculty of the imagination, (which, however, he nowhere clearly indicates,) his position is undoubtedly the true one. But with this understanding of the word, we cannot see how he can estimate Lord Byron as "in the first rank" of all poets, "if not the first in that rank"—leaving Homer and Æschylus, Dante, Shakspeare and Milton, Göthe and Schiller, quite in the background. We do *not* join in the miserable outcry of the day against Byron's poetry—and will take occasion some time to give our reasons for it—but certainly the "passion" that moved the minds of a few of those earlier poets seems to us as much higher than the "passion" that stirred his Lordship, as the sky is higher than the clouds.

stitutes Poetry independently of rhyme or metre, as we see in Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and sometimes Bulwer; that passion, without which the mechanism of versification only serves to burlesque plain prose, of itself sufficiently stale or stupid, as commonly in Wordsworth and most of his followers, on either side of the Atlantic. The sentiment which inspires, not the subject that happens to employ, is the sole stable principle, as the sure and simple criterion. Hence the latent truth—though unconscious to himself, apparently—of another remark of Byron, on the same occasion; That the poet ranks according to his “execution”; not according as his subject is an epic, a tragedy or a song: by which he meant, no doubt, that Burns, for instance, ought to be accounted *as much* a poet as Homer. But his criterion of “execution” seems inapplicable to the form of comparison thus implied; for the distinction of rank which it professes to repudiate in the *matter*, it retains in full force in the *mode of treatment*: so that nothing is gained. Whereas, if, for execution, that is, art, we substitute Passion, which is an indivisible unity, we have the proper principle whereupon to answer the question involved in Byron’s meaning, namely, Whether the writers compared are equally *genuine* poets? This is a question of fact, and the only soluble one in the case. To inquire whether poets in different departments of the art are equally *great*, if not in truth absurd, must set all afloat on the ocean of arbitrary or conflicting opinion. Should the foregoing interpretation of Byron’s sentiment seem strained to subserve our argument, let the following, taken from the next paragraph be thoughtfully considered: “It is the fashion of the day (he proceeds) to lay great stress upon what they call ‘imagination’ and ‘invention,’ the two commonest qualities: an Irish peasant, with a little whiskey in his head, will imagine and invent more than would furnish forth any modern poem.” Now this flouted imagination and invention are, by established opinion, the two arms, so to speak, of his own criterion, “execution.” And if we take them away, what in fact remains to constitute Poetry? Necessarily, only that passion, or sentiment, or feeling, or whatever we choose to call it, which at once excludes and substitutes both the one and the other. “To write tragedy” (says Alfieri, himself the most natural, or least book-made of poets) “I found that

the first requisite is to *feel* vividly; the other, to make the reader, or spectator, feel with you.” Here, in truth, is the alpha and omega, not of tragedy alone, but of all Poetry. And, if the observation be more apparently true of the drama, it is because this is the most pure, the most homogeneous, form of the art. Passion, then, to conclude, is the art of genius; as genius is, in turn, the guide and legislator of all art, of all execution.

In the fertility and the confusion of the subject, we have, we perceive, out-stepped the slight frame which had been designed for this paper. The porch will be found too massive, we fear, for the main structure. But we only ask that it be considered upon its absolute qualities, by any who may deny it the relative merit of proportional fitness.

In defining Poetry to be essentially the eloquence of passion having pleasure for its end, we comprise, of course, in the terms Passion and Pleasure all the modes and all the degrees of feeling, from emotion up to ecstasy: just as all agitation of the air is of the same nature and origin, whether in the form of the furious tornado or of the fanning breeze. To the gentler descriptions, however, belong, happily, both the subjects of the comparison for which this long dissertation is intended to prepare us, and to which we now proceed. We say happily; for here our criterion is already in effect recognized—the machinery of plot, historic allusion, erudite imagery being felt and admitted, upon all hands, to be, in poems of the class now in question, entirely out of place.

Campbell’s poem on The Rainbow has long been spanning the Atlantic with its fame. Our countrywoman, ‘Amelia’s’ later effort on the same subject, has, we believe, hardly reached as yet to the other side; and even on this, we have reason to think, remains unobserved by many whose poetic kin would not have failed to perceive and hail it, had it only arisen in an English sky. Yet, that as *poetry* it is superior to Campbell’s—superior almost beyond comparison, if there be anything in the principle sought above to be established—we may as well, here in advance, declare to be our unbiassed judgment. And now to the proof. As the pieces are both short, we shall quote them in full; that the reader may have the whole subject, together with our comments, before him. We begin with Campbell, in obedience to chronology.



## THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky,  
When storms prepare to part,  
I ask not proud philosophy  
To teach me what thou art—

Still seem, as to my childhood's sight,  
A midway station given  
For happy spirits to alight,  
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold  
Thy form to please me so,  
As when I *dreamt of gems and gold*  
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When science from creation's face  
Enchantment's veil withdraws,  
What lovely visions yield their place  
To cold material laws?

And *yet*, fair bow, no fabling dreams,  
But words of the Most High,  
Have told why first thy robe of beams  
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth  
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
How came the world's gray fathers forth  
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow *lustre* smiled  
O'er mountains yet untrod,  
Each mother held aloft her child  
To bless the bow of God.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye  
Unraptured greet thy beam:  
Theme of primeval prophesy,  
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,  
The lark thy welcome sings,  
When glittering in the freshened fields  
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast  
O'er mountain, tower and town,  
Or mirrored in the ocean vast,  
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,  
As young thy beauties seem,  
As when the eagle from the ark  
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,  
Heaven still rebuilds thy span,  
Nor lets the type grow pale with age  
That first spoke peace to man.

Now here, it must be admitted, are to be found brilliant imagery, ingenious reflection, learned allusion, tradition, theology; but not, we dare to say, a solitary *sentiment* of those which such an object and scene would most naturally inspire, and which would, therefore, be the most proper to reproduce the like in others. The opening verses turn upon the trite

conceit that science and experience spoil the illusions of ignorance and youth; and the staple of the rest is the traditional rainbow of the Bible. As philosophy, this may be excellent; as theology, unexceptionable: but with due respect to the former and all reverence to the latter, we contend that it is not, on this account, the better Poetry. The versification is easy and the diction (perhaps the best part of Campbell) of classic elegance, the images often and richly varied. But there are compositions, without any serious pretensions to Poetry, of which as much might be said with justice:—for example Sir William Jones' mock-heroics, on the game of chess, and Swift's ballad on the "South Sea Bubbles." Were we captious, there might, moreover, be some exceptions, slight indeed, to even this restricted praise. Some of the thoughts seem to us false, or at the least exaggerated. For instance, in the first line the phrase, "fill'st the sky;" we doubt that the rainbow ever gives any such impression. Then, the "dream of gems and gold" in the third stanza; is this a dream for childhood? Children are wont to know little and think less of gold, and especially gems, which are rarely known at that age. Certainly, none in the shape of a rainbow: and *figure* is well understood to have more influence than color, in forming the suggestive principle in children. Attributed to the jaundiced fancy of a Jew or other miser, the reflection were appropriate. It may be indeed that the national instinct is precociously developed in the country of Campbell. But we insist, that (supposing it any where natural) it is merely a Scotch dream—the dream of a Scotch child—and, at all events, less fit for poetry than for political economy. "And yet" &c. (5th stanza). The adversative force of this "yet," we do not perceive. But this you will deem more than compensated by the far-famed "robe of beams," which follows it—"woven in the sky." Now, with submission, "robe," we ask, to whom or to what? For a robe having no reference to a wearer, corporeal, or imaginary, or so much as imaginable, as it is without use in fact, so must it be without aptness in figure. It might be hypercritical to add, that the word *robe* denotes no garment bearing the most fanciful resemblance to a rainbow. A cincture (if the measure permitted), or a scarf of beams would have improved the propriety of the image, though hardly the

dignity of the expression. Then, as to its being "woven," we submit that the soft, ungrained surface of the rainbow presents nothing to suggest an impression of tissue; unless to the eye of reflection, which we have denied to be the eye of Poetry. The truth we suspect is, that this same "robe of beams"—like so many others of the modern fabric from the loom of the Muses—has dazzled too much to allow of any very nice inspection into its texture.

And so we might proceed to the end, if such were not more strictly objections to the writer than the poet. As a *poem*, we must repeat of this production, that we do not trace in it, from the first to the last line, one natural and spontaneous emotion, one characteristic image:—we

would except (in the 9th verse) the "singing lark," the "freshened fields" and the "snowy mushrooms." It might have been written by one who had his idea of a rainbow from a view or a landscape. It is a brilliant and cold crystallization of *esprit*. It discovers nothing of the simplicity, the life, the awe, in a word the *nature*, with which that most glorious of meteoric phenomena inspires the impassionable soul and the pictured page of the genuine poet. A soul of this complexion, if we are not much mistaken, will, on the contrary, be found to live in every line of the following effusion. We shall venture to mark by italics a few of the most prominent of its beauties. To designate them all, were to destroy the means of distinction.

### THE RAINBOW.

BY AMELIA.

\* \* \* \* \*  
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,  
The breeze *fluttered down* and blew open the flowers,  
While a single white cloud to its haven of rest,  
On the white wing of peace, floated off in the West.

As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,  
That scattered the rain-drops and dimpled the seas,  
Far up the blue sky a fair rainbow unrolled  
Its soft-tinted pinions of purple and gold:  
'Twas born in a moment; yet, quick as its birth,  
It had stretched to the uttermost ends of the earth;  
And *fair as an angel, it floated as free,*  
*With a wing on the earth and a wing on the sea.*

How calm was the ocean, how gentle its swell!  
*Like a woman's soft bosom it rose and it fell,*  
While its light sparkling waves, *stealing laughingly o'er,*  
When they saw the fair rainbow, **KNELT DOWN ON THE SHORE.**  
No sweet hymn ascended, no murmur of prayer,  
Yet *I felt that the spirit of worship was there,*  
And bent my young head, in devotion and love,  
'Neath the form of the angel that floated above.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings!  
How boundless its circle! how radiant its rings!  
If I looked on the sky, 'twas suspended in air—  
If I looked on the ocean, the rainbow was there;  
Thus forming a girdle, as brilliant and whole  
As the thoughts of the rainbow that circled my soul.  
Like the wing of the Deity, calmly unfurled,  
*It bent from the cloud and encircled the world.*

There are moments, I think, when the spirit receives  
Whole volumes of thought on its unwritten leaves;  
When the *folds of the heart in a moment uncloze,*  
Like the *innermost leaves from the heart of a rose.*  
And thus, when the rainbow had passed from the sky,  
The thoughts it awoke were too deep to pass by;  
It left my full soul, *like the wing of a dove,*  
*All fluttering with pleasure and fluttering with love.*



Yes, these are the thoughts which that grand spectacle will awaken in every feeling bosom; though how few are there who can thus translate them into the language of men! These are the sentiments natural to the situation, the incidents proper to the scene: not optical philosophy, Biblical lore and Wall street visions of gems and gold!

We have, for brevity, omitted the closing stanza, (with half the opening one,) which is occupied with some moral reflections, irrelevant to our subject, though very appropriate to the poem. With the few mute indications already offered, and the guidance of the principle above established, this poem is now commended to the consideration of the reader. No exposition of its merits will be here attempted, since our space will not permit it in the requisite detail. Indeed, we should be loth to do so under any circumstances; warned by the fate of the beautiful phenomenon it so worthily sings, which is spoiled (as Campbell tells us) by cold, critical analysis. Only a few words, then, with regard to its conformity with, or corroboration of, our own principle of Poetry.

It has been remarked that Campbell's poem is, every line, drawn from the laboratory of memory or of thought. The reverse is true, and to the like extent, of "Amelia's;" which is not disfigured, we believe, by a single instance of philosophical reflection, or historical allusion. Like the passages cited from Byron, it is simply a record of *feelings*, the natural suggestions of vivid impression and enraptured emotion. Let the reader note how skillfully—no, that is not the word, execution like this was never the result of art—with what an instinctive felicity, rather, he is introduced to the Rainbow of "Amelia," in the opening lines. The freshened face of nature is before you—the rain-drops fall around you from the breeze-shaken boughs. For our part, we can forget ourselves back into many a such scene. We can, too, appreciate the girlish toss of the tresses, although we have, ourselves, (not having enjoyed the privilege of Teresias,) never worn this graceful appendage—no, not even to the fashionable length of the neuter sex! But, in especial, that "breeze *fluttering down*," is what none would ever note but an exquisite observer of nature. And this, indeed, is the characteristic of this gifted woman. Or rather she seems organized to some mystical sympathy with

inanimate objects and appearances. But it may be the result of an intense love of nature—a love usually deepened by a certain humor, which, we think, is traceable in the writings of the gentle "Amelia,"—we mean a leaven of misanthropy: a caprice as rare, it is thought, among women as that of the vertical breeze is among winds. Her descriptions of sea-scenery, in particular, are unequalled. Were our population not so migratory, we should be surprised to find Mrs. Welby in the interior of the country. She must have been brought up "along the shore of the hoarse-sounding sea," to talk Homerically; probably on the banks of some of our ocean lakes. Of the excellence alluded to, we will presently notice an instance from another of her poems. In this before us, we would revert the reader's attention to the waves "kneeling down on the shore," in reverence to the rainbow. The exquisite propriety of this image would probably escape most of its readers—many who have never seen a sea-shore, and still more who have not the faculty of perceiving all they see. But rarely has there been a happier conception, unless, perhaps, the following, from a piece of her own, entitled, (if we remember,) *MUSINGS*:

"The twilight hours, like birds, flew by,  
As lightly and as free;  
Ten thousand stars were in the sky,  
Ten thousand on the sea;  
For every wave with *dimpled face*,  
*That LEAPED UPON THE AIR*,  
*Had caught a star in its embrace*,  
*And held it TREMBLING there.*"

In the same poem:

"I heard the laughing wind behind  
A-playing with my hair;  
*The breezy fingers of the wind—*  
*How cool and moist they were!"*

Her expression is not less happy even in mere description. Take this, upon a rose-stem entwined in a woman's hair:

"Looped *lightly* up its dark redundancy."

How picturesque the term "lightly;" yet how unassignable, how aerial, the attribute it depicts! The "dark redundancy" may be considered *transcendental* by some worthy successors of that professor who asked what all that proved? on having heard a recitation of the *Berenice* of Racine. And this felicity is, in fact, what the Transcendentalists aspire to imitate; but, like Ixion, they only seize a cold, shapeless, watery cloud, instead

of the living and majestic Juno, accessible alone to the godhead of genius.

We regret not having at hand—having been quoting partly from memory—the collected poems of “Amelia,” in order to add a few more of those felicities, both of feeling, and phrase, which seem to us to constitute her distinctive merit, and of the latter of which one would have thought our stubborn language incapable. They are impressions stamped, as it were, by the face itself of the things denoted, like the filmy images thrown off from the surface of objects, according to the peripatetic theory of vehicular vision. It is that “Amelia” writes as she feels; that she feels naturally; that her very thoughts bubble forth impregnated with the affections of a virgin soul, like streams that take color and savor from the mineral veins which they had traversed in their course: in one word, it is that she is a poet.

We would not be understood as setting Mrs. Welby above the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, and the *Gertrude of Wyoming*, upon the ordinary principle of poetic rank. Far otherwise. We have endeavored to explain the qualified sense of this rank which has governed us in the comparison; and, moreover, have declared the superiority only in reference to a single composition of each. For the rest, we do not flinch from avowing our general opinion of Campbell; it is, that his poetry—much of it—has been greatly overrated, judging it even upon the established standard. He has written some lyrics, spirited really, but which, perhaps, owe their fame no less to the circumstance of having been addressed to the strongest of national prejudices, and at a crisis when a succession of victories had inflamed these prejudices into national enthusiasm. Conjectures of this kind, sagaciously seized, have often made the fortune of worthless books, as well as of worthless men. And reputation once obtained, right or wrong—but especially when the latter, because of the very inanity—will, we know, be almost as irreversible as a Persian law, so long as nineteen-twentieths of mankind are no better than an echo of the residue. Campbell was a man of fair capacity—of finely-cultivated taste—of uncommon diligence of application; but, above all, who economized his parts and timed his projects, (of which we have just seen an instance,) with that singular shrewdness of his nation, over which even the proverbial

thriftlessness of the poet has been never known, we believe, to prevail. Poor Burns is no exception; for nature, doubtless, meant him for a neighboring and more congenial island. The *limæ labor* of Campbell, as well as his mediocrity of talent, is manifest in his remarkable inequality; in those lines or couplets—those mottoes, not “of the heart,” but of the head—so frugally sprinkled through his pages, which have passed, indeed, into newspaper maxims and patriotic epigrams, but which, to us, seem, notwithstanding, to smell rather strongly of the common-place book. Byron did not speak the whole of his mind respecting Campbell’s barrenness, in saying that his Hippocrene was somewhat droughty: and this Campbell, himself, was well aware of. We see how, accordingly, he was disposed to retaliate, from the conversations recently published in the *Dublin Magazine*—conversations which, aside from the poetical resentment just alluded to, bear the most characteristic marks of their infamous genuineness, and for which the only palliation we have seen suggested, cannot be allowed by the moralist in extenuation of calumny, as it is not admitted by the law, in excuse for crime.

But our affair is with the poet. And as, respecting Campbell in this quality, we have ventured thus to express a very wide dissent from the common estimate, it may be proper (as far as our nearly exhausted space will permit) to offer something more satisfactory than assertion, and fairer than the example already before the reader, in justification of so bold a heresy; if but to show that our judgment is, at least, not rash, however it may still be considered not reasonable. Our instances will be taken from the most considerable poems of the author, the two upon which he has rested, and upon which rests, in fact, his fame. Our purpose might be suited, almost at random, from any page of “*The Pleasures of Hope*.” We quote the opening lines as being naturally the most elaborated:

At summer eve, when heaven’s *ethereal*  
bow  
Spans with *bright* arch the *glittering*  
HILLS BELOW,  
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
Whose sun-*bright* summit *mingles* with  
the sky?

Is this description natural? Are certain features of the scene—the “hills below,” and the “mountain yonder,”—



not somewhat incongruous or confused? Does not the one pre-suppose the poet *in the rainbow*, the other *on the earth*? Be this as it will, we are very confident that some of the epithets are what the French term *oiseuses*, to say no worse. These are blemishes, however, from which few, perhaps, are free, except poets of the first class; and freedom from them may, for this reason, be relied upon as among the surest signs of that class. Search even the most purely descriptive of the poems of Byron, for example: you will not find a half-dozen epithets, in as many thousand verses, which do not contribute either to the significance, the light, or the color of the picture. Again—to descend to grammar. The preposition “at,” &c., is not English. We say, at sunrise, at noon, at ten o'clock; but not, at morning, at evening, at to-morrow. In, or on, (the) is the proper particle in the latter cases, because the words morning, evening, &c., denote a *continuous* portion; whereas, “at” is applicable only to an *individual* point of time. “Mingle” is, too, an incorrect metaphor. And these are the lines—a fair if not a favorable sample, we aver—which introduce a composition known to have been re-written at least a dozen times! In pursuance of our mode of appreciation by comparison, let us now set in juxtaposition with the above lines an equal number, and descriptive of a scene quite similar, from the opening lines of the “Corsair”—a poem of equal or greater length than Campbell’s—and of which, also, we know that, unlike Campbell’s, it was thrown off in a few nights by a brain still dizzy from the whirl of fashionable dissipation:

“Slow sinks, more lovely e’er its race be  
run,  
Along Morea’s hills, the setting sun;  
Not, as in northern climes, *obscurely*  
*bright*,  
But one unclouded blaze of living light.”

This is description! This is Poetry! Here we have, as it were, by a few masterly strokes of the pencil, presented us in the utmost precision of outline and vividness of coloring, one of the most glorious views upon the earth. Mark the bold elegance of the word “obscurely!” But it is, perhaps, unfair towards Campbell himself—though not so towards those who will not abate a jot of the highest claims for him—to be set in even qualified contrast with Byron.

It is not, therefore, to contrast it, (as

we above suggested,) with the parting of Conrad and Medora, that we select for our last extract, the analogous scene between Waldegrave and the dying Gertrude. But we are engaged to justify our depreciation of Campbell, also, from the production of his which contains that celebrated scene; and think it best, for equity’s sake as well as brevity’s, in lieu of a multiplicity of proofs, for which only room is wanted, to commit the issue upon a single passage, which is deemed by all, and justly, to be the most finished of the poem, both in sentiment and expression.

Gertrude, expiring of her wounds, is represented as making an allocution, which, besides being as long as a “Congress speech,” seems to us to be, much of it, not very feminine to *say*—however natural it may be to *feel*—in this at least, or indeed on any, occasion. As, for example:

“Clasp me a little longer on the brink  
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress,” &c.

Byron would have been shocked at this, all-voluptuous as he was accounted; which serves to show how much more delicately, as well as skillfully—skillfully *because* delicately—these things are treated by the voluptuousness of the man of genius than by the prudery of the pedant. Farther on, however, Gertrude proceeds:

“And must this parting be our *very* last?  
No! I will love thee still when death *itself*  
is past.”

\* \* \* \*

“Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this  
earth,

And thee, *more loved than aught beneath*  
*the sun*,

If I had lived to smile but on the birth  
Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then  
be none,

In *future times*—no *gentle* little one,  
To clasp thy neck, and look resembling  
*me*,” &c., &c.

The pathos and perfection of this turn has been lauded in all the superlatives of critical panegyric. It has not been always remembered, perhaps, that the thought is borrowed literally; nor sufficiently reflected, that it has suffered very materially in the transplantation. Upon the former point we are not disposed to dwell; the second admits of less leniency.

Virgil assuredly has not relaxed from his characteristic decorum (in the Latin amplitude of the term) in making Dido say to the departing Æneas:

Saltem, si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset  
 Ante fugam soboles; si quis mihi parvulus  
 aulâ  
 Luderet Æneas, qui te tantum ore referret;  
 &c. &c.

“Had you deferred, at least, your hasty flight,  
 And left behind some pledge of our delight,  
 Some babe to bless the mother’s mournful sight,  
 Some young Æneas to supply your place,  
 Whose features might express his father’s face, &c. &c.”

[By the by, why does Professor Anthon, from whose edition we transcribe, adopt the stupid reading of *tamen* for “tantum?” *Tamen* is a relative term, and it is preceded here in the sentence by nothing upon which it can be construed to bear. Its reference then, if it have any, must be sought in the general tenor of the discourse; as if Dido, winding up her upbraidings of the faithless Trojan with the wish that he had left with her, for her consolation, an offspring of their love, should add: “*qui tamen*, who yet—that is, notwithstanding your perfidy—would retain to me your image.” But this interpretation seems to us strained, in the first place, and in the second, tautologous, the expression “*parvulus Æneas*” implying sufficiently this resemblance. *Tamen* then, would, in grammar and sentiment, be unworthy of even Campbell, not to say of Virgil.

But what can have been the objection to the established reading, “*tantum*?” It not only has a meaning much more plain and proper than *tamen*—it has two of them; and, what more rarely happens, both equally natural, according as you suppose the one or the other of the following dispositions to be that of Dido: If we take her to design conciliation, or merely to yield to her tenderness, “*tantum*” will signify *so much as, at least*, in countenance. Or it may, on the other hand, be dictated by resentment; and then the sense of “*tantum ore*,” &c., will be—who should resemble, but *only* in face, his faithless father. The latter construction has our own preference, for two reasons: it seems to accord happily with the import above assigned to Dido’s employment of the name *Æneas*, as implying the paternal likeness; but which her pride, alarmed lest she should be thought weak enough to include the moral qualities, hastens to modify by restricting the resemblance to the physical features. The second reason is, that the silly spiteful-

ness of the reproach seems to us finely characteristic; although this very circumstance, we believe it was, that moved the heavy industry of the commentators to seek the substitute for “*tantum*” which we have been discussing. But Virgil probably was of the prevalent, however ungallant, opinion, that such is naturally woman’s pique: and a queen is still a woman—especially a queen in love.]

To leave this enormous parenthesis: we have remarked that the language and wish of Dido was entirely in character, as well as in nature. She desires the solace of a living image of the lover she is to see no more. Here the situation of Campbell’s heroine necessitates an awkward departure from his original. Gertrude wishes the solace, *not* for herself, who in fact is the party leaving, not the deserted; she consequently has to wish her own the image to be transmitted in the “one dear pledge.” This seems, indeed, more unselfish; but we have a great deal of doubt that it is quite so natural.

More obviously questionable, however, is the propriety of the imitation at all. Diversity of times, ranks, circumstances have not been duly considered. Dido had a double prerogative of free expression; she was a widow and a queen. Gertrude was a newly-wed and a country (nay, desert) bred girl. The earlier Roman manners were less corruptly fastidious than ours; add to which the dignified frankness of the Latin tongue. Whereas, with the modern manners and the prudery of our English dialect, the mere expression of such a desire would appear to be of more than doubtful delicacy, in a woman of the lowest refinement, or of the highest rank. Upon the whole, then, we do not fear to pronounce this lengthy “address” of Gertrude no better than a clever school-boy representation of book-learned sentiment; evincing certainly, (or we are greatly misinformed,) no very deep or nice acquaintance with the female heart.

In compensation of the preceding strictures, and in order to quit Campbell good-humoredly with a smile—or more flattering still to a poet’s memory, as to his vanity, with a tear—we subjoin a passage entirely worthy of even the exaggerated fame which we have sought to correct, not to disparage, and which, all things considered, is perhaps one of the best-earned in these times of factitious and whimsical reputations:



“Hushed were his Gertrude’s lips! but still their bland  
 And *beautiful* expression seemed to melt  
 With love that could not die! and still his hand  
*She presses* to the heart no more that *felt*.  
 Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,  
 And features yet that spoke a soul more fair,” &c.

To conclude. The fundamental, and as we conceive a fatal, defect of Campbell, was want of passion: he had all the accessories which accomplish a poet. Exactly the reverse is Mrs. Welby’s case. Using few or none of the aids from intellect or art, she is the very creature of passion—passion, indeed, in those its gentler moods, which take the names of Feeling and Fancy; but, nevertheless, passion pure and perennial. And thus are we conveniently brought back to the main object of the discussion; this rather long excursion from which, will be found, we hope, a digression only in appearance. Passion as the efficient, Pleasure as the effect, these are, then, the two poles upon which revolves the poet’s world. We foresee a thousand objections to this, of course, and are sensible that in truth the narrowness of our original plan, as well as of our general limits, has not permitted the needful development of the principle. We can now, however, but entreat reflection upon what has been suggested, and add a remark or two to aid it.

Descriptive Poetry has always ranked as the lowest grade of the art: the reason is, it does not freely combine (so to speak) with Passion. Yet we have seen the note-book of a tourist, European tourist, too—a thing as repulsive to the Muse, one would think, as a lawyer’s brief—turned into one of the finest poems in any language: need we name “Childe Harold.” By what alchemy has this been effected? It can have been but by the poetical magnetism, or magic, of Passion. Have not his love-sonnets placed Petrarch by the side of Tasso and Dante? Abstract the episodic Fourth Book, describing the loves of Dido, and who will read the *Æneid* a second time, for pleasure? What has preserved the sprightly frivolities of Anacreon amid a wreck which lost us some three-fourths of the most precious treasures of ancient genius? Only the amber of Passion, surely. Is it, you cry, that an Epic is not to take rank above a Madrigal? Not necessarily, as *Poetry*;

we do not hesitate to answer. As Fiction, as Philosophy, as Eloquence it may, of course, and commonly does, so rank; but these merits would be referred to their proper classes, if men did not, in this as in most cases, view the nature of things *through* their popular titles. We might pursue this induction indefinitely, where the sentiment of mankind seems to confirm our position; and we may resume it on some future occasion. Is not Sappho as immortal, aye, and as exalted (see Longinus) in her ode of some twenty lines, as Homer in his *Odyssey* and *Iliad*? What makes the *Iliad* itself unapproachably the first of Epics? Because it is the only one that has been produced by Passion, in exclusion of Thought and Art. Because it was composed at a stage in the mental development of mankind, when this exclusion was not only entirely practicable, but even *necessary*. And hence the literal truth of what Butler meant for satire, speaking of those learned critics,

—— “Who beauties view  
 In Homer, Homer never *knew*.”

He only *felt* them. Is not this observation, by the way, of some force against the anti-Homeric theory of Vico, and after him of Wolffe and other philological antiquaries, which rests mainly on the assumed improbability, that poems of so much merit should have been composed by an individual, in so rude an age? This rudeness of the age would, in our idea, be an aid, instead of an obstacle. As most of those words which are to us now figurative, were, indubitably literal in those early ages, so those conceptions which appear to us efforts of imagination, or combinations of intellect, were vivid realities of sensation, the vigorous perceptions of passion—peculiarly excited, perhaps, by the beautiful climate of Homer—in the glowing adolescence of our race. This is the career of man—from the concrete to the abstract. It alone explains the beautiful fabric of Heathen mythology. But to show *how*, would ask a volume, and we cannot afford a page.

Poetry then is Passion;—because passion is the vitality of the soul, the energy of humanity, the reality, in fine, of the man. Whereas Thought addresses itself but to the understanding; which is, in a great degree, a thing factitious, superinduced, extraneous (so to speak) to our essential personality, and formed only to conduct us through the hollow masquerade of external life. O.

## THE ACTING STAGE—MRS. MOWATT.

[WE have seen too little of Mrs. Mowatt's acting to be able to judge in all respects of the following criticism. The remarks, however, are from a thoroughly able critic. We observe by the papers, that Mrs. Mowatt has had unprecedented success in Southern cities; and we understand that practice has enabled her very greatly to improve—where some had judged her to be defective—in the externals of acting. Such a deficiency results merely from a partial inacquaintance with stage business; but it is, in any case, of little consequence compared with the high excellences of spiritualized, ideal characterization.—Ed.]

THE passion for stage representations is almost universal. It has withstood all the attacks which the abusers of the drama have, in every age, excited; and it does not seem to have lost any vigor by the changes of time. It is really capable of being made an instrument of the highest and most refined pleasure. Through the theatre, the great works of some of the world's greatest poets are introduced to the people, and brought home to the eye and the heart with peculiar vividness and power. To be a good actor is a distinction limited to a very few. The person who can act Hamlet or Macbeth, Juliet or Cordelia, so as to impress large multitudes with a new sense of their beauty and power, is entitled to no small amount of the admiration and respect we award to intellectual achievement. Of late, it appears to us, there has been a fresh interest taken in theatrical exhibitions; and as it seems to be a settled point that there will be a theatre in every large city, everything which indicates a revival of the true dramatic spirit, everything which exhibits the theatre in a favorable light, should excite no common pleasure.

In view of this, it is with peculiar satisfaction that we hail the appearance of an actress, who brings to the stage the delicacy of feeling and the graces of mind and manner, nurtured and developed in private life. Previous to her *début* last summer, MRS. MOWATT had been favorably known as an authoress. Her contributions, in verse and prose, to various periodicals, her comedy of "Fashion," and her novel of "Evelyn," displayed a brilliant, versatile and observing mind, with a fine feminine perception both of the serious and ludicrous in character and feeling. But giving all due credit to her literary compositions, no one could see her act, without deciding at once that she possessed capacities which had been

but imperfectly developed in her writings, and that her genius was more especially calculated for the stage than for any other field in which her fine and rare powers could be exercised. We happened to be present on the evening of her first appearance, and received there a new impression of her imaginative power, and singular depth, intensity and subtlety of feeling. She trod the stage with a seeming unconsciousness of the presence of an audience, and appeared to possess, not merely the power to produce an illusion in the minds of others that she was the character she embodied, but to be under the influence of that illusion herself—the greatest merit that can be awarded to an actress on her *début*.

The great merit of Mrs. Mowatt's acting, and the highest merit of any acting, is the force and refinement of imagination she displays in the embodiment of character. Her mind, we should judge, is uncommonly flexible and fluid, and rises or falls into the moulds of character with singular ease. She reproduces the creation of the poet in her own imagination—makes all its thoughts and emotions real to herself—stamps on the expression of each the peculiar individuality she is representing, and loses all sense of herself in the vividness of her realization of the part. She *ensouls* as well as embodies her characters. This gives vital life to her personation, and distinguishes her from all those who merely avail themselves of the mechanical contrivances of elocution. A vivifying soul pervades and animates her acting, and makes itself "felt along the heart" of her audience. By conceiving character in the concrete, through the instinctive processes of imagination, she preserves the unity of character amid all the variety of its manifestation. This can never be done by the mere understanding. The custom of some actors, of deducing, by



logical rules, the character from the text, and then personating that deduction, makes their acting mechanical and lifeless, and leaves on the mind of the hearer no unity of impression. This individuality is especially difficult to preserve in those characters, in whom there is going on, through the play, a process of change or development—whose minds are modified by new positions and new motives—and in whom we trace the stream of the same individual being from the moment it is first ruffled by passion to the period when it sweeps and rushes on with the mad impetuosity of a torrent. The difference between understanding a part and conceiving it, measures the difference between the actor of talent and the actor of genius. We may admire the first, but we are conquered and borne away by the second. The actor of imagination also performs with more subtlety, gives more pertinence to all the refinements of the author's meaning, and fuses the different parts into a more proportioned and concrete whole, than can possibly be done by the most patient actor who follows the method of the understanding. As the understanding never yet created character, so it can never represent it. It will always work "from the flesh inwards, instead of from the heart outwards."

In the most important intellectual requisite of acting, we therefore think Mrs. Mowatt to be preëminently gifted; and from the extreme ductility of her imagination, she is capable of indefinite improvement in her profession, and of embodying, eventually, almost all varieties of character. To this great mental advantage she joins singular advantages of person. Her form is slight, graceful and flexible, and her face fine and pure, with that strangeness in the expression which Bacon deemed essential to all beauty. In personal appearance she is altogether the most ideal-looking woman we ever saw on the stage. Her voice well justifies the impression which would be received from her appearance. In its general tone it is the perfection of clear sweetness, and is capable of great variety of modulation. She does not seem herself aware of all its capabilities, or fully to have mastered its expression. In passages of anguish, fear, horror, pride, supplication, she often brings out tones, which seem the very echoes of the heart's emotions, and which indicate the most remarkable powers of vocal expression.

In the last act of "*The Bride of Lammermoor*," and, especially, in the fourth act of "*Romeo and Juliet*," these latent capacities of voice are developed with wondrous effect. The exquisite beauty and purity of her voice, however, are best evinced in the expression of sentiment and pathos—in the clear, bird-like carol of tone with which she gives utterance to inward content and blissfulness—in the expression of affection gushing directly from the heart, or springing from it in wild snatches of music—in the sportive and sparkling utterance of thoughts and feelings steeped in the heart's most gladdening sunshine—and in that wide-wandering remoteness of tone which gives a kind of unearthly significance to objects viewed through the mystical light of imagination.

A few remarks on some of the characters in which Mrs. Mowatt appears will, we hope, justify the high estimate we have expressed of her capacity, by a reference to facts gathered from a scrutiny of her acting in each. One of her most pleasing and popular personations is Pauline, in Bulwer's "*Lady of Lyons*." In this we do not think she has even a rival. No actress that we have seen, English or American, approaches her in this character. Her conception of it is fresh and original, and in its embodiment she supplies even the deficiencies of the author, who is not much skilled in characterization. Though we, by no means, think that her Pauline is a fair measure of her powers, her representation of the part more than exhausts its whole capacity of effectiveness. She has seized, with the intuitive quickness of imagination, what Bulwer aimed to produce in the delineation of Pauline, and converted his intention into a living, breathing reality. In the third, fourth and fifth acts of the play, her acting is characterized by great force, refinement and variety. In the expression of that confusion of mind and motives, produced by a conflict of antagonist passions, each maddening the brain and tugging at the heart-strings, her whole action is masterly and original. Scorn, contempt, love, hatred, shame, fear, hope, pride, humility, despair, meet and part, and chase each other in tumultuous succession; every emotion, as it sweeps abruptly across her heart, mirrored in her face, speaking in her gesture—giving significance to every movement of her frame. The whole personation, commencing with the vain, proud,



romantic girl—conducting her through shame and mortification to the very verge of despair and death—her heart, after its first mad burst of rage, becoming the more beautiful and noble the more it is crushed, and finally ending, after her long ordeal of sorrow, in happiness and love—is most powerful and effective. The character, as Mrs. Mowatt performs it, gives considerable play to a variety of emotions, ranging from the most graceful sentiment to deep passion, and is also full of ravishing beauties. In the second act, she displays that singular power of expressing insight in the world of imagination, which, in its various modifications by circumstance and character, lends a charm to all her personations. When Claude describes his imaginary gardens by the Lake of Como, she sees them as realities before her eyes—is blind to everything else; her face has that fine indefiniteness of look which represents the triumph of the sensuous imagination over the senses—the bloom and fragrance of the flowers, and the musical gush of the waterfalls, are the only objects before her mind—and her whole soul seems absorbed in a soft and delicious dream. The effect is most exquisite, and it is so perfect that its meaning cannot but flash on the dullest and least imaginative auditor.

In the characters of Lady Teazle, Juliana, and “The Duchess,” Mrs. Mowatt shows great talent for genteel Comedy. Her Lady Teazle, played here last summer to Placide’s Sir Peter, was capital. The Duchess, in “Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady,” is a part to which she does full justice, and she makes it very effective and brilliant. Juliana, however, in Tobin’s “Honeymoon,” is her best character in comedy. This gives more scope to her powers than the others. Her personation of it comes very near perfection. The felicity with which she keeps to the truth of character, is well illustrated in this part. Juliana is subject to some of the same passions and weaknesses as Pauline, though her individuality is different. Mrs. Mowatt never suggests the character of the one in her representation of the other. Love, pride, shame, as she acts them in Pauline, have little in common with the same feelings as they appear in Juliana—so strong is her sense of the individuality of emotion. Her brisk, bright, sparkling acting in Tobin’s peevish and shrewish heroine—the quickness of tone, gesture

and movement, with which she animates every part—the unconscious tact with which she gives continually the impression that, beneath all the vixenish outbreaks of the proud girl, there dwells purity and goodness of heart—make her personation of the character one of the most delightful we ever witnessed. Throughout the play there is nothing to interrupt the feeling of pleasure which she gives from the first. No person can have an idea of the variety of her acting, and the singular flexibility of her mind, without seeing her in two widely different characters—Juliana and Juliet. Each of these she represents to the life, and yet, from her acting in one, none could suppose her capacity to impersonate the other.

One of Mrs. Mowatt’s most pathetic personations, is Mrs. Haller, in “The Stranger.” This, to be appreciated, should be judged by comparison with her Mariana, in Knowles’ play of “The Wife.” The latter, as represented by Mrs. Mowatt, is most exquisite for its moral beauty. It leaves on the heart and imagination an impression of sweetness, simplicity, purity, devotedness and heroism, which cannot be forgotten. Though, in this character, she is not so perfect as in many others, in the minor graces of stage effect, it is still one of her very best parts, and one in which she will eventually gain great fame. The extreme subtlety of her imagination, and her capacity to represent feeling of the most ideal purity, are finely shown in it. We never appreciated the beauty of this character until we saw Mrs. Mowatt embody it. The contrast between Mariana the Wife, and Mrs. Haller the wife, as it appears in her personation of both, is felt to be as great as it is in nature. In Mrs. Haller there is a stifled, broken-hearted sorrow and repentance for guilt committed; in Mariana there is hardly the consciousness of the idea of guilt. Her mind is one of those “sacred fountains” of purity,

“Which, though shapes of ill  
May hover round its surface, glides in light,  
And takes no shadow from them.”

The last scene of the play, in which Mariana recognizes her brother, and the long, intense and soul-absorbing gaze with which she watches the last traces of vitality in his dying face, is almost sublime in its affectionateness.

The character of Lucy Ashton, in the



"Bride of Lammermoor," dramatized from Scott's novel of that name, is another of Mrs. Mowatt's beautiful and pathetic personations. None of her performances equal this in the depth of the pathetic impression it leaves on the heart. She acts the character fully up to Scott's delineation of it. At first she appears merely as the guiltless and confiding girl, her affections clinging innocently to others for support; and the terrible ordeal of fear, horror, anguish and agony, ending in "helpless, hopeless brokenness of heart" which succeeds, pierces into the inmost core of our sympathies. Mrs. Mowatt's power of imagination is grandly displayed in this drama. In the second and last acts she has touches of genius of the highest order. Her trances of imagination, in these acts, in which her eyes are open but their "sense is shut," and the objects before her mind destroy all perception of external things, are very great. In the last scene, her tottering walk across the stage to sign the marriage contract—her scream when Ravenswood bursts into the room, with her statue-like insensibility afterwards, in which her whole frame seems freezing with horror—her "Touch me not, mother!" as Lady Ashton approaches to sever her from her lover, in those few words loosening from her heart its whole burden of agony and supernatural fear—and the death which ends her long and terrible suffering—are in the noblest vein of tragic pathos. The closeness with which she embodies character is finely displayed in this part. It is like nothing else that she performs. An instinctive restraint keeps down everything which would clash with the vital elements of the character. Its boundaries, both of thought and emotion, she never passes, and yet there is not the slightest appearance of that constraint, indicating a sense of the necessity of keeping to the truth of character. She is not thinking of Lucy Ashton, and adapting her acting to the thought, but, for the time, she is Lucy Ashton. She reproduces in her own heart and imagination the overpowering pathos of the part, and loses all sense of self in its intense realization.

But her greatest character, and the one which best indicates what she will eventually do in her profession, is her impersonation of Shakspeare's complex and passionate creation, Juliet. Here, her acting is not only great in itself, but triumphs over difficulties which we should

have deemed insuperable. It will not only bear the usual test of stage criticism, but if tried by the most rigid requisitions of the poetical critics and interpreters of Shakspeare, it will stand even that test. It is Shakspeare's own Juliet, in her ideal beauty, purity, simplicity, pathos, affection and passionateness—Juliet the girl, and Juliet the wife—Juliet as she appears when surveyed through the hallowing light of the imagination. Mrs. Mowatt's personation is absolutely wonderful for its combination of naturalness with ideality, sweetness with power. An elaborate criticism of her performance, noticing her embodiment, not merely of the character, in its individuality, but of all its exquisite parts and minor refinements, is not now our intention, though the subject is a tempting one. The balcony scene, as played by her, has the remoteness of imagination; it is a poem, assuming shape before the very eye. In the last scene of the fourth act, where she takes the sleeping draught, her action and expression are thrilling. She gives sensation to imagination, loses the perception of everything but the horrible images which come thronging and crowding into her brain, and at last staggers deliriously to her couch, and sinks down exhausted and faint from the mad whirl of her fancies. We have no space to do justice to the exquisite grace, beauty and purity of the earlier scenes with her parents, with the nurse, and, above all, with Romeo. In these, her wealth of affection overflows in the richest poetry of the heart. The variety of thought and emotion she throws into the representation, and the subordination of all to the unity of the character, are quite remarkable, when we consider the process of modification and development which is going on in Juliet's mind during the play. There is nothing pretty, or silly, or love-sick, in her impersonation; but all is bathed in a rich ideal light, penetrated by the most artless affection, or intense passion; and reaching into the heart like the sweetest or most piercing music. No one can appreciate the beauty or power of Mrs. Mowatt's voice, without hearing it in connection with Shakspeare's poetry.

Her success in Juliet indicates the range of characters she is best calculated to embody, and to succeed in which is worthy the noblest ambition—we mean Shakspeare's women. The higher female characters of Shakspeare, Desde-



mona, Ophelia, Viola, Imogen, Miranda, Perdita, Cordelia and the like, have never yet been adequately represented on the stage, as *ideal creations*. Indeed, their marvellous loveliness has rarely been appreciated until the present day, when a large and loving criticism has developed their latent beauties and meaning. To act Cordelia, so as to affect an audience as the character affects the reader, would be a greater triumph even, than fitly to embody Lady Macbeth. For this class of ideal characters, Mrs. Mowatt's genius

and person are admirably calculated. She is more likely to succeed in them, from the fact that her mind and heart have had full opportunities for genial development in private life, and from the refinement of thought and feeling which she brings to the stage from that station. We think she has sufficient power, flexibility and fineness of imagination, to achieve this difficult work; and we may not say what measure of fame would wait upon her success. P.

Charleston, S. C.

## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

At the commencement of a series, to be henceforth continued monthly, of brief papers on finance and commerce, with special reference to our own country; it seems natural to lay a general foundation—by a statement of the existing condition of the United States, and of each State—of their respective indebtedness, and their raw productions. Entire accuracy in this particular is not attainable—but such approximation thereto may be made, as to serve for a basis upon which to found any future reasoning and investigation.

The menacing aspect of our public affairs gives additional interest just now to inquiries such as these, for if war shall come, its first effect will be to cut off the revenue derived from Commerce—now constituting eight-ninths of the whole—and to throw the government upon the resource of temporary loans and direct taxation.

The rate at which money can be borrowed by the Federal Government will, in some large degree, depend, of course, upon the ability of the people of the several States to sustain taxation, and upon the amount of uninvested capital in the country; for, however it may have been in other days, it is now to be assumed as certain, that the United States would not, in the event of war, be able to negotiate any loans abroad—so deep is the distrust thrown upon American credit by the repudiation of some of the States. We stop not now to argue this fact, to which we shall on some future occasion revert, and consider it at large; but, assuming it as undeniable, it becomes obvious that no efficient system of taxation, nor reasonable prospect of negotiating loans, can be suggested, until after a thorough examination of the resources of the whole country, and a thorough knowledge of the

extent to which these resources, or any of them, are already pledged to other objects. In this last particular, the position of the Federal Government is by no means as favorable as at the commencement of the war of 1812. Then, no such thing as a State debt existed, and the whole resources of the country—whatever they were—were at the command of the United States Treasury. Now, by the exercise, on the part of the States—questionable, perhaps, upon the true theory of the Constitution—of a concurrent power of taxation and contracting debt, there exist, in round numbers, some *two hundred millions of dollars of State debts*, which, of course, abstracts an equal amount of taxable values from the sum of property in the United States, upon which the Federal Government must rely for its means. The whole expense of the revolutionary war, which continued seven years, and raised thirteen dependent colonies to the station of one of the greatest powers of earth, was about \$135,000,000, only about two-thirds of the debts contracted by separate States within the last twenty years. The war of 1812, which lasted about two and a half years, cost between eighty and ninety millions of dollars.

But if the means upon which Federal taxation and credit are to rest, have been pledged in advance by the several States to so large an amount, it is to be borne in mind that the resources and wealth of the country have advanced in some proportionate degree, so that, in point of fact, the ability to pay is not probably less than before; but then comes that *experimentum crucis* for all popular governments—the necessity of superadding taxes to those already existing. The debtor States are already levying taxes—the Federal Govern-



ment would, therefore, be obliged to present itself in the unwelcome attitude of adding to the previous burdens.

With these preliminary observations, we will now enter upon our general statements.

The debt of the United States consisted, on the 1st of January, 1846, of these items, omitting cents.

Old funded debt, being unclaimed principal and interest,	\$208,009
Outstanding certificates, and interest to 31st Dec., 1798, [old unfunded debt,]	24,214
Treasury notes of the late war,	4,317
Certificates of Mississippi stock outstanding,	4,320
Debts of the corporate Cities of the District of Columbia, assumed by Congress, viz:	
City of Washington,	\$900,000
" Alexandria,	210,000
" Georgetown,	210,000
	<hr/> 1,320,000
Loans.—Under act of 15th April, 1842, redeemable 1st January, 1863,	8,343,886
Under act of 3d March, 1843, redeemable 1st July, 1853,	7,000,000

Our next statement presents the debts of the several States.

Debts of the several States, according to returns made to the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and by him transmitted to Congress, June 25th, 1842.

	Amount outstanding and unredeemed, Sept. 2, 1842.	Amount at 5 per cent. interest.	Amount at 6 per cent. interest.	Amount at other rates of interest.	
Maine,	\$1,734,861 47	\$140,492 44	\$1,528,369 03	5½	\$66,000 00
Massachusetts,	5,424,137 00 (a)	5,424,137 00			
Pennsylvania,	36,336,044 00 (b)	33,303,313 00	1,071,042 00	4½ 4 & 1	1,961,689 00
New York,	21,797,267 91 (c)	17,128,197 37	1,540,434 11	4½ & 5½	3,128,636 43
Maryland,	15,214,761 49 (d)	10,859,062 03	3,755,699 46	4½ & 3	600,000 00
Virginia,	6,994,307 54 (e)	1,365,300 00	5,284,707 54	5½ & 7	344,300 00
South Carolina,	5,691,234 41 (f)	1,923,259 61	1,574,444 45	3	193,530 35
Georgia,	1,309,750 00 (g)	888,000 00	421,750 00		
Alabama,	15,400,000 00 (h)	10,300,000 00	5,100,000 00		
Louisiana,	23,985,000 00 (i)	23,375,000 00	610,000 00		
Mississippi,	7,000,000 00 (j)	5,000,000 00	2,000,000 00		
Arkansas,	2,676,000 00 (k)	146,000 00	2,530,000 00		
Florida Territory,	4,000,000 00 (l)	400,000 00	3,500,000 00	8	100,000 00
Tennessee,	3,198,166 00 (m)	1,935,000 00	1,000,000 00	5½	263,166 00
Kentucky,	3,085,500 00 (n)	350,000 00	2,735,500 00		
Michigan,	5,611,000 00 (o)		5,560,000 00	7	51,000 00
Ohio,	10,924,123 00 (p)	550,000 00	10,374,123 00		
Indiana,	12,751,000 00 (q)	12,327,000 00	394,000 00	7	30,000 00
Illinois,	13,527,292 53 (r)		13,527,292 53		
Missouri,	842,261 00 (s)	514,000 00		5½ 7 & 10	328,261 00
{ Alexandria,	382,100 00 (t)	12,500 00	369,600 00		
{ Georgetown,	116,010 00 (u)	24,000 00	92,010 00		
{ Washington,	817,920 00 (v)	195,550 00	622,370 00		
Total,	198,818,736 35				

a. \$5,105,000 for loans to railroads, all of which are completed and in operation.

b. 33,364,355 for Pennsylvania canal and railway; 1,280,000 for other roads and canals.

c. 17,561,567 91 for State canals and general funds; 4,235,700 loans to companies.

d. 3,697,000 for Baltimore and Ohio railroad; 7,197,000 for Chesapeake and Ohio canal; 5,223,731 65 for Baltimore and Susquehanna railroad.

e. 1,365,398 14 held by the State itself; 3,991,500 63 for internal improvements.

f. 6,200,000 subscription, loan, and guaranty to Charleston and Louisville railroad; 1,035,555 55 for rebuilding Charleston.

g. For the State railroad.

h. For the banks. Uncertain how much is negotiated of the five millions in short bonds.

i. 22,200,000 for the banks, of which 4,811,111 10 is not negotiated, and remains in the banks.

j. For the banks. The State denies its responsibility for five millions of this debt.

k. For banking purposes.

l. Three millions nine hundred thousand dollars for banking purposes.

m. One million five hundred thousand dollars for the banks; the remainder for internal improvements; seven hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars for works now incomplete and abandoned.

n. For internal improvements.

o. 5,320,000 for internal improvements; 160,000 for a penitentiary and a university.

- p. For internal improvements; 4,500,000 for the Ohio and Miami canals.
- q. 2,390,000 for the State bank; 1,069,000 to pay interest; the remainder for internal improvements.
- r. 3,034,998 for the banks; 854,000 to pay interest; remainder for internal improvements.
- s. 362,000 for the bank of Missouri; 232,000 for building the Capitol.
- t. 287,500 for the Alexandria canal.
- u. For internal improvements.
- v. 421,950 for Washington canal and subscription to Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

The States are also indebted to the United States for surplus money deposited with them, but which will probably never be demanded, \$28,101,644.

The States of Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, North Carolina, and the Territory of Iowa, have no public debt.

The Governor of Wisconsin states, that "it is impossible to give from the records any specific information of the amount of the public debt of this Territory." Bonds to the amount of \$56,000 were disposed of in March, 1841. "The legislature, at its late session, repudiated all but one of these bonds sold by the agent, amounting to one thousand dollars." "About the 26th of March, 1841, bonds bearing 10 per cent. interest, amounting to \$7,200" were issued by the Territorial Treasurer. "They do not appear to have been issued by any proper authority, but I believe they have been sold—the Territory having derived very little benefit from the sale." The legislative debt is estimated by the Secretary at about \$39,000. To this may be added the excess of the expenses of the late session of the legislature, supposed to be about \$16,000. The debt created during the administration of Gov. Dodge, "for legislative, canal, and county purposes, is estimated to have amounted to about three hundred thousand dollars.

Since the date of the above returns, New York has materially diminished her debt, having paid off in the year 1844, \$272,348—in the year 1845, 1,718,668—and on the 1st of January of this year, \$2,349,764, making her actual debt about *seventeen millions of dollars*.

On the other hand, the debt of Pennsylvania has increased, by the accumulation of unpaid interest, and otherwise—so that now it exceeds *forty million dollars*. For the last year, however, Pennsylvania has

resumed the payment of interest on her debt, and will, it is hoped, be able to keep it up.

In preparing our next statement we have relied on the returns of the United States Census for 1840. We have abridged and consolidated, as much as possible, the great mass of details, in order to arrive at a general result, which may illustrate the object we have in view, that of ascertaining the means of the respective States to supply the wants of the Government.

In the column of *Metals*, all but about 16,000 tons—of lead, from Wisconsin, Illinois, Missouri, Virginia, and New York—is iron. There is, besides, an annual produce of about half a million in gold, in Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia; and from other metals, a like produce of about \$370,000, chiefly in Pennsylvania, New York, and Vermont.

There is, moreover, an annual product exceeding *three and a half millions of dollars* in value, from granite, marble, &c., properly coming under the head of mines, of which New York furnishes nearly one-half, Massachusetts about one-fifth, Connecticut one-eleventh, and the residue divided between Pennsylvania, Maine, Kentucky, and Virginia.

In the second column, *Coal* embraces the two qualities of bituminous and anthracite, in nearly equal proportions, the bituminous overrunning the anthracite in quantity by about three million bushels, out of a total of 52,000,000 bushels, equal to 1,850,000 tons of 28 bushels each. Of this whole quantity, Pennsylvania alone furnishes 860,000 tons of anthracite, and 415,000 tons of bituminous.

In the third column, *Salt*, New York produces nearly half of the whole—which is about six million bushels. Virginia about two-sevenths.

In the fourth column of *Cereal grains*, Indian corn figures for three hundred and seventy-eight million bushels—of which Tennessee furnishes the largest quantity, amounting to forty-four million bushels, exceeding Kentucky by five million bushels, and Ohio and Virginia by twelve millions each. *Oats* go up to one hundred and twenty-three million bushels, of which New York and Pennsylvania produce about twenty millions each. *Wheat* reaches only eighty-five million bushels, of which Ohio produces sixteen and a half millions, Pennsylvania thirteen and a half millions, New York twelve and a half millions, and Virginia ten millions.

In the eighth column, *Tobacco and Rice*, it is all tobacco, excepting from North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Louisiana, and Florida, whose produce is rice.

In the tenth column, of the 64 million head of *Stock*, there enumerated as owned in the different States—twenty-six and one-third millions are swine, nineteen and one-third millions sheep, fifteen millions neat cattle, and four and one-third millions horses and mules.

In the eleventh column, of the fifty-three millions there enumerated, thirty-three and three-fourth millions were produced by the dairy, seven and a half millions from the orchard, and nine and a half millions of poultry.

For fire-wood, silk, wool, hops, hemp, and flax, which it would carry us too much into detail to enumerate, several more millions may be estimated.

The products of the forest, including lumber, pot and pearl ashes, peltries, &c., would add about twenty millions of dollars more.



## PRODUCTS OF THE VARIOUS STATES AND TERRITORIES.

States.	MINES.			AGRICULTURE.					STOCK, ETC.		
	Metals.	Coal.	Salt.	Cereal grain.	Hay.	Potatoes.	Cotton.	Tobacco and rice.	Sugar.	Horses, &c. Cattle, Swine and Sheep.	Poultry, dairy, or chard, and garden.
	Tons.	Bushels.	Bushels	Bushels.	Tons.	Bushels.	Pounds.	Pounds.	Pounds.		
Maine,	6,000		50,000	3,399,748	691,358	10,250,000		30	257,000	1,153,113	\$1,800,000
New Hampshire,	1,320	29,920	1,200	2,415,960	496,107	6,250,000		115	1,162,368	1,048,515	1,896,622
Massachusetts,	9,332		376,596	3,085,723	569,395	5,500,000		64,955	579,227	865,505	3,336,877
Rhode Island,	4,126			729,104	63,449	912,000		317	50	165,720	387,002
Connecticut,	6,495	28,000	1,500	4,114,928	426,704	3,500,000		471,657	51,764	808,723	1,929,385
Vermont,	6,743	38,000		4,352,252	836,739	8,750,000		586	4,647,931	2,332,362	2,374,578
New York,	29,423		2,868,000	51,621,827	3,127,047	30,250,000		744	10,048,100	9,404,629	14,000,000
New Jersey,	11,114		500	10,751,140	334,861	2,000,000		1,922	56	771,432	2,405,000
Delaware,	17		1,160	3,392,034	22,484	200,712	334	272		181,780	194,365
Pennsylvania,	98,395	36,000,000	549,478	57,032,428	1,311,643	9,500,000		326,000	2,265,755	4,809,378	4,773,800
Maryland,	8,876	222,000	1,200	15,913,857	106,687	1,000,000	5,673	24,800,000	36,266	992,799	924,765
Virginia,	19,250	10,628,000	2,746,000	59,932,420	364,708	3,000,000	3,494,400	75,500,000	1,541,533	4,636,513	3,070,648
North Carolina,	973	1,475	4,493	29,231,495	101,369	2,666,667	52,000,000	19,250,000	7,163	2,979,974	1,682,125
South Carolina,	1,250		2,250	17,026,144	24,618	2,666,667	61,750,000	61,000,000	30,000	1,814,022	1,066,362
Georgia,	494			24,390,075	16,990	1,250,000	163,333,334	12,500,000	329,741	2,766,816	1,234,643
Florida,				913,550	1,130	264,000		500,000	275,317	231,002	97,000
Alabama,	30	23,650		23,240,159	12,718	1,666,667	117,500,000	425,000	10,143	2,398,281	757,000
Louisiana,	1,400			6,062,157	24,651	750,000	152,500,000	3,750,000	902,484	902,484	718,000
Mississippi,				14,039,646	171	1,666,667	193,500,000	750,000	77	1,862,000	786,000
Arkansas,		5,500	8,700	5,149,130	586	250,000	6,000,000	154,000	1,542	675,467	182,000
Missouri,	2,828	249,302	13,150	20,698,584	49,083	750,000	121,000	9,000,000	274,853	2,249,086	5,003,000
Tennessee,	16,128	13,942		56,907,805	31,233	2,000,000	27,750,000	29,500,000	258,073	4,832,460	1,537,000
Kentucky,	29,206	644,000	219,600	53,153,279	88,306	1,000,000	691,450	53,500,000	1,578,000	4,504,742	2,033,000
Indiana,	310	242,140	6,400	38,393,922	178,029	1,500,000		1,800,000	3,728,000	3,160,606	1,288,000
Illinois,	4,400	424,827	20,000	31,125,124	165,000	2,000,000	200,000	500,000	400,000	2,716,435	959,000
Ohio,	35,236	3,522,000	297,350	66,282,292	1,022,000	6,000,000		6,000,000	6,364,000	5,776,548	3,006,200
Michigan,	601			6,823,828	130,805	2,000,000			1,329,800	610,842	410,000
Iowa,	250	10,000		1,737,651	17,953	250,000		8,000	41,450	167,096	36,000
Wisconsin,	7,565			1,000,000	30,938	500,000			135,288	90,849	55,360

On another occasion we will lay before the readers of the Review somewhat analogous statements of manufacturing and mechanical industry, each of which adds such large amounts annually to the wealth of the country, and furnishes a basis upon which to calculate the amount of revenue that, in a given contingency, can be raised for the support of Government.

We close these preliminary statements, for this month, with saying briefly that the effect of the last European advices, by the *Hibernia*, was so favorable to the pacific views, that all the stocks advanced very considerably; and although there has since been some little reaction—as people take time to consider whether in reality the state of affairs is materially changed or improved—the advance has been substantially maintained.<sup>1</sup>

The demand for bread-stuffs, which—under the impression of great deficiency in

the English markets—was expected to be great, is languid, since it was ascertained that the crop in England will not be much below an average.

The cotton crop of this year will fall below that of last year in quantity; but the prices now ruling are so much above those of the last year, that the money result to the producer will be, at least, as large.

In conclusion, it is to be stated that the apprehension of war still exercises an unfavorable influence upon the money market, and upon commercial enterprise. Capitalists hoard their money, and merchants hesitate about embarking in distant enterprises. The effect of this state of things must continue until our political relations assume some positive aspect.

The annexed quotations were the prices of the principal stocks in the New York market, January 30th.

## GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

			Off'd.	Ask'd.
U. S. Loan, 6 per cent., 1862,			107½	108½
Do. 5 “ 1853,			99	99½

## STATE SECURITIES.

New York	7 per cent., 1848,	103½	104
Do.	7 “ 1849,	104	105
Do.	6 “ 1854,	104	105
Do.	6 “ 1860,	105½	106½
Do.	6 “ 1861,	105½	107
Do.	6 “ 1862,	106¼	107¼
Do.	5½ “ 1861,	101	102½
Do.	5 “ 1846,	98	99
Do.	5 “ 1847,	98	99
Do.	5 “ 1848,	98	99½
Do.	5 “ 1849,	98	99½
Do.	5 “ 1850,	98¼	99½
Do.	5 “ 1855,	99	99½
Do.	5 “ 1858,	99½	100
Do.	5 “ 1860,	99	100
Do.	4½ “ 1849,	94	98
Ohio,	7 “ 1851,	99½	100
Do.	6 “ 1850,	91½	92½
Do.	6 “ 1856,	91½	92½
Do.	5 “ 1850,	84	87
Kentucky,	6 “	99	99
Do.	5 “	84	86
Illinois,	6 “ 1870,(Sp'l)	36	36½
Indiana,	5 “ Ster.25 yrs.	40	41
Do.	5 “ Dol. 25 yrs.	41¼	42
Arkansas,	6 “	38	43
Alabama,	5 “	65	67
Pennsylv'a,	5 “	70	70½
Maryland,	6 “	75½	76
Tennessee,	6 “	95	98
Do.	5 “	84	86

## CITY, &amp;C.

N. Y. City,	7 per cent., 1857,	106	112
Do.	7 “ 1852,	105	106½
Do.	5 “ 1850,	91	92
Do.	Water L'n, 1858,	91	92¼
Do.	“ 1870,	92	92½

			<i>Off'd.</i>	<i>Ask'd.</i>
Brooklyn,	6 per cent.,	1855,	100	103
Do.	6 “	1857,	100	103
Do.	6 “	1858,	100	103

## MISCELLANEOUS.

New York Life Ins. & Tr. Co.	110	111
Farmer's Loan & Trust Co.	28	28½
Ohio Life Ins. & Trust Co.	94	94½
Camden & Amboy RR. Co.	114	118
New Jersey RR. & Trans. Co.	98	102
Mohawk & Hudson RR. Co.	51½	52½
Utica & Schenectady RR. Co.	120	121
Syracuse & Utica Railroad Co.	112	117
Auburn & Syracuse RR. Co.	100	103
Auburn & Rochester RR. Co.	100	101
New York Gas Light Co.	113	116
Phil. & Reading RR. Co.	58	58½
Norwich & Worcester Railroad,	63¼	64

## DOMESTIC EXCHANGES.

Boston,	par a ¼ discount.
Philadelphia,	par a ¼ discount.
Baltimore,	par a ¼ discount.
Virginia,	¾ a 1¼ discount.
North Carolina,	¾ a 1¼ discount.
Charleston,	½ a ¾ discount.
Savannah,	½ a ¾ discount.
Mobile check,	par a ¼ discount.
“ notes,	½ a 1 discount.
New Orleans checks,	par a ¼ discount.
“ notes,	½ a 1 discount.
Nashville,	2 a 2½ discount.
Louisville,	1 a 1¾ discount.
St. Louis,	1 a 1½ discount.
Cincinnati,	1 a 1½ discount.
Apalachicola,	1¼ a 3 discount.

## FOREIGN EXCHANGES.

London,	108¼ a 108½
Paris,	5.27½ a 5.26¼
Amsterdam,	39¼ a 39½
Hamburg,	35¼
Bremen,	78½ a 78¾



## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἶδεν ἄστρα, καὶ νοὸν ἔγνω.

"He beheld the cities of many nations, and became acquainted with the opinions of men.—ODYSSEY.

WE commence again our Tables of Foreign Miscellany, and shall continue them from month to month, without interval. We shall be able to present many matters of great interest and importance from many countries; and this is expected to be hereafter one of the most attractive portions of the journal.

The past month has brought us news of stirring events from various parts of the world. Another revolution has occurred in Mexico, a country apparently fruitful in nothing else. The previous one seemed to be the revolt of the people against the armed tyranny of a military dictator. This has been effected by the army, yet, so far as appears, with the full consent of the people themselves. But the truth is, the people had nothing to do with either; or, to speak still more accurately, there is no such power as that of *the people* in Mexico. The country, so far as it is ruled at all, is ruled by the sword; and the only struggle that is likely soon to arise, is between one military leader and another. Santa Aña, though at the head of the army, and one of the ablest Generals Mexico has ever had, owed his overthrow to the tyranny which had, not oppressed the people, but alienated his troops. The army turned against him, and the people stood by and applauded. His successor was a statesman, not a general. He thought it better for his country to remain at peace than to plunge into a war, of which her own destruction must be the issue. He preferred to expend what money he could raise in improving the condition of the people, to wasting it upon useless and idle soldiers. He was for peace with the United States, for the potent reason, if no other had existed, that he was unable to make war against them. The troops, on the other hand, were for war, because it would increase their pay. Their rebellion was flattered and cherished by a leader, either skillful and ambitious himself, or the tool of others who are so, and when the time had come, he pronounced against the government. The army responded to his declaration, and the people, as usual, had nothing to say. Paredes, therefore, is now at the head of the Mexican Government. He is placed there by the army, to gratify its desire for war, or at all events, to increase the pay of the troops to the

actual service standard. Of course, all this has been done under the most energetic professions of patriotism, and of a supreme regard for the good of the nation. Paredes, in his manifesto, dated the 15th of December, declares that the object of his movement is: 1, to obtain a popular representation; 2, to rescue the government from the hands of factions; 3, to restore to the producing classes the wealth and influence they have lost; and 4, to give to the laboring classes the position in the State that belongs to them. When the Assembly which is to effect these results shall have been convened, he declares his intention either to retire to private life, or to ask the privilege of marching to the frontier to meet the usurpers of the territory, and the enemies of the independence of Mexico. These professions are sufficiently vague to conceal any design he may entertain; while he cannot be expected, judging from established precedents, to remember his promises after they shall have answered the purpose for which they were made. At the latest dates from Mexico, our Ambassador, Mr. Slidell, had not been received as Minister. We can see, therefore, no approach to peace in any of the recent proceedings of the Mexican Government.

Rumors have reached this country from Havana that a project was on foot to secure the future tranquillity and integrity of Mexico, by placing upon the throne a European prince, the form of government to be changed to that of a constitutional monarchy, and the stability of the government to be guarantied by the united powers of France and Great Britain. The report is scarcely sufficiently authentic to challenge serious attention, though it has been made to play a part in the debates of the Senate of the United States. That portion of the late Message of the President, in which the interference of European powers with the affairs of the independent States of this continent was pronounced inadmissible, has excited general attention, and elicited warm discussion, in both England and France. There seems to be no difference of opinion whatever, in these countries, upon the subject. The doctrine is rejected, as at war with established international law, and as, in the last degree, arrogant on the part of the United States. It is explicitly declared by the most authoritative



journals of both countries, that America will not be allowed to claim any exemption from the general law upon this point, that various European powers have large possessions upon the Western Continent, and that intervention in the affairs of the American States would be justifiable in the same circumstances, and upon the same conditions which justify it in the affairs of the Eastern World. Resolutions are now before Congress, reaffirming the doctrine of the Message. It is not unlikely that they will be adopted; and, in that event, the United States will occupy a position precisely antagonistic to that of the leading powers of Europe.

American affairs have, of late, attracted a remarkable degree of attention in England and France. The receipt of the Message, in the last week of December, gave occasion for endless comment and speculation. Public expectation had been so highly excited, in regard to the claims which the message would put forward, especially in regard to Oregon, that when it arrived, it seems rather to have fallen short of, than to have surpassed, the anticipations of the public. It excited, therefore, especially in England, very little angry feeling. The taunting—we must say, uncalled-for and unwise—allusions which it makes to the defeat of French intrigue sustained in the triumphant annexation of Texas to the American Union, created, in Paris, a great deal of bitterness. The *Debats* especially, the French official, repelled them in the most angry and vehement terms, and extended its denunciation to the entire foreign policy of the American Union. It gives us distinctly to understand that, in the event of war between us and England, we must not hope for French alliance or even sympathy: but that the interests and the feelings of the French will impel them to espouse the cause of Great Britain against the encroachments, and the overweening ambition, of their Trans-Atlantic rivals. In the course of its discussions, it makes allusion to the extraordinary increase which is now going on in the armaments of Great Britain; and says that France had taken umbrage at it, *mal-à-propos*. From this observation, we observe, Senator Cass has inferred that France has demanded of England the object of these extensive hostile preparations: and that the answer returned proved entirely satisfactory to the government of France. From this the inference is very natural that this answer indicated the United States, instead of France, as the object of these belligerent demonstrations. The opinion of this distinguished senator, upon a point of this nature, is certainly entitled to great weight; but we confess, that without his aid, we should never have discovered, in the expression cited, so full and so important a meaning, as he has given

to it. The opposition papers of France have not failed to use the message as a weapon of attack upon the Ministry. The omission in the King's speech of any, the slightest, allusion to this country, and the unusual warmth with which he speaks of the friendly relations subsisting between France and England, have given still farther cause of offence to the Anti-English and Anti-Ministerial party. In the Chambers, however, the Ministry, on the election of President, had the very decided majority of 30.

The English papers abound in discussions of the Oregon question. Their general tone seems to us *pacific*—that is to say, they evince an earnest desire to renew negotiations upon the subject, and a willingness even to concede what, hitherto, they have constantly and firmly refused, in order to a peaceful settlement of the controversy.

The past month has witnessed a singular disturbance of the English ministry. Owing to causes which have not yet been satisfactorily explained, Sir Robert Peel, with all his associates, threw up the seals of office, and Lord John Russell attempted to fill his place and form a cabinet. The last design proved to be beyond his power; and he accordingly withdrew, giving place again to the premier and the ministry who had resigned in his favor. This strange proceeding was in some way connected with the corn laws. Lord John Russell had recently avowed himself in favor of their total repeal, rather in consequence of existing exigencies than upon general principles of political economy. With his usual promptness to catch the popular breeze, Sir Robert Peel determined to bring forward the repeal as a ministerial measure in the House of Commons, the Duke of Wellington doing the same in the House of Lords. Subsequently, however, the Duke is said to have changed his mind; and thereupon Sir Robert resolved to resign, in which he was followed by all his cabinet. This statement ascribes the rupture to a disagreement between Wellington and Peel; and yet they acted together in every case, the Duke going out with Sir Robert, and just as promptly taking office with him on his restoration. The explanation is thus unsatisfactory, though it is the only one that has yet been given. The failure of Lord John Russell's attempt to form a cabinet is involved in similar doubt. Mr. T. B. Macaulay, speaking for the Whigs, says distinctly that "all their plans were frustrated by Lord Grey;" and other reliable accounts attribute the event to Lord Grey's refusal to accept office in the cabinet if Lord Palmerston should have charge of the Foreign office, on the express ground that the appointment of the latter would endanger the peace of the world.



It seems, however, far more likely that Lord John Russell found he could not command a majority in either House of Parliament, and that he could not, therefore, in any event, carry on the government. What course the restored ministry will pursue with regard to the corn laws, can only be matter of vague conjecture. It seems clear, however, that they cannot remain as they are. The scarcity of food in Great Britain, the progress of free trade sentiments, and the increased power of public opinion, will combine to force upon the government, no matter in whose hands it may rest, if not the free admission of foreign grain, the abolition of the sliding scale and a very decided reduction of existing duties. From the tone of the British journals, it is evident that such a measure, should it finally be adopted, would be regarded as a boon to the United States, in return for which it is supposed we should very gladly abate something of our demands in Oregon. It is not unlikely that the same views may prevail at Washington; nor is it impossible that, however unwise, the Oregon dispute may finally be settled upon this basis. Our own opinion is, that even the total repeal of the corn laws would be of no benefit to the agricultural interests of this country, so far as those grains are concerned which are raised by us in common with the grain-growing regions of continental Europe. We might, and probably should, supply the British market with Indian corn; but nearly all their supplies of wheat would come from the fertile countries which surround the Black and the Baltic seas. It may not be without interest to state that the highest number of votes which have been given in the present House of Commons for a repeal of the corn laws is 125, the highest number for the substitution of a moderate fixed duty is 226; while the principle of the existing law has received the support of 349. In the House of Lords the highest number of votes for the repeal is only 6.

There is nothing else in the political events of the month in England and France worthy of attention.

In the continental countries out of France, nothing has transpired of great importance. The visit of Nicholas, Emperor of Russia, to Rome, and his interview with Pope Gregory XVI., have excited some attention. In former times, in the palmy days of the Romish Church, when the word of a Pontiff gave law to monarchs and his frown caused thrones to tremble, the proudest kings have been repelled by the reproof of the Pope from the threshold of the sacred city. Even Attila, with his savage cohorts, was turned from Rome by the curse of Leo. The visit of Nicholas, who, as the imperial head of the Greek Church, has visited the Catholics within

his dominions with the severest persecutions, was the occasion of great rejoicing in the Imperial City. The Pope, it is said, bore himself with a dignity and courage worthy the best days of his wide dominion. At the first interview between them, he led the conversation to religious matters, and urged the Emperor to revoke certain edicts which have severely oppressed the Catholics of both Russia and Poland. His manner is described as having been firm, severe, affectionate and profoundly melancholy. His request was received with the greatest favor, and the best results are confidently predicted. It is reported that the Emperor protested his entire ignorance of the injuries complained of, and promised that the matter should receive his prompt attention.

In Prussia, King Frederic William IV., was laboriously endeavoring to form a satisfactory Constitution. The great difficulty to be encountered lies in the mutual jealousies of the several states, and in their common dislike of anything like consolidation. In Spain, the Congress of Deputies was in session at the latest dates. The Election of Committees, so far as it had taken place, indicated that the government would have overwhelming majorities. Its proposed modification of the Tariff, the chief object of which is to render it more protective, it is supposed will meet with strenuous opposition. The Cortes of Portugal were to meet on the 2d of January. A royal decree has been issued, creating a commission for the formation of new civil and penal codes. Great attention had been drawn to a bazaar held by the ladies of Lisbon, for the benefit of orphan asylums. It was patronized by the highest personages of the kingdom, and its collection was rich in the specimens of royal industry. A revolutionary plot has been recently discovered in Tuscany, the object of which was the invasion of the Roman States. Some of the troops were concerned in the affair, and of one battalion twenty had fled upon the discovery of their project. A law has been enacted in Belgium, fixing the contingent of the army, for 1846, at 80,000 men: and another admits a certain quantity of coffee from Dutch colonies, at a reduced rate of duty, and provides for the admission of tobacco upon more favorable terms than hitherto. The Commercial Treaty with the United States was ratified unanimously. The King of Sweden has authorized the construction of railroads in his dominions. The principal lines will be from Stockholm to Gottenburg, Stockholm to Istad, and Stockholm to Upsal and Gefle, with various branches.

From the remote East we have intelligence of the greatly increased probability that the British army will speedily bring the Punjaub within the British dominions:



that a very strong effort will be made to evade the fulfillment of existing treaties with China, and thus retain the Island of Chusan; and generally of the gradual but certain and irresistible progress of the British domination over the whole of Central Asia. Persia seems to be tottering to its fall. With few exceptions, of which Tabriz, Teheran and Schiraz are the most prominent, all its cities have been almost depopulated. Even Ispahan, once the magnificent capital of this great kingdom, offers now little more than a mass of ruins. The government is in the hands of selfish tyrants, and the monarch Mohammed Schah is capable of few enjoyments except that of gluttony, and is not only reckless of the welfare of his subjects, but ignorant of everything pertaining to the duties of his high place. In intellect he is described as almost an idiot. The provinces are all impoverished; the influence which the Persian kings once had over the affairs of Central Asia has disappeared; and the kingdom is evidently in the last stages of its existence. An extensive conspiracy against the Grand Vizier has recently been detected at Teheran. Syria is still in commotion. Fresh engagements have taken place between the Christians and Turks, in which, so far as we can gather, the latter were successful. The Consuls of the Five Powers find great difficulty in agreeing upon a policy to be pursued, as each has particular political views of his own which can only be advanced through encroachments upon the others.

Of Scientific and Literary matters we have not much to say. Great interest has been excited by the discovery of a new Planet in our solar system. It was observed at Berlin, on the 14th of December, by Mr. Hencke, and by Professor Schumacher, at Altona, subsequently. It belongs to the family of the four small planets, or asteroids, and has been named *Astræa* by Mr. Hencke. Mr. South, of the English Observatory at Kensington, has published several communications upon the subject in the London Times, in one of which we find the following elements of the new planet, as given in a letter from Schumacher from observations by Mr. Hencke: "Epoch of mean latitude, 1846, Jan. 0, at 0 hour, 89 degrees, 32 minutes, 12 seconds 1-10th; longitude of perihelion 214 degrees, 53 minutes, 7 seconds; longitude of ascending node, 119 degrees, 44 minutes, 37 seconds 5-10ths; inclination, 7 degrees, 42 minutes, 8 seconds 4-10ths; eccentricity, 0,207993; logarithm of semi-axis major, 0,42144; daily mean motion in longitude, 827 seconds 65-100th; periodic time, 1565 days."

The phenomena of Magnetism are attracting great attention in England, and Mr. Robert Hunt, who has been for some

time engaged in experiments upon the subject, has published some curious results which he has attained. By placing a glass trough on the poles of a powerful magnet, and filling it with any fluid from which a precipitate is slowly forming, it is found that the precipitate arranges itself in the magnetic curves. Crystallization, taking place under the same circumstances, exhibits also the influence of magnetism on the molecular arrangements. This influence, so far as appears from Mr. Hunt's experiments, is universal.

Accounts of the British Polar Expedition, under Sir John Franklin, have been received up to the 10th of August. The ships were then on the north coast of Greenland, where they intended to winter.

A voluminous and very interesting correspondence has recently been published, between the illustrious Cuvier and his intimate friend Pfaff. It is said to embrace not only scientific subjects but literature, politics and the occasional topics of the day. A collection of letters, addressed by D'Alembert, to the great Swedish chemist, George Brandt, has also been discovered at Stockholm.

Great interest has been excited by the discovery of a manuscript history of the French Revolution, by the illustrious Niebuhr. It is passing through the press under the supervision of a son of the historian.

A German artist, Herr Kœnig, has commenced a series of designs, intended to illustrate the Life of Luther and the history of the Reformation. He is a devoted admirer of the great Reformer, and has studied each event of his eventful history with the utmost enthusiasm. The designs are to be about forty in number, and are described, by those who have seen them, to be most beautifully composed.

The celebrated astronomer, Bessel, was dangerously ill at Königsberg, at the latest dates.

The religious reformation of Ronge seems to have been for a time at least checked, by his quarrel with Czerski. The two have separated, and the followers of the latter, who are comparatively few in number, have drawn up a petition to the King, in which they profess their adherence to the apostolic creed, and complain of the confession of Leipzig as mere human tradition and unsound. They pray to be recognized under the title of the "Christian and Apostolic Catholic Communion." A curious illustration of the tyranny, and the cowardly compromise between toleration and persecution, which prevail in Prussia, has grown out of this religious movement. It seems that a distinguished geographer, Herr Løwenberg, had prepared a map of the Religions and Confessions of the Prussian monarchy—its pur-



pose being to exhibit the progress of Ronge's church. He did this, by designating the religions of the various localities by various devices, such as mitres, crosses, &c., &c. To secure himself against persecution he applied to several censors of the capital, who decided that the map was not subject to censorship. He took the precaution to appeal to the High Court of Censorship, which confirmed the judgment, so far as his maps were concerned. He accordingly published them, and sold an immense edition. Another censor, however, entered a complaint against Herr Læwenberg himself, and another against the High Court of Censorship, by which his publication had been permitted. Both cases remain to be tried.

A series of paintings, of the time of Henry VIII., has been discovered upon the end of Carpenter's Hall, in London. It has been examined by a committee of artists, and measures have been taken to preserve it. The painting is almost three feet in depth, and extends the entire width of the wall. It is divided into four subjects, all bearing allusion to the craft of carpenters. The first represents God ordering Noah to build the ark, and the consequent progress of the work. The second is a group of figures with a regal personage enthroned, who bears a remarkable resemblance to Henry VIII.! An inscription states, that the picture is intended for King Josias ordering the money collected in the temple to be delivered to the carpenters for repairing the building. The third exhibits Joseph at work at his trade; Mary is seated beside him busily engaged in spinning, and the child Jesus, with a halo round his head, is picking up the chips and putting them into a basket. The fourth subject is Jesus teaching in the temple. These paint-

ings are executed in distemper, and are said to be an excellent illustration of this art in the time of their execution.

Of new publications in England, there have been few worthy of special notice. Southey's posthumous poem, *Oliver Newman*, is in press in this city, and will probably be before the public before our magazine has been issued. The hero is a son of one of the regicides who fled from England after the accession of Charles II., and the scene of the Poem is laid in this country. We notice among our foreign papers a remark made by a person, who has been favored with a perusal of Wordsworth's great poem, the *Recluse*, of which the *Excursion* is a part, that it abounds in personal allusions to eminent British Statesmen of the time of the French Revolution, of the utmost bitterness. It is suggested that this may have been one among the reasons which have combined to delay its publication so long. Dickens' *Italian Sketches*, it is said, are to be first published in the *Daily News*, the new paper of which he is to be the literary editor. The first number was to be issued on the 21st of January.

We have before us a great amount of valuable and interesting matter for our *Miscellany*, in the reports of the doings of the Paris Academy of Sciences, those of the various British scientific, literary and artistic associations, and in the literary journals of England and the Continent. A lack of space, however, compels us for the present to lay them aside, and to close this hasty and inadequate summary. Hereafter, we shall endeavor to make this department a more complete and satisfactory rehearsal of the various matters of interest, in all departments of thought, of speech and of action, which may reach us from foreign lands.

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

### HART'S BUST OF CLAY.

IT was said by an acute and brilliant man here at the North, several years since, "that American Art must come out of the great West." Now, what renders this worth quoting at all is the fact that it had been said before Powers was known. It would look like being owlishly oracular upon a "foregone conclusion," to expatiate now, with pretension to originality, upon such an assertion, since Clevenger had first

surprised men into the suspicion that this would prove true, and the world-renown of Powers has left no room for doubt. We can *all* see now why it *should* be so, naturally enough. We have to be reminded some two or three times a century that true Genius does not and cannot grow in hot-houses. That masterful and concentrated quiet of energy necessary to make itself *felt*, like an unheard volcano, in the shaking of its times, must have large, healthful lungs, which do not often grow



so amidst the cutting dust of Resort. Its strength comes to it unconsciously, as it does to Nature's sublimest creatures out of the repose of her elements. The same solitudes of air, sun, dews and storms in which the thews of the oak have grown knotted through its century-shading arms, are favorable to the formative period of the Creative Power. Amid her grand objects and fresh life, Genius assumes that individuality, those garments of strength, the world is to know it by through all time. When it is thus fully clothed, the period for its ACTION has come, and it goes forth—no matter from or through what obscurity—it must make itself recognized. There are some everywhere with the prophetic vision and the open hand, who are not slow to help. The law and necessity of action in it is to ascend. Its mission has to be expressed.

“And what if Art, an ardent intercessor,  
Diving on fiery wings to Nature's throne,  
Checks the great Mother, stooping to caress her,  
And cries, Give me, thy child, Dominion?”

Dominion is its right, which it *will* have if it be true to itself. Healthy strength is resistless. *Diseased* strength may be expected to defeat its own purposes. However sublime its wings, they are not oiled; and when the rains come, it sinks floundering.

We could hardly avoid such a course of thought in this connection. We have been strongly impressed with the image, that from the mighty shadows of our remote and vast interior, beneath which such countless throngs of hardy, daring Life are moving, there must come forth many a quick-eyed Shape—large-boned and large-hearted—whose tread the age will feel! They will come redolent of their native airs—rude but intense—the physical embodiments of that yet clouded but magnificent Force which is to constitute our National Character. And as they come, if they be true Expressions, let us welcome them—no matter from what source—into the light. We *must* shake off from our thews and nerves the venom of that Trans-Atlantic taunt that we are unoriginal in our Literature and imitative in our Art! That we can and shall do this has been already significantly intimated from various quarters in our science and literature, and is beginning to be even more so in our Art. The respect for Art, and a feeling that its encouragement among us is necessary to our self-respect in view of our reputation and recognition among nations, we are pleased to see, is becoming every day developed with more emphasis.

An Association of Ladies (Heaven bless, as it kindled them!) has determined to embody in monumental expression the indignant sense of the injustice done by his

country to one of her greatest statesmen, and the glory conferred by him upon his countrymen! This Association has, in characteristic good taste, selected as the Artist who is to crown their enduring dedication with the statue of Mr. Clay, the Sculptor who has executed the only *true* bust of him in existence, and who is in addition from his own State. Hart's bust of Clay has surprised connoisseurs in many respects. There is not only a remarkably minute and it would seem at first painfully skillful elaboration of the slightest and most delicate play of his (at present) attenuated muscles, but you are surprised to find united with this the daring and dashing vigor of *general* effect which could alone express the *ensemble* of his powerful character. Though to some degree acquainted personally with the chivalric Hero of modern statesmanship, we were not prepared to realize how fully the cool but keen-glittering spirit of the man shone through his *physique*, until we had studied this white, dumb articulation. Nor did we feel a less yearning, intense interest in the artist who had produced this magical work, when we learned that he came from that region of remote massive shadows we have mentioned; and that, too, it was beneath the deepest obscurations of a poverty and ignorance unusual even there—with no other light than that which came down upon him, self-attracted, out of Heaven—he had toiled patiently and unsmiled upon. That still, small light, though, has been sufficient to guide his boyish leanings towards Plastic Art, through the rude brown forms of squirrel, bird and horse in clay, up to this blanchéd sublimation in the pure Parian stone. We congratulate the country that such a man has been already so significantly rewarded, and hope, as we believe, that the doubting critical sneer which prevails with regard to him and his work—that so far he has exhibited rather the *Imitative* than the *Creative* faculty—will be thrown off triumphantly by the success of the greater work in contemplation.

*The Life of Mozart, including his Correspondence.* By EDWARD HOLMES, author of a “Ramble among the Musicians of Germany.” New York: HARPER & BROTHERS, 82 Cliffstreet. 1845.

THE character of Mozart is one of the most remarkable of modern history. In some respects, it is the absolute anomaly of all times. Nature seems, in this case, to have taken a mischievous delight in setting at naught all those signs she herself had accustomed the nations to regard as peculiarly marking the idiosyncrasies of Genius. In the first place, his person was very insignificant—failing utterly to express that harmonious symmetry of the physical with the spiritual, which has usually characterized the unity of power—such as



was exhibited in the *physique* of the classic sages—in that of Shakspeare, Milton, Göthe, Schiller, Alfieri, Napoleon, Shelley, &c., as well as that of Christ—if the institution of such a comparison be not irreverent. In proof of this we quote from his biographer.

“He was sensitive with regard to his figure, and was annoyed when he heard that the Prussian ambassador had said to some one, ‘You must not estimate the genius of Mozart by the insignificance of his exterior.’”

Then, again, he was what is called a precocious Genius—a sort of inconsequential phenomenon, become proverbial for its “hollow promise.” At the age of four, he composed little pieces which his father wrote down for him; at six, he composed and wrote a concerto, with a full score of accompaniments. Besides performing on any instrument presented, with perfect ease and readiness, the most difficult compositions of the masters, yet, contrary to all such instances, before or since, his after life was a consistent development of this amazing promise; and the Mozart, in the glory and fullness of his matured Genius, as the great composer, was, and could only have been the healthy and natural growth upon Mozart—the infant prodigy—the pet and marvel of all the kings and courts of Europe! Then, again, all our “precedents” are confounded and set at naught by another peculiarity, even more at variance than these with all we had thought and known, as characterizing the bearing of the Creative man, concerning whom we have been involuntarily accustomed to think, with Keats, as of one “Who ponders high and deep, and in whose face

We see astonished that severe content  
Which comes of thought and musing.”

Mozart is represented as exceedingly inexpressible and volatile—a very embodiment of the spirit of Unrest, with quicksilver in his veins—one of those who

“Renage, affirm and turn their halcyon beaks

With every gale, and vary——”

of humor and accident. This must have been the case to even a ludicrous degree—reminding his friends rather of “the silly ducking observant,” than of the powerful Genius.

“Mozart, when he washed his hands in the morning, could never remain quiet, but traversed his chamber, knocking one heel against the other, immersed in thought. At table he would fasten the corners of his napkin, and, while drawing it backward and forward in his mouth, make grimaces, apparently ‘lost in meditation.’ Schlictegröll has observed that Mozart’s physiognomy was remarkable for its extreme mobility. The expression changed every moment. His body, also, was in perpetual motion; he was either playing with his hands, or beating the ground with his foot.”

These facts are more curious than unnatural. This exquisite, nervous susceptibility—this vivid and irritable sense of external effects, constituted the whole physical man a perfect instrument—each minutest fibre of all the delicate tissue of his frame, a living chord, vibrating tenderly to every motion of the outward life. Nature first made melody to his soul through all his senses; then it was reproduced by his pen, to harmonize the souls of others. Indeed, considering the whole life of Mozart, from his wonderful infancy, up through his gloomy, struggling, neglected manhood, to his mysterious and romantic death, it has left upon us an impression as of

“A wild and harmonized tune  
His spirit struck from all the beautiful.”

Poor Mozart! his was the pitiful, though common fate of Genius—suffering and neglected about in proportion to its superiority! By the way, there is a great deal of cant in the world about “neglected Genius,” with its crust and garret. It is a question with us, whether this asceticism of necessity, so much bemoaned, has not, in nine cases out of ten, been the “compulsion” on which Genius has risen to its highest accomplishments—“Power resting on its own right arm”—soon grows to love the luxury of repose! Starvation rouses the lazy, lumbering-looking pelican into the most graceful of “arrowy-winged fishers.” Yet, the case of Mozart was really a very hard one. His restless nature needed no compulsion; [here the other question arises—whether true Genius *ever* does?] but worked from a law and a necessity of its being; whether it would have been with the prolific intensity which filled out the immense catalogue of his labors, had the brutal and selfish courts whose patronage he sought, shown a more liberal appreciation, we think is doubtful! It is certain, though, that his most famous Opera, “*Il Don Giovanni*,” was composed under the exaltation of his glorious reception at Prague, by the enthusiastic Bohemians. With all its painful vicissitudes, his life was rendered beautiful by at least one charming passage—that of his long and affectionate intercourse with his great rival, Haydn, whom he styled his “Father in music,” and who, with equal magnanimity, pronounced him “the greatest composer in the world.” The biography is written by a profound connoisseur, “scholarly withal,” and in a neat and simple style.

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*Reports of Criminal Cases tried in the Municipal Court of the City of Boston, before PETER OXENBRIDGE THACHER, Judge of that Court, from 1823 to 1843. Edited by HORATIO WOODMAN, of the Suffolk Bar. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1845.*

Law books are usually so limited in their



nature and interest, except to members of the profession, that they seldom come properly under our notice. The volume before us, however, is an exception, in almost every particular, from this class of books. It extends over a period of twenty years, is the work of one hand, and many of the cases it contains excited intense interest at the time of their occurrence, and have a peculiar and abiding importance. As our courts are constituted, it seldom happens that a criminal tribunal has such an extensive jurisdiction as that of the Municipal Court of the city of Boston; and it is still more rare that a judge of the learning, ability and reputation of the late Judge Thacher presides over such a court so long. Nothing need be said by us of his conscientiousness and integrity in the administration of justice, or of his learning and capacity as a lawyer. His high character as a magistrate was not only known to the profession in New England, but his published charges to grand juries, and occasional reports of important cases tried before him, had made him known throughout the country. It is almost the only American work deserving the name and authority of a book of criminal reports; and it will help to supply the want which the profession has long felt of books of criminal precedents and authorities in the United States.

But it is the general interest and importance of the work to which we intended particularly to allude. It has been well said that no one can write the history of a nation without reading its statute books; and if these, which are sometimes the landmarks and again the petrifications of the genius of a people, are thus important, certainly the trials which arise under them are at once the gauge of the force of the statute, and eminently illustrative of the character and habits of a people. Statutes are often dead letters; and the frequency and results of trials tell us which of them the moral sense of a community keeps alive and stringent, and which, from loss of virtue or freedom from bigotry, it allows to lapse into desuetude.

This volume, extending over so long a period, and embracing such a variety of topics, is replete with local and historical interest. It illustrates New England morals, laws and life. It opens to us scenes where the passions or sympathies of a community noted for its "sober certainties" were aroused, which eloquence soothed or stimulated, and which judicial learning, firmness and impartiality disregarded or tempered to a deeper respect for the law and its ministers. There are some five important cases of libel, before and after the law admitting the truth in justification, in which the history and bearing of the law of libel are treated with great fullness and ability. The trial of *Abner Kneeland* for blasphemy, which excited

great attention throughout the country, is reported at length, and will be read with great interest. Among other important trials may be found those for conspiracy, dueling, forgery, perjury, counterfeiting, kidnapping, selling of lottery tickets and making false bank returns. The volume is large and beautifully printed.

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*Sketches of Modern Literature, and Eminent Literary Men.* By GEORGE GILFILLAN. From the Second Edition: Appleton's Miscellany.

This is a capital book. It is light, flowing, exceedingly readable, and displays a peculiar acuteness. Like remarks by another about persons with whom we ourselves have been familiar, we do not take all the writer's opinions for our own. He occasionally makes too much of his subject—elevates his Hero a few numerals too close to the "seventh Heaven"—of invention. We can readily perceive the source of this error, and as it is a virtue not very common to Biographical analysts, we can readily pardon it. He seems to be a sort of sketchy Admirable Crichton—in his singular faculty of assimilation, a perfect literary Chameleon. He projects himself so vividly and forcibly into the mind he depicts, that he seems to become literally unified with it. In the chapter on Carlyle, you find yourself suddenly involved in the subtle mazes, and amused and astounded by the rugged and flashing grotesquery, peculiar to the style of that writer. So, in talking of Landor, he adopts the grand sententious march of his Orphic delivery. The sombre force of the gloomy and ascetical Foster is assumed to depict himself—so with the rattling versatility of Brougham, the subdued humor of Lamb, &c. He handles the different intensities of this various thunder with the grasp and freedom of a master. In this view the book is quite a phenomenon—a literary curiosity. Of Jefferey, Brougham, and Macaulay, Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth and Campbell, Hazlitt, Wilson, Landor, Lockhart, Lamb and Carlyle—a gossiping and pleasant article might, and *may be* made from the materials furnished by this book of Gilfillan's; but we advise the reader to read for himself.

We shall also take another opportunity of expressing again at length the high estimate which the country ought to set upon "The Farmer's Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture." We cannot but think it well worth the fullest support of that greatest of our national interests.

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*Montezuma, the Last of the Aztecs: An Historical Romance on the Conquests of Mexico.* By EDWARD MATURIN.

A splendid theme, certainly, has here been selected—one little known and less



illustrated. The author deserves credit for his enterprise and industry. He has done what we could wish our American authors were more in the habit of doing—he has introduced his readers to what should be claimed by appropriation, as an exclusively American field—for, in a *Literary* sense, at least,

“The whole boundless continent is ours.”

The legendary and historical wealth of this entire hemisphere should be made ours by the bloodless conquest of the Pen. It is a duty we owe to our Literature, and each pioneer in a new field should be greeted with kindness. Mr. Maturin is a polite scholar, possessing great zeal and earnestness. We would suggest whether such capabilities and energies might not be successfully applied in bringing to light, through translations, many of those quaint old records of the Conquest, left behind by the Spanish monks, which would pleasantly illustrate those times of gorgeous romance and daring chivalric adventure. Such a work would be appreciated, and received with favor. Though we have the cream of most of them in Prescott's laborious work—yet there is an antiquated character and fullness in their gossiping details, which would be highly interesting. This romance is a pleasing one—though the style is overcharged and wants vigor.

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*Wordsworth, a Poem*, by WILLIAM WALLACE. New York: Huntington & Savage, 216 Pearl street.

We are pleased to perceive in the style and elegance of the little volume before us that the publishers have done their part not ungracefully in expressing the value of this fine poem, which, it will be remembered, appeared in our columns last month. In addition to the neatness of typography and beauty of externals, which do them great credit, they have embellished it with as good a portrait of the gray Seer of Winandermere as we remember to have seen. As for our contributor, we will let his poet-brother speak for us. Mr. Street, in an Albany Journal, says:

“Then succeeds a noble poem by William Wallace, entitled ‘Wordsworth.’ It purports to be a soliloquy of the ‘crowned Bard,’ upon whose tomb

‘The dust of four great worlds will fall  
And mingle—thither brought by Pilgrim's feet.’

This poem has the deep, solemn and majestic harmony of an organ. Its highly-gifted author stands in the front rank among the young poets of our country.”

*Appleton's Literary Miscellany. Life of Schiller*, by T. CARLYLE.

This volume and his life of Burns have been named by some of the admirers of Carlyle as his best books. The reason assigned for such preference is, that they were written in clear, smooth English, and before he had set himself to make our language bristle (monstrum horrendum) “with as many heads and horns as the beast in Daniel's vision!” We will not dispute tastes. The books are exceedingly good, unquestionably, and would make the reputation of half-a-dozen writers who come under the average of “scholarly and able,”—for they are “full as an egg is of meat;” but as contrasted with Sartor Resartus, the Lives of Mahommed, of Cromwell, &c., they remind us of

“The man's thought dark in the infant's brain,”

or of two pictures we once saw—one a Peasant's Child just learning to walk, and clinging to the Grand Dame's arm-chair to support its tottering steps; the other—the same Child—a hirsute Chamois Hunter, vaulting sublimely the deep rifts of Alpine crags, while avalanches thundered down loosened beneath his daring, heedless tread! To us this image is satisfactory. It fully expresses the extremes of difference. These rude salient points complained of are the spiritual features of the *man* Thomas Carlyle. Around their rough exalted pinnacles “the lightning of his being plays.” The quick illumination he throws down upon the “flattened earth” would not be *his* were it not glanced from these peaks and angles; neither would it so pierce and fire the darkened hearts or brains of men but that it were disjected *just as it is*. As an admirable book in itself, contrasted with other books of the sort, we like this one; but we think it is not to be regarded as the expression, more than remotely, of the present Carlyle—who, as the matured critic of Schiller, would have made a very different book.

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*American Journal of Science and Arts, Second Series. Conducted by PROF. SILLIMAN, B. SILLIMAN, JR., and JAMES D. DANA. New Haven, Conn.*

On the third page of our cover will be seen a prospectus of a new series of Silliman's Journal of Science. Of this work, for nearly thirty years the scientific periodical of the country, and of a European reputation, it is unnecessary to speak in terms of commendation. But we shall take occasion hereafter to speak at some length of the importance of such a work to the country. We hope, meanwhile, the new series will be largely subscribed to amongst the intelligent men of the community.



## NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

THE stated meeting of the New York Historical Society, for the month of January, 1846, was held on the first Tuesday of the month, at their Rooms in the New York University.

In the absence of the President, the Hon. L. Bradish, 1st Vice President, presided, assisted by the Rev. Thos. De Witt, 2d Vice President.

After the Society was called to order, a communication was read from Mr. Bigelow, the Recording Secretary, tendering his resignation of that office, which was accepted. Mr. A. Schell was appointed Secretary, *pro tem.*, and the minutes of the last meeting were read, corrected and approved.

This being the meeting at which the annual reports are presented to the Society, each came up in its order.

The reports of the Domestic and Foreign Corresponding Secretaries showed that the transactions of the Society were attracting attention both at home and abroad. They were approved and accepted; as was also the report of the Treasurer, which represented the finances of the Society to be in a prosperous condition.

The report of the Librarian gave a full and elaborate statement of the present condition of the Library, and the additions which have been made to it during the past year. The principal object of attention connected with the Library, during the year, has been the preparation of the Alphabetical Descriptive Catalogue, which is now completed according to the plan adopted; yet, as it embraces merely the books in actual use, it is recommended to defer printing it for the present, and during the ensuing year, to extend it to all the objects in the possession of the Society—manuscripts, maps, coins, pictures, and the cabinet generally.

Numerous additions have been made to the Library, both by donation and purchase. The purchases have been directed principally to the completion of the department of public and State papers, and the collection has now become one of the most perfect existing. The Legislatures of several of the States have appropriated to this Society documents published, or to be published by them, and it is suggested that the good offices of the corresponding members, residing at their several seats of government, be solicited to obtain and transmit them regularly to the Society. Documents have been received from Congress and the States of New York, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and North Carolina, and from the City of New York, and

sundry publications from Societies with which this Society is in correspondence.

Among the most valuable donations is the "Biographie Universelle," presented by Mr. H. Onderdonk, Jr., of Jamaica, L. I., making, with the supplement, 61 vols. Other donations are, a file of the Long Island Telegraph, and the Hempstead Inquirer, into which it was merged, presented by Mr. Thompson, of Long Island; a file of the New York Courier, for 1844, by Mr. T. D. Lowther; of the Evening Mirror, from its commencement, by the publishers; a complete file of the New York American, from its commencement to its discontinuance, by C. King, Esq.

There have been purchased various other newspapers—a file of the New York Gazette, from 1811 to 1835, which nearly completes the file from its commencement in 1725 to the date of its discontinuance; the Index to the "Moniteur Universel," in 2 vols. folio; and several rare documents to complete sets before imperfect.

Nearly 200 vols. of papers are now lying useless in the store room, for want of funds to bind them.

In the department of Maps and Charts, the Library has received an accession of unusual value. The collection of the De Witt maps was presented in the early part of the summer, but is now for the first time laid upon the table of the Society. The collection is entitled "Rough Drafts of Surveys, by Robt. Erskine, F. R. S., Geographer, U. S. A., and assistants, begun, A. D., 1778." It consists of one hundred surveys, most of them being in numerous parts, and fills 4 vols., atlas folio. The surveys cover a great portion of New York, western New England, New Jersey, and a part of Pennsylvania. Their Historical value may be imagined from their minuteness and accuracy—not only topography and measurements, but even the names of the residents on the various routes, being given. The donor is Mr. Richard Varick De Witt, the son of Simeon De Witt, and Mr. Erskine's successor as Geographer to the Continental Army, and afterwards Surveyor General of this State.

The other maps presented are, one by Mr. Gordon of N. J., which was also drawn by Mr. Erskine, and is, apparently, a compilation from the above surveys; one of the New York and New Hampshire grants, by Mr. F. De Peyster; two original surveys in this State in 1685, and a map entitled "copy of Lord Baltimore's own map, annexed to his agreement with the Penns, in 1732, with additions, showing a survey by Pennsylvania, in 1722," by Mr. G. W.



Ward, Jr., and is probably contemporaneous with the settlement in 1732 of the long-contested boundary question between Maryland and Pennsylvania; an old draft of Fort Herkimer, presented by C. A. Clinton, Esq.; a plan of Forts Montgomery and Clinton, presented by Wm. B. Crosby, Esq.; an atlas of the Mediterranean Islands, curiously illuminated, on parchment, of very ancient date, presented by E. C. Lester; two lithographic fac-similes of the maps of this province, discovered in the Netherlands, by Mr. Brodhead, and presented by him; charts of the Bay and Harbor of New York, pertaining to the government survey, presented by the Chamber of Commerce of this city.

Among the *manuscripts*, the Horsmanden papers, presented by Mr. H. Van Schaack of Manlius, N. Y., one of the corresponding members of the Society, deserve notice, and throw light upon some points of high interest in the history of this State, particularly the trial of John Peter Zenger; some original papers relating to the early history of New York, in the year 1689, consisting of an original letter, signed by Jacob Leisler, Abraham De Peyster, Col. Charles Lodowick, (a name illegible,) and Nicholas Wm. Stuyveysant, to agents in Europe, inclosing an address of the militia of this province to William III., and copies of several papers and affidavits relating to Leisler's business; a number of original letters from President Adams, and others to Samuel Osgood, presented by Mr. Field.

The lease of the rooms now occupied by the Library has been renewed; and in connection herewith, the Librarian particularly called the attention of the Society to the fact that its library and collections are constantly exposed to destruction by fire, and urged the importance of erecting a fire-proof building, for protection against a loss which would be irreparable; and further stated, what must strike every one as somewhat remarkable, viz: that the only bequest ever made to the society, was one of \$300, made by Mr. Josiah Thomas of Worcester, *Mass.*

The report was accepted, and referred to the Executive Committee, with power.

The Executive Committee, through their Chairman, Mr. P. M. Wetmore, made an able and interesting report of their action during the year, and by a brief and condensed analysis of the proceedings of the Society at each of its meetings, presented a clear outline of its operations for that period. The report was accepted, referred back to the Committee, and ordered to be printed.

The following gentlemen were elected members of the Society:

Corresponding Members: Right Reverend J. H. Hopkins, Burlington, Vt., Richard Bell, Esq.

Resident Members: S. C. Foster, J. E. Foley, E. M. Mason, J. Green, Dr. S. Sargent, H. P. Wilson, G. Robinson, J. Warren, and R. Winterhoff.

The thanks of the Society were voted to the Chamber of Commerce, for the map of the Bay and Harbor of New York; to Osgood Field, Esq., for the Osgood papers; to Dr. Morton, for his work on Craniology; and to the Librarian and the Executive Committee, for their interesting reports, and the faithful and efficient manner in which the duties of each had been performed.

On motion of Professor Robinson, it was "resolved that a committee of three be appointed to prepare and present a memorial to the Legislature, soliciting that the Secretary of State be authorized to continue and complete the Historical and Ethnological reconnaissance of the State, commenced under the late census, so as to embrace a full description of its antiquities, and whatever other proofs exist of its former occupancy by different races." H. R. Schoolcraft, Esq., Hon. J. W. Edmonds, and J. R. Brodhead, Esq., were appointed the committee by the chair.

On motion of Mr. Brodhead, "resolved, that it is expedient that gentlemen known to be interested in the cause of historical investigation, in the various counties of this State, be from time to time elected corresponding members of this Society."

The chair appointed the following gentlemen the Executive Committee for the ensuing year: P. M. Wetmore, E. C. Benedict, Rev. E. Robinson, D. D., H. R. Schoolcraft, F. De Peyster, J. R. Brodhead, and A. Schell.

The Society then balloted for officers for the ensuing year, when the following were unanimously chosen:

*For President,*

Hon. ALBERT GALLATIN, LL. D.

*For 1st Vice President,*

Hon. LUTHER BRADISH.

*For 2d Vice President,*

Rev. THOMAS DE WITT, D. D.

*For Foreign Corresponding Secretary,*  
JOHN R. BARTLETT.

*For Domestic Corresponding Secretary,*  
JOHN JAY.

*For Recording Secretary,*  
ANDREW WARNER.

*For Treasurer,*  
Rev. CYRUS MASON, D. D.

*For Librarian,*  
GEORGE GIBBS.

All reëlections, except the Recording Secretary, who was elected to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Bigelow.

Adjourned to the first Tuesday in February.







THE  
AMERICAN REVIEW:

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OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART AND SCIENCE.

VOL. III.

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MARCH, 1846.

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No. III.

THE ADMINISTRATION AND THE COUNTRY.

THE great difficulty in political, as in religious, polemics is to "be just and fear not"—whether in relation to one's own party or their opponents. It is not easy to withstand the pressure from around of the multitude that are always struggling to get the farthest possible in the advance; and many are seduced into extremity of argument, from the apparent strength, and credit for boldness, which extreme positions give to those who most eagerly occupy them. The numbers are great, moreover, of such as imagine that moderate views imply weakness of character, and that loud and positive assertions are indicative not only of power but of security—borrowing the old war-maxim, that half the effectiveness of a fortress lies in the formidable front it can be made to bear.

We have endeavored to show ourselves not of this class. From the commencement of this Review, we have sought to make it evident to the country, that—as in literature, and morals, and social interests, we are not the slaves of foregone conclusions, dependent on opinions forged before we were born, but are ready to entertain the possible necessities of change in the forms of thought—so in politics, we engage in no mere partisan warfare, but take our stand on high national questions, considerations of general and abiding importance, yielding ourselves, in the great

tide of human affairs, to the current of a wise and constitutional progress. Believing that the views of the Whig Party, in relation to the public interests, are mainly just, their movements honorable and salutary—that, as a body, they are conservative without binding themselves to the past, progressive without destroying—we have taken our stand unalterably with them. So doing, however, we have not held ourselves bound to see no good in any opinions or actions of our opponents. If their courses will really bear the tests of virtue and utility, it shall be sufficient to insure our regard. Acting otherwise, the Journal we have established with some care and labor were worthy of being despised to-day, and of sinking to-morrow.

We believe our readers will bear witness, that we have, in some good degree, followed out this course of calm and evenhanded justice. It was certainly in this spirit that the Oregon question was discussed in our last number. On that subject, indeed, it was less difficult to take such ground, since the Oregon controversy was a question purely national, in which, regarding the just maintenance of our rights, the views of the American people were nearly unanimous, and which should never have been dragged into the arena of party politics. For so attempting to monopolize it for future political ef-



fect, gambling with the common anxiety and interest of the country, the Administration, and especially the leaders of the party supporting it, were, in that argument, severely censured. And they were censured alone. For it cannot be pretended that the Whig party at the Baltimore convention, or at any time before or since, in Congress or out of Congress, made even an incipient movement towards employing this question for political purposes. And as little pretence can there be, that the Administration party did not so employ it. The whole country knows it to be the case, and many of the public journals in their own interest have borne witness to the fact. The war-speeches, also—valiant and seasonable—of ambitious orators and presidential aspirants, were somewhat distant from our approbation. But aside from these, we spoke, according to our convictions, of many things to be commended in the position of the Administration in this controversy—it being, in fact (after the renewed offer of the 49th degree) the position of the country. We especially commended the argument of the Secretary of State, which, on the question of original naked title, (apart from reasonable rights arising from circumstance) we held to be unanswerable. We supported that argument, particularly in relation to the Spanish title, by collateral reasonings against the sophistical attacks of the English press, and what we could not help considering the mistaken views of the venerable and learned ex-diplomatist, Albert Gallatin. Of the motives—the policy—of the Administration, in first assuming the exclusive claim, and, in the very next move, offering to yield four-ninths of it, we said nothing sincerely desiring that on a great national question, our government, of whatever party, should appear to stand well before the world.

Thus much, then, of justice, at that position of affairs. We are now disposed to exercise the attribute—“*lex summa moralium*”—still further. It is a quality, we are aware, less generally appreciated by them than mercy, notwithstanding that they stand in about equal need of the two. But we shall be rewarded in the exercise itself. We will even be liberal: we will endeavor to lay open the entire policy of the Party and its Executive, so that the whole country shall be able to admire.

To effect this satisfactorily, it will be necessary to refer to statements and positions employed in our arguments on

the question in the last number. We shall not dwell upon them, but simply advert to such as will serve to make the ground we are to assume thoroughly understood. We have, however, another object in view, and that is, to state some points for our title itself more clearly than was done in the former article.

We begin, then, with reiterating our opinion, that the argument of the Secretary of State respecting the superiority of the American claim, considered as an abstract title, based on the conventional admissions of international law, remains impregnable. We have seen no counter-statement in foreign journals even tending successfully to overthrow it. On this side of the Atlantic several arguments have been constructed against it—especially against the validity of the Spanish title—from well-informed and most able pens. These have, of course, come from the Whig side of politics. We do not regret it. It is well that the strong, inquiring and fearless minds of the Whig party should be divided on such a question. A corresponding phase of things has been seen on the opposite side. Many intelligent writers and journals belonging to the party in power, have taken the ground, that there are considerations naturally restricting our ultimate reasonable claim to the 49th parallel. This division has taken place on both sides, because men have felt that it is a national question, and ought to be lifted out of the mud and fog of partisan politics into an atmosphere where one can breathe with some freedom, and find that not all political illumination comes from one direction. Who could regret such a result? And if the division of Whig opinions on the subject has at all tended to this, we rejoice at it. In none of these arguments, however, has the American title been on the whole successfully invalidated. A skillful writer in the *North American Review*, following the able disquisition in the *Edinburgh*, attempted to show, that neither nation has a ground of claim sufficient to base a title of absolute possession to any part of Oregon, so that there can be nothing in the way of making between them any kind of partition of the territory. Now we are not disposed to deny that the conventional canons which nations have agreed upon respecting the territorial rights conferred by prior discovery and exploration, by contiguity, occupancy, and prescription, have, from the very first, been open (in the wide application



allowed them) to various objections. They were all, primarily, of slight foundation, vague, and unsatisfactory, as compared with the guaranties of individual rights by civil law, or in comparison with many other received international regulations. How far discovery of a coast could confer a right to the vast interior of a continent—to what distance the claim by first discovery and exploration of a river could extend beyond the head-waters of that river, or whether at all—what length of time must pass before a right of prior discovery is lost by neglect to occupy—what period of years, during which a claim put forth by a nation is not objected to, can give a title by prescription—to what extent occupancy at one point of a coast, or inland, can establish a right to contiguous portions of territory, and how far the general principle of contiguity gives a people possessing one unoccupied region a claim to other unoccupied regions beyond, no other title to which exists elsewhere—all these points were exceedingly undefined, and left to be determined very much by circumstance and sufferance. They were also, to some degree, contradictory. A claim resting on discovery and exploration of a line of coast might, in many cases, conflict with one reposed on discovery and exploration of a large river, whose course, either of the main stream or of its branches, should, at the distance of two or three hundred miles inland, run parallel with the coast. In other cases, sovereignty extending over a large region on the principle of contiguity, might encroach on territory claimed by a nation occupying some single point or two on a coast or river of that region.

Nor can it be denied, that all these conventional rules were laid down by Christian nations with a singular disregard to the fact, whether any savage tribes, or how populous, might for centuries have inhabited the coasts or river-valleys, islands, or continents, which they so coolly partitioned among themselves, as if the earth were not, on the whole, intended for all who live on it. There are not, indeed, forcible arguments wanting for the doctrine, that the law of progress—improvement—is the only law which the Human destinies can acknowledge; that savagery, therefore, must be subject to civilization, and the wilderness can be left for wild tribes to roam over no longer than till it is wanted for the uses of cultivated society. Still, we confess we should be glad to know at

what grade of barbarism the dividing line is to be drawn, across which the civilized foot cannot step upon an occupied soil as it had no owner. If the savages of North America, of Southern Africa, of New Zealand, of Australia, whose simple arts had not extended beyond the bow and arrow, the stone kettle, the feathered dress, and the tent of skins, could be subjected to English sway without hesitation and as a matter of course, why should English writers be troubled that the Spanish dominion was with like indifference and violence extended over the ancient empires of Mexico and Peru, whose inhabitants had attained to but certain forms of a sombre and barbaric civilization; or that the French are wetting the Desert with the blood of Abd-el-Kader's indomitable Arabs, because the Desert should be civilized; or that the Czar of Russia is sending his armies to make the half-cultivated mountaineers of Circassia acquainted with Russian refinement? Why should not the English Government, having subdued, with a due mixture of craft and carnage, all the provinces of Lower India, finish the bloody reduction of Nepaul among the mountains, and then advance, with the complaisance of a nation that is doing its duty, upon Mahometan Persia on the one hand, upon the spacious empires of heathen Burmah and Siam on the other, or commence a better order of things in Tartaric China? Or what should hinder the "Holy Alliance" from proceeding to their intended partitioning of Turkey, whose mosques, palaces, populous cities and manufactures do not quite redeem her from the reproach of barbarism? The Hottentots of the Cape of Good Hope are the lowest of mankind; one step above these are the ice-housing Esquimaux of Labrador and the Polar Sea; one step above these the miserable Root-diggers of the Pacific Coast; one or two removes from these, the hunting tribes of the Prairies and the Atlantic regions—tent-builders and planters of Maize; while all the Indian races of the North were considerably less advanced in modes of living than the Mobilian tribes formerly inhabiting along the Gulf:—if superior to these in knowledge and the arts of life, the Araucanians of Chili were yet inferior to the Peruvians and Mexicans; these to the inhabitants of India; these, in some respects, to the Chinese, who, also, on the whole, are decidedly less civilized than the Persians, the Turks, and the ancient Moors. Where, then



shall the dividing line be drawn? Shall it depend upon the amount of population, whether a people can consider as its own the territory it inhabits? But the confusion of lines here is greater than among degrees of barbarism. Some of the most savage tribes of American Indians were quite numerous, yet occupied a limited soil; others, in small and scattered bands, wandered over immense regions of wilderness. The Mexicans and Peruvians were populous nations, living in cities, and cultivating nearly all the country they possessed; while large portions of Turkey and Persia are nearly as destitute of inhabitants as were the wildest parts of North America: and India and China, again, are the most crowded countries of the Globe. Perhaps, then, to profess the Christian religion may entitle a government to overrun, despoil, and appropriate the territory and homes of a people whom Heaven has seen fit to leave a little longer in darkness!

But all such objections are nothing here. The original injustice, or defectiveness and uncertainty, of the conventional principles so long admitted by civilized nations, as pertaining to the discovery and occupation of new countries, it is quite too late now for them to regard in controversies among themselves. The laws which Christendom has laid down, Christendom, within itself, must abide by; unless, indeed, it is now thought well to abrogate the whole system, because that government which has taken advantage of its indefinite provisions seven times as often as any other, finds it possible, in a present case, to do better without it. But if these principles were ever fit to be employed, or are not now to be suddenly abrogated, we affirm that there has never been a case in which they could more clearly apply, than in the Oregon question. Every one of the received grounds of claim exists here, except legitimate occupancy. And they are found, on a just consideration, to be of unusual distinctness. Some one nation, it is clear, must have made the first discoveries on that coast; unless two had chanced to make the same or equal discoveries at the same time—which, we know, was not the case; and a title resting upon them, provided they were published to the world, must, it is equally evident, have belonged to that nation. That there is a claim by contiguity is manifest, since the dominions of the only claimants in the case border, conterminously, on the entire region of Oregon.

By treaty, also, between us and Spain, there is a ground of title of great importance, unless the validity of the Spanish claim, not only as exclusive, but as to any portion of that territory, can be entirely done away; and we showed, in our argument on this question, that Spain (if driven to such a reliance) could also advance a title by two centuries of prescription. To urge, then, that there is no title at all for any party—or other than the very feeble one “by contiguity”—is simply absurd, unless we choose to fling aside, for the occasion, all the principles of international law touching such questions.

We shall not repeat the evidences respecting the preponderance of claims on these grounds, between England and the United States. They were set forth at some length in our last number; and it was shown conclusively, we think, that nearly every point makes for the American right. It was shown that Spaniards first discovered the Pacific Ocean, in 1513; that as early as 1542 they had explored, by Governmental authority, the whole coast from Panama northward to the 41st, more probably to the 43d parallel, which is one degree within the actual limits of Oregon; that beyond the doubt of any intelligent student in geographical history, De Fuca, in 1592, discovered and sailed through the Straits, which have ever since borne his name, separating Vancouver's Island from the continent; that they had established settlements at several points, as high up as the shores of California; that though they occupied no part of the coast farther north, and made no additional explorations, for nearly two centuries, yet they constantly asserted a claim to regions northward, on the ground of contiguity of sea-coast to the parts already explored and occupied—which claim was never called in question, by other nations, in the way of practical denial, (as alone it could legitimately have been done,) no foreign vessel venturing forbidden traffic on those shores, nor even a foreign flag, during all this period, once entering those seas; that this long period of sufferance of an asserted claim gave them that title by *prescription* which they had lost by neglect to occupy; that, even throwing aside all these grounds of sovereignty in that region, the fact, that at the end of this long interval, the Spanish Government sent out three different expeditions, for the express purpose of exploring the whole northern coast—which expeditions



did explore, and make most important discoveries, as high up as the 58th parallel, three and four years before any English or other foreign vessel appeared on the coast at all—establishing for Spain a claim, certainly incontestible, unless the principle of right, by prior discovery, be utterly denied; and finally, that the Nootka Sound Treaty, ratified in 1792, (only seven years after these discoveries,) has not a single phrase or word, which can be construed into a relinquishment of the Spanish sovereign title; but simply concedes certain hunting and trading privileges—rigorously withheld before—with establishments, “settlements,” for that purpose, (that is, the *use of the country*;) the express terms being, that “the sovereignty shall be *in abeyance*,” thus plainly leaving that abstract title to be as valid, after any (reasonable) term of years, as it was before the Convention took place. This was the argument for our right through Spain, and we have not, as yet, seen any objections successfully invalidating it. Mr. Gallatin, indeed, in his recent able letters published in Washington, affirms that England did practically question and deny the exclusive Spanish claim to the Pacific Coast, by making the colonial charters which she granted, in the seventeenth century, along the Atlantic, extend across the continent to the “South Seas,” that is, to the Pacific Ocean. What a “practical questioning” was that! To stretch a vague pretension—on the vaguest of all principles, indefinite contiguity—for an unknown distance—across a continent of wilderness—three thousand miles of forests, rivers and mountains, utterly unexplored—to an unknown ocean, whose shores no vessel of hers had ever coasted, but where another nation had already planted settlements not many leagues below the point where the lowest of these grants would strike the coast, and had explored to a higher parallel (the 43d) than would bound the highest! The granting of those indefinite charters is, in fact, among the most absurd things in all history. It is only to be compared, in ridiculousness, with the pope’s bull, which has been so much ridiculed, and, in truth, bears a strong likeness to it. Nor is it of any more account, that Queen Elizabeth declared to the Spanish ambassador, Men-

doza,\* that “this imaginary propriety [sovereignty] could not hinder other princes from transporting colonies into those parts where the Spaniards inhabit not, forasmuch as prescription without possession is little worth.” These things are mere forms, words. The question is, why, for two hundred and fifty years, vessels were not sent into those seas? colonies planted? legitimate ascendancy made to take the place of tenantless sovereignty? This would have been a practical denial of exclusive claim, amounting to something. Is it said, that the establishment of Meares, at Nootka Sound, 1788,† was an attempt to do this? or is to be looked upon as virtually doing it? But this came too late to be legitimate. To say nothing of the title by prescription, which so long sufferance had now perfected, Spain, we repeat, had just completed such important discoveries along the whole coast, (prior to any made by England,) as in themselves gave her a new and perfect title. We cannot, indeed, repress our surprise, that this, the most important point of all, should be so constantly and willfully overlooked by the assailers of that title. We again assert, that if a claim by prior discoveries be not worthless, the three distinct explorations of Perez, Heceta and Bodega, surveying many parts of the coast, from California to the 58th parallel, in the years 1774, 1775—Cook arriving there in 1778—established for Spain a claim which cannot be overturned; and that England appears to us, in that controversy, to have been utterly in the wrong. It was her power, and Spain’s weakness, which made that dispute end as it did. England is often magnanimous; but she has never refused to extend her dominion—most of all, her commerce; and the most ambitious and grasping of all her ministers, William Pitt, was then at the head of affairs. It is simply asked, what would Great Britain have done, had she been in Spain’s place? The answer needs not to be intimidated.

One other point has been raised. It is urged (in the Edinburgh Review and elsewhere) that the Spanish title, when made over to us by treaty, in 1819, had then become invalidated by “non-user,” or neglect to occupy. We see not how this can be. It must of course depend

\* Campden’s Elizabeth, year 1583.

† In the article last month, we made the mistake, p. 126, of assigning 1778, as the date of Meare’s establishment, reading 78 instead of 88.



on the length of time necessary to destroy an original title by non-occupation. Now the only date to be reckoned from is, necessarily, that of the Nootka Treaty (1792) when the rights of Spain were put forth by her, and to some extent admitted by England. But in 1815 we began to negotiate with Spain for her title—pending which transaction, of course, she would abstain from settling the coast. Are twenty-three years time enough for a nation to lose all hold on a valuable territory, because not choosing for a while to settle it? Surely not. And especially not in this case; since, by that treaty, no settlements by the English in the mean time could confer any territorial rights on them—and still more, because that period of twenty-three years was more confused and turbulent, more filled with mighty and terrible wars, hindering all the arts and occupations of peace, than almost any period of the world's history.

As to the claim in our own right, by discovery and exploration of the Columbia River, it is most evident to every one that we have strong grounds here for holding a part of Oregon, whether the Spanish title be worth anything or not. To declare the former of no avail because we assert the latter, is undoubtedly preposterous: if left as our only ground—in which case alone, however, could it be urged to its full value—it would justly give us as high, at least, as the 49th degree and De Fuca's Straits. The facts and arguments on these points are so plain, they need not be enumerated.

We have reiterated this full corroboration of Mr. Buchanan's general statement—with a purpose. We are unwilling, for one, that the country should in any degree discredit the broadest title which, on abstract grounds, under the law of nations, can justly be made out for us. If there are just grounds of title to be urged by the opposing claimant under the same received law of nations; if there are other considerations in their favor—not under that law, but under a far better one, the law of reasonable right—which unquestionably there are, and which we, with our new institutions, new thoughts, new policy, are peculiarly the people to acknowledge;—let these things, in any practical disposition of the question, be *carefully* weighed, *liberally* allowed—but let us not fail to place on record before the world the original preponderance of the grounds of our claim.

But the chief reason at present in thus

justifying and strengthening the abstract argument of the Honorable Secretary of State and the Administration, is to show the greater height of the position from which they have fallen!

More closely to observe the exact nature of that position, we will state succinctly the actual rights of England, also, in the Oregon region. If our previous arguments have been correct, she has very little to urge of abstract, positive claims—very few original grounds of title to the soil—corresponding to those which the Americans unquestionably possess. She has none by *occupancy*, since the Nootka compromise (as already often remarked) conferred merely privileges of trade and hunting, with “settlements,” that is, *posts*; for that purpose—such as the Fur Company have had there ever since—but left “the sovereignty in *abeyance*.” She has none by *treaty*, since that same Nootka compromise was the only treaty she ever made touching that region—except the repeated conventions of joint occupancy entered into with us, which, of course, left the “sovereignty” just where it was before. That she should have any by *prescription*, is necessarily out of the case, since her earliest knowledge of the country dates only from Cook's voyage to that coast, in 1778. Her sources of title must, then, be reduced to two—*contiguity and discovery*. The former she can allege, because her Canadian territory stretches west to the Rocky Mountains, and therefore lies over against a portion of Oregon—that part, namely, above the 49th degree, as that parallel was the boundary agreed upon with Great Britain, in 1818, between our territory and hers, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Chain. This claim is, indeed, of less value than our own below the 49th degree, since the nearest settlement in Canada is a thousand miles farther from Oregon than are our western frontiers, and the necessary and consequent force of this ground of claim is always affected by the greater or less proximity of a nation's inhabited soil to the region in dispute. It must, also, meet the force of the Spanish title, which, if valid, covers the whole coast, and extending inland, would reasonably reach back to the Rocky Mountains. But this opposition of claims does not hinder *each* from having its force under the law of nations—for, as we remarked above, the conventional principles of that law were from the first indefinite and contradictory, so that a claim by contiguity must often



conflict with another based on discovery. Here, then—a point to which we did not allow sufficient weight in our former article—England has, if not a preponderant claim, yet a reasonable consideration in her favor, which we cannot disregard, and which, in fact, we tacitly allowed in offering, as early as 1818, to let the same boundary of the 49th degree continue over the mountains down to the Pacific. Great Britain, however, has a counter claim to the Spanish title, in the north of Oregon, superior to this. She discovered, explored, and occupied with trading-posts, (before any American had been in that quarter,) the second great river of Oregon—Frazer's River—which runs from above the 54th degree southward about to the 49th degree, thus traversing nearly the whole of that region which so many other circumstances seem to have conspired to allow her. Undoubtedly, this claim, too, must meet the Spanish title, which, if valid, would certainly extend to the distance of two or three hundred miles inland, and would thus cover the whole of the section traversed by that river. Still, it cannot reasonably be left out of the account—especially as Spain never set a foot in the interior, from California to the 54th degree. It might, perhaps, almost be called a case of the conflict of those indeterminate principles allowed to govern such questions, (although the discovery of the coast was prior by some years to that of the river;) and all such cases furnish plain grounds for compromise. At any rate, to quote from our former article: "As the discovery and exploration of the Columbia must be, in the eyes of other nations, and of England herself, a most important 'consideration' in our favor, supporting the exclusive Spanish title when assailed by England, so her discovery of Frazer's River is a just 'consideration' in her favor, against that title, as urged by us."

But these absolute grounds of counter-claim are not those on which this nation should most readily concede to England a part of Oregon. By no legitimate colonization, indeed, but by a guaranteed sufferance and privilege—determined in solemn treaty, before we owned the title—British subjects have been in undisturbed possession of all the northern part for a period of forty years, and have, in that time, established lines of trade, hunting-interests, and various rights of property, that cannot be overlooked. What touches us more nearly—

we have, ourselves, since acquiring that supposed exclusive title, admitted the same arrangement, leaving them joint tenants with us, with privileges of trade and settlement co-equal with our own; we have, at three different times, renewed that arrangement; we have, ourselves, again and again, for more than a quarter of a century, negotiated with England, to ascertain and settle conflicting rights—thus tacitly acknowledging that she has rights; and we have made three offers to compromise, by a line that would leave her four ninths of the whole territory.

We come now to the Administration.—Mr. Buchanan undoubtedly saw the force of these circumstances on the British side. He virtually acknowledged them, indeed, by renewing the offer of a division of claims—or "compromise," as he prefers to call it—by the 49th parallel. As a lawyer and a politician, however—still more, as a diplomatist—he, of course, felt himself compelled, not only to say nothing about them of his own accord, but to show that they had no existence! And it will be confessed, that partly from the stronger position on the American side of the question, partly from his creditable powers of reasoning, his argument was superior to any ever constructed on the part of England. We make no question, that—accompanied, as it was, with the evidence of a renewed proposal from us, to yield her a large portion of the country in dispute—the correspondence must have favorably impressed the European mind, not only with the preponderance of our claim, but with the liberality of our government. This impression must have been deepened by the additional fact, that the British Minister had rejected that offer, without even a reference to his government. Thus, then, the Administration and the country stood most favorably before the world on this question. With some unnecessary loudness of tone, at first, our government had yet committed no false step—had managed all by exposition and argument—had excelled the opposing government in controversy—had equaled it in concession—had even succeeded in placing its accredited agent in the wrong. How have they maintained this position? A question which we would not seek to answer, but for a purpose above personal or party spleen.

It is unquestionable, as all have felt, that Mr. Pakenham, in summarily rejecting the offer referred to, deserved all



the blame which Sir Robert Peel, in terms the more severe for their measured courtesy, has bestowed upon him. It is also evident that our government was right, under such circumstances, in withdrawing that offer: it was due to our national honor to do so. But the next movement was to be made by Great Britain. Accordingly, we find, from Sir Robert's speech, that the British Government, unable to make Mr. Buchanan's offer the basis of a new proposal of compromise on their part—as that offer had never been transmitted to them—and naturally unwilling to proceed without knowing what it was, yet anxious at once to settle a disastrous dispute, embraced the only alternative, and renewed a former proposal to arbitrate. This, the Administration peremptorily refuse. Why? From spleen, because the British Minister had as hastily rejected theirs? We will absolve even Mr. Polk from an impulse so childish. Besides, other reasons were given, which—it is highly proper to consider!

Mr. Pakenham commences this second correspondence, with regretting, for his government, the failure of so many efforts to effect a friendly settlement by negotiation—that from such a mode great advantages would doubtless have resulted to both parties—that, as it is, the most prudent, perhaps the only step, is to “refer the whole question of an equitable division of that territory, to an arbitration of some friendly sovereign or State”—that this step, it was hoped, would be viewed as a proof of the confidence of England in the justice of her claim, yet of her readiness to incur the risk of a great sacrifice, for the preservation of peace—and that the proposal was “made in a spirit of moderation and fairness, of which the world would judge.” Mr. Buchanan, in reply, objects that the British Government, in proposing to refer to arbitration the “equitable division,” that is, a *partition*, of Oregon, “assumed the fact, that the title of Great Britain to a portion of the territory is valid; and thus take for granted the very question in dispute.” The title—the bare title alone should be referred. The proposition is accordingly rejected.

Now the objection to this “objection” is, that it was quite *too legal*. Mr. Buchanan has not forgotten the bar: he cannot fail to be guarded and finical; he remembers that it is a lawyer's maxim to “go for the *whole* and get what you can.” He was willing, therefore, to put forward a mere technical obstruction, neglecting

the spirit of reasonable right in the matter—which is one of the greatest possible errors in a wise diplomacy. It was not, in fact, at all necessary for him to understand the term “equitable division,” in the alarming light of asserting an original inherent title under the “law of nations”—a prior sovereignty in the soil. No one has contended more strenuously than ourselves for the superior validity—abstractly considered—of the Spanish-American claim. But that claim, as we have shewn, is hampered with incumbrances, many of which our own government has from time to time helped to heap upon it. It is met by various “circumstances,” “considerations,” even partial counter-claims, advanced under the same loose rules that apply to itself; and it is on these grounds, we assert, that *some* sort of division of that country between us and England is “equitable”—or, in lieu of this, that the “reasonable rights” which have grown up there, in various ways, should be *bought out*. The Hon. Secretary knew no better then, than he had known before, that Great Britain does claim a superior title to parts of Oregon; he knew, too, that, on the grounds above named, we have ourselves for more than a quarter of a century been disputing, negotiating, making offers and counter-offers—all referring to a division of that same territory—the last of which offers came from his own hands; he knew, therefore, in whatever form the question should come before an arbitrator—as naked title or terms of partition—these considerations would guide the decision to the same result, granting a “division”—“equitable,” it should be hoped, thus presenting the very phrase he objects to! Why did he not, then, accept the proposal at once, like a man whose logic is not too keen for his common sense?

As it is not to be expected, however, that the lawyer should be entirely lost in the Secretary of State, we would not find fault with this “nicety of eye,” were it not manifest that he raised the objection merely as a cover. To satisfy Mr. Buchanan's “legal scruples,” the British Minister offered in reply, just what Mr. Buchanan had indicated. He offered to refer the question, not of partition, but of title; the arbitrator, however,—in case of finding neither possessed of a perfect title to the whole—was to make a division “according to the just claims of each.” He suggests, moreover, that the reference might be made—not necessarily to a



government or crowned head, but to "a mixed commission, with an umpire appointed by common consent"—or to "a board, composed of the most distinguished civilians and jurists of the time." To this noble proposition—the noblest which one nation could offer and another receive—one of the noblest, we may say, ever made in any age—what is Mr. Buchanan's reply? In that answer, we most painfully feel, he has not only not assumed the wise diplomatist—he has not even preserved the right-minded lawyer. It is an unexpected, unnecessary quibble, annexing a condition utterly unworthy in its origin and character, and useless in its results. This offer, says our Secretary, is exposed to the same "objection in point of fact, if not in form," which lay against the last. For if the arbitrator finds neither party possessing a complete title to the whole, he shall assign to each a portion according to their seeming claims, which "might, and probably would, be construed into an *intimation*, if not a *direct invitation* to the arbitrator, to *divide the territory between the parties*." "The title, and the title alone, can be submitted." Arbitrators are "naturally desirous to please both parties"—"make a compromising award," &c. The proposal is accordingly rejected.

Surely this is the absurdest mockery. *Invitation to divide the territory!* Do we then really design to have the whole? Have we for a quarter of a century been pretending to negotiate, to compromise, as a mere cover to an ultimate purpose? throwing up straw to see how strong the wind is? making a smoke instead of a "council-fire?" And is it now the time to accomplish that purpose? Did Mr. Buchanan ever dream, that we could get the whole of Oregon by *any* management? Has he once imagined, that England does not believe in her claim? Past negotiations have failed:—does he yet hope to get the entire region by a skillful diplomacy?—carefully to force it away from her?—to soothe her into a soft relinquishment? Does he suppose, moreover—does any reasoning man in this country, or in all Christendom, suppose, that any arbitrator or arbitrators, would, or should under the circumstances, do otherwise than award some kind of division of claims, or an equivalent for relinquished rights? What, then, does he hope for? What would he have?—War?—If he wishes not this flagrant alternative, does he fear in arbitration some *sacrifice*, not to be thought of? This he intimates

at the end. Weak, pusillanimous, as it is, it stands the only colorable reason given. But it is utterly insufficient. "The United States hold the best title in existence to the *whole*." The President, therefore, "cannot consent to jeopard for his country *all* the great interests involved"—"cannot deprive the Republic of *all the good harbors* on the coast." Patriotic man! He had already offered to give up half of them! Could he have any reason to complain, if arbitration took away the same extent?—Or, can he pretend to see the danger of losing more than that? Certainly, for him or the Republic to fear such a result is equally preposterous, undignified, and unjust. If our claims are, on the whole, so strongly based, as Mr. Buchanan thinks them to be, as nearly the whole country is persuaded they are, how shall we insult Christendom with the doubt—asserted, implied, or thought—that there is no Christian nation, nor any number of civil and judicial characters, in her limits, who would see the grounds of such claims, and do us justice?

And how would submitting "the title, and the title alone," advance the settlement of difficulties a single step? Were it to be decided that we had an abstract title, paramount, to the whole, we should still be forced to negotiate with Great Britain respecting those circumstantial rights which have grown up in that region through a period of forty years. We should only have submitted to long uncertainty and delay, to find ourselves at the end in practically the same position as before.

We have a higher idea, than most persons seem to entertain, of the value of the Oregon territory and the Pacific harbors. Lying between the vast interior of this continent and Asia, that coast and its harbors hold a most important relation to the rest of North America. We know, too, that the most valuable harbors on the whole coast of Oregon,—and among the finest waters in the world—are in De Fuca's Straits, near the 49th°. We confess, moreover, we should greatly prefer, with Mr. Pakenham, that this controversy had been settled by negotiation, for it is really a disgrace that two such nations should have negotiated so many years with "assurances of distinguished consideration," yet come to no definite conclusion on the matter. But this method so constantly failing, all considerations pointed to arbitration—an alternative always honorable in cases that



can be litigated at all, and always acceptable to those who have not from the first determined to have "the whole." Nothing, we are persuaded, could throw half so much doubt, in the minds of other nations, upon both the justice of our claims and our honesty, as this refusal to arbitrate; and as to the probable result of that procedure, we make no question that the boundary awarded would have been that which all circumstances point out as the most reasonable and the only one—that which we have ourselves four times offered—the 49th parallel, deflected to the south at De Fuca's Straits, so as to pass through the middle of those splendid waters, leaving the most ample harbors on both sides.

But there is another and a higher reason than anything of profit, or loss, or common honor, personal to this country, why we could have wished that proposition had been accepted. "A mixed commission of jurists and civilians, with an umpire"—from different countries—to settle such difficulties as have always heretofore engaged nations in war! What a precedent! What an epoch might thus have been created! What an example would it have been to all time of the wisdom which *might* govern the world! For our own part, we could have been willing to have yielded up even the harbors of De Fuca's straits—we had almost said the whole of Oregon. And this proposition came from a British statesman, and was rejected by an American!

"*Historiæ decus est,*" (says Lord Bacon, in his treatise *De aug. scien.*, "concerning the advancement of knowledge,") "*et quasi anima, ut cum eventis causæ copulantur*:"—It is the ornament, and as it were the soul of history, that with results causes are connected." We will endeavor, on this hint, to inquire out the reason of a movement for which *no reason* has been given.

When the new Administration entered upon office, many of the old questions were at rest or had mainly lost their availability for party effect. They dared not, just then, contemplate any material change in the Tariff, by a false avowal, of which in many parts of the country they had been raised to power. The Texas controversy was to all practical intents settled. The only question of public interest sufficient to create a general excitement and give a chance to strengthen party lines, was the Oregon dispute. It had been instinctively felt

by demagogues, for some time—as vultures sailing against the wind smell carrion at a great distance—that there would prove to be a vast amount of political capital inherent in that question, under some form. The only thing wanted was a way to make it available—for which the Democracy are not usually at a loss. Accordingly, as early as the session of 1842, they had begun in Congress to agitate for that purpose. In the Baltimore Convention they made haste to seize upon it as their property. They summarily declared that "our" claim—that is, the people's—that is, the Democracy's—to the entire region of Oregon was unquestionable. They might almost as well have declared that it was not questioned. What sudden wisdom had fallen on that body, or on any portion of that body—the *elite* of "the masses"—that they gave utterance to loud and positive assertions on *such* a question? There were undoubtedly some men in the country who had paid sufficient attention to the subject to discern very clearly its various relations, historical and international, though exceedingly complicated and demanding much abstruse research. But were there in all probability four such men in that select mixture? We make no hesitation in doubting whether there were two whom either taste or circumstances had led to the laborious study necessary to a mastery of the question. But what if there were ten—the number which would have saved Sodom? How large a part was that of the heterogeneous populace which at Baltimore, in May, 1844, resolved that "our right to the whole of Oregon is clear and unquestionable?" Can ten men be responsible for the opinions of five hundred? Five hundred, at second hand, for the opinions of the people? Or can the majority vote themselves into knowledge—as the New York city authorities, at the public expense, furnish themselves with refreshments? Or is the Democracy right by intuition? Questions more significant than the answers to them would be satisfactory. However, with characteristic unanimity, that politic body, considering themselves the "body politic" voted the whole matter a plain case, and that the country recognized no patriotism which did not cover Texas and Oregon. Of course, what the Democracy knew, their President must abide by, as this was a case where it would not do for the creature to be less wise than the power that made it. Besides, his knowledge on the subject was, in fact, just about equal to



theirs. Accordingly, in his Inaugural Address—for which undoubtedly he studied the Oregon question all over in order to be certain—he declared our claim not only indisputable, but to be maintained up to the last foot. Like the Yankee—already found peddling by the *Chutes Falls* and the *Walla-Walla*—he went “for the 54th° and a *leetle norther*.” Like his father in the faith and spiritual director, General Jackson, he was disposed, if withstood by imperious Britain, to “arbitrate at the canon’s mouth.” This bold stand they had thought to take, not from any native boldness in themselves, nor because they were so sure of the right, and believed in an emergency Heaven would help them. But they supposed, from long inductive reasoning, that what the party leaders asseverated, the party would demand; and they were weak (shall we say base) enough, to be influenced on *such* a question by *such* a supposition. They were even persuaded, that the hostility to Great Britain is so deeply fixed in the general mind of the country, that the most affronting position possible would meet with most favor from the mass of the people—thus increasing the ranks of the Administration from the lines of their opponents. But when the President came to enlarge a little—a very little—his knowledge on the question, he began to see that there were some difficulties, both intrinsic and extrinsic, to “give him pause.” It was seen that there were a few considerations in favor of English rights in that region, and that they had quite forgotten the action of their predecessors in the case. More to their guidance, it was found that very little value was set on the territory, that the mass of the people did not want war, that England did not want war—in short, that the national honor was not half sensitive enough, and would not tolerate the idea of a war, consequently not a war-spirit, on any extreme grounds. What then? The grounds were, of course, to be moderated. If then a war-cry could be skillfully manufactured, little danger, much popularity, might come of it. Accordingly, the compromise was offered of yielding nearly half of the region of which the whole had, without reservation, been so loudly claimed. This the British Minister most unwisely rejected. It ought to have been accepted, for it was clearly as much as England had any right to expect, and its rejection gave the party in power just the opportunity they were waiting for. The strong statement of

Mr. Buchanan came out; thoughtless, ambitious men, in and out of Congress, talked blusteringly, and endeavored to draw party lines upon the question. But intelligent men on all sides took American ground, yet denounced war; business was hindered, the public mind depressed. While the Administration were finding it impossible to fill their sails with this wind, came the proposal for arbitration. It was rejected—“*reason not given*.” True, a reason was offered, but of what worth, or reality, we have seen. Yet the truth is evident. From the Oregon Question,—unfortunately *Americanized*—they had gained but little power; from the war cry, nothing but rebuke. And now—to arbitrate!—It would take, as *they* express it, “the great interests of the Republic out of the control of the United States:”—“out of *their* control,” is our reading of the fear. What particular eclat would attend their permission for others to settle a great national question? what loss of reputation not ensue, that they had not been able to settle it themselves? what of the power that should belong to executive energy? to diplomatic skill? The country had looked to them to finish the dispute; the country must be obeyed! It was clear, that “the great interests of the Republic” must not go out of the hands of the Administration.

But these personal considerations, though undoubtedly of wonderful weight, were, in our opinion, by no means the controlling reason for this rejection. There was, in our belief, a new and secret policy—as suddenly conceived as it was firmly adopted—which had been for some time influencing the movements of Government, and which now at once decided this matter. And it is to this point, chiefly, that we ask the attention of the country. We have not space to dwell upon it, and shall content ourselves at present with a simple indication of its nature.

We never supposed that the Administration or the party wanted *war*, so much as they wanted the *war-spirit*. They wished to gamble with the terrible chances of this excited state of things, to increase their power. But when, as we have shown, the “signs of the times” so signally failed them, soon after the opening of Congress, they were forced to seek another resource. We have said that the President and his Cabinet dared not contemplate any immediate change in the tariff of 1842. Yet, notwithstand-



ing his swindling professions during the canvass, Mr. Polk always designed that the Tariff of '42 should be altered. Some time in the course of his four years' usurpation he hoped to do thus much evil. Suddenly began to come the startling train of news from England. The destruction of crops, the prophecy of famine, the resignation of the Ministry, the failure of the new one, the return of the old, the announcement of the fall of the corn-laws, of the reduction of duties, and of a general change to take place in all the commercial policy of the nation, followed each other faster than successive packets and steamers could bring them. It had already been significantly hinted, that England's commercial relations were so important, her estimation of the excellence of her manufactures and of the beauty of reduced duties in foreign ports so high, that, if her honor were not touched, it would not "be difficult to *arrange* the Oregon question." These hints were not lost on this side of the waters. And when this new and surprising combination of circumstances referred to took place, a "monstrous clever" design struck the Administration. That it might partially have dawned upon them before is possible, as it could not have been difficult for Mr. Walker to fall pretty early on so ingenious and evil an expedient. It was resolved to make the Oregon dispute and rumors of war, which in themselves were now shorn of political effect, the immediate means of breaking down the Tariff. For this purpose the war panic was to be sedulously fostered, the disposition of Government kept dark, and general uncertainty as to all future results maintained, while a bill should be prepared which—bad enough to create, in quiet times, universal alarm—should, in this state of suspense, be accepted for the sake of—PEACE.

That England has had any understanding with this government on the scheme, or has acted with reference to it, need not be asserted. She was obliged to change her financial policy for home reasons, and her military preparations are, beyond question, necessary for many future contingencies. But everything has happened as well as if designed for the end required. Great Britain maintains a calm, prepared aspect; her statesmen talk with dignity, in Parliament, of English rights and English honor, but also of the extraordinary and reciprocal benefits of *trade* between the two countries; her public journals present the same oppos-

ing views, but with more breadth and freedom. On this side, hasty-minded military orators are permitted to make war-speeches in the dark; a bill of reduced duties is constructed, but carefully kept away from the public; and the party papers are left to talk blindly, now of the necessity of standing for all Oregon, now of the blessings of free trade. England, however, fearing that such an Administration, or such a party thrusting them on, might force the question into inextricable difficulties, and dreading a war, in the present state of her social elements, more than she could value any commercial concessions whatever—besides doubting, it is probable, whether she could really obtain from the United States any important or permanent concessions of the kind—most wisely proposed to submit the Oregon dispute to arbitration. That proposal was, of course, rejected. For it would not do to "take our great interests out of the control of the Republic!" In other words, it would not do to throw away the only question that could be made subservient to their political designs. Arbitration agreed to, public excitement would sink at once, and they might hope in vain to persuade the people to throw down the Tariff.

Thus, then, this state of things—disturbed, uncertain—is to be indefinitely kept up, that the government may take advantage of the anxiety and patriotism of the country, of the public sense of honor and dishonor, of the dread of the evils of war, the love of the blessings of peace, to aid them in forcing upon the people's reluctant acceptance a ruinous reduction of duties—an evil only less than war. The nation is called upon to watch their action. They may succeed for a time—for a time *only*. They shall be hurled from power as suddenly, and as much to their surprise, as corrupted Fortune first raised them to it. The desert in the case will be infinitely greater. The merits for which they were elevated to the government of a great Republic—one of the four chief powers of the world—were, in any point of view, undoubtedly small. But if they continue this covert, uncertain and utterly selfish policy, from which, as yet, they seem never to have departed except to throw dust in the public eye, they will not be long in making it evident that they are not the Administration for a people whose true dignity, interest and honor, they are not only unwilling to subserve but unable to appreciate.



## RECENT FRENCH NOVELISTS.

THANKS to cheap publication, and stealing-made-easy, by the refusal of Congress to pass an international copyright law, our country has been flooded of late with cheap translations of the recent French Novelists; the most conspicuous among whom are Vicomte d'Arlincourt, Victor Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, Paul de Kock, George Sand (alias Madame Dudevant) and Eugene Sue. There are numerous others who figure as feuilletonists in the French newspapers; a favorable specimen of whose powers is to be found in the "Sketches of conspicuous Living Characters of France," recently translated by our accomplished countryman, Mr. Walsh. But the only object of the present paper is hurriedly to trace the characteristic features of the leading novelists whose names have been given above. Many of the works of these authors have been made familiar to American readers through the medium of translations varying in fidelity and excellence of execution from good to execrable; though even in the most faithful of these much of the author's peculiar merit is necessarily lost, for the attempt to "paint the odor of a violet" would not be more futile than the hope of conveying the idiomatic beauties of one language by the words of another, totally different in character and construction. The French language especially, from its peculiar idiom and nice shades of verbal meaning, is, above all others, the most difficult to be faithfully rendered in another tongue, without sacrificing the sense. Thus, unconsciously, we commit a great injustice in judging of their master-pieces through the medium of translations, which, even when they convey the meaning, present it denuded of that drapery of well-selected words, which constitutes the indefinable but potent spell of style, in which the main excellence of these writers in the original will be found to consist.

If this be the case with the best translations, how much more forcibly must these remarks apply to the bad ones, which are in the proportion of about ninety-nine in every hundred. After having instituted a careful comparison between several of the French novelists in the original and in translation, the conviction has

been forced upon us that our Gallic neighbors have suffered foul wrong at the hands of our publishers. These gentlemen seem to have picked up some of their translators out of the streets, thrust Nugent's Dictionary violently into their hands, with a copy of the novel "to be done into English," with full license to cut, hack and hew the wretched author according to their pleasure—haste being the chief requisition, that some other "enterprising publisher" might not forestall the publication and reap the profits. The translations of Messrs. Herbert, Deming, and some few others whose names have not reached us, constitute honorable exceptions to these strictures, being in general well and faithfully executed; but the excellence of their work serves only to render more evidently wretched the abortive attempts of the literary pretenders who swarm about the purlieus of the paradise of publishers and penny-a-liners—modern Gotham.

The writers of whom we propose to treat, and whose names we have given above, represent four distinct classes or schools of French fiction, each numbering in its ranks hosts of disciples and admirers, who in turn depreciate and condemn the productions and artistic principles of each other. The Vicomte d'Arlincourt stands confessedly at the head of the historic school. His "Cinq Mars" is the most striking and powerful fiction of its class—worthy of Sir Walter Scott, whom he has evidently made his model. It is founded upon the fortunes of the celebrated favorite and conspirator, whose name and history are familiar to all conversant with the incidents of that stirring epoch when the fading light of chivalry still faintly gleamed above the horizon, and shed its last noticeable rays over the person of the hero of this novel: whose life was indeed chivalry put into action, and whose daring schemes and tragic fate invest him with an interest which even romance must fail to heighten. A character such as his, in the hands of a man of true genius like D'Arlincourt, could not fail to enlist the sympathies of every reader, and has earned for him the proud title of the "French Walter Scott;" a compliment as high as it is merited, for in his works alone, of all we have referred to,



there is nothing to be found which can revolt the most fastidious delicacy. All is chaste and correct. Decency and morality are never sacrificed to dramatic effect; a compliment we cannot conscientiously extend to any of his cotemporaries, with whom "producing a sensation" is the one thing sought and desired, heedless of any scruples of propriety or decorum, so that result can be attained. Neither our space nor our object will permit us to enter here into a detailed account of all the writings of the French novelists. It is not our intention to give a catalogue. One may easily be obtained of Berteau in Broadway. Desiring merely to indicate the peculiar characteristics of each author, by reference to his best productions, we will dismiss the *Vicomte* with the recommendation to the fairer portion of our readers to procure and read his novels, in which they will find abundance of romantic incident, a fund of historic information, and much of the honey of sentiment, untainted by the poison of a refined sensuality, which conceals base sentiments under flowery words. He is an honor and an ornament to the French literature of the present day; and for nothing does he merit more praise than for his stern refusal to purchase a more extended popularity by pandering to the morbid and vicious taste for the coarse and sensual, which unfortunately prevails so extensively among his countrymen, and which has found its fit exponents in some of the writers of whom we shall presently speak.

Victor Hugo, the next on our list, is the chief of the romantic, as opposed to the classic, school; a man of acknowledged genius, but of very equivocal taste—who has written some of the best and some of the worst books of any author of the day—scorning all mediums, and transcending all bounds, on one side or the other. Bold, creative, audacious—spurning all dictation—reckless of criticism—careless of common prejudices, yet voluntarily submitting to the most galling fetters self-imposed—he is the slave of his own peculiar theory and ideas of art; which are so wild, odd and outré, as only to be redeemed from ridicule by the power and energy displayed in their development. To Victor Hugo must be accorded the honor of being the true parent of the "literature of desperation," so much in vogue at the present time. He was the first who dared to descend from courts and palaces, for heroes and

heroines, to the walks of lower life; and like most daring innovators, he rushed from one extreme into another. His characters are literally picked up out of the streets—*Esmeralda*, the loftiest and purest of all his creations, being nothing better than a wandering Gipsy vagrant, dwelling among the thieves and vagabonds of Paris. His stronghold is in the morbid anatomy of the passions; and from the depths of social and moral degradation he summons up scenes of the most touching pathos and overwhelming horror.

"In his *"Notre Dame de Paris,"* (in our opinion his greatest work,) the conception of the character of *Claude Frollo*, the priest, is one of the most masterly to be met with in the range of modern fiction. The hidden workings of an impassioned heart, stung and tortured by ill-directed passions, long suppressed but never thoroughly subdued, and bursting forth at last only the more fiercely because of that long restraint, are laid bare with a terrible fidelity and force, which fixes and fascinates our unwilling interest. The gradual steps by which the stern and solitary priest is forced down into the abysses of crime and wretchedness, his desperate struggles to arrest his own descent, and his final fall, are all portrayed with a gloomy depth of coloring worthy of the pencil of a *Salvator Rosa*; and they inculcate the warning lesson, that in the conflict between principle and passion, the latter will too often triumph where the pride of intellect is the only safeguard summoned to resist its strong appeals. The various scenes in which the priest is introduced with *Esmeralda*, where his insane passion inspires him with almost superhuman eloquence, and the convulsive throes of his maddened heart wring from him bursts of woe and agony as deep as they are strong, haunt the memory of the reader long after he has perused them like the recollection of some sudden and painful dream. The first appearance of *Esmeralda*, in the courtyard and beneath the monastery, surrounded by an admiring crowd, and glittering with youth, and joy, and hope, presents a striking contrast to the final aspect of the same *Esmeralda*, when tottering into the doom-chamber, pallid, worn, haggard—reduced to a skeleton—a weak victim, prematurely blasted by the infernal machinations of her foe and lover, the wretched priest. The scene, too, in the condemned cell,



where the girl is awaiting the summons to execution, when the priest, goaded by the double pangs of passion and remorse, offers to sacrifice all his eternal and temporal hopes to secure her love, and is spurned from her feet, is one of unmixed power, and drawn with the hand of a master. His broken ejaculations—his wild confession—his terrible appeals, like the pleadings of a lost soul—are stamped with a fearful earnestness and truth, which carry conviction with them, and awake our compassion for his sufferings. Nor is the effect lessened when, in despairing fury, he bursts forth into imprecations, and, groveling in the dust before his intended victim, announces his determination of destroying her, as the murderer of his peace! In almost any other hands, this scene would have been one of unmixed horror, exciting only sensations of disgust; but in those of Victor Hugo, the priest becomes an object of sympathy: we recognize the human being, not the fiend; we perceive that his only hate springs from his only love—that the bitterness of the one arises from the intensity of the other—and feel that in the vulture-talons of his own conscience Esmeralda finds an avenger.

The plot of the novel is simple. An Egyptian dancing girl attracts the admiration, and fires the soul, of a stern and ascetic priest, Claude Frollo by name, noted for his learning and his austerity; but who, surrendering himself to his mad passion, persecutes the unfortunate girl with his importunities. She, far from reciprocating his feelings, loathes and spurns him. Maddened by love and jealousy, he accuses her of witchcraft, and subjects her to torture and finally to death—perishing himself by the hand of a wretched deaf-mute, who also loves her, and whose revolting passion is also closely entwined with her destinies. This deaf-mute, uncouth in form and horrible in aspect, plays a conspicuous part in the book. A hideous abortion, both mentally and physically, he embodies and exhibits one of the peculiar mental crotchets of Victor Hugo, which he has made the groundwork of several of his later novels and dramas—the effort to combine moral beauty with physical deformity, and to enlist the sympathies of his readers with all the various forms of nature which are most unseemly and repulsive. In some of his dramas this strange propensity manifests itself in a still more striking form, where he spe-

cially selects as his chief characters prostitutes, thieves and murderers; as in *Marion de Lorme*, *Le Roi d'Amare*, *Bug Jargal*, *et id genus omne*. Among these impurities, "*Les Feuilles d'Antonin*" and "*La Dernière Jour d'un Condamné*" stand alone. In the same track Eugene Sue has followed, whose *Fleur de Marie* is evidently copied from *Esmeralda*. The situation of the characters is almost precisely identical. In both, sentiment is admitted as a substitute for moral obligation, and both dispense with fixed principles of any kind.

This is the new evangel of the French moral code, and as such may be worthy of a few words of comment; since no cause, supported by talents of so high an order, can be deemed too absurd or contemptible to produce mischief, whatever its abstract falsity may be. That moral purity might possibly be found to exist in the breast of one whose earliest associations had all been connected with scenes of vice and low debauchery, is but within the extreme verge of possibility—a kind of special miracle, to be met with in possibly one instance out of ten thousand; but to make it the rule, and not the exception, appears to have been the special object of Victor Hugo and his school. It is not, therefore, wonderful that his failure should have been signal, and his attempt to gloss over the distinctions between vice and virtue created only a sentiment of regret in well-regulated minds that genius so rare, and talents so varied, should have been perverted to so base an end; while, if only enlisted in the cause of virtue and sound morality, they might have effected so much good, both for himself and others. As it is, in reading his novels, we are continually impressed with the incongruity subsisting between the sentiments expressed and the sources whence they emanate: courtesans exemplifying the duties of maternal fondness—strumpets testifying disinterested attachments—thieves and murderers actuated by the most generous and noble impulses—and the whole foundations of the social system uprooted and overturned, to carry out an idle and absurd theory of a gifted author! Among the varied eccentricities of authors, we know of none more strange and perverse than this of Victor Hugo, or which will react more fatally upon his own reputation; though we can often feel the movement of the Antæus beneath the mountain which he has voluntarily



drawn down upon himself. The early circumstances of his life, however, have doubtless exercised considerable influence on the formation of his character. Much of romance has mingled with his actual experiences, and the Spanish blood he has inherited asserts itself in those gloomy and terrible dramas which create mingled terror and disgust. His love for the intensely tragic elements of character—his fondness for dwelling upon painful and morbid feelings—are far more Spanish than French; and the originals whence he drew those bloody and terrific images of horror which fill his dramas, are to be sought in the writings of Calderon and Lope de Vega, and not in those of Racine and Corneille, the great French models.

And here we may as well remark, once for all, that those who search in the French novelists generally for any traces of a high and pure morality, will lose both their time and their labor. For life-like delineations of character, power of description, depth of passion and intensity of interest, they are indeed unrivaled; but they cannot be said to inculcate either good or bad morality, for they appear to be totally unconscious of the existence or necessity of any morality at all, save the conventional one of good society. They seem to think that their golden era of the "age of reason" has eradicated those antiquated prejudices (as they regard them) from the minds of men, and they address themselves solely to the intellect and the passions. Their model wives usually have a lover or two, to whom they are devotedly attached; and the most exalted sentiments are put in the mouths of those whom we consider the Pariahs and outcasts of the social circle. We are well aware that "they manage these matters differently in France," as Sterne says; yet with all our prejudices, we would be loth to accept the pictures of social life presented in these novels as universally applicable; for we cannot believe that any state of society so utterly heartless and corrupt could exist among a refined, cultivated and enlightened people, whose correct taste and delicate sensibilities have become proverbial.

Balzac, Dumas and De Kock are samples of another class of writers—light, airy *persifleurs*, such as it would be difficult to find anywhere out of Paris—to whom fresh air and license are necessities of life—easy, graceful triflers, to whom the world is in fact "a stage, and

all the men and women merely players"—full of humor and fun, with a quick eye and keen perception of the ludicrous in character and situation—whose sole object is to amuse, without aspiring to create any higher or stronger sensation; and such is the piquant raciness of their style, that the sternest moralist cannot refrain from smiling over their ludicrous descriptions of men and things. Of the writers we have mentioned, Balzac is the most refined, Dumas the most dramatic, and De Kock the most amusing. All three are "men of wit and pleasure about town," familiar with all the Protean phases of city life; and their sketches are true to nature as far as they go—that is, to Parisian nature, which is a thing peculiar and *sui generis*, the inhabitants of that city regarding it as the centre of the social system, around which all other cities should revolve, as satellites around the sun. The whole of this class of writers, whose name is Legion, appear to entertain as vague and indefinite ideas of virtue as Pilate did of truth—with this difference, however, that they do not seem to have any curiosity on the subject, regarding virtue, as did the "dying Roman," as "nothing but a name." They are the avowed chroniclers and advocates of an open and unblushing licentiousness; and if we should form our opinion of French society from their delineations of it, we might well entertain the same holy horror of its "manifold sins and wickednesses," which animates the hearts of pious old ladies and seriously sedate young gentlemen, who eschew omelets as savoring of papistry, and turn up their eyes with a scared sanctity at the moustaches and morality of "la jeune France." But the estimate formed from the admissions of these writers is an erroneous one. They represent but one phase of that many-sided Parisian life—they are conversant only with the manners and habits of a particular class, and that class far from the highest either in station, character or intelligence. When they attempt to portray the manners or conversation of ladies and gentlemen, they either sink into coarse familiarity or broad caricature; but when, descending some steps lower in the social scale, they introduce the reader into the society of the grisettes and students of Paris, with their reckless "abandon" and careless "insouciance," they are evidently at home, and do the honors with an ease and grace quite captivating. They are, indeed, the modern



Asmodei, literally unroofing the garrets of that great city for our inspection; for the class with whose sayings and doings they make us familiar, usually perch in these airy attics—the consequence of the inmates of a Parisian lodging being always in an inverse ratio to the height of the dwelling-place to which they are elevated. The poorer a man is in Paris, the higher up in the world they put him; bringing economy and the study of the heavenly bodies into close alliance.

It would be both useless and tedious to attempt anything like an enumeration of the writings of these authors. They are as prolific as rabbits; and novel succeeds novel with a rapidity almost marvelous, and each filled with incident enough to furnish material for half-a-dozen ordinary tale-writers. Dumas, sitting at ease in his dressing-gown, by his sea-coal fire, in his Parisian lodging, writes book after book of "Travels," crammed with descriptions of places he has never seen, and filled with the most unimaginable lies to give them zest. Balzac cultivates the intimacy of a "woman of a certain age"—then makes a book out of his study of her character—combining the *utile* with the *dulce*, like a true French philosopher of the nineteenth century. De Kock immortalizes the amours of sprightly grisettes with melancholy students; which, translated into our vernacular, furnish the literary dram-drinking of the young men of our country, to the great waste of their time and detriment of their principles, which are more surely sapped by these licentious novels than by all the subtil arguments and sarcastic pleasantries of those bugbears, the open and avowed infidels, whose works are placed under the ban of a sober and God-fearing community. No man ever yet was reasoned into vice, but many have been allured into it by ridicule and humor; and we therefore scruple not to say, that we regard these novels of Paul de Kock, light and trifling as they seem, as more pernicious in the influence they exert over youthful minds than all the elaborate pleadings of Voltaire, Diderot and the Encyclopedists. The danger to be apprehended from these is almost exclusively confined to the more youthful class of readers, whose imaginations are excited, and passions inflamed, by the highly-wrought pictures of sensual indulgence with which they are filled and the exuberant life with which they abound. Those of maturer

age will find in their coarseness an antidote to their immorality, and turn from the allurements of the sensual sty with loathing and disgust.

Far more insidious, and more dangerous, however, are the writings of the remaining two, whom we have named as the types of the Fourth School, who aspire to blend the character of Social Reformers with that of Romancers; Madame Dudevant, better known as George Sand, and Eugene Sue, whose writings have been almost as extensive and interminable as the wanderings of his last hero, "The Wandering Jew." Rousseau may be regarded as the Parent of the School of which they are now the chief disciples; a School which would exalt virtue, by refining away the common rules of morality; whose fine-spun theories of social perfectibility, and universal benevolence, flimsily conceal the rottenness of their social and moral code; and whose lives afford the best commentary, on their fitness to preach or practice reforms of any kind. In the "Contrast Social," and "Emile," that frenzied enthusiast, whose morbid vanity was sublimated almost to madness by a genius as erratic as it was powerful, struck his blows, boldly and fearlessly, at the very foundations of society; disgusted at the corruption which did undoubtedly prevail, in that social circle in which his lot was cast, he fell into the error of arguing from thence, that none purer or better did exist; that these evils were not mere fungi or excrescences upon the surface of society, but the natural products and result of its organization; and that the only remedy was, to topple down the whole fabric, that out of its materials a stronger and nobler edifice might be erected. How, or by whom; this task was to be effected, he neither cared nor considered. His mission was simply one of destruction. He was the greatest Architect of ruin the world ever saw—a moral Marius, who would have sat unshaken amid the wreck his own hands had wrought; and the Dragon's teeth sown by him, brought forth, in after time, their full harvest of armed men. In the person of that perverse but gifted man, were combined more conflicting elements than ever before made their battlefield of a human soul:—confiding, yet treacherous—frank, yet suspicious—hating meanness and insincerity in others, yet habitually practising them in his own person—timorous as a child or a woman,



and shrinking from the very shadow of danger, yet smiting with indignant and burning wrath all that he considered evil or unjust—a philanthropist, whose love for the human race overflowed in the most Utopian schemes for their improvement and happiness—yet a fickle lover, a cold friend, an indifferent husband, a cruel, unnatural father. Such is the picture of himself, drawn by his own hand in his celebrated *Confessions*, where the beautiful drapery of sentiment and passion woven by his genius permits us to behold the naked deformity of the figure it conceals.

Similar to him in many points of character, and in the objects at which they aim, the two disciples whom we have named above, proceed a step farther than their master; they are more practical in their labors, and designate distinctly the social institutions which they disapprove of, and wish to do away with; for, like Alfonso of Arragon, they think that “had they been consulted at the scheme of Creation, they might have spared many absurdities to the designer.” George Sand is the apostle of one idea, and that idea is, the injustice, inequality and absurdity of the marriage tie, which she admits springs from the dependence of woman upon man, based upon a natural law—which law, however, she stigmatizes as unjust—attempting, with shrill outcries, to mar the majestic harmony of nature. Herself a *divorcée*, she practises as she preaches, allowing herself the largest liberty of conduct; and in a series of Novels, as remarkable for beauty of diction and power of expression, as for the want of any fixed or settled sentiments of right or wrong, dilates upon the wrongs, sufferings and miseries of her sex in the married state, as at present constituted; for which she openly proposes no remedy, but leaves one sufficiently manifest to the imagination of the reader—dissolution of the tie as soon as it becomes irksome or disagreeable. Her *Lelia*, *Valentine*, *Indiana*, and other Novels, are filled with pictures of wedded unhappiness, and embody her solemn protest against the regulations of society in that respect. She seems to consider the whole institution as radically wrong—productive only of crime and misery—repugnant to morality and common sense. In its stead, she would substitute a species of marriage, such as is said to constitute a part of the creed of the modern sectaries of our western country, resting on the proposition, that sensuality is of the soul

not of the body, and that all connections are lawful where there is a harmony of spirit between the two; the law of love transcending the laws of society—inferring plainly, that in her own example is to be found the model of a perfect woman. It does not please us to speak harshly of any person invested with the sanctity of the female form. But we must plainly state, that we regard her as one who has unsexed herself; who has thrown aside that winning softness and delicacy, which give to the female character its peculiar charm; substituting in their place a fierce, repining, discontented spirit, dissatisfied with itself and all the world; forming a character as repulsive as it is unfeminine.

Nor are we better pleased with the practical effects of her doctrines, as exemplified in her own life; for, let critics preach as they may, character and intellect must and will react upon each other; and a knowledge of the one will often furnish a clue to the peculiarities of the other. It is this which gives so great a value to biographical writings, which are not intended merely to gratify an idle curiosity as to private habits of distinguished men, but to illustrate their inner nature, by tracing the external causes which gave a certain bias to their minds, or direction to their actions. This is a branch of writing, of late much cultivated by some of the most gifted of modern writers; conspicuous among whom stands Thomas Carlyle, whose youthful efforts were directed to illustrating the character of one of the noblest of the German thinkers, and whose ripened intellect is, even now, busied in lighting up the dark places in the history of England's greatest statesman and warrior, Oliver Cromwell.

The biographer of Madame Dudevant would have but little difficulty in collecting the particulars of her life, for, unhappily, they are too notorious; and though Madame Rumor is a great liar, yet she does sometimes give publicity to undoubted truths. If, then, the current gossip of her associates is to be credited, George Sand constitutes one of that numerous class, of whom it is said, in strong but homely phrase, that “they are no better than they should be;” and that assuming occasionally the masculine costume, she also habitually exercises the privileged vices which custom and society have restricted to the sex who wear the pantaloons. To sum up our estimate of her in a few words: we



regard her as a gifted, reckless, unprincipled woman of genius; possessing a vivid imagination, fiery passions, and great energy of character, but totally devoid of female delicacy, moral principle, or a sense of shame—proud of her foibles, and exulting in her avowed exemption from all social or moral ties.

This plain speaking will not please her admirers; many of whom, bitten by this social tarantula, dance distractedly after her along the devious path she has chosen, swearing that it is a plain, straight road, and that the public is troubled with an obliquity of vision in thinking it otherwise. Doubtless, there is something very fascinating in the sparkling paradoxes and passionate pleadings of this self-constituted champion of the wrongs of women; yet we love and revere the female character too much to accept her either as a fit exponent or advocate of the feelings or sentiments of refined and virtuous women—those intermediate links between men and the angels who, kept apart and above the contaminating influences to which the ruder sex are exposed, preserve inviolate that purity of heart and feeling, which makes a modest and true-hearted wife the best and highest good attainable here below.

In the June number of this Review, for 1845, appeared an article, from a contributor, written with much force and talent; in which George Sand was elevated to the rank of a high moral teacher, and the Correspondent of the National Intelligencer assailed for having expressed the same opinions which we, as well as a great majority of her readers on this side of the Atlantic, have been compelled to entertain, both as to the matter and manner of her books. "*Malum est cum Platone errare,*" if it be an error; though from a mere perusal of the quotations cited by the critic himself in his defence, we believe any impartial reader would derive sufficient insight into the real character of the author to damn his cause.

Those who have read the work there referred to (Lelia), as well as the other novels of George Sand, will, we think, arrive at the conclusion, that the high-flown speeches of Lelia, in that novel, actually amount to nothing—present nothing tangible—but consist merely of high-sounding words—"most excellent words;" while the speeches of the courtesan, Pulcherie, are sharp, pungent and to the point—embodying (perhaps un-

consciously) the real sentiments and opinions of the author, as practically demonstrated in her life and history. One passage, admirably translated by the writer of the article referred to, we will quote, as illustrating our position: Lelia relates to Pulcherie the happiness she had expected, and the disappointments she has experienced, from connubial love. Pulcherie replies: "That you have lost your labor, Lelia, does not surprise me. You would make love what God has not permitted it should be here below. If I understand your case, you have loved with the whole energy of your being, and your love has not been requited; what a misapprehension! *Knew you not that man is brutal and woman is mutable?* These two beings, at once so like and so dissimilar, are constituted in such sort that there is ever between them, even in the transports of love, an ineradicable germ of hatred; the first sentiment that succeeds their embrace is one of aversion and dejection. It is a law of Heaven, against which it is idle to strive. *In the design of Providence, the union of man and woman is evidently temporary. Every consideration opposes the perpetuity of their association, and change is a necessity of their nature.*" Lelia, in reply, admits the fact, but differs as to its cause; and enters into a long and rambling jeremiad on the wrongs of women, married women especially, whose husbands are so unreasonable as to expect their wives to love them, when the "necessity of their nature" demands a change in the objects of affection. The writer referred to pleads hard that George Sand shall not be made responsible for the sentiments of the courtesan, for she "should not be made to talk like a parson." Undoubtedly not; the speech is in keeping with the woman's supposed character, and receives its color from the position she occupies in society, and her station in life. But then it is worth while to remark, that hers is the very position which George Sand occupies towards her reading public; for that she has "worn the weeds" of voluntary widowhood, even the most infatuated of her admirers will hardly venture to assert, and her life has been a commentary on the text we have italicized above, or the world has done her grievous injustice.

"Spiridion" is of a higher mood than the rest of her novels, though it shares, with the others, a general character of vagueness, and want of point and concentration; it was probably suggestive



of Bulwer's *Zanoni*, to which it bears some general resemblance, though far inferior in interest and thrilling power. In all of her novels the plot is entirely subordinate to the expression of the peculiar views of the writer; the characters limited usually to five or six; the incidents few and meagre; and nothing redeems them from wearying the reader, except the bursts of impassioned eloquence which break forth unexpectedly from the midst of the wildest rhapsodies, or most barren exhortations. There is a great deal of French exaggeration displayed in all of them, and a prodigal display of theatrical clap-trap, such as dark nights, rugged mountains, lurid skies, &c., in the midst of which the heroine may "die with decency." In *Indiana*, probability is most willfully violated with the coolest assurance throughout, and the East Indian is such a demon of iniquity and malignity, as none but the excitable brain of a Frenchwoman, addicted to the use of tobacco, could have given birth to. One merit we are willing to concede to her, that she is a woman of genius; but it is nearly all the good we can say of her; and that, with the qualification of having perverted to evil purposes that which was capable of being so productive of good. She should stand as a warning to all the more brilliant of her sex, that they do not suffer an ardent temperament, a soaring mind, and a fine sensibility to the inequalities and miseries of society, to lead them irrecoverably down to a gulph, where the fires of their genius can only appear the "lurid flames mantling the ruins of Immortality."

We have now reached the last name on our list, that of Eugene Sue, the great lion of the day, at whose every roar the delighted public, like Nick Bottom's Duke, cries out, "Let him roar again." And he does "roar you" to any extent, according to order. Monsieur Vèron, "Editeur du Constitutionnel," is his last keeper and proprietor; for whose 100,000 francs he spun out the wanderings of Joseph over leagues of hot-pressed French letter-paper, and exhausted the time and patience of innumerable gaping admirers.

Eugene Sue, undoubtedly, is a writer of great talent. No one can dispute it. His success as a novelist has been almost unparalleled since the days of Richardson, and he infinitely surpasses him in the number of his readers, which is tenfold. The success and popularity of Scott, and more recently of Dickens, great as it was, was nothing in compari-

son to it; and not only were his works eagerly and anxiously expected in the original, in Paris and the provinces, but the arrival of a new number in this country, to be translated and issued from the press of the Harpers, was regarded as a matter of public interest, and those individuals who could procure an early number were considered peculiarly fortunate. For some time past, he has been "the rage" in all circles, his blue-covered pamphlets occupying a conspicuous place on the dressing-table of fair ladies and the work-bench of the artisan; for his novels, like life, embrace all classes and interests.

His last work, "*The Wandering Jew*," violently assailing the Jesuits, was foolishly interdicted in the papal states and other places under Catholic influence, a proceeding which only added to the notoriety of the author, and increased the circulation of his book; besides enlisting in his behalf the powerful aid of all the enemies of Catholicism—though the alliance was indeed a strange one—between the licentious Rouè, and grave and reverend Divines, verifying the old adage, that in religious as well as in secular matters, "extremes often meet."

The idea that Eugene Sue, an unprincipled though clever adventurer—successively the *cher ami* of sundry women of property—should be selected as the engine of a religious reformation, is ludicrous in the extreme, and must, no doubt, have furnished himself much amusement in his hours of social relaxation; for we give him credit for being no hypocrite. But the tie of mutual hatred (more especially theological) is so binding, that sundry excellent old ladies (with and without petticoats) have been heard to style him "a blessed man, who has exposed the plots and machinations of the beast sitting on seven hills."—We should be inclined to think, by the way, he might have less objection to the "*Lady of Babylon*."

It may be worth while to inquire into the causes which have produced this wide spread of popularity, and what are the objects which he, a professed reformer, aims to effect? The answer to the first question is easy; to the latter, difficult. The charm of an easy flowing style—a vivid, strong imagination, often rushing into extravagance—a power of delineating character, by a few bold dashes, and an inexhaustible fertility of incident, combine to render his novels strikingly attractive to that large class of readers who crave excitement and seek to stimu-



late their palled appetites with something highly spiced; while to the few who think, he presents bold, striking and original speculations on the real condition and prospects of society, with especial reference to the wants, wrongs and sufferings of the laboring poor in France.

If George Sand be the preacher of the "Wrongs of Woman," so may Eugene Sue be regarded as the advocate of the "Rights of Man;" and whatever motive, whether of policy or gain, may prompt him, we yet are bound to thank him for his fearless and manly stand upon this important subject; for the efforts of politicians for a series of years, and all the cumbrous machinery of reports of investigating committees have never accomplished half the practical benefit already produced by a single novel of Eugene Sue, "*The Mysteries of Paris*." Since the publication of that book, relief societies of various kinds have been established in Paris and the provinces, by benevolent individuals, and by the artisans and operatives themselves; by which many of the evils, arising from the concurrence of sickness and poverty, are partially alleviated, and furnishing a good foundation on which more useful institutions may be erected. He presents claims to our consideration in a two-fold character, as a Romancer and as a Reformer, which separate characters we will consider separately, commencing with the former.

His earlier productions by no means gave the promise of the high excellence which he has subsequently attained. Many of these have recently been translated and republished in this country, since their author's name has gained such celebrity; and they, in no respect, surpass the tales contributed by the thousand and one Feuilletonists who figure in the French journals. In fact, they exemplify most glaringly the prominent defects of their author's subsequent novels, unredeemed by the stamp of originality and power therein displayed. They are chiefly tales of crime and horror—full of mawkish sensibility and unrelieved atrocity. *The Salamander*, *The Tower of Koat Ven*, *De Rohan* and numerous others, illustrate these remarks, being filled with exaggerations, bombast and bad taste, essentially of the "raw-head and bloody-bones" school—much in vogue with the denizens of the nursery, and of those grown-up children, the development of whose intellects has not kept pace with that of their bodies.

Matilda we regard as essentially prosy;

the only one of the author's works to which that term can with justice be applied; for, though occasionally prolix in others, his "long passages lead usually to something."

Suddenly, however, like a strong man awakening from sleep, Sue shook himself loose from the old trammels which had fettered his native powers; and, with one bound, placed himself on higher ground than any author of his day, and where many have since essayed to follow him. *The Mysteries of Paris* at once established his claim to rank as a creator beside the highest names in the annals of his art, and bore on every page the impression of a strong, masculine and original genius. The conception itself was a fine one—the execution surpassed the promise of the title.

In the character of the plot, all probability is wilfully violated. He seems to take a pleasure in straining the credulity of his reader to its utmost point; yet so much are we interested in its startling details, that we absolutely lose sight of all the monstrous incongruities and absurdities with which the book is stuffed from beginning to end. *Rodolph*, its hero, is a mass of contradictions—a moral monster, such as this world never saw—a petty German prince, accustomed to unbounded indulgence and license, breathing an atmosphere of flattery from his cradle, he is represented as a pure philanthropist, estimating men by moral worth alone, however obscure their condition or mode of life. The pampered pet of high society, he voluntarily abandons its attractions to search out suffering virtue in the hovels and sinks of Paris, and consorts familiarly with outcasts, thieves and cut-throats. An incarnation of benevolence and justice, he yet assumes to himself the high prerogative of anticipating Divine and human justice in the punishment of crimes, as in the case of Jacques Ferrand, the notary, the details of which are equally revolting, immoral and disgusting; and performs an act of fiendish cruelty, as well as folly, in depriving of sight the *Maitre d'Ecole*, whom he thus renders a mere tool in the hands of a vile hag, more wicked and unscrupulous than himself. Both of these latter characters, however, are monstrous caricatures of crime, unactuated by a single virtuous motive; and the final scene between them in the cellar is utterly revolting, from its painful and atrocious brutality.

It may be said that such characters do



exist, like noxious weeds, in the poisoned atmosphere of large and corrupt cities; and that it is the task of the novelist to paint from nature. Granting the fact, we would yet ask what good effect, either for warning or example, is to be drawn from familiarity with characters or scenes such as those above alluded to? There are some things, with which the very contact is an abomination, and such we consider them. It exemplifies one of our author's most frequent faults, again exhibited in the history of the "Martial" family, in the same book. A love for the horrible—a tendency to exaggeration in sentiment and incident—partly produced, and partly fostered, by the vulgar love for stimulants which characterizes a depraved public taste, to which an author of Sue's genius should disdain to pander or to pamper.

The receipt for making a firm friend, which Rodolph adopts with the Chorineur, viz., by means of a sound drubbing, is one frequently attempted by pedagogues of the Old Schools with but partial success, as far as our experience extends.

Fleur de Marie is a fine conception—probably suggested (as we before observed) by Victor Hugo's *Esmeralda*—though differing from and superior to it in many respects. The character is a purer and nobler one, and well sustained throughout; though we think he has somewhat marred his own ideal by making her of noble birth—since, in her person, he sought to vindicate the innate nobility of human nature, working out its way through the murky environment of sin into which fate had placed it, but for which it possessed no real affinity or love. Through her he seeks to inculcate the solemn truth that the outcasts of society are often made so through necessity, not through choice, and claim at our hands sympathy and relief, not aversion and disdain; that society often does grievous injustice in punishing, where it should seek to reform; and that the highest and noblest exercise of virtue consists in pitying and reclaiming those who, either wilfully or blindly, have strayed from the path of right.

Throughout the whole book, the distinction is clearly and strongly drawn between sins arising out of the position and circumstances of the parties, and those originating in a depraved, corrupt and wicked spirit—loving evil for its own sake. And it is this characteristic—shared also by Charles Dickens—which has given them both so strong a hold

upon the sympathies of the public; for the distinction is an important one, though its development has been left for the intuitive insight of genius to discover, by solemn historians and profound philosophers, ponderously prosing on the springs and motives of human action, thrusting aside the goddess to embrace the cloud.

"The plot of the *"Mysteries,"* or rather complication of plots—for one episode runs into another with most perplexing facility—is the least of its merits; its main excellence arises from the fidelity and truth of the detached pictures of life and nature with which it abounds, and the painfully absorbing interest created by some of the situations in which the characters are placed. In the words of Ben Johnson, the book is "rammed with life," and the prodigal profusion of incident with which it is crowded, betokens the exhaustless fertility of the imagination of its author, ranging through every variety of clime and character, and equally at home in all. As a picture of the life led by both the higher and lower orders of society in the crowded cities of the Old World, where a code of morals and manners essentially different from ours prevails, and where civilization has ripened into rottenness until the welfare of the individual man is merged in the average of general prosperity, this book presents many subjects of painful contemplation for all who feel an interest in the well-being and happiness of their fellow-creatures. And this connection naturally leads us to speak of Sue's claims as a social and moral reformer, previous to doing which, however, we will conclude our comments upon him as a novelist by a few remarks on his latest work, the *Wandering Jew*, which must necessarily be brief and hurried from the space already occupied by these speculations.

Most of the remarks already made on the prominent merits and defects of the *Mysteries*, apply with equal, if not greater force, to the *Wandering Jew*, which is in many respects inferior to its predecessor, considered as a whole, though in isolated portions, far surpassing it. The title is certainly a misnomer; the luckless individual, whose name it bears, should assuredly not be made responsible for the sins of this book, since he appears in it but five or six times in the whole course of the narrative: "comes like a shadow, so departs," and performs but a very subordinate part in the pro-



gress of the plot, while Herodiade is plainly a mere supernumerary, introduced to keep him in countenance. The whole machinery moved by the two is a piece of theatrical clap-trap unworthy of the inventive power of the author.

This cavalier treatment of a character who gives the book its name, may be partially accounted for by recollecting the doom which keeps him in restless and eternal motion, and his arduous duties in escorting the cholera in every stage of its onward progress, thus forwarding the plot, since some of the most troublesome and refractory characters are satisfactorily disposed of through its agency, and Rodin, the chief, nearly so, producing a grand crisis in the narrative, and giving the author an opportunity of displaying his peculiar powers and surgical knowledge. Seriously speaking, however, the plot is absolutely startling from its monstrous absurdity; and the finale, where all the principal characters are exhibited, decently laid out in grave-clothes, reminds one irresistibly of the comic burletta of Tom Thumb, in which the performers all kill one another seriatim; and the hero "dies with decency" on top of the pile; the piece "going out in a blaze" like the long-contested papers of the Rennepont family. Tom Thumb must have been seen and admired by Monsieur Sue previous to the production of his grand final denouement.

With respect to the leading characters, Djalma is a fine animal and nothing more—the physical predominating over the intellectual; quite a clever brute, however. Faringhea, the Malay, is better drawn, and well represents the tiger-like race to which he belongs; he was suggested by Colonel Kennedy's book on that subject. The description of the scene in Java, where he is first introduced, is an admirable piece of descriptive painting. We seem almost to breathe the hot, suffocating air, and to view the rank exuberance of tropical vegetation. D'Aigrigny is a well-conceived and well-executed character, the ambition of the soldier merging in that of the priest; but the old leaven of martial pride stirring beneath the vestments of his new calling and occasioning a perpetual conflict in his soul. His last scene with Marshal Simon is a fine one. The latter is a bull-headed, honest soldier, the outside of whose skull is much sounder than the inside and more to be depended on. Dagobert, with all his fidelity, grows rather tiresome on long acquaintance.

The orphans, interesting at first, become rather sickening afterwards, and we longed to see them well-provided for in some comfortable "asylum for the distressed" where they might prate about their "Angel Gabriel" to their heart's content. Gabriel is much too good and too pure to represent our fallen nature, no such perfectly unselfish being ever did or could exist in mortal flesh, and our contempt is excited by his pliability as a mere tool in the hands of Rodin. A far bolder and more masculine character is that of Agricola Baudoin, his step-brother, who represents a class; as does, also, M. Hardy, the benevolent manufacturer, the author's model philanthropist, who, nevertheless, makes a mistress of another man's wife with the hearty approval of Monsieur Sue. In the conception and execution of male characters our author excels, and in those of females of a certain class; but for a portrait of a high-souled, elevated, true-hearted woman, crowned with that shrinking modesty which is at once the peculiar charm and safeguard of her sex—from impure thoughts or impurer acts—we shall search in vain through the works of Eugene Sue. He either does not know or does not prize this chief trait of female excellence; for his model woman in this book, on whom he has evidently lavished all his powers of imagination and description to beautify and adorn, Adrienne de Cardoville, is but a voluptuous sensualist, totally devoid of delicacy of feeling or purity of thought, fit for the harem of an Eastern despot, not to fill a place in the home and heart of an honest man.

The deformed sempstress, La Mayeux, as far surpasses her in real feminine attraction as she falls short of her in beauty of face and figure. The latter is, indeed, the best female character he has ever drawn; but is rendered more an object of pity than respect by the position she occupies and her painful deformity. The aunt of Adrienne is a she-devil, not a woman, a libel on her sex. Rodin, the Jesuit, is a masterly conception—an incarnation of pure intellect unfettered by moral or social restraints—inspired and possessed by a gnawing and insatiable ambition, and attaining his ends by the exercise of a devilish ingenuity whose expedients are never exhausted; his mental portrait is worthy of occupying a place beside that of Borgia and those other deep, "dark masters of Italian wile," whose principles we find on the page of Machiavelli, and from whose in-



scrutable eyes and broad smooth brows, as preserved in the paintings of the old Italian masters, the student of the human countenance may read untiring energy and subtle craft with which, like serpents, they wound their way towards their object, either of love or hate.

There is a narrow and sectarian bitterness of spirit manifested in selecting such a character as the type and representative of a class; but the purpose of the author was to attack the order of Jesuits and he could not have hit on a more potent engine than incarnating the order in Rodin. Of the falsity of the picture or its truth we have nothing to say, our criticism not being clerical in its character, though the manifest exaggeration displayed in the details of the plot, throw a shade of suspicion on its more serious developments. The quotations he has made from Jesuitical works we have not had the opportunity of verifying. Whatever may be the merits of Rodin's portrait as a priest, there can be no doubt as to the power displayed in the conception and execution of the character in an artistic point of view: through all the squalor of his loathsome exterior and the servile meanness of his position, shines out the light of a powerful intellect and the majesty of an iron will; elevating him in our eyes, and causing respect and fear strangely to blend with our loathing and disgust. We feel that he is a creeping and venomous reptile, yet like the rattlesnake, gifted with a power to fascinate and destroy; inspiring that mingled feeling which bold and triumphant villany ever produces even in the best regulated minds. Far different is the feeling with which we regard his brutal agent, Morok; though but a subordinate in crime equally unscrupulous and treacherous, he yet excites only disgust, for, on the head of the tool, we pour that hatred which should properly fall upon the master fiend.

One word as to the morality of this book which has been highly extolled because it has sought to expose the immoralities of a class on the old principle of "setting a thief to catch a thief," successfully. What morality is *not*, he well understands practically; but what it is, in its highest purity, he has not the remotest idea. For, turn as we may to any of his works, we shall find a refined sensuality robing itself in the garb of virtue, and pranking in its borrowed plumes. We know of no more

dangerous books, in this respect, than those we have commented on above; for under the tinsel decorations of a sickly sentimentality are hidden the pitfalls of vice and iniquity. With a hypocritical show of indignation, characters are introduced and scenes described which would fire the blood of a frozen anchorite; he literally revels in the fires of burning passions, which shed an unholy glare upon his pages—like that which illumined Pandemonium—and excites those evil impulses, which slumber in the hearts of the purest like the hidden embers within the volcano. The orgies of the Tapis Franc, and of the Queen Bacchanal and her crew, are of a kind to excite only disgust; but not so with those abominable scenes between the Notary and Cecile, in the Mysteries. The whole details of the loves of Adrienne and Djalma, too—more particularly the analysis of her character—and a hundred other minor scenes and touches indicate the corrupt, sensual and profligate nature of the author, whose very Eros is a loathsome, leering Silenus, bestial and brutal in his nature. No virtuous woman can or should read the sentiments and feelings exhibited by Adrienne de Cardoville—his model of the sex—without feeling the blush of shame and indignation mantle on her cheeks for so base a representative of her sex.

We have unconsciously been betrayed into bestowing so much space on the consideration of Eugene Sue's claims as a Novelist, that we find sufficient room will not be left us to inquire into his claims to rank as a Social Reformer, in the present paper. We shall therefore be compelled to abandon, for the present, our consideration of that subject—with the hope of recurring to it at another and more favorable time—when more justice can be done than at the lag end of an article, which may already have wearied the patience of those who "conspire to read us." If any among these, whose prejudices or partialities may have been rudely shocked, should deem it worth their while to reproach or revile us for a tolerably free expression of our opinions, we would bestow on such the parting benediction bestowed by the Archbishop upon Gil Blas, when, dismissing him from his service, he wished him "all imaginable good fortune, and much better taste."

E. D.

## THE PILGRIM BALL.

Written upon the occasion of the celebration, at Plymouth, of the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims—being the twenty-second of Dec., 1845—which day was concluded with a "*Pilgrim Ball.*"

THE moon shone cold and brightly,  
 But brighter still within,  
 The lights beamed full on jeweled head,  
 And blazed from diamond pin.  
 Gay music rings upon the ear,  
 The beating pulses thrill,  
 And, hand locked close in twining hand,  
 The heart beats faster still.  
 And low the silvery laugh went round,  
 And loud the prompter's call,  
 And gaily gleamed the twining dance,—  
 It was the "*Pilgrim Ball.*"

The moon shone cold and brightly  
 In the church-yard on the hill,  
 But there, within that blazing hall,  
 The lamps shone brighter still:—  
 But now, why is the music hushed?  
 Why stops the woven dance—  
 And maids and youths stand still and gaze,  
 As they were in a trance?—  
 Wide swings the door—a ghastly train  
 Slow sweeps along the hall—  
 I wot they were strange guests to see  
 Gracing the "*Pilgrim Ball.*"

The moon shone cold and brightly  
 On the hill-top and the plain;  
 But no man watched their coming thence,  
 Nor saw from whence they came.  
 Dim forms they were, of ancient days,  
 As living eyes ne'er saw,  
 Save in the Pictures grim and old  
 That cunning limners draw.  
 "Give way!"—in hollow tone sounds out,  
 "Give way now, one and all,  
 And we will dance an olden dance:—  
 It is the '*Pilgrim Ball!*'"

And then those dusky figures,  
 Moved mournfully around;  
 And broad-brimmed hat and matron's hood  
 Bent, as in sorrow, down.  
 A strain of music, low and deep,  
 Went with their solemn tread;  
 And words, unbreathed, were mingling in,  
 As by the music bred.  
 Though almost lost in that deep strain,  
 Those words were heard by all—  
 "We tread the Exiles' march!—It is  
 Fit step for '*Pilgrim Ball!*'"



Then sank that solemn music,  
 The pageant ceased to move,  
 And knelt those forms with upraised hands,  
 As sending thanks above.  
 In vain the chorded strings began  
 A fresh and lively air;  
 Strange husky words were mingling in,  
 "We pray the Exiles' prayer!"  
 They prayed—their hollow voices rose  
 Above the prompter's call,  
 Then rising, noiselessly they went  
 Forth from the "Pilgrim Ball."

The moon shone cold and brightly,  
 On the hill-top and the plain;  
 But no man saw from whence they came,  
 Nor whither went again.  
 Those dusky forms passed like a dream,  
 That low strain died away,  
 And as the strange sight vanished thus,  
 Moonlight gave place to day.  
 God's mercy now!—I think it would,  
 A brave man's heart appall,  
 To see the sight that awed the Night,  
 And hushed the "Pilgrim Ball."

## RELIGIOUS POETRY (ENGLISH) OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

ALL true poetry is a consecrated thing in one sense, but by the above caption we intend to express a portion (the only genuine department of poesy) of the poetry of the seventeenth century, which deals expressly in a recognition of the great facts of Christian morality, and which is especially devoted to the service of Religion. The religious element is the predominant element in the poetry of the present age; not perhaps in the fashionable poetry of the day, but in the sterling poetry, that is to last, at least through the coming age. Those who are advanced in years at the present time have survived more than one school of verse and if they live but a little longer, will outlive another. Where now is Hayley, the so-called Pope of his day, and placed by some stupid critic (Dr. Aikin or Mrs. Chapone, we believe) at the head of English poetry, merely because he was a good man, a nobler title than a Poet, but very far from being identical with it? Where are the cold

classic imitations of Mason and Aken-side, the turgid bombast of Dr. Johnson (we refer, particularly, to Irene and even to many passages in his otherwise excellent versions of Juvenal), the absurd, pedantic phrases of Darwin, the sentimentalities of Miss Seward? Gone, gone to the same place where soon will follow very much of the voluminous ballad imitations of Scott (which a revival of the fine old ballads themselves will cast into the shade, where whole cantos and pages numberless out of Lord Byron's storehouse of exaggerated passion and superficial philosophy have gone, where all of Moore but a few songs, his satirical and political squibs, and a few passages in Lalla Rookh, will go, and where a shoal of inferior minor poets, with very superior professions and assumption, however, must inevitably follow. The true poets of the age, Wordsworth, Campbell in his smaller poems, Keats, Coleridge, even sceptical Shelley, Southey in his minor poems, Hunt, Lamb, Elliott, Keble,

Miss Barrett, and a few similar spirits, who have only published occasionally, are essentially and distinctively spiritual. True poetry in its highest forms (its only real forms, for when it descends lower it is mere verse, however witty, sensible, tender or fanciful) is based on that instinctive reverence in man for the good and the beautiful, is coeval with the highest aspirations of the soul, is seen manifestly in the religious adoration of a grateful and reverential worship, as visibly as in any other act.

Faith is the highest speculative as Charity is the noblest active principle of human nature: speculative only, however, in the degree of relation. It is concerned with diviner things than the social virtue of Charity. Charity is exercised towards equals and inferiors—Faith towards our superiors; and, as an honest and worthy man, sees no object of reverence in this world, not even the highest types of human perfection, he must, it follows of course, direct his regard to a diviner and an immortal Father. He cannot evince his faith so directly in action as he can show his charity. He can still indirectly display the effects of this faith in his conduct, and honor his Maker in obeying his commands. Something german to these remarks are the following passages from an article, by the writer of this paper, and which he will not attempt re-writing, as he has expressed his views pretty freely already.

“The imagination should, therefore, be cultivated, if only as an aid to the strengthening of virtuous resolves and the heightening of religious aspirations. The effect of a pure imagination on the heart is one of the most cheering evidences of the real nobility of man. The highest poetry, we repeat, is religious; and the greatest poets must be necessarily devout. The common opinion sanctioned is against this position: yet the true view sanctioned by still higher authority, is directly in its favor. For who will place Dr. Johnson, Byron, and the sensual school, against Milton, Wordsworth and Coleridge, to say nothing of the grandest poetry—the poetry of the Hebrews? The old-fashioned critics thought, or said that dullness or insipidity were the genuine ingredients in religious verse. This is very true in its application to some religionists; but it is very far from true when we come on the Muse’s hill—when we reach the enchanted city of poets. Their error could have arisen only from

ignorance, or else from a minuteness of poetical and critical vision, that can see a world of Poetry in Shelley and Moore, and nothing but prosaic boldness in Wordsworth and Milton. Milton is the most serious and impressive of uninspired lyrists. The whole cast of his mind was eminently religious. The Hebrew poets were his favorite reading, and after them the Greek tragedians and Shakspeare. His personal bearing is said to have been grave and austere. Even in youth he was like his own Archangel, “severe in youthful beauty.”

“He was religious in his taste. He played anthems daily on the organ. What other instrument could have filled his mind with those magnificent ideas of space and sound of which his poetry is full?”

“The poet, then, as priest and prophet, in an early age; so also, as a Christian and as the world’s teacher, must be a man of purity and holiness. He must have clean hands and a pure heart that would hymn the glories of the Almighty.

“Besides the great poets we have mentioned, whose motto is, ‘Holiness to the Lord,’ there is a galaxy of lesser lights—a poetic host, just before and after the Restoration in England, professedly religious—Herbert, and Donne, and Vaughan, and Wotton, and Fletcher, and Southwell. It may be remarked further, that the most irreligious poets discover instinctively at times a vein of devotion, and even the lightest versifiers have their images of fear and terror. The gloomiest painters occasionally describe a fairer scene; and through the pitchy darkness are seen gleams of light as from a heavenly country.

“This arises out of a very natural cause. Religion, its hopes and fears, the grandeur and gentleness of the supreme intellect; the beauty of divine love; the hallowed influences of the Spirit, form the noblest themes of the poet, painter and musician. It is from interest, if from no other reason, then, the poet should be religious. Not only is the grandest poetry religious, but also the finest music, and the immortal master-pieces of painting. The souls of Milton, Raphael and Handel could not be touched by common loves, or vexed by common cares. They required something vast and awful, or exquisitely tender and sweet, to fill their minds and move their hearts. High fancies, rich colors, pealing harmonies—Paradise Lost, the Holy Family, the



Messiah. No themes have inspired such eloquence as religion. In fact every art has laid its richest offerings at that shrine. The noblest cathedrals have been erected for the worship of the Most High; and in those temples the choicest paintings are hung, the most solemn music is played, accompanied by voices almost cherubic. The most admirable verses have been written for its psalmody—what poem is finer than that Rembrandt strain of mingled golden and gloomy fancies—that rich, monkish canticle, ‘*Dies iræ, dies illa*?’ and the wisest powers of discriminative piety and judicious devotion have been exhausted in the preparation of a perfect liturgy. It must be confessed, then, the imagination is the most religious of our faculties, and consequently the grandest.”

These general considerations have led us off from the main design, and have occupied so much of the space we had assigned to the subject, that we must conclude after a very brief survey of the appearance of the present age, in regard to poetry. In England, the religious poet of the day, and for all times, is Wordsworth. In him a natural piety is the characteristic trait of his genius. The followers of Wordsworth constitute a class by themselves, and have universally substituted a spiritual tone for the light and fleeing spirit of the Byronic school. Coleridge and Southey, the early and late friends and fellow-poets of Wordsworth, are distinguished by the same reverential spirit, and a host of minor poets, (most of them writing on secular themes,) as Cornwall, Elliott, Mrs. Southey, Miss Barrett, and names even superior to these are strongly tinged with this same feeling of reverence and awe in sacred matters. There is, besides these, a new and small class of professedly religious poets of the school of Herbert and Donne, altered and accommodated to suit the spirit of the age. The head-quarters of this body is Oxford, whence have emanated some of the sweetest strains the Church of England has ever breathed. We say nothing of the particular doctrinal views of these writers—defenders of the Oxford Tracts, and in some instances among the writers of them—but we admire, generally, some of their finest efforts as worthy of true poets. We refer, more particularly, to Mr. Keble, the Poetry Professor and author of the *Christian Year*; and to the author of the *Cathedral*. Here, at home, it has been noticed that our

finest poetry is of the reflective and meditative cast; and this is one of the finest traits of the American character. To go no further, our three finest poets are deeply religious—Dana, Bryant and Longfellow. The poetry and prose of Dana is overspread with a grave and solemn hue befitting a teacher of men and a spiritual thinker. The *Thanatopsis* of Bryant, alone, is, after the poetry of Wordsworth, perhaps the finest sacred poem since the time of Milton; and the *Psalms of Life*, by Longfellow, are rich harmonies from a soul deeply touched with the sad notes of humanity, but cheered and invigorated by consolations from a superior source.

In the present paper, we shall devote our attention chiefly to reviving the memory of two rare poets, now quite forgotten by the mass of even cultivated readers, and barely known to literary, antiquary and poetical students—Quarles and Crashaw. Geo. Herbert, the Fletchers, Donne and Vaughan, have been so admirably commented upon by the most delicate critic of poetry, especially of old English minor verse, in this country, that we shall not attempt a critical rivalry. To the readers of the early numbers of the *New York Review*, *Arcturus* and the “*Democratic*,” we need not mention a name so well-known and highly cherished, as the author of the several articles on the poets just mentioned, in the first two journals.

The author of the “*Emblems*” is truly a neglected Poet. The sometime darling of the plebeian judgments is now known to most readers only by name, as one of the victims of Pope’s satire. But like certain others of those about whom Pope wrote, rather as a malignant, foe than as a keen critic, Quarles has strong grounds of desert to prefer as a claim on our attention. Cibber was no less a brilliant comic writer than Quarles a deep and earnest religious Poet, yet both are embalmed in the *Dunciad*:—a monument of elaborate malice, and in their cases, at least, unjust satire.

The best argument for the worth of any man, is a knowledge of his intimate associates and assured friends: next to that the strongest proof is, the good report of those good men amongst his contemporaries to whom he was personally unknown, and whose disinterested applause is the fruit of his irreproachable life and fair actions. If we allow this, we must concede the noblest qualities of the man,

and the genius of the Poet, to one who could unite the suffrage of such men in his favor as Drayton the Poet, Fuller the Church Historian, Dr. Hammond the eloquent Divine, and Archbishop Usher. His wife, also, was his warm eulogist, and she should have known his domestic character best. It is delightful from time to time to read the affectionate memorials of the wives and daughters of men of genius. We have lately seen pleasing instances of this kind, in the wife of Shelley and the daughter of Coleridge; of a similar nature is the sisterly regard for the fame of her admirable brother in the case of Mary Lamb.

Francis Quarles was descended from a respectable family of some wealth and local reputation. At an early age, he entered the University of Cambridge, where he is said to have surpassed all his mates, and was graduated from the same College at which Milton and Henry More, the Platonist, studied.

This fact is alluded to in a line by George Dyer, the friend of Charles Lamb, in his *History of Cambridge*. On leaving College, Quarles read Law for the same reason that Shelley walked the Hospitals, rather to learn how to defend the rights as the greater Poet, to ease the lives of his fellow creatures, than from any motive of profit or advantage. Though a lover of quiet, and of a retired way of life, yet so strong was his loyalty and almost romantic devotion to the most celebrated woman of her day, that he became cup-bearer to the Queen of Hungary. We next hear of Quarles as Secretary to Archbishop Usher, who valued him very highly. At the breaking out of the rebellion Quarles left Ireland for London, where, at the request of the Earl of Dorset, he was created "City's Chronologer," an office supposed to resemble that of Master of Ceremonies. Quarles held this situation until his death.

We have selected the following contemporary notices of our Poet. Fuller says of him, that if Quarles had been contemporary with Plato, he would not only have allowed him to live, but also advanced him to an office in his commonwealth. The same quaint author speaks of Quarles making Mount Zion his Parnassus, and allows him the just praise of uttering strains of a very different character from those the Poets generally gave birth to in his time. Aubrey adds, in a sentence to a notice of some

other worthy: "Mr. Quarles was a very good man." One of the nearest friends of Quarles was a Doctor Aylmer, Archdeacon of London, "a great favorer and fast friend to the Muses," who died of the plague in 1625. We introduce this name for the sake of the anecdotes connected with it. Being asked on his death-bed how he felt, he exclaimed, "I thank God heart-whole." He also declared in that solemn hour that his own eyes "had ever been his overseers;" and it is recorded that "he shut his own eyes with his own hands."

A man and poet possessed of such friends in such an age, can hardly deserve the contempt of modern wittlings, who affect to speak of the trash of Quarles. There is, undoubtedly, a great proportion of worthless poetry in his works, but there is also a genuine vein. Quarles was often quaint, sometimes coarse—never weak or effeminate. He has sublimity with his harshness, force with his distortion, energy with his extravagance. The Muse of Quarles is dedicated wholly to the service of religion. He wrote none but devotional poetry, and all his strains are inspired by a sincere, affectionate piety.

His *Emblems* is his chief work; a species of illustrated poetry and piety that forms a rather heterogeneous mixture. Some years ago we had a copy in our possession—the only one we ever met with. From our recollection of that, we should infer it to be a work in which it is hard to tell whether piety or an absurdity of pictorial conception predominate. The Hieroglyphics, "an Egyptian dish dressed after an English fashion," forms an appropriate companion-piece to the *Emblems*. The eccentricities of Quarles' fancy are here paralleled by the eccentricities of his measure.

From Cattermole's *Religious Poetry of the Seventeenth Century*, we select the most favorable specimens of the best manner of Quarles. These are sententious and dogmatical, full of thought and serious feeling. The style is as hard as enamel and as polished, pointed to conciseness, and weighty with the dignity of religious truth.

#### VANITY OF THE WORLD.

False world thou liest, thou canst not lend  
The least delight;  
Thy favors cannot gain a friend,  
They are so slight;



Thy morning pleasures make an end,  
 To please at night.  
 Poor are the wants that thou suppliest,  
 And yet thou vauntest, and yet thou liest;  
 With heaven, fond earth, thou boasts—  
 false world, thou liest.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales  
 Of endless treasure;  
 Thy bounty offers easy gales  
 Of lasting pleasure;  
 Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,  
 And swearest to ease her.  
 There's none can want where thou suppliest,  
 There's none can give where thou deniest,  
 Alas! fond world, thou boasts—false world,  
 thou liest.

What well-advised ear regards  
 What earth can say?  
 Thy words are gold, but thy rewards  
 Are painted clay;  
 Thy cunning can but pack the cards,  
 Thou canst not play.  
 Thy game at market still thou aye'st;  
 If seen, and then revyed deniest:  
 Thou art not what thou seem'st, false  
 world, thou liest.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint  
 Of new-coined treasure;  
 A paradise that has no stint,  
 No change, no measure;  
 A painted cask, but nothing in't,  
 Nor wealth, nor pleasure.  
 Vain earth! that falsely, that compliest  
 With man: vain man! that thou reliest  
 On earth: vain man, thou dotest; vain  
 earth, thou liest.

What mean, dull souls, in this high measure,  
 To haberdash  
 In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure  
 Is dross and trash;  
 The height of whose enchanting pleasure  
 Is but a flash.  
 Are these the goods that thou suppliest  
 Us mortals with? Are these the highest?  
 Can these bring cordial peace? false world  
 thou liest.

#### DELIGHT IN GOD ONLY.

I love (and have some cause to love) the  
 earth;  
 She is my Maker's creature, therefore  
 good;  
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth;  
 She is my "mother nurse;" she gives  
 me food:  
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with  
 Thee,  
 Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the air, her dainty sweets refresh  
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets  
 unite me;  
 Her shrill-mouthed quire sustains me with  
 their flesh,  
 And with their polyphonian notes de-  
 light me:  
 But what's the air, or all the sweets that  
 she  
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to  
 Thee?

I love the sea, she is my fellow-creature,  
 My careful purveyor; she provides me  
 store;  
 She walls me round; she makes my diet  
 greater;  
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign  
 shore:  
 But, Lord of Oceans, when compared with  
 thee,  
 What is the Ocean or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,  
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine  
 eye;  
 Mine eye by contemplation's great attorney  
 Transcends the crystal pavements of the  
 sky:  
 But what is heaven, great God, compared  
 to Thee?  
 Without Thy presence heaven's no heaven  
 to me.

Without Thy presence earth gives no re-  
 flection,  
 Without Thy presence sea affords no  
 treasure,  
 Without Thy presence air's a rank infec-  
 tion,  
 Without Thy presence heaven itself no  
 pleasure.  
 If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,  
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to  
 me?

The highest honors that the world can boast  
 Are subjects far too low for my desire,  
 The brightest beams of glory are (at most)  
 But dying sparkles of Thy living fire,  
 The loudest flames that earth can kindle be  
 But nightly glow-worms if compared to  
 Thee.

Without Thy presence wealth is bags of  
 cares,  
 Wisdom but folly; joy, disquiet,—sad-  
 ness;  
 Friendship is treason, and delights are  
 snares,  
 Pleasure but pain, and mirth but pleasing  
 madness.  
 Without Thee, Lord, things be not what  
 they be,  
 Nor have they being, when compared with  
 Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I?

Not having Thee, what have my labors got?

Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I?

And having Thee alone what have I not?  
I wish nor sea, nor land, nor would I be  
Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed  
of Thee.

#### TO SIR JULIUS CÆSAR, MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

The high perfection wherewith heaven  
does please

To crown our transitory days, are these:  
Goods well possessed, and not possessing  
thee;

A faithful friend, equal in love, degree;  
Lands fruitful, and not conscious of a curse;  
A boastless hand, a charitable purse;  
A smiling conscience, a contented mind;  
A sober knowledge with true wisdom  
joined;

A breast well tempered, diet without art,  
Surfeit, or harm; a wisely simple heart;  
Pastimes ingenuous, lawful, manly, sparing;

A spirit not contentious, rash, but daring;  
A body healthful, sound, and fit for labor;  
A house well ordered, and an equal neighbor;

A prudent wife, and constant to the roof;  
Sober, but yet not sad, and fair enough;  
Sleep seasonable, moderate and secure;  
Actions heroic, constant, blameless, pure;  
A life as long, as fair, and when expired,  
A glorious death, unfeared as undesired.

Wilmott, the biographer of Quarles, speaks of passages in his earlier poems, as reading "like fragments from an uncorrected copy of Pope's *Essay on Man*;" with native strength and roughness, but destitute of the polish and harmony of the later poet. Of the poem above, last quoted, we would say even more than this. We think it equal to the second-rate passages of Pope, and superior to the imitations of his followers; better, for instance, than Hayley could have done.

In his analysis of Quarles, Mr. Wilmott has meted out to him exact justice. He concludes his criticism with this language: "There was nothing effeminate in his manners or disposition; he was often ungraceful, but never weak. \* \* \* His eccentricity was the ruin of his genius; he offered up the most beautiful offspring of his imagination, without remorse, to this misshapen idol. \* \* \*

His pencil rather 'dashed' than 'drew,' and he wanted the taste and patience to finish his pictures. He was sublime and vulgar, at the impulse of the moment. Sometimes, however, images of great delicacy fell unconsciously from his pen. Quarles' prose is excellent; his *Enchiridion* is worthy of Epictetus."

It may afford matter of no little surprise to those who are unacquainted with the revolutions in literary taste, (as astonishing, in a different way, as revolutions in States or the changes of manners,) to learn that the poet Montgomery is a popular author with the readers of religious verse, (now a large body,) while, at the same time, Richard Crashaw, infinitely the superior of Montgomery, is barely known by name, except to a few antiquarian critics. Crashaw, a religious poet, too, writing, moreover, with force and delicacy, (a rare union,) on the noblest theme of the Sacred Muse, is unknown to the very persons who, of all others, should study his works with attention, and might be supposed to read them with rapture. Montgomery bears to Crashaw about the relation that Pollock may be said to sustain to Milton. For our own part, we think the parallel a pretty fair one. Yet hardly a school-girl in her teens but has read Montgomery's *Grave*; and scarcely a scholar of even considerable culture who is at all acquainted with the rich fancies of this "Delight of the Muses."

The neglect into which the works of Crashaw have fallen, we cannot help considering but too strong a proof of the vicious taste of the public, especially in matters of poetry. The occasional quaintness that disfigures his productions, in common with those of Donne, Herbert, Quarles, the Fletchers and Cowley, (all of whom wrote a much larger proportion of fine than of indifferent poetry,) furnishes an apparently sufficient objection to indolent students of the religious poetry of the seventeenth century. But the excuse is a superficial one. Crashaw's best poems are quite free from these defects, and out of the small body of poetry he has left, the following poems are admirable and complete of their kind: On a Prayer Book, Music's Duel, Epitaph on Mr. Ashton, Death's Lecture on a Young Gentleman, the translations from Lessius, from the *Sospetto d' Herode* of Marini, and of the *Dies Iræ*. In point of fact, a larger proportion of really admirable poetry still remains of Crashaw, amidst all



his conceits and crudities, than can be furnished out of any popular poet in England of the present day, except Wordsworth. There is nothing in Leigh Hunt or Barry Cornwall, equal in richness of fancy and profusion of images to the Music's Duel of Crashaw. Of this fine poet, Hunt\* has written an admiring and acute criticism. The "Dies Iræ" is a flight above every poet in England now living, always excepting the reigning monarch of Poesy, whom we associate with the idea of Milton. The Epitaph on Mr. Ashton is nearer Pope than Mr. Rogers could approach; and the Poem on a Prayer Book is much superior to anything in Keble's Christian Year.

Of these different poems the translations are, we believe, best known to the few who know anything of Crashaw. They are allowed, in every instance, to be superior to the originals, and display a force of conception and brilliancy of coloring—a copious flow of illustration—a peculiar delicacy of expression that constitute the individual traits of the poet himself.

The translation of the first book of the *Sospetto d' Herode*, by Marini, the founder of that school of false taste in Italy, whose writers abound in "con-cetti," is a masterly performance. Crashaw's version is placed by Mr. Wilmott, Crashaw's biographer and a genial critic, above the power of Marini. It is sufficient praise to Crashaw that Milton has borrowed from his poem. The soliloquy of Satan, in Milton, is evidently modeled on Crashaw. The character of Satan is painted in a similar way. Crashaw has not, to be sure, the wonderful concise power of the Bard of Eden. His stanza is loose, free, and flowing, but he has sublime thoughts and imaginations. His invention is exceedingly vivid, and produces even a feeling of awe. Instead of mangling this fine poem by extracts, we refer those of our readers who love really fine poetry, to the poem itself in Cattermole's *Sacred Poetry of the Seventeenth Century*.

The "Dies Iræ" is a version of the solemn monkish canticle, a noble version too. Mr. Wilmott declares that, "to style Crashaw's Hymn a translation at all is an untruth; unless a picture wrought into life by force of coloring and expression can be considered a copy of a feeble and inanimate outline." With a hearty

assent to Mr. Wilmott's enthusiastic criticism, we still think he has, in a desire to exalt Crashaw, spoken with too much disrespect of the fine old strain of mingled Dread and Piety. Here are a few verses of the original; the perpetual recurring, similar endings, give some color to the notion that the monks invented rhyme.

Dies Iræ, dies illa,  
Crucis expandens vexilla,  
Solvat sæculum in favilla!

Quantus tremor est futurus,  
Quando Judex est venturus,  
Cuncta stricte discissurus!

Tuba mirum spargens sonum  
Per sepulchra regionum  
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,  
Cum resurget creatura,  
Judicanti responsura!

Liber scriptus proferetur,  
In quo totum continetur,  
Unde mundus judicetur.

To our ears the mere sound of these words brings up an awful picture; how impressive must they be when chanted by a full choir, in a rare old cathedral. Of Crashaw's Hymn, we quote several stanzas:

#### THE HYMN,

"Dies Iræ, dies illa," &c.

In meditation of the Day of Judgment.

Hear'st thou, my soul, what serious things  
Both the Psalm and Sybil sings,  
Of a sure Judge from whose sharp ray  
The world in flames shall fly away?

O that fire! before whose face  
Heaven and earth shall find no place;  
O those eyes! whose angry light  
Must be the day of that dread night.

O that trump! whose blast shall run  
An even round with the circling sun,  
And urge the murmuring graves to bring  
Pale mankind forth to meet his King.

Horror of Nature, hell and death,  
When a deep groan from beneath  
Shall cry, "we come! we come!" and all  
The caves of night answer one call.

O when thy last frown shall proclaim  
The flocks of goats to folds of flame,

\* Indicator, xxxii.

And all thy lost sheep found shall be,  
Let "come ye blessed" then call me.

When the dread "Itē" shall divide  
Those limbs of death from thy left side,  
Let those life-speaking lips command  
That I inherit thy right hand.

Oh, hear a suppliant heart all crushed  
And crumbled into contrite dust !  
My hope, my fear ! my Judge, my Friend !  
Take charge of me and of my end.

The anecdote is related of Roscommon, that on his death-bed he repeated the last two lines, slightly altered, with great devotion almost in the very article of death. This elegant-minded nobleman had borrowed largely from Crashaw in his own poem on the Day of Judgment.

Music's Duel is the old story of the rival contest between the musician and the nightingale, the latter of whom is overcome by shame and vexation at her defeat, and dies.

The narrative is highly artificial, and worked up with admirable skill, equaled to the fabled musician himself, wrapped up in intricacy of metaphor, and gurgling into curious eddies, and rushing into involved mazes of harmony.

The Hymn on the Nativity is without the daring sublimity of Milton, but full of a charming "pastoral sweetness, sung as by the shepherds."

#### HYMN ON THE NATIVITY.

Gloomy night embraced the place  
Where the noble infant lay ;  
The Babe looked up and showed his face—  
In spite of darkness it was day.

We saw thee in thy balmy nest,  
Bright dawn of an eternal day—  
We saw thine eyes break from the East,  
And chase their trembling shades away—  
We saw thee, and we blessed the sight—  
We saw thee by thine own sweet light !

She sings thy tears asleep, and dips  
Her kisses in thy weeping eye—  
She spreads the red leaves of thy lips,  
That in their buds yet blushing lie.

Yet when young April's husband showers  
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,  
We'll bring the first-born of her flowers,  
To kiss thy feet and crown thy head—  
To thee, dread Lamb ! whose love must  
keep

The shepherds more than they their sheep.

To thee, meek Majesty ! soft King  
Of simple graces and sweet loves ;  
Each of us his lamb will bring,  
Each his pair of silver doves.

Temperance, or the Cheap Physician, a version of Lessius, is a neat and spirited copy of verses, of the school of Pope and Churchill, in moral satire—a pithy lecture on sobriety and temperance.

The Epitaph on Mr. Ashton is excellent. Pope professedly copied the first part of it in his epitaph on Mr. Fenton. Pope could not have improved it, for it is in his best style, terse, ingenious, pointed.

Warton somewhere remarks that Pope was in the habit of extracting pure gold "from the dregs of Donne, Quarles, and Crashaw," as if their poetry were mere dregs. In point of truth, Pope's gold was their silver washed over—their genuine flights were above anything in the leader in the artificial school of Poetry. With ten times the judgment of these earlier bards, he had not the half of their original genius.

Pope's criticism on Crashaw, in a long letter to Henry Cromwell, is very characteristic of his French taste, his illiberality and bigotry, and the prejudices of his age in matters of poetical criticism, at the same time full of keen remarks, and in the main, at times, tolerably just.

The Lines on a Prayer Book was admired by Coleridge, as one of the noblest poems in our literature, and such we think every genuine reader of true poetry will confess it to be.

The best account of the life of Crashaw is to be found in Wilmott's *Lives of the Sacred Poets*. The chief facts are, the religious conversion of Crashaw from Protestantism to Popery, perhaps as much a matter of imagination in him as anything else, though Crashaw was a man of rare and unquestionable piety,\* and his friendship with the chief men of the age, Selden the greatest scholar, and Cowley the finest poet of his time.

The short life of Crashaw was spent in poverty and distress. His loyalty to his king brought him to this condition, but his pious zeal kept him pure.

Hazlitt has spoken ignorantly of the "hectic manner" of Crashaw. We suspect he knew him only by report. Lamb

\* In the temple of God, under his wing, he led his life in St. Mary's Church, near St. Peter's College, under Tertullian's roof of Angels; there he made his nest more gladly than David's swallow, near the house of God, where, like a primitive saint he offered more prayers in the night than others usually offer in the day.—*Preface to the Steps to the Temple*, 1846.



ought to have a paper on him. He deserved it at least as well as Wither.

Crashaw has tenderness, fancy, occasional sublimity, frequent eloquence, considerable selection in phrases, and a fine ear for harmony.

Cowley, at all times his friend, and who out of his slender salary supported him at Paris, and introduced him to the Queen who assisted him to the extent of her power, has left an affecting memorial of his admiration of Crashaw, in a generous strain, which came from the heart of a fine poet and a true man.

“Poet and Saint! To thee alone are given  
The two most sacred names of earth and  
heaven—  
The bard and rarest union that can be  
Next that of Godhead and humanity.

Long did the Muse's banished slaves abide,  
And built their pyramids to human pride.  
Like Moses thou, though spells and charms  
withstand,

Has brought them nobly back to their Holy  
Land.

Hail bard, triumphant! and some care bestow

On us the Poets militant below—

Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,  
Attached by envy and by ignorance,  
Thou, from low earth, in nobler flames didst  
rise,

And like Elijah mount above the skies.”

We shall probably take occasion hereafter to continue our notices of other fine poets, still less known than either Quarles or Crashaw.

J.

## THE IDEALIST.

### A SOCRATIC DIALOGUE.

*Socrates, conversing with Ischomachus, an Athenian, unfolds the Idealistic, or Transcendental \* Doctrine.*

*Place.*—The garden of Ischomachus, near Athens.

*Time.*—Evening.

SOCRATES. I have heard, Ischomachus, of your felicity, in this rustic way of life, and if you are willing, I would learn from your own mouth, by what care and by what arts felicity may be attained.

ISCHOMACHUS. My happiness, excellent sir, is not from any art or care, but from

the favor of a god, who has given me a good wife, a dutiful son, and fertile land.

Soc. If these should be taken away, would life be any longer desirable?

ISCHOM. Why, imagine the chance of such a miserable fate?

Soc. I am not one of those who easily

\* 1. TRANSCENDENTALISM.—A faith in the being of certain principles of an eternal nature, regarded by the Platonic Christians as attributes of God, and as composing the image of God in man. Those who hold this faith, believe that conversion is a partial restoration of this original image. Consult Cudworth, Leighton, and other English Platonists. This is the proper “Transcendental” doctrine; so called because these principles, (Justice, Mercy, &c.,) *transcend* or exceed the understanding, and are given, by Divine favor, as intuitions of “Reason” only.

The transcendentalism of Kant (who may have taken the idea and the word from Cudworth) differs not essentially from that of the English divines, but rejects the belief of miracles and tradition, as evidences of truth, trusting wholly to the intuitions themselves. It denies *in toto* the authority of intellect, and trusts nothing to sense or imagination, for a knowledge of sight.

2. “Transcendentalism.”—A confidence in the sufficiency of the affections, the passions, and the imagination, to lead men aright, independently of duty, instruction, or other ethical aid. This kind puts the *life* or “soul of the world,” instead of God. It is sometimes called Pantheism, or Sensualism. It adopts a philanthropic, and usually a democratic phrase. For examples, see the modern French novelists, and the current superstitions of the age.

3. “Transcendentalism.”—The use of an affected phraseology, borrowed from the Greeks and Germans. Metaphysical bombast. Pseudo poetry, in which a metaphysical or mystical language is used, instead of picturesque expression. Mysticism. The

smell mortality in an infant's breath; but tell me, dear Ischomachus, if there is any other felicity which you have in store if these should be lost.

ISCHOM. I know of none but these: that my land is good, my wife virtuous, and my son obedient. What more can I possess?

Soc. All these you have by the favor of some god.

ISCHOM. By no *other* means, at least.

Soc. How may I too attain his favor?

ISCHOM. By prayer and offering.

Soc. Thousands pray for these things, and for other modes of felicity, but you alone possess them. Why is the deity partial, or what is that amazing virtue in you?

ISCHOM. I am at a loss to answer. My virtue is unknown to me, if I have it, and the opinion you discover that I alone am happy almost subverts my happiness.

Soc. Am I then able with a breath to blow away the favor of heaven?

ISCHOM. It is easy: you might do more, and on a sudden take my life.

Soc. This happiness of yours, like an halcyon's nest, floats upon the sea, in danger of a thousand waves. Is there nothing firm but the rock that may destroy it?

ISCHOM. Nothing, as I think. All things move and change, and evils are seasonable: death sweeps all away.

Soc. Is life like the melody of a lyre, sounding and ceasing?

ISCHOM. So it seems.

Soc. Who am I, then, that am able to consider my own transiency? Is the harmony of a chord a harmony to itself, or only to some superior being?

ISCHOM. To a superior.

Soc. When we meditate on the transiency of life, what is it that meditates?

ISCHOM. I am unable to say. Call it *spirit* if you will; names avail not much.

Soc. Let us look closer at the matter. An ape is able to consider various methods of eating, and of all other modes of pleasure affecting the body. It is able, also, to avoid and inflict pain. Admit, even, that there is a *soul* in the ape, it is occupied

with these impulses, and is incapable of meditation. But in man there is a power which enables him not only to enjoy, but to meditate upon the variety of enjoyment; not only to suffer, but to observe whether he suffers justly or unjustly.

ISCHOM. But even in this, O Socrates, there is nothing constant: to-day I meditate on my happiness, and to-morrow on my pains; to-day I am just, to-morrow I may be guilty of injustice. This power is, therefore, in no respect immovable or eternal; for if there is anything eternal in man, it should prevail over the transient in him, and men would be always just; and if happiness lies in a good conscience, they should be always happy. But now I see them fluctuating, impulsive, and full of altercation. Thus am I persuaded of the utter insufficiency of reason. I regard men as only a better kind of animals, capable of higher degrees of happiness and misery. If the bliss I now enjoy is to be taken from me to-morrow, there is no refuge but in death. And why not die, when life becomes a burden?

Soc. You astonish me, Ischomachus, and hearing you, I am oppressed with gloom. The guardian genius forbids me to leave you, and now I am forced to begin a war against the demon who overcomes me through you.

ISCHOM. What have I said?

Soc. Did you not say that the gods gave you happiness, in reward of prayer and sacrifice?

ISCHOM. I did so, honestly.

Soc. I fear they will suddenly resume their gifts.

ISCHOM. How say you?

Soc. Observe, good sir, I am neither a seer, nor a master of omens, to predict the conclusion of your bliss; yet I am in fear for you. Who are these gods, or by what sign do we know them?

ISCHOM. Say, first, by what signs you predict my sorrow; but since you ask it, I will answer. We know the deities by the tradition of our fathers, who saw them face to face; and by the favors they confer in answer to our prayers.

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mistaking of certain emotions, excited by pictures, poetry, or music, with the aid of good company, for a taste in the arts. Any absurd or incomprehensible notion that pretends to an unusual refinement or spirituality.

A very singular species of "Transcendentalism" appears in the modern French histories, which personifies certain concrete notions, "Democracy," "Monarchy," the "Masses," "the sick," "the poor," &c., &c., as though they were persons or spiritual energies, operating deliberately and consciously upon each other, and upon individuals. By attributing historic events to the agency of these irresponsible powers, every kind of violence and iniquity is skillfully cloaked over and excused.



Soc. And by the pains they inflict ?

ISCHOM. Yes, in punishment of wrong.

Soc. But is all pain a punishment ?

ISCHOM. No ; the gods, as I think, punish only an intentional wrong ; but with the unintentional they are not offended.

Soc. All pain, therefore, is not punishment. If I fall, I may or may not suffer, as it chances ; but if I do wrong, the gods, who see all things, and know even the secret thoughts of the mind, are sure to punish me. Is it not so ?

ISCHOM. It is, indeed. The deities are perfectly just.

Soc. We believe that they are just ! But how is it with dogs and cattle ; do they meditate on the divine justice, as we do now ?

ISCHOM. Impossible : they show no sign of reason.

Soc. Reason, it appears, is a faculty given to men, that they may witness divine justice ?

ISCHOM. Ay ! the eternal justice !

Soc. Even now, Ischomachus, the evil genius leaves me, and it is necessary for you to confess yourself in the wrong. Consider, excellent sir, the consequences of your words. If men are able to behold the justice of the gods, and know that that is justice which they behold, it is necessary to confess that they are endowed with justice, and that they were always so endowed. If any one is incapable of knowing right and wrong, no person regards him as a man : but because of this incapacity we say that he is a brute, and no man ; or, that reason is not yet born in him. This, then, is no fluctuating principle, like anger, or desire, but remains from the instant of its birth in the soul, nor is any action of the man possible, over which reason does not in some manner preside.

ISCHOM. I am not convinced that human reason is eternal and divine. That which is eternal cannot be born ; but even now you spoke of a birth of reason ! Whatever is divine is perfect, as the deities are perfect ; but the imperfection of reason is evident to all.

Soc. Shall we confess that all things were produced as they are—the perfect and the imperfect—by some Being who is One, and all-sufficient, but whom it is unlawful to name ?

ISCHOM. We *must* admit this.

Soc. We are not, therefore, to conclude that he is imperfect or transient, because he creates the transient ; nor that

he is imperfect, because he beholds imperfection. Much less, then, is the reason of man to be held imperfect, because it beholds, and permits imperfections, even in the body which it inspires. But you say, “that which is eternal cannot be born ;” “that which is born must die.” The body of a man is born ; it therefore dies. Out of earth it rose, and to earth it must return. But see, O friend, the beauty of this image of a birth. The body is inspired, first, by sensuous desires, and we say they are born in it : we should rather say it is born in them, for they are intelligent, but the body is material ; they belong to the system of the world, and inspire myriads of bodies, as the quality of heaviness inspires myriads of stones. Then follows another “*birth* ;” and by this figure we imply that this body has become a vehicle of divine reason, or of the spirit of Justice, and is thus born *into* that spirit, and is reunited with it, as with its first Cause.

As fire to the nitre, so is the spirit of reason to the body of man. But the spirit that is in me differs not in being from that which is in all men, or even in the gods. That which is all-pervading is everywhere the same. Is not my justice one with yours ? Or is there a justice of Socrates, which is not of Ischomachus ?

ISCHOM. But this spirit of which you speak is not the spirit of a man, but of a god.

Soc. Of a god, indeed ; for in the body, and in the sensual soul, we found nothing permanent.

ISCHOM. Is man, therefore, not man only, but a mixture of spirit and matter, of mortal and immortal ?

Soc. What else ?

ISCHOM. Thus far I have gone with you, as with one walking in his sleep ; you lead me by a forbidden path to the verge of an abyss.

Soc. Let us return to the point from whence we came. But answer me : are you still of this first opinion that there is nothing permanent, but that all things fail and are annihilated ?

ISCHOM. All *things* are fluctuating and mortal ; but the *sources* of things are permanent.

Soc. What then of this human reason ; is that a “*thing*,” or a “*source of things* ?”

ISCHOM. Not a *thing*, indeed ! nor yet a source. Reason is *thought*, and thought, though spiritual, is yet transient. When I cease to think of reason, where,

then, is my reason? Where, when I am asleep or intoxicated? Where, when I am annihilated?

Soc. Is reason yours or mine, that we ask "where is it?" or whether it comes to us, or departs from us? or do we know that it is neither of this man nor of that, but pervades and inspires all with one and the same power, from the beginning even to this day. Why, then, do you ask, "Where is my reason when I am intoxicated, or asleep, or deceased?"

ISCHOM. I am still dark.

Soc. Do you say, then, that if my reason is not mine, nor proper to me, I then am nothing?

ISCHOM. So it seems to me.

Soc. A perfect agreement appears between your thoughts and mine; for, but now you were grieved with the imperfection, the transiency and nothingness of each particular man; but you dwelt with fervor upon the all-sufficiency of deity. There is none good by God. There is no good but Him. But reason is pure good, and the greatest good. It is therefore of God. But it is in man; somewhat of God, therefore, is in man.

ISCHOM. I am unwilling to believe that so wretched an animal as man became the temple of a deity.

Soc. How say you? Is this a matter of opinion, or is it perfectly established?

ISCHOM. A wonderful proof you offer, O Socrates, to make me confess that there is a god in me. I, who am a poor and ignorant citizen. But I am persuaded of the truth of what you assert. My intellect lothly confesses that it is the slave of a divine reason.

Soc. Which of the gods is in you? How say you?

ISCHOM. Which of the gods? I am unable to discover which it is that inspires me; but whoever it may be, whether Zeus or Hermes, I desire he may never leave me.

Soc. Is it the same who gave this happiness, of which you said that a god conferred it?

ISCHOM. I made offering and supplication to Athene.

Soc. The power who is divine prudence, who presides over the affairs of the city, and over enterprises.

ISCHOM. The same.

Soc. Why to her? Why had she your offerings?

ISCHOM. I wished to be inspired with prudence, for the management of my house, and the conduct of my affairs.

Soc. Is it customary for those who go with gifts to the temple to make such a request of any deity?

ISCHOM. No. I followed the custom awhile, and prayed for wealth and prosperity, as others do; but these prayers, like most that are made, came all to nought.

Soc. I desire greatly to know, if you are willing, by what chance or by what reason, you learned this new kind of prayer.

ISCHOM. It happened as you shall hear. On a certain occasion, when I was oppressed with evil fortune and an extreme sadness, I met an old man at the entrance of the temple, whose venerable figure struck me with awe. Observing that I wore a wreath, as is usual with those who sacrifice, he saluted me courteously and inquired whether I entered there for my own sake or for that of another; for I perceive, he continued, that you are oppressed with some unusual grief. Remarking in him a certain superiority, as of a father, I answered willingly that my own misfortunes brought me there, and that though I meant to supplicate, I had no hope of favor. For the goddess had received my offering for the hundredth time, but had given me nothing in return. I perceive, my son, replied the sage—whom I now saw to be a priest—that you are not perfectly acquainted with your own necessities, or with the power of the goddess. Riches and fortune are in the hands of fate alone. Athene presides over prudence; and it is her part to confer prudence upon those who ask it. Pray, then, for this virtue, having first considered its meaning. If any supplicant is careful to know the nature of the gift he asks, he will always obtain it.

Soc. Can you tell me the name of this venerable person? I desire greatly to see and converse with him.

ISCHOM. I saw him only on this occasion. He resembled no other person that I had ever seen. Thus, then, I answered: Is it so difficult a matter to discover the nature of one's own necessities? Tell me, replied he, if you were about to pray for prudence, for what would you pray? You mean, said I, to discover whether I have a right notion of prudence, or whether I am able to attain such a notion. I do, he answered. Say, then, while we are walking here in the portico, (for I perceive you are not yet able to sacrifice successfully,) what is this prudence which so few possess, but which



none will ask for because they imagine they possess it? They, answered I, are prudent who so conduct their affairs as to secure the greatest good to themselves.

PRIEST. You describe the effects of a certain virtue; but for the virtue itself, let us come a little nearer to a knowledge of it.

ISCHOM. I confess, reverend sir, it is impossible for me to tell you in the proper words, what I imagine to be the nature of this virtue. But I know that if I saw any one acting prudently, I should understand what I saw.

PRIEST. Say, then, what are the actions of the prudent man?

ISCHOM. He is careful of his health, assiduous in business, and avoids danger.

PRIEST. A prudent man is he, therefore, who, without the least regard for others, provides cunningly for the wants and pleasures of his own body.

ISCHOM. He is, as I think, what you describe.

PRIEST. In regard of prudence, it appears that men differ in no respect from such animals as the rat and the fox; for they are wonderfully provident, and excel in cunning and caution. But will the goddess listen to a prayer such as this: "*Give me, O Daughter of Wisdom, the cunning of the fox, the avarice of the rat, and the caution of the serpent, for thou presidest over these; and I know that thou art able to confer them upon whom thou pleasest.*"

ISCHOM. Who would dare to offer so blasphemous a prayer?

PRIEST. Say, then, is prudence a mortal or an immortal quality?

ISCHOM. I begin to surmise that it is a virtue of the immortal kind.

PRIEST. And therefore proper to a deity?

ISCHOM. Yes; but I am unable to form a true conception of it.

PRIEST. What can you say of Athene herself?

ISCHOM. That she is the daughter of wisdom, and presides over affairs that require prudence.

PRIEST. Is that all? Consider a moment. This virtue, it appears, is in the gift of a deity; and we know that it is not conferred upon brutes; but that they, on the contrary, exercise a selfish heed in which there is no virtue. But we, too, exercise this heed; and, when it appears nakedly as in a bruté, we instantly condemn and execrate it, and even visit it with punishment and provide laws and

fetters for those who are possessed with it. Is there, then, a power in man which restricts the exercise of this quality and disciplines the animal soul, that it shall not utterly absorb and waste the life of man, or lead him to a blind and isolating selfishness.

ISCHOM. What is this power? I desire to know.

PRIEST. Athene, the divine prudence.

ISCHOM. Is it she, then, that aids us?

PRIEST. Yes, it is she; but when you pray, supplicate the divine prudence, and name her not, for she has no name; neither is she a goddess, or a nymph, but of no sex or figure.

ISCHOM. (Continues.) Thus he instructed me. I made my petition to power in the manner he advised, and from that period my felicity began.

Soc. Did the power confer wealth upon you?

ISCHOM. I have no more than at that time; but the little I have is vastly more serviceable.

Soc. Did it never occur to you that this venerable person might be Athene herself, in the guise of a priest?

ISCHOM. I confess it seemed so.

Soc. I am persuaded that it was a god who instructed you, speaking out of the body of a man.

ISCHOM. I believe it; but why should I be so favored? What had I done to deserve it?

Soc. We forget easily what we learn late. But now, Ischomachus, you agreed with me in thinking that men differ from the inferior animals by the favor of the divine powers, who enter into and inspire them with reason. Why, then, should not this venerable instructor have been a mortal, speaking by the favor of an immortal power; a goddess, Athene, a god, Zeus, or whom you will?

ISCHOM. What you say appears reasonable. I cannot object to it. But now relate to me the fable of Prometheus, not the one of Eschylus, but that Thracian tradition. It seems in some manner to bear upon our present inquiry.

Soc. It does so, and happily. Come, then, let us recline under this olive, and I will relate it.

At the close of the golden age, two beings were produced—Prometheus, whose parentage is unknown, and Zeus, the son of Saturn and Rhea. Saturn ruled over the world, but Zeus deprived him of his kingdom. Prometheus wandered solitarily, planning vengeance in secret against

the usurper. After a time he created a second race of mortals, in place of those who were destroyed by Zeus when he seized the empire of the world. These new beings, though animated and intelligent, were altogether childish and irrational, without foresight and without constancy, but full of love and obedience. Being unable to confer reason upon them by his own power, the maker bethought himself of a stratagem. He invited the nine principal gods to a banquet, and after showing them many wonderful and curious devices of his own invention, he brought them to a cave in the summit of Caucasus, where they heard a mysterious music issuing from the mountain. The nine deities, overpowered by the charm, entered the cave, and were instantly imprisoned by Prometheus, who rolled a rock over the entrance, and held it there by the power of his will. When the deities found their united strength insufficient to remove the rock while Prometheus willed it should remain, they began to parley with him, and offered one half the universe for ransom. Finding him inflexible, they made other larger promises, vowing that he should be the sovereign of the world, and that they, the nine principal gods, should submit themselves in all particulars to his will, if he would suffer them to remove the rock. When the maker of men had sufficiently humbled and subdued the gods, holding them imprisoned for a thousand years, he offered them liberty on this condition: that they should confer reason upon men by entering into them at birth; and, resigning in his favor the empire of the earth, the sea and the air, should have no other power than such as might be exerted through the energy of man himself. Then all the nine gods took an oath that they would observe the conditions of their ransom from the instant of their liberation; but when the maker of men permitted them to roll away the rock, they seized him and bound him with chains of adamant upon the side of Caucasus. Notwithstanding his durance, he became the sovereign of the elements, and from his snowy throne distributes clouds, commands the winds, and shakes earth and ocean in the recurring agony of his rage.

The deities observed with equal care the other condition of their liberty—that they should enter and possess the human nature. By means of mortal energies they rule over and subdue the elements,

and in some measure counteract the power of Prometheus; with whom, in this manner, they maintain perpetual war. By their means men are become miserable, and condemn their own bodies, the handiwork of Prometheus. Inspired by Bacchus, Juno and Mars, they rage against and destroy each other, using foresight and reason. Those who are inspired by Apollo, or by Mercury, or by Venus Urania, are enslaved and oppressed by these powers; while the favorites of Zeus and Pluto suffer all the pains and weight of their terrible masters. Of all the deities, one only, the wise Athene, uses man kindly, out of an ancient affection which she bore their maker.

ISCHOM. I thank you, Socrates, for the fable. But now, if you are at leisure, let us return to the topic we began with, the instability and insufficiency of human reason—of which your last relation is a kind of proof; for by this story it appears that the gods are not of themselves the cause of happiness to men, though they inspire them. Is it not evident that Athene herself, though she be well-disposed toward us, is unable to insure us any good beyond that of her own nature and dominion? As for Zeus, Apollo, and the others, they continually inflict misery on those who serve them. The gods are hard masters, and the worse that men are their sole dominion.

Soc. Let us beware how we incur their displeasure, or refuse to obey them. The natural man is unable to sustain his being. If the deities oppress, they also preserve and elevate the race of men. But who are we that say this? Is it necessary always to interpose an allegory between deity and intellect?

ISCHOM. Speak, then, without mystery. I desire to know esoterically what is true.

Soc. Hear, then, the ancient doctrine; and if it seems absurd, blame the weakness of my language, which is unable to express it aright. I received it from Diotime—she who teaches the doctrine of Love; but it came to her through Manes the Egyptian, who learned it in the temple of Ammon.

The universe is inspired by three Principles, who govern and compose all that *is*, and all that *exists*. The first of these is Phtha, the Primeval Substance, and the Being of being, out of whom all things arise, and into whom they return. They proceed from him because he wills that they should *become*. They return



to him because he desires their return. And thus begins the possibility of being and existing.

The second is Ammon; and he like the first is eternal. Through him all things have *form*. He is the infinite Space and the eternal Order. Thus begins the possibility of forms.

The third is Eros, who is also Myrionymus. Through him the substance and the form, the time and the order of times, become one. He also is eternal.

Because, of these Principles, none can be without the other, they are co-eternal. In the beginning there was no beginning; time and space were not.

The first Substance, through Ammon and Eros, created the universe, originating nature in his mind. Nothing can come of nothing: he, therefore, produced all beings out of his proper essence. While he alone creates, all is subject to Fate and Necessity; for these are the names of the forms of his power. He is also the original of equity, and of all compensation.

When the world was ready, Eros began, and produced *life* with intellect; and the universe became full of living beings, such as are able to continue their species.

When Ammon began, reason was produced; for reason is the harmony of Eros and Phtha. In Ammon *we* are created, and by him we discern and know the eternal.

Thus was the world, and all that it contains, created by the first Principles, in harmony and unity, from their own Being. But the One Being of all is dark, and has no name, though we may call him Phtha, or pure Being.

ISCHOM. Is it a dream you relate?

Soc. Yes, nothing better. It is even worse: it is the shadow of dreams.

ISCHOM. What would it profit me to know all that can be known of this kind?

Soc. As little, without virtue, as to possess riches without Athene. It would be, I think, an incumbrance.

ISCHOM. Why then do you, Socrates, employ so much of your life about it?

Soc. Why does Ischomachus read Homer?

ISCHOM. It is a banquet of imagination.

Soc. Are we the worse for Homer?

ISCHOM. The better, rather. He fills the mind with images of magnanimity. Meditating these, we condemn our own littleness, and learn to emulate their spirit. The constancy and fortitude of the son

of Laërtes make me ashamed of despair.

Soc. See, then, the value of a dream.

ISCHOM. But in this of Diotime's there is no substance. I find no use for it. It teaches no virtue, and helps me in no other respect.

Soc. Have we not already learned thus much from it—that all science is visionary and fictitious, an invention of the intellect, striving to express the inexpressible? But that is not all. Athene, the divine Prudence, has aided the mortal Ischomachus in procuring for him a certain happiness. Socrates, the dreamer, has made it evident to him that he is himself a temple of Athene, consecrated to her service. Ischomachus did not adopt this opinion because Socrates desired him to do so, but because it seemed necessary; and now he has gained no advantage over himself, but desires to return into his former ignorance.

ISCHOM. It was the vision of Diotime which seemed to me of no utility, and not the conduct of Socrates.

Soc. Come, now, let us consider it carefully; and if we find no utility in Diotime's vision, I will learn no more of them.

ISCHOM. I am of this opinion—that they are perfectly useless, and therefore unworthy of our attention.

Soc. But it is conceded that a knowledge of the gods and of our ancestors is not without its use?

ISCHOM. It is not only conceded, but seems to me established.

Soc. Upon what grounds?

ISCHOM. That they are examples or images of excellence, which we meditate and imitate.

Soc. How is it possible for either you or me to imitate Ulysses?

ISCHOM. His equity and fortitude, at least, are imitable, if the gods will aid us.

Soc. But for the deities of Homer, or those of Orpheus and Hesiod, what avails it to know them? They are no exemplars, as I think.

ISCHOM. But if our arguments are of any worth, ideas of the gods are ideas of the very essence of those virtues and powers of whose active force the heroes and demi-gods are true exemplars. I concede, then, O Socrates, the importance of a just knowledge of the deities, when I am made to confess that the name of a divine power is no other than the name of the essence of a virtue. What, for example, can be more favorable to the

practice of prudence than the just idea of prudence, as a principle presiding over the selfish energies of the animal? Or what can be more favorable to knowledge than the right idea of what is spiritually admirable and powerful? or what to true courage than the idea of magnanimity? And these are all deities, if our conclusions may be respected. But for the misty visions of Diotime, I regard them with no respect.

Soc. I am in some anxiety, Ischomachus, not to have the name with you either of a sophist or a disputative idler; but if I cannot convince you, out of our own concessions, that I have justly attributed a certain importance and excellence to these speculations on the primal causes of things and the original of deity, I shall be left under that disgrace. Answer me, then, lest I be ashamed: is any action to be respected if it leads either to no consequence, or to any pain or unhappiness?

ISCHOM. None.

Soc. Every good action is therefore good because it leads to some happiness, or to some pleasure; but if it leads to pain, it is not good.

ISCHOM. It seems to me that all good ends in pleasure, and all evil in pain.

Soc. An animal seeks a pleasure for the instant only, and for itself. May we say, then, that the goodness of a man is in this, that he procures happiness for others, though at the cost of pain to himself? or shall we say, that the joy of being the cause of happiness to others is so vast, a lover of men will sooner cease to exist than suffer a momentary interruption of the joy of magnanimity?

ISCHOM. Either; but I prefer the last.

Soc. There are other kinds, therefore, and degrees of happiness to be enjoyed besides those of the body; and even besides those of justice and prudence. For the love of glory, as for that of justice, a man will lay down his life; but who ever died for the love of prudence, or for a pleasure of the body, or for possessions? But if the price given be so much greater, the thing purchased is of so much more worth. The magnanimity of a moment pays well for the sufferings of an age. But you have conceded this in saying of the heroes of Homer, that they served as exemplars of virtue. A hero is one who, for the sake of the love and admiration of men, will resign his life.

ISCHOM. All this I may concede, without anything gained for Diotime.

Soc. Somewhat hastily you thrust aside the dreamy Diotime: for we are now agreed that the aim of a rational life is to procure the joy of magnanimity or of justice, or both; but if there be any *other* joy worthy of reason, Diotime has it; for her soul is continually absorbed in meditation. In all things the presence of a deity is visible to her. She beholds the Eternal Equity presiding over matter. Eros reveals himself to her in the harmony of life. His idea fills her intellect with a pure splendor. Living thus in perpetual communion with the best, and the true, she regards all things with a benignant gravity. Of glory she takes no thought, and having no possessions, is ignorant of the mine and thine. Diotime gives away all she possesses, trusting in the goodness of men; and by the favor with which the people regard her who think her a prophetess, she is never in want, and the house is esteemed fortunate where she enters. Diotime, therefore, for her simple self, has no need for our doctrine of utilities, nor of Homer's exemplars: and if she communicates the secret of her knowledge, (for she is versed in all sciences and arts,) in a manner somewhat abstract and difficult, we may well spare our contempt; seeing that in the very thing for which all strive, self-contentment and a rational joy, she has the victory.

ISCHOM. But what is her wisdom to us?

Soc. Or our prudence to her.

ISCHOM. It is in vain, O Socrates, to contend with you in this matter; but to me this woman is odious.

Soc. It seems unnecessary to have argued circuitously in her defence.

ISCHOM. How so?

Soc. Is there not a lawful and natural pleasure of affection?

ISCHOM. Yes, and so necessary, life would not be tolerable without it.

Soc. But there is another pleasure of conflict, and another of use and possession; and another of fiction and imagination, and another of science; and why then, if these are natural, is it not lawful to enjoy them all and severally?

If I, then, or Diotime take a pleasure in geometrical or metaphysical sciences, or in the dreams of Theosophy, shall any one be angry because of the inutility of these pursuits? Wherein, pray, is the utility of Love? Love is rather a master



of all utility, and if any man is base enough to prefer wealth before affection, he is called a dog and no man.

ISCHOM. I have been assured, Socrates, that you make utility an universal test.

Soc. Why not? But first answer me? Would it be of use to me at this moment, if as much wheat were in my possession as may be got from the harvest of all Attica?

ISCHOM. O yes! Though you could not eat it yourself you could exchange it for a multitude of things.

Soc. But I have no need for this multitude of things; and all that exceeds necessity, is not for utility, but for luxury. To possess the grain of Attica would consequently be of no use to me.

ISCHOM. But it would be of use to others, for you might distribute it among the poor, or sell it at moderate prices, or store it against a famine or invasion.

Soc. We have discovered, therefore, another kind of utility in possessions, in the opportunity they give us of exercising justice and beneficence. And this is the kind which I have taken to be a rule or test. My property is valuable to me according to the use I make of it, for the sake of equity, generosity, and beneficence. My courage is serviceable to me, as I exercise it in defence of what is justly mine, and for the sake of those who are dependent on me. My love is of use to me, as it teaches me to ascend from the love of one to the love of all. My intellect does me a service, when I can discover by it the nature of the true, the great, and the venerable.

ISCHOM. I will argue for no other utility but this.

Soc. Say, then, whether this happiness which the wise Athene confers upon her votaries, is the only possible or desirable kind?

ISCHOM. To me it is so. But Diotime and Socrates worship other powers.

Soc. There is One of whom all speak with reverence, and whom all may worship, who is greater than Athene, or than Zeus; perhaps, if we direct our prayers to him, he may confer upon us a happiness superior to these, but not adverse to them.

ISCHOM. I desire to know his attributes.

Soc. It is necessary to ascend with caution to this idea.

ISCHOM. Suffer me to follow your steps.

Soc. Say, then, of all that exists, can

you image anything that is neither spiritual, vital, or material?

ISCHOM. I cannot. All existences are embraced under these.

Soc. Of the material, there is ether, which is the body of fire and light; air which is the medium of life; liquid, which is matter fluent; and earth which is solid. But of these, the three last are mutually convertible; air may become liquid; liquids change to solids; and the reverse. But fire and light, the two forms of ether, pass into all bodies, and are a part of all, nor have they an independent existence. But if all things are thus mixable, and mutually convertible, they are essentially one, and must have but one name. What shall that name be?

ISCHOM. Let it be *Substance*.

Soc. There is, then, but one Substance, by whose variety all existence is produced. But what is this of which we are speaking?

ISCHOM. Substance, the first Matter.

Soc. I am not answered.

ISCHOM. It is impossible to say what it is, if all things are made from it.

Soc. Where is it?

ISCHOM. Everywhere, in Space.

Soc. Perhaps not. Is it an idea, a dream of I know not what, with which we are engaged? or is it that veritable Substance which is everywhere?

ISCHOM. I perceive, Socrates, that it is an Idea; or, if you will, a dream which just now occupies us.

Soc. When shall the imagination of man be otherwise occupied than with ideas? or is it possible for the whole to exist in a part, the real world in a little brain?

ISCHOM. The gods laugh at us!

Soc. It is reason that laughs at the littleness of its servant, intellect. We contemptuously sport with ideas: only the superstitious worship them.

ISCHOM. Now you speak as I wished to have you. I have always seen the futility of science. Why be obstinate with a system, or vehemently assert a belief? I am weary of this folly. Why go about to establish a dream?

Soc. Ideas, O sceptical Ischomachus, are exceeding necessary for the sake of conversation; they are a kind of natural alphabet for the use of reason, which would otherwise be dumb and inactive.

ISCHOM. True. But I would have their futility better known. I would have men trust rather to the substance.

Soc. They will easily be persuaded to adopt your *idea*.

ISCHOM. It is useless to contradict or interrupt you. Proceed, then, with the *idea* of the One.

Soc. As there is but one substance, so there is but one life. Every animate being resembles every other. All instincts are directed to the same ends. Nor are those of man in any respect superior to those of other animals. All animals may therefore be regarded as existing in the sole and common principle of life; and all their acts are instances and illustrations of certain laws of life, as those of dead matter are of the laws of necessity, or naked fate. Remembering that we are engaged, as before, with an "*idea of life*," and not with life itself, (since the true being of life can be known only to the creative intellect which produces it,) let us seek now to attain the *idea* of reason, or of a power whose function it is to reconcile life with the world, and by which the body of man is connected with the past and future, acting in reference to what is eternal. Because intellect is itself only a form of life and a vehicle of mere images, (which form in it, and are redissolved, like ice in water,) it may symbolize, but cannot express, reason. From this cause it happens that a science or virtue, of itself, makes no man virtuous. For virtue is the act of reason, and science is a product of intellect, acting *under* reason. If any man has a science of geometry, he is infallible in the acts proper to it, because intellect is superior to sense; but it is not superior to reason.

ISCHOM. But how will all this lead to the *idea* of a God?

Soc. Having attained the *idea* of a universal *substance*, which is one, and of a universal *life*, which is one, is it not apparent that these two beings differ as matter and form; as rest and motion; as shade and light; as negation and affirmation; as time and order of time; as the *no* and the *yes*; the fixed and the free; the hate and the love; the limit and the liberty; the difference and the likeness; the understanding and the imagination?

Our knowledge of matter is by limits, necessities, impediments, shadows, cessations: our *idea* of life is by freedom, possibility, active power, light, movements, form, (*species*), reproduction and self-sustentation. We *understand* and

*determine* dead matter, that it is permanent, but that its species are perishable; we *imagine* living species, that they are permanent as to the *form*, and perishable as to the substance; for a species is like a wave which stands perpetually on the verge of a cataract—its substance flows through it. The life of an animal is a perpetual present; it knows neither a past nor a future, for it is wholly a *form*, devoid of real being. But the being of reason extends backward on the retreating, and forward upon the coming time; it connects our immediate present with a past and a future. Reason, therefore, is a lord of proprieties and fitnesses, being cognizant of what is omnipresent and eternal. Its laws are neither of the present, nor of the past, nor of the future; but of all these. They are consequently eternal, and, at a glance, embrace all time. For of time, we say that it has parts and an order; and the time of to-day is not the time of yesterday; and of space, we say that it has a here and a there; and of number, there is a many and a one; and of substance, a motion and a rest. But in the eternal there is no past nor future; in the omnipresent there is no space; in being no motion nor rest; and in infinitude neither one nor many. But of God we say, that He is eternal, omnipresent, omniscient, infinite. That He alone is the Reconciler of the fixed and the free, the yes and the no, the light and the dark, the life and the death: that He is the Mediator of all extremes, because the extremes originate from Him. But it is the office of Reason so to mediate. Reason, therefore, is the image of Deity. We have now arrived at the intellectual *idea* of Deity, by forming that of reason. Let us say, in a word, that the one is the source out of which *life* and *matter* arise as antagonists, and in which they are reconciled and become one, and we have the greatest *idea* intellect may attain. Put now this *idea*, as the faint and far-removed shadow of the Image of the Eternal, and consider the distance between that image in man and its ineffable Type, and all is given that mere intellect can give of Deity.

ISCHOM. You have not acted with your usual caution, O my friend, in thus overwhelming the harmony of our discourse with a crash of sounds too loud and rapid for my sense to bear. Each of these I might have heard easily by itself, but the whole together confounds me.



Soc. I confess we came hastily and in a scrambling manner to the summit of our argument, and are now so blinded and breathless, we can see nothing of what lies around and beneath us.

ISCHOM. Thus much I clearly understand and confess, that intellect is unable to see the image that enlightens her from above; but looking on the ground be-

neath her, which is nature, she perceives there her own shadow, and the shadows of the loves and passions. Cogitating upon these, she originates an idea of their invisible Lord.

Soc. I may accept the illustration—and now I return to the city.

ISCHOM. The gods protect you.

J. D. W.

## QUIETO.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

Our worship still is in the public way—  
Our altars are the market-place.

*Home Service.*

### I.

THE Nation hath gone mad with action now.  
Oh many-troubled Giant! with a heated brow,  
And sultry heart within whose wide  
And lofty chambers stalketh puff-cheeked Pride,  
And hungry, pale Ambition scenting power,  
Wilt thou not let the wearied River steal  
Through quiet hills for one short hour,  
And dream, unvexéd by the eager keel,  
Of that sweet peace he knew in times of old,  
When only Nature sat near him and rolled  
Her simple songs amid her flowery fold?  
And let the Forest lift some unshorn plumes  
Amid the ancient glooms:  
For this it pleads with trembling hands,  
Appealing to far Heaven from all the populous lands:  
And leave the Mountains for a time untrod,  
And thou shalt see  
Their dumb, gray lips yet struggling to be free,  
So that they may shout backward to the sea—  
“We also know and reverence our God!”  
Oh Titan, of the eagle-eye and growing pain!  
Wilt thou not rest on Alabama’s plain?  
O’er Huron lean and let his mirror show,  
Unruffled by thy fiery feet,  
That harmonies of light yet fall below—  
That Heaven and Earth may meet:  
Sleep! sleep! thou wide-browed POWER,  
In Florida’s magnolian bower;  
And where New-England’s pilgrim-feet were prest;  
Or by Ohio’s softly wandering wave:  
Or in the dusk halls of Kentucky’s cave;  
Or on the flowery and broad prairies rest  
Of Illinois or Indiana!—slumber in the West!

Your Eagles took their lordly ease  
 On folded wing,  
 After disporting with the braggart Breeze,  
 And Thunder watching by his cloudy-spring  
 Whose cool stream tumbled to the thirsty seas.  
 The birds went all asleep on their high rocks  
 Nor ruffled a feather in the rude fire-shocks.  
 Millions ! a lesson ye can learn from these.  
 And see ! the great woods slumber, and the lake  
 No longer is awake  
 Beneath the stars, that nod and start with sleep  
 In their white-clouded deep :  
 Fitfully the moon goes nodding through  
 The vallies of the vapory blue,  
 And dreams, forgetting all her queenly ills,  
 Of angels sleeping on Elysium's hills :  
 The drowsy lake,  
 So sweet is slumber, would not yet awake ;  
 But, like an infant two years old,  
 Before whose closed eyes  
 Dreamily move the boys of Paradise  
 A-singing little psalms  
 Under the stately palms—  
 It stirreth softly lest rough motion might  
 Shake rudely and put out each heavenly light.

So rest ! and Rest shall slay your many woes ;  
 Motion is god-like—god-like is repose,  
 A mountain-stillness, of majestic might,  
 Whose peaks are glorious with the quiet light  
 Of suns when Day is at his solemn close.  
 Nor deem that slumber must ignoble be.  
 Jove labored lustily once in airy fields ;  
 And over the cloudy lea  
 He planted many a budding shoot  
 Whose liberal nature daily, nightly yields  
 A store of starry fruit :  
 His labor done, the weary god went back  
 Up the new mountain-track  
 To his great house ; there he did while away  
 With lightest thought a well-won holiday ;  
 For all the Powers crooned softly an old tune  
 Wishing their Sire might sleep  
 Through all the sultry noon  
 And cold blue night ;  
 And very soon  
 They heard the awful Thunderer breathing low and deep.  
 And in the hush that dropped adown the spheres,  
 And in the quiet of the awe-struck space,  
 The worlds learned worship at the birth of years :  
 They looked upon their Lord's calm, kingly face,  
 And bade Religion come and kiss each starry place.

Then, Millions ! pause and keep a Sabbath-time !  
 Your work is partly done !  
 And lo ! a setting sun—  
 Which tells that the o'er-labored frame  
 In sweet repose may find a fresher flame.  
 Angels may visit ye ;  
 And surely all will better be,  
 A-listening to a well-tuned chime



From musical bells;  
 Or to a quaint and holy rhyme  
 Which softly swells and sinks and swells  
 Under the listening trees,  
 Where men removed from the cathedral's blaze  
 Of altar-fires,  
 Are praising God in modest ways  
 After the simple manner of their sires;  
 Or go and print the sands with humble knees,  
 Without a fear,  
 And in a contrite spirit hear  
 The far-off hallelujahs of the central seas.

## II.

At least, I must have peace, afar from strife—  
 No motion save enough to leave me life.  
 And I shall lay me gently in a nook  
 Where a small bay the sluggish tide receives,  
 And, reading, hear some bland old poet's book  
 Shake delicate music from its mystic leaves,  
 While under drowsy clouds the dull waves go,  
 And echo softly back the melody in their flow.

Will ye not also lend your souls to Song?  
 Ye! of the land where Nature's noblest rhyme,  
 Niagara, sounds the solemn myth of Time;  
 And where the Mississippi darkly goes  
 Amid the trembling woods,  
 Gloomily murmuring legends of the floods  
 That troubled space before the worlds arose.  
 Give for a time your souls to song—  
 Song of the dædal birth,  
 The earth's first language, wooing heaven to earth,  
 Whose glens were filled with many a heavenly throng:  
 Sweet song, that cheers the mariner on the seas  
 When fitfully blows the home-returning breeze  
 Over a wide, long deep;  
 That lulls at eve the little child asleep  
 Upon its mother's knees;  
 That lights a flame within the maiden's eyes  
 Where all was cold before;  
 That gives a southern glow to northern skies,  
 And roses to a frozen shore!  
 Song! with her bright hands crashing on her lyre  
 Which bids the sleeping patriot start,  
 Song! that has winged with an avenging fire  
 The shaft he hurried to the tyrant's heart:  
 Proud Song! that tops the Poet's airy brow  
 With true Nobility's enduring crown,  
 Before whose blaze enraptured nations bow,  
 And boasted heraldries are melted down:  
 Weird song, which is the pallid prophet's speech,  
 Whose shivering harmonies the nations teach  
 Of wo or bliss, and through the ETERNAL reach:  
 Dear song! that musically lifts above,  
 That teaches love, and only love,  
 Showing the Universe a single throne  
 Where towers the Immortal Lord of changeless love alone.

## III.

Or sleep ? why lose its wondrous world ?  
 Look on its valleys, on its mountains look,  
 And cloudy streams ;  
 Behold the arabesque Land of Dreams !  
 The very mists are lazily curled ;  
 And see in yonder glen,  
 Beside a little brook  
 Mid sleeping flocks some sleeping men :  
 And One who tries to watch, for danger's sake,  
 Nods and winks,  
 And vainly hums a tune to keep awake ;  
 And now beside his brethren slowly sinks.

Yes, sleep ! why lose its lovely world ?  
 The garish banners of the day are furled  
 And safely put away.  
 See what a languid glory binds  
 The long dim chambers of the darkling West,  
 While far below yon azure river winds  
 Like a blue vein on sleeping Beauty's breast.  
 Ioné sleepeth in her bower,  
 Whose leaves are glittering with the dewy shower  
 Which softly falls by turns  
 From Dian's vase and Vesta's starry urns.  
 She sleeps ! her rosy lips somewhat apart,  
 Showing the curv'd line of pearl ;  
 She smiles ! a dream of pure young love  
 Is sitting like a brooding dove  
 Upon the innocent heart  
 Of the delighted girl :  
 The passionate vision of her lover stands  
 Before her with imploring hands ;  
 And now he seems reposing by her side,  
 And with her brow upon his breast  
 The manly bridegroom and his beauteous bride  
 Like Parian statues lie and take their lovely rest.

Millions ! will ye not rest or dream with me ?  
 Let not the STRUGGLE thus forever be !  
 Not from the gold that wounded Earth reveals :  
 Not from the shouting of your fiery wheels  
 That shake the mountains with their thunder-peals ;  
 Not from the oceans pallid with your wings ;  
 Not from the power which only labor brings—  
 The enduring grandeur of a nation springs.  
 The wealth may perish as a fleeting breath—  
 The bannered armament may find a death  
 Deep in the hungry waters—and the crown  
 Of empire from your tall brows topple down :  
 But that which rains true glory o'er  
 The low or lofty, and the rich or poor,  
 Shall never die—  
 Daughter of Truth and Ideality,  
 Large VIRTUE towering on the throne of Will !  
 The nations drink the Heroic from her eye  
 And march triumphing over every ill.  
 Therefore with Silence sometimes sit apart  
 From rude Turmoil, and dignify the Heart  
 With thoughts that brood like stars in a dark sky—  
 Showing that Heaven may still be hovering nigh.



## IV.

Rest, Nation ! rest ! and in that blissful hour,  
 All Hates shall be forgotten, and sweet Love  
 Shall gently win us like a mild-eyed dove  
 That shames the storm to silence ; and a power,  
 Unknown before shall lap us in delight,  
 As troubled waves are soothed by starry night.  
 Then Manhood shall forget the vengeful thought  
 Fiercely in Action's hot volcano wrought :  
 The poor old man shall bow his snow-white head  
 To bless the Past, forgiving all his wrongs ;  
 And feel the breathing of his childhood's songs  
 Once more around him shed.  
 The weary slave shall rest upon the chain,  
 And woo to his shut eyes  
 The ardent aspect of his native skies—  
 The forms of wife and children once again,  
 Watching for his return along the palmy plain.

So Battle then will lean on his red blade,  
 And sorrowfully look  
 On all the direful wo which he hath made  
 In all the bleeding lands ;  
 Then bending over a crystal brook  
 Will wash his crimson hands.  
 The altar of Humanity shall tower  
 Without a victim, mid the waste of tombs :  
 And incense shall be tossed and curled,  
 At last, around a tearless world,  
 From all its silver fires and bloodless soft perfumes.

Nor in REPOSE a tentless desert fear,  
 The gardenless wide waste of a blank heart :  
 Full many a cool Oasis then shall start  
 Between horizons to illumine and cheer :  
 Time's misty Nile shall wander slowly through  
 The slumberous plain that never knoweth storms ;  
 Eternity's calm pyramidal forms  
 Shall meet our dreamy view,  
 Duskily towering mid the hazy blue,  
 And freezing contemplation in the giddy air.  
 Then all the weary myriads resting there—  
 Quiet beneath the hollow sky  
 As shapes that in a pictured landscape lie—  
 Shall know that bliss, that perfect, heavenly bliss,  
 Which falls as moonlight-music on a moveless scene like this.  
*New York, United States Hotel.*

## HAS THE STATE A RELIGION?

HAS the State any religion? This is the great question we propose to discuss in the present article. Has the State any religion, or anything to do with religion? With a certain class of minds, the mere proposal of such a question is enough to determine the political character, and the political predilections of the one who asks it. He will certainly be set down at once as the enemy of free institutions, of the rights of man, and, of course, of the rights of conscience. It is easy to imagine the real or affected alarm which some, who belong to the extreme left of the democracy, may be supposed to exhibit, at the bare suggestion of such a topic. You are for Church and State, then, it seems, as well as for monarchy and aristocracy. You really dare, in this nineteenth century, to mention the word religion in connection with politics. You would revive the fires of Smithfield, and all the horrors of the Inquisition. You would take away our precious rights of conscience. We would, however, beg our good democratic friend not to be so easily frightened. We mean to discuss a very serious question in a serious tone, and with a genuine feeling of regard, as we trust, for rational liberty, for the highest interests, and the most sacred rights of man, as man, and not a mere animal. This matter may not be so very plain as you have been led to believe. There may, after all, be more than one side to the question. It is not absolutely clear, to a certainty, that the State has no religion.

The question resolves itself into these: Is the State a moral as well as a physical agent? Has it, in any sense, a conscience? Is it accountable to a higher invisible power? Does it sustain any relations to an invisible world, and does it derive any sanctions from the immutable and eternal? In a word—is it to be guided in determining the duties and relations of men, solely by considerations of their physical well-being, or must it also, in connection with this, have some reference to those truths and those obligations, that concern the spiritual and moral health? The affirmative of this may be found admirably stated in the Appendix to Dr. Arnold's Inaugural Lecture on History (p. 65). We venture to quote from this most admirable author,

notwithstanding a writer, in a late number of the Democratic Review, has pronounced him shallow, for maintaining the doctrine of a Particular Providence. No man was more free from all prejudice, arising from peculiar position, than Dr. Arnold. We have no reason to suppose that his opinions were more opposed to true liberty, or had any undue leaning against republicanism, or were, in any essential respect, different, on account of his being born in England, from what they would have been in almost any other locality. Indeed, we may rather believe, on the contrary, that if any difference could be imagined, he would have been more conservative in this country than in his native land, where he sustained the relation of a subject of a monarchy, and minister of an established Church. But why should we apologize for quoting Dr. Arnold on a question like this? Where, in our democracy, or in any other democracy, can there be found a truer friend to humanity, a more faithful and laborious advocate of the highest rights and interests of his fellow-beings—who, among us, ever possessed a larger liberality—who was ever more free from bigotry—who ever exhibited a warmer philanthropy, or was more opposed to all tyranny, whether of soul or body, than this most admirable scholar and most excellent man?

"The moral character of government," says he "seems to follow necessarily from its sovereign power; this is the simple ground of what I will venture to call the moral theory of its objects. For, as in each individual man, there is a higher object than the preservation of his body and goods, so if he be subjected, in the last resort, to a power incapable of appreciating this higher object, his social and political relations, instead of being the perfection of his being, *must be its corruption*; the voice of law can only agree *accidentally* with that of his conscience, and yet, on this voice of law his life and death are to depend; for its sovereignty over him must be, by the nature of the case, *absolute*." Again he says (page 79): "If the legislator has anything to do with *morality*, the whole question is conceded; *for morality* is surely not another name for *expediency*,



or what is advantageous for body and goods; yet if it be not, and a legislator may prohibit any practice, *because it is wicked*, then he regards moral ends, and his care is directed towards man's highest happiness, and to the putting down his *greatest misery, moral evil*. Nor, in fact, does it appear how, on other than purely moral considerations, a State is justified in making certain abominations penal; such acts involving in them no violence or fraud upon persons or property, which, according to Warburton, are the only objects of a State's care." It will be seen, from the last extract, what Dr. Arnold regards as the very turning point of this whole discussion. "The legislator may prohibit a practice, *because it is wicked*." He may legislate for morality, and on purely moral grounds; that is, he may punish crimes, not simply because they affect persons or property, but because *they are wicked* and abominable. Here, however, the opponents of the doctrine would create a double issue. One class would utterly deny that the State has anything whatever to do with strictly moral considerations; without, however, bringing in the question, whether such moral considerations had any necessary connection with religion. The law, say they, has no right to meddle with anything "that picks no man's pocket or breaks no man's leg." The other class, of whom Counsellor Hurlbut may be taken as the representative, would, perhaps, allow that the legislator has something to do with morality, but only after they had stripped the word of all meaning, by denying to it anything of a religious character. This distinction is based upon their system of phrenological quackery. As, however, the divorce for which they contend annihilates both, and is, besides, opposed to the conscience and common sense of mankind, we shall pay no attention to any such hypothesis, but proceed upon the supposition that a true morality, and a true justice which is anything more than the barest consulting of convenience, are inseparably connected with considerations drawn from religion and from the invisible world.

In these considerations, too, we find a solution of the difficulty presented in a late number of the *Edinburgh Review*. The writer asks why a corporation, a bank, a rail-road company, or an army, ought not to have a religion, and act upon moral grounds, as well as the State. The answer is, that they are not sove-

reignties. They do not stand, as the State does, with no other power between it and God. They need have no religion of their own, for another reason, namely, because they are supposed to partake of, and to be influenced by, that which is predominant in the State, and which there forms the ground of public sentiment, according as it is good or evil. Our democratic notions deceive us on this point. We are too apt to confine the idea of absolute power to a monarchy or an aristocracy. It exists as well in a republic as in any other form of government. Indeed, it is entirely independent of all forms. Absolute power, above which there is no earthly control, and which stands next to the Divine government over men—an absolute power which can do as it wills, whether that will is manifested in regular channels of law, or the irregular impulses of individual or popular volition, whether it be in the one, the few, or the millions,—such an absolute power, knowing no superior but God, having life and death subject to its own final decision, and which must act *for* or *against* the highest interests of men in their highest relations (for, on these points, as we hope hereafter to show, there can be no such thing as indifference on the part of the State, any more than on the part of an individual),—such an absolute power belongs to every State, as a part of its very essence or idea, and irrespective of all the outward forms in which it may be arrayed. Power, we have said, above which there is no earthly control. Methinks the bare statement of such a fact might convince any sound mind, that God never could have intended that such an absolute earthly authority should be left to itself, free from the acknowledgment of any higher accountability, or that it should have any rightful control over men except as a moral and religious delegation or branch of his own government. If this is indeed the true ground of its legitimacy, how utterly insane is that political philosophy, which would seek for a security to human rights in an absolute divorce between religion and law! How inexplicable the paradox, that while we are jealous of any religious foundation for the State, we should feel safe in trusting the most precious interests of humanity to an absolute, irresponsible, and avowedly irreligious earthly power! "A nation is a sovereign society," says that most healthy-minded writer to whom we before referred, "and



it is something *monstrous*, that the ultimate power in human life should be destitute of a sense of right and wrong." Yet this must be the case, if it knows no authority above itself, and sustains no appeal to the immutable, the invisible, and the eternal.

Some of the physical school may not exactly comprehend what is meant by all this. To be sure, say they, the State must judge of right and wrong—who so absurd as to deny such a proposition? But look into their schemes, and it will be found that these are terms retained from the old vocabularies, without a particle of their true and ancient meaning. They have been wholly reduced to a physical sense. That is *right* which tends to secure the widest range of natural gratification with the least natural evil—and that is *wrong* which tends to interrupt or prevent it. For a moral good and a moral discipline, or the cultivation of certain moral states, irrespective of physical good or evil, they have no place in their scheme—still less for the absolute and inseparable connection of such a morality with religion. Of course they must deny, and do deny, that in punishing, the law can or ought to have any regard to any intrinsic demerit of crime, or that punishment can or ought to have anything strictly penal or retributive in its nature. This is their creed; and they demand that the law shall sanction it, whilst at the same time, with a strange inconsistency, they contend that it can decide no strictly moral or religious questions.

It is exceedingly difficult to reason on the moral and religious character of the State, with the ultra-democratic and semi-infidel school; because, in fact, there is no common ground from which we can start in the structure of an argument. Its philosophy is so deeply imbued with infidelity, that we are compelled to distrust it, even when it meekly professes to honor morality and religion, by confining them to the sphere of good in individual action. Some, as we have said, might regard the difficulty as safely avoided, by representing the State to be a moral, although not a religious agent; severing the two classes of duties, as phrenology does, by assigning them to different inches of the brain. But here, again, common language is in the way, and the common sense, as well as the moral sense of mankind, forbids the profane separation of conscience and the "fear of God," as

the utter annihilation of both. Moral truths, raised ever so little above a mere system of convenience and political economy, must run back to the ideas of penalty, retribution, intrinsic demerit; and these again must link themselves with the thought of sanctions derived from an invisible power, and an invisible world.

Those, therefore, who would avoid this must go still farther back, and deny to the State all moral as well as all religious character whatever. In this way, the scheme we are opposing is fast coming to have a dreadful consistency. All its parts are gradually drawing in to a mutual harmony of error; so that, if boldly carried out, it must deny that there can be strictly any such thing as crime. It is only a physical evil, or a physical insanity, or the result of a defective cerebral organization, and law is only a physical defence against this species of madness. Punishment is not punishment, but only the cure of physical evil. In short, law has no more of moral character than the sanitary regulations of a hospital. It addresses itself solely to our sense of convenience or inconvenience, and never deals with, and is never intended to deal with, the conscience or moral sense, even supposing such a department of the soul to exist in the individual man. These are not mere inferences drawn by an adversary, but doctrines in which the authors glory as the ripe fruits of an enlightened age, and of a new philosophy which is destined to supersede all other systems. "The Law can have no religion," says one. "The State, as such, knows no God," teaches the great apostle of the sect. "Crime," says Mr. Sampson, on Criminal Jurisprudence, a work in great repute with this new school of political philosophy, "crime has never been diminished by the inconsistency of punishing men for *disorders* of the brain, and it can only be safely and effectually subdued by adopting towards the sufferer (!) the same mode that we should employ, if his disorder, instead of being seated in the brain, were seated in any other organ." Most consistent reasoners! How skillfully would you seem to conceal the cloven foot of your shallow infidelity! This, then, is what you would style a state of neutrality and indifference. The State, it would seem, knows no God, no religion, no religious sanctions. It must favor no religious tenets. But it may hold and act upon irreligious principles.



It may give countenance to doctrines subversive of all religion and all morality. "The law has no Bible," says a late writer—"the law has no Bible"—it cannot, therefore, rightly appeal to any of the sanctions or principles of moral conduct revealed in *that* book; yet still there is no inconsistency, it seems, in maintaining that government should recognize the infidel philosophy (if it deserves so venerable a name) of Combe's Constitution of Man, of the Vestiges of the Creation, of Sampson's Jurisprudence, and of other standard infidel authorities, to which the legislature is called upon to bow with the utmost deference and respect. We only mention this here as evidence of what the infidel means, when he declares that "*The State assumes and must assume towards religion an air of perfect indifference*"—"if it favors the religion of the Christian it offends the Infidel, the Jew, and the Heathen"—"It can give no countenance to any religious opinions whatever." That this state of indifference is not of this apparently *negative* and harmless kind, but has a great deal of *positive* venom, and that the State must unavoidably either favor religion or irreligion, we hope hereafter more fully to show.

Of course, the class against whom we are contending must deny that there is any divine sanction to government, or that it is an institution which the Almighty has anything to do with in the way of constituting or ordaining. To quote Scripture to them, as any authority on this point, would seem a most strange and impertinent introduction of irrelevant matter. In nearly the same light, perhaps, would they regard any appeal to classic antiquity, in proof that the innate moral sense of mankind had ever regarded the true magistrate as, in some sense, possessing a delegated divine authority, and bearing the sword of Eternal Justice as well as representing the *vox populi*. Paul declaring that the powers of government are ordained of God, and that, of course, they possess a religious character; and Cicero, who but reëchoes the sentiment of primitive tradition when he says—*Diis immortalibus proximi sunt magistratus*—would both be regarded as alike trifling with a question which has been so summarily and so conclusively decided by the new social and political philosophy.

But we may, perhaps, try these gentlemen on another tack, to see if by any

possibility there can be found some assailing point, from which to penetrate the dense scales of their closely guarded naturalism. Let us then admit, for a moment, that government looks, ultimately, to the physical good of man and nothing else. It follows, nevertheless, from this, that it must have regard to his best and highest physical good; and that, therefore, to be consistent with this aim, it must draw within its jurisdiction whatever tends to advance, and certainly—as even the most ultra defenders of the non-meddling system must admit—whatever tends to prevent it. Within this line, then, would fall whatever, among other similar means, has a tendency to secure the peaceful possession of property, the unmolested enjoyment of personal freedom from violence, and the sanctity—but this is, as yet, too religious a word—the security, then, of the domestic relations. In short, if it should be established as a fact, that an immoral and irreligious, or rather an irreligious, and consequently an immoral, people, would be likely to be more ignorant, more brutal, less secure against personal violence, worse fed, worse clothed, with less physical comfort of every kind, and, in general, more unhappy than one that was moral and religious; then, reasoning directly from the above premises, it would follow that the encouragement of religion and morality, *as means of physical good*, must fall as directly within the sphere of the State's proper duties, as the care of agriculture and the mechanic arts.

The truth is so important that it will bear to be repeated and placed in different lights. Let us suppose, then, a state of things in which everything now held sacred among us should become the object of irreverent blasphemy and contempt; when there should be honored no Bible, no holy day, no pulpit, no means for the regular and systematic instruction of the people in religious and moral duties—when, in fact, there should be among us no morality, no religion, no fear of God. Can any one imagine that such a total exclusion of all considerations of another world would leave uninjured the foundations of social order, and of all true happiness and all true physical good in this? Would life, and liberty, and property, be respected as they now are? We need not ask the question. The experiment has been tried. The French Revolution will remain, to the end of time, a standing proof of what even



the most civilized nation may become, that acknowledges no God, and no future life. We are aware that the most strenuous efforts have been made of late to revive a feeling of respect for the deeds and actors of this period, and to present to the world a new and transcendental view of the whole matter. Some would have us regard it, with all the atrocities even of the reign of terror, as the age of heroes, and as abounding in the germs of great ideas. We prefer, however, the old-fashioned view. We would look to the actual fruits, the actual matters of fact, and to the strange exhibitions of human depravity, with which those awful scenes abounded; and we say again, that it furnishes a sufficient answer to our question. The highest physical good for this world cannot be secured; nay, more, the greatest physical evils cannot be prevented among a people, when there is no recognition of a God and a world to come. But it is a great, some say the chief, design of government to promote the highest physical good, or, at all events, to prevent the greatest physical evils. What, then, is the inevitable conclusion, even from the premises of that theory which is most thoroughly utilitarian? We may say, on high authority, that "*whatever picks men's pockets or breaks their legs,*" is an object of the State's care and prevention. If, therefore, irreligion, immorality, and infidelity, have a tendency to make these evils more frequent than they would be in a religious, a sabbath-keeping, church-going, gospel-loving community; then, even on the theory of the illustrious author of the above illustrious and sublime maxim, the State should do all in its power to prevent the former, and to encourage a state of things which would be favorable to the latter condition of society. Indifference, even if it were possible, would be an abandonment of its highest duties. Our theoretical conclusion we cannot help regarding as unassailable, although a consideration of the manner in which it should be practically carried out might present questions of great difficulty.

In the ascending scale of means, then, the next care of government, in addition to the requisite physical force for the immediate preservation of order, would be the *acquisition of a moral power*, or the production of those principles of action, modes of thought, and habits of soul, that would furnish this security with the least amount of violent constraint; for without them—

as it would not be difficult to prove—physical force might soon be the enemy rather than the ally of government, and law itself would sink in precisely the same ratio with the motives and principles of those whose will, according to the radical theory, constitutes its true and legitimate expression. Hence, too, we may say, by way of passing corollary, that if any State needs a religion on these grounds, then, *a fortiori*, does a democracy require such an aid above all others.

If certain habits and states of soul are necessary even for the physical well-being of mankind, then, as a *means to this means*, comes the subject of education; by which, in this place, we refer to the moral training of the citizens of a State in its most enlarged acceptation. Thus are we slowly rising to higher positions, and gradually approaching the dangerous ground, although, it may be, by a system of introverted ends. This education may be a direct teaching in schools expressly established for that purpose—a topic on which we propose to enter at another time—or it must be, in connection with the former, what may justly be styled *the educating power of law itself*, in bringing to bear upon the mind, even from early infancy, the force of certain principles having a restraining effect, so as to prevent the first thought of certain crimes ever arising as a purpose; and this, in distinction from that other and more easily estimated yet less available power of law, which acts directly, through a present fear of specific inconvenience, in deterring men from a specific and then actually meditated wrong. Here, again, in this subjective influence of law upon the soul, we are approaching the region of duty, as distinguished from a mere sense of convenience or inconvenience. We are directing the eye to something absolute and eternal—to the law's immutable principle in distinction from the temporary, and fluctuating, and imperfect application to individual cases. We are on the borders of a true *right* and *wrong*. We are near the domains of a true morality, which is an end in itself; and, if we are not very careful, this dreaded religion will force itself upon us before we are aware of our real position.

There is a vast deal of trite and unmeaning declamation on this very subject, namely, the importance of religion and morality to the preservation of our republican institutions; and yet how few are aware of the inevitable conclusion to



which they must be led. How little is it realized that the argument can never stop until it ends in recognizing the Supreme Power in the State to be what we contend it really is, namely, a true moral and religious power that ought to have a conscience, and by it to recognize an eternal righteousness. Virtue, they say, is essential to a free people; but how wretched and senseless is this trite babble in the mouths of those who contend that the State has no religion and can recognize no religious tenets. Whether virtue itself is an eternal principle with eternal sanctions, and connected with the law, revealed or natural, of an eternal God, is a question involving a religious tenet—a tenet, too, to which law and government cannot be indifferent. Either directly or impliedly, in the practical administration of their principles, they must be *for* or *against*; they *must* assume the attitude of a friend or an enemy.

Let us now recapitulate, and briefly condense the argument which, in order to bring in all the considerations connected with it, has been presented in a discursive and irregular form. Admitting, as we do for the sake of the argument, that the State's great object is the physical and not the moral good of man,—that it is intended, in other words, for the protection of property, security against personal violence, and the guardianship of the domestic relations; then, we say, that, in addition to positive inconvenience to transgressors, designed to deter them from actual crimes, there must be acknowledged in the law that doctrine of retributive justice, without which punishment, appealing only to the animal fears and taking no true hold upon the conscience or moral department of the soul, can exercise no true reforming power—even if this were the great and chief object for which it was designed. Besides this, there are needed, also, certain habits or states of mind, or principles of action, having an intimate and sympathizing connection with the standard of truth manifested in the law. In other words, there must be a public conscience corresponding to the governing principle or spirit of the law, rising as it rises, and falling as it falls; being moral and religious, or barely economical, according as that, whose representative it must, in time, ever become, sustains the one or the other of these characters. To this result, then, a true morality is an indis-

pensable means; and equally indispensable to the latter is a religion from which alone morality can receive its sanctions.

Religion and morality, then, although denied to be legitimate objects of the State as *ends*, come in as *means to other ends*. But religion and morality, when they are not regarded as *ends* in themselves, cease to be truly religion and morality. They do, undoubtedly, when pure, tend to protect property, to secure from personal violence, &c.; but then this is an incident, and not of their essence. When called in aid, therefore, for such purposes alone, they will not be pure; they come not in their true nature, and must inevitably degenerate into something of a lower species. We have proved, however, that the State *must* have religion and morality, as *means* for the successful accomplishment of its physical purposes. But it cannot have them as effective *means*, without recognizing them as *ends*, before it employs them as *means*. Therefore, finally, the State must neglect even the highest physical good of men, or it must be a religious and moral agent, in the *absolute* and not merely *mediate* use of the terms—Q. E. D.

Let us apply this to a case easily imagined, and which, as a little knowledge of the history of our own country may show, has actually happened. A company of religious persons, professing the Christian faith, are cast upon a certain locality, on which is to arise a true State, and a corresponding system of law. Although deeply religious, yet, in founding their State, we may suppose them to have regard, in the first place, to the physical well-being of themselves and their posterity. Familiarity with the letter and spirit of the Word of God, a deep knowledge of the selves and of human nature, satisfy them that this can never be effectually secured by the mere letter of any system of jurisprudence, without the life imparted to it by a true morality, containing a true appeal to the conscience, and resting on those sanctions from an invisible world, which we denominate religion;—the conscience, or moral sense, never being truly affected, unless by considerations connected with the eternal and the immutable.

Such being the case, would they not be required, even on the physical hypothesis, to make the conservation of this morality and this religion one of the great objects of the State's care, and to fence them round by all the guards that



could be devised. We see not how there can be any escape from this conclusion even on the lower hypothesis which our argument required, but which we have wronged these good men in adopting on their behalf, instead of supposing them to have had supreme reference to religion, as an *end*, and not as a means to something below itself. Would they not be bound, on this supposition, to keep out all influences foreign or hostile to the acquisition of those habits and those principles; or, in other words, to keep out atheism and infidelity with far more rigor than they would exercise towards the man who injured the present physical health by poisoning wells, or by the sale of bad provisions? And that, too, if they should choose thus to regard it, on physical grounds; because the one produces a physical mischief, comparatively partial, temporary, and easily remedied, while the other gives birth to an evil ever tending to reproduce itself, and to render all prevention of itself and its temporal consequences more and more difficult, until this *moral* pestilence has caused the final destruction of that physical system into which it is allowed "to eat like a canker." Now suppose that there should come into their society an avowed atheist, claiming free discussion, and contending that he has the same right to inculcate his sentiments that another has to circulate the pious and religious tract. To state the case in the most favorable light, let us imagine him no vulgar, scoffing blasphemer, but one who assumes to make use of serious philosophical argument. In the light of the above principles, what must be the reply of those whose retreat is thus invaded? Might they not say to him—Here is no absolute right in the case. Your right to discuss matters of this nature must depend on the right or wrong, the good or bad tendencies of the matters themselves. We refuse to listen to you ourselves, and we forbid your speaking to our children. We say this as heads of single families, and as the civil guardians of associated families. You are a worse offender, even against the physical good of society, than the man we have punished for selling unwholesome provisions, and that, too, not on the ground that you are directly destroying the moral health of the soul: this position we might take, but we would rather place ourselves on one that comes nearer to the standard of your own right and

wrong. Your doctrine, in its ultimate effects, as we conceive, would be the means of multiplying the number of those who would be reckless of man's physical good; and your poison for the soul would exhibit its final effect in the destruction of the body. We forbid your teaching our children that there is no God. If guilty of disobedience in this respect, we banish you from our State; and if, under pretence of maintaining your rights of conscience, you persist in returning and committing the offence, we shall visit you with such sorer punishments as the wickedness and most destructive consequences of your crime may seem to us to deserve. Our children, at all events, must be protected from the danger of atheism. If you tell us that "error may safely be indulged, provided reason is left free to combat it," we are willing to run no such risk, any more than we would permit you to introduce among us a pestilential disease, if it were in our power to prevent it, simply because there may possibly exist among us the means of cure. Besides, we are not so certain that, in the present state of the human race, reason, and religion, and virtue would gain as favorable a hearing in the minds of the young, when left to themselves, as the allurements of vice and licentious pleasure, aided by the powerful auxiliary doctrine that there is no God, and, of course, no accountability. Would not these men reason correctly? Taking their circumstances, as we have stated them, can there be discovered any fallacy whatever in their premises, or the conclusion to which they are supposed to have arrived?

Aha! says our man of human rights, who has been "watching for our halting," we knew we should catch you at last. Your disguise is off. With all your display of candor, and show of argument; with all your circumlocutions, your cautious and indirect approaches to a subject you would not dare to face directly, we have all along well known where you would finally come out. It seems then, you are for reviving blue laws, and persecuting men for their religious opinions. You would imprison, or banish, at least, if you dared not put to death, the atheist, or infidel, or blasphemer, or by whatever other name of opprobrium you may choose to designate the honest and *conscientious* man who denied one particle of your narrow creed.

We admit, in all seriousness, that there



is some difficulty in parrying such an attack as this, or in resisting the argument from consequences, which should apply the same reasoning, not only to atheism, but to deism, to infidelity in all its aspects, to liberalism also, to transcendentalism, together with the various shades and differences of Christian sects, until there was included everything which the most bigoted religionist might deem hostile to the true interests of mankind. We are aware with what force all this may be retorted, by a skillful antagonist, and yet it is hard to discover the fallacy which led us, in the above case, to the odious and unpopular conclusion.

In reference to such a state of society as we have been just considering, homogeneous as to race, and of like religious faith, we cannot help regarding it as strictly and inevitably applicable. If men thus believed and felt, it would certainly be not only their duty, but their highest duty, to make the uncorrupted preservation, to their posterity, of that religion and that morality, the most sacred object of their political institutions; and we have seen that they might consistently do this on grounds that were irrespective of the interests of a future life, except so far as a regard to these latter should be employed as means for the promotion of physical good in the present world.

In maintaining such a conclusion, it might be inferred that every nation *ought* to be homogeneous, or, in other words, strictly a *gens*, and keep itself so; that it *ought* to have one pure religious faith, as the national soul; and that the State had become too large, or had assumed an unnatural heterogeneous and self-destructive character, when it had within its bosom different races and creeds, fundamentally varying in respect to the highest truths. The same position may also be assumed, in respect to one true and pure code of morals. It would even be applicable to a philosophy regarded as presenting the true elements of a state of well-being; and this, too, on the ground, that when differences of opinion on any subject are viewed as of no account, it must be because the subject itself has come to be regarded as one of utter indifference.

But we would frankly admit the immense difficulties that, in given circumstances, may lie in the way of reducing this fair theory to practice. We must not run into an error similar to that of

the opposing school, although in the opposite extreme, and regard as a self-evident matter of duty, what they, on the other hand, would treat as an infringement of human rights, too palpable to be discussed. It is sufficient, in the present stage of our argument, to say, that we are not such a nation as has been described. We have in all these respects most serious disorders, which, however, may ultimately be the means of great and unmingled good. The rigid doctrine laid down in our supposed case, although it may seem faultless in theory, cannot, in its full extent, or in anything like its full extent, be applied to our present state. We may lawfully make an effort to prevent the diversity becoming greater; but as at present constituted, even in our separate State politics, we resemble more a congeries of tribes, and tongues, and religions, than one single homogeneous people. We believe that there is a disposition to assimilate; that there is also, in every mixed people, if unaffected by continual outward disturbing causes, a natural tendency to nationalism in race and religion, as well as in language. We have good grounds for hoping that this feeling and love of nationality, which God has given for the highest purposes, may in time—if not sooner destroyed by them—blend into one these internal discords, and produce one common, well-tempered harmony. This *must* be the result, or the State is gone; for history has repeatedly shown that a nation cannot long exist composed of heterogeneous, unharmonizing elements. May we not, however, believe that something better is reserved for us, and that for some glorious *finale* of national harmony, Providence has brought into combination, and preserved in combination, our apparent Babel?

Whilst, however, we admit all the difficulties of our present position, there is no need so to magnify them, as to do away altogether the all-important principle for which we contend, and for which we would ever zealously contend, as the prime element of national life, never to be lost sight of or abandoned, although the difficulties were to be a thousand fold greater than they really are. We have not the homogeneity of the Puritans, either in Church or State; and yet we still have that without which no nation can long exist, any more than a body without a soul—namely, a national religion. Let no one be alarmed at this, or call up the dreaded ideas of Church and State, of



fire and faggots, with all the horrors of the Romish inquisition. We are not now discussing the question as involving merely an abstract principle; neither are we recommending any new and peculiar feature in legislation. We are dealing with *matters of fact*. We speak of a *fixed fact*, as Mr. Cushing would style it, which is fundamental even to our constitution or fundamental law, and which legislation *must* recognize, either by way of countenancing or opposing—a fixed fact, towards which the general course and spirit of the law cannot be neutral, even although it may never have been the subject of specific enactment in the statute book. This fact is, that we are, as yet, a Christian nation. Whatever may be our other differences, we meet on the broad ground of a common professed Christianity; not in the narrow sense of being *established* by law, but as forming the basis on which the law itself is *established*. We say this, not merely because it is the religion of a majority. We all know that it is far more. Such is its universality that there is no impropriety in calling it the creed of the nation, even on the score of numbers. But in another aspect it may with still more propriety be called the national religion. It is as yet, and notwithstanding all the efforts of infidelity and false philosophy, the quickening spirit of our institutions. It enters into the habits and modes of thinking of our people. Although very seldom mentioned in the statute book, it pervades it as an invisible spiritual atmosphere. It is recognized in the oath, in the yet prevailing ideas of punishment, in statutes against various species of immorality, and in the yet continued observance, by our legislative, judicial and executive authorities, of a sacred day. We reckon

not among these the proclamations of our governors for days of fasting and thanksgiving, nor the practice of daily prayer in our legislative assemblies. These are mere incidental matters, and do not, like the others, so enter into the very spirit of our institutions, that they cannot be removed without violent disruptions extending through the whole system. The first, by being put upon the ground of recommendations merely, would look rather like a denial of religion as being actually a part or rather the foundation of the law; and the practice and mode of appointing Congressional Chaplains from party office-seekers and on party grounds, would, unless greatly reformed, better exhibit our national Christianity in the breach than in the observance of the custom. But what is of far more account than this, Christianity furnishes the sanctions to our laws; it is taken as an avowed guide by the best of our legislators; it enters into the reasonings of our Courts, both from the bench and the bar. It is associated with our most sacred historical reminiscences. It was the avowed and cherished religion of our fathers. It has never, as yet, been repudiated by their sons. Our national existences were most certainly founded upon it as the common law of the mother country, and this foundation has never been expressly or impliedly removed by any positive legislation of an opposing kind. To speak against it, to revile it, or to attempt to bring it into disrepute, has been declared by our supreme judicial authority an offence indictable at common law, on the ground that whoever assails Christianity assails the foundations of the law itself; and that, therefore, the punishment of such a crime by the law is an act of self-defence.\*

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\* We feel that we have been guilty of no extravagance in the utterance of these sentiments, when we recollect that they are in substance the same with those maintained by Daniel Webster in his famous speech on the Girard Will case, before the Supreme Court of the United States. We hope, also, that our Democratic Whigs will not be offended, (to avoid Loco-foco censure on these points we have no great anxiety,) if we refer to that good old federalist and most healthy-minded jurist, the venerable Chancellor Kent. We do this with the more confidence because his decision, embodying the sentiments above expressed, is yet unrepealed and unreversed, and therefore the existing law of our State. We refer to the case of the People *vs.* Ruggles, viii. Johnson's Reports, p. 290. Judge Kent, in his decision in this case, declared that "Christianity in its enlarged sense, as a religion revealed and taught in the Bible, is part and parcel of the law of the land. The statute for preventing immorality (he continues) consecrates the first day of the week as holy time, and considers the violation of it as immoral. The act concerning oaths recognizes the common law mode of administering an oath by laying the hand on and kissing the gospel. Surely, then, we are bound to conclude that those wicked and malicious words, writings and actions, which go to vilify those gospels, continue, as at common law, to be an offence against the public peace and safety. They are inconsistent with the reverence due the oath, and tend to lessen, in the public



We are, then, still a religious people. We have a national creed—and we are not yet, in this respect, an exception among all other nations of ancient or modern times. That national religion is the Christian. The mere fragments of open and avowed infidel sects no more militate against this conclusion, or take away our national Christian character, than the fact that there may be a few monarchists among us should justly prevent our being styled a republican nation, or the few foreign dialects in our land should forbid the Anglo-Saxon from being regarded as our national language.

This, then, being *matter of fact*, not created by law, but being fundamental to the law itself—and we take the term here in its largest sense, as including not only written constitutions and statutes, but also all that enters into what may be styled the legal life or action of our political organism—legislation, as we have said, or the general course of our government, can no more be indifferent or neutral in respect to it, than in regard to any other important national fact which enters deeply into the thoughts, feelings, customs, the inner and outer life of the great and almost universal body of the people. It is fundamental to the constitution as the constitution is fundamental to the laws. Legislation has not created this fact, as we have observed; but it is this which, in a great measure, makes legislation what it is. We may very truly say, that very few of our institutions would have been what they now are, if our ancestors, who have transmitted them to us, had not been Christians. This being so, we are, as a nation, compelled to make our choice in respect to it.

The prime sophism of the opposing school is found in the premise so modestly and quietly assumed by them, that there can be, either in a State or an individual, or in a State any more than in an indi-

vidual, a position of indifference between religion and irreligion, or, as the issue is now made up for us, between Christianity and infidelity. It may occupy a middle ground, or a position of indifference between various sects of a common fundamental faith; especially if their differences relate not so much to those religious doctrines of national accountability, national retribution, and individual obligation, as to rights and forms and modes of worship. But this is far from being the relation of those two great antagonistic principles, which, in these latter days, are so desperately striving for the dominion of the human soul, and pressing every other influence into the conflict. These have no common region on which to locate the *punctum indifferens*. Between these there can be no peace. Eternal strife must be the law of both, until one or the other is finally made to yield; and no institution that is not utterly alien to humanity can long maintain even an apparent neutrality between them. Infidelity is not a variety, but the antithesis, of belief. It is not now even a sect of what is styled natural religion. One must be a very superficial student of the philosophical history of the last century, not to have seen, that this has had its day, and has passed away forever. There is no more any such thing as religious or moral deism. As the smoke of former conflicts clears up, we see the two mortal foes beginning to assume their true forms, and their true positions. It is Christianity and Atheism every day taking a position of more direct antagonism, and marshaling their forces face to face. Infidelity is rapidly assuming this form of atheism, although there may be an attempt to disguise the transition under a transcendental pantheism, or what may more appropriately be described as a seeming religious naturalism. The question is fast coming down

mind, its religious sanction." After showing, most conclusively, that the free toleration which the constitution allows of religious or irreligious belief, is not at all inconsistent with the national recognition of Christianity, he thus proceeds—"Nor are we bound by any expressions in the constitution, as some have strangely supposed, either not to punish at all, or to punish indiscriminately like attacks upon the religion of Mahomet and the Grand Lama; and for this plain reason, that *we are a Christian people, and the morality of the country is deeply engrafted upon Christianity*, and not upon the doctrines or worship of these impostors." Again, in another part of the same admirable decision, he continues—"And shall we form an exception, in this respect, to the rest of the civilized world? No government among any of the polished nations of antiquity, and none of the institutions of modern Europe (a single and monitory case excepted) ever hazarded such a bold experiment upon the solidity of the public morals, as to permit with impunity and under the sanction of their tribunals, the general religion of the country to be openly insulted and defamed. The very idea of jurisprudence with the ancient lawgivers and philosophers embraced the religion of the country. *Jurisprudentia est divinarum atque humanarum rerum notitia.*—Cicero de Leg., 12."



to this—Bible, or no Bible—Revelation, or blank irreligion. As well might we suppose a *punctum indifferens*, a state of indifference, or some *tertium quid*, between being and not-being. There never was a case to which our Saviour's declaration was more applicable—"He that is not for me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

Let us carefully analyze these positions that are of late revived and put forth with so much boldness. "The law," says one, "knows no religion; the State has no concern with matters of faith." The State, then, knows no God, no retribution, and, of course, no true morality. It does not exist as a moral and responsible agent. There is, aside from the merest expediency, no real right and wrong in any of its acts. In the regulation of its conduct towards its own citizens, or towards other States, it recognizes no considerations drawn from the invisible, the eternal, and the immutable. In its highest proceedings it has relation only to the temporary, the expedient, the economical. It has nothing to do with *principle*. It has no conscience, no duties, no accountability; for each of these when carried out to their legitimate limits must terminate in the recognition of a spiritual and supernatural world, together with an invisible government, of which—as the fountain of all other legitimate governments—the law is Eternal Truth, and the lawgiver the Eternal God.

Of all nations we most need the *security to human rights*, which can alone be drawn from considerations like these. Of all people on the face of the earth, we have the most need of a national conscience to regulate, and keep steady to the law of right, that sovereign power which nowhere is so absolute as among ourselves. Nothing could more strikingly show the value of this doctrine of a national accountability as a vital part of the national religion, than the manner in which the most important measures are discussed by some who would be thought to be our greatest men. We have a most clear illustration of this in a late speech delivered by one who has been a candidate for the highest and most responsible station, and who aspires to become the executive organ of the nation's will. The scene to which we refer is before that

most dignified body, which, of all others, should represent the pure and abstract reason of the State, or that "mind without passion," which the master spirit of antiquity gives as the truest definition of law. It is before that department of our national organism, where, whatever may be the fluctuating and irrational desires of the popular mass, there should ever be a communion with eternal truth and eternal righteousness—a department, which, as performing the office of head to the body, should be ever employed in keeping in order, instead of exciting, the more animal and irrational portions of the system. It is in fact before our national *Βουλή*, or assembly of *wise men*, our Senate, our eldership—a body supposed to be raised far above all the disturbing influences which operate on the rest of the community—a body which the people, with a wise self-distrust, are supposed to have selected to *think* for them, and not merely to represent their most unreasoning propensities. The orator is one of these very elders of the land, who, according to Tully's noble definition of the Legislator and the Judge, should be ever *lex loquens*, the speaking organ of the law and the conscience of the State. Such is the scene, and such the speaker. The subject is the awfully solemn one of war, with all the tremendous consequences that must follow a deadly strife between two of the most powerful nations on the earth. Now, what may be supposed to be the nature of this speech, and of the considerations appealed to? It is just such, we reply, as might be expected from some common haranguer addressing a democratic mass-meeting in the Park. It abounds in the most trivial, yet mischievous declamation, adapted and designed to enkindle into action all the elements of party and national animosity. It addresses itself to the most animal and irrational part of our nature. It is full of appeals to our absurd and excessive national vanity. It repeats, *ad nauseam*, the most stale declarations of patriotism, designed only to disguise the most reckless demagoguism; and indulges, from beginning to end, in the most empty gasconade about *national honor*. Nowhere, however, is there the least allusion to such a thing as a *national conscience*, or a national moral accountability.\*

\* As this article was originally intended for the January number of the American Review, reference was had to an event then fresh in the minds of its readers, and which, it is presumed, is not yet forgotten. Since that time, much has taken place to show the truth of the views here presented, and the immense importance of what we



On such an occasion and on a subject so very serious, it would not, we think, have been out of place, or have subjected the speaker to the dreaded imputation of cant, to have made some allusion to the eternal principles of right and wrong, or to an invisible power who holds in his hands the destinies of the State, and whose holy attributes demand as much the punishment of national wickedness as of individual offences; a power that will hold us to a strict account in regard to the righteousness or recklessness of proceedings so solemn as those which involve the question of peace or war. But not a syllable of all this, although it would have so well become the time and place. Even a hint that he felt the force of any such considerations might have subjected his democracy to the suspicions of the Empire Club, and thereby essentially marred his prospect of reaching the goal of his ambition. Oh! how humiliating the thought that the destinies of the many millions who compose this great nation, should be the stakes of such gamblers and such games as these!

In connection with this digression, we may here notice that most abominable maxim—*Our country, right or wrong*—a maxim which would make those to be a nation's best friends, who are, in fact, her most deadly foes. Let there be planned any scheme ever so reckless or unprincipled; let it be taken up as was the case with the late measure for the annexation of Texas, from the lowest and most dishonest of political motives; its consummation, or even its partial consummation, is thought at once to take the case out of the high court of conscience. A timid opposition are by

means of this maxim, whipped into a reluctant support of the basest of measures; and that, too, when these measures have been contrived for this very purpose of putting them in a position where, if they dare to remonstrate, they may be made the objects of popular odium. The precedent is employed to give sanction to another case of the same kind, yet still more atrocious, and those who would appeal to right and conscience are insultingly warned in the language of a famous Virginia statesman, "not to burn their fingers by opposing another war," or to take a position of seeming opposition to the national interest. Seeming opposition we say, for what man, whose intellect is in healthy union with his moral sense, does not see that *they* are the real and truest friends of their country who strive to maintain these stern ideas of national accountability, and to keep alive a belief in the moral and religious relation of the State to the invisible and the eternal?

Our legislative and judicial bodies, we have said, should represent the pure reason and conscience of the State. We should be more rational in our collective than in our individual acts: the animal nature should disappear as we ascend to those higher parts of our political organism, where all should be calm, pure, and abstract from the turbulence, perverseness, selfishness and irrationality of individual passions. But alas! when the doctrine of a religious national accountability and of a national conscience is dropt out of our political creed, we become far more animalized in our public than in our private relations. Opinions are put forth by the legislator in regard

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have styled a national conscience, or religious sense of accountability for acts done in a national as well as an individual capacity. What reasons and motives have been most prominently assigned and urged for the adopting this or that course, on the most important questions affecting the nation's highest good? Take as a test some of the leading papers of both political parties, and what conclusion must any candid foreigner, who had no other sources of information, have come to respecting the state of our national affairs. Surely he must have regarded those who profess to be our leading men, in no higher light than reckless gamblers playing with the most vital interests of twenty millions of people. Much of the very language employed has been drawn from this desperate and abandoned profession. Instead of manly, high-souled, and religious reasoning on those solemn questions that have lately arisen, we hear everywhere that such a candidate for the Presidency "*has made an injurious move*;" another "*has played the wrong card*;" this statesman has "*made a very foolish throw of the dice*;" and another has "*suffered himself to be checkmated*." Such a party too, it is said, once got itself "*in a false position*," and became unpopular; right or wrong, then, it must take better care next time, and not suffer its adversaries to "*get the whip-row*," or "*distance it in the race for popular favor*." In such a race the professedly conservative party itself, instead of performing its appropriate restraining office, only increases the mischief by accelerating the velocity of radicalism—thus becoming a rival instead of an antagonist, and making it actually worse than if it had had no competitor.



to public acts, which he would blush to avow, as rules of conduct, in his social intercourse with his fellow-men. It is thus that a body politic, composed of individuals who, in their private and separate relations, are not wholly reckless of right, becomes, in the mass, one huge, ferocious, myriad-headed *animal*,—a *bellua centiceps*, unprincipled, irrational, irreligious,—a blind and furious Typhon—

Ἐκατογκάρηνον δάϊον τέρας

Σμερδναῖσι γαμψηλαῖσι συρίζον φόνον.

Now this should be just the other way; and when those sacred ideas to which we have referred, are cherished as a vital part of the national religion, and as abiding in the national moral sense—when the public mind is thoroughly imbued with them, and legislators truly strive to render the law and public acts what they ought to be, namely, the expression, not of the animal passions, but of the pure and abstract reason of the body politic—then it is that we become more true, more rational, and, in the best sense, *more human*, in our corporate than in our individual character. As a necessary consequence, too, of such a state of things, law and government, having in themselves something fixed, abiding, and, as we may say, allied to the eternal, do then perform their true office; not simply in the mere prevention of crime, but in educating, humanizing, elevating, rendering less animal, less selfish, more moral, more conscientious, and more religious, our individual nature. The State thus, instead of demoralizing, exercises a most healthy influence on the private character, by being to us a nursery of right principles, and its history a store-house of truly virtuous and heroic reminiscences.

But, to return from our long, yet we trust not irrelevant, digression, we continue our argument by saying, that if the State, according to the new philosophy, need recognize no God, it can only be because, in fact, there is no God for the State,—no power higher than itself which may punish it for its wrong doings, give it prosperity, or terminate its existence, when it fails to promote the highest good of men. “It would indeed be monstrous,” as Dr. Arnold has well observed, that the ultimate earthly power in human life should be destitute of a sense of right and wrong. Yet this is the inevitable conclusion from the positions laid down by some, with as much coolness, as if they never had been and never

could be disputed. If there is no God for the State, then there is none for the individual: if, then, the one has no moral accountability, neither has the other: if there is no eternal justice, and no eternal right and wrong which the former can recognize, neither can they exist for man in respect to his individual actions. If there is such an accountability and such a morality, then the whole question is conceded; religion comes in as the necessary and inevitable consequence.

“It is inquired,” says a late writer, “Can a State exist which recognizes no religion?” A most grave question, certainly, and requiring for its solution all the light furnished by history, from the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah down to the wreck of States and constitutions exhibited in the frenzied scenes of the French Revolution. Our own brief experiment of sixty years—even admitting for the sake of argument that our institutions are really grounded on the principle of indifference to all religion—is far too short to be trusted in the examination of a point so vital as this. How, then, does the oracular authority, to whom we just referred, approach this solemn inquiry which he thus suggests. We refer to this writer as the best representative, to our knowledge, of a very large and perhaps increasing class of reasoners. Does he modestly acknowledge the great and real difficulties of the subject? Does he at all admit that it is not always easy to discriminate between the limits of the political, the moral and religious; although he himself, and the school to which he belongs, might feel themselves warranted in denying their intimate and essential union? Does he at all allow that there may be some weight of argument on the opposite side, and that it has been maintained by minds as acute and powerful as the world had ever known? Let us see in how grave a manner he presents his views on so grave a theme. “Can the State,” says he, “exist which recognizes no religion? I answer (he replies to his own interrogatory) that it can as well as if it do not recognize music. One is no more the natural offspring of the human mind than the other. Indeed, the State might as well ordain a tune as a religious exercise, and a few fragments or notes of that tune, as a few fragments of any particular religious faith.” This, then, is reasoning! This is what our cotemporaries of the Democratic Review would style “a most comprehen-



sive and searching examination of first principles!" Even should we admit that the two subjects could, for a moment, be placed on a par, does this poor imitator of the vulgar infidel ribaldry, know that one who was not only the greatest statesman of antiquity, but also one of the most ardent lovers of republican freedom the world has ever seen, did not think even the regulation of music, and its great influence for good or evil upon the minds and habits of the people, beneath the care of the State.\*

We do not contend that legislation should regulate religious exercises or religious tunes. We maintain, on the other hand, that religion—revealed religion, Christianity—should regulate legislation. If, however, the State cannot be indifferent to religion in theory, neither can it be so in practice. The infidel modestly asks that his opinions shall be regarded as entitled to equal favor with Christianity. There might be some plausibility in this, if those who advocate his doctrine bore anything like a reasonable ratio to the number of professed believers; and if, in that case, parties being nearly equally divided, some middle position of neutrality might be found between religion and irreligion, or between Christianity and his own negations. To present the matter in the best light for his claim, we will suppose the parties to be thus nearly balanced, and admit that it is to be a question of number. Even on this basis, he asks by far too much. He demands that the State should favor him. Both sides cannot be gratified, and he insists that the decision should be against religion. To show that this is a fair statement, we present the issue in the very language of the school. The State must say religion, or no religion. Between these there is no middle ground, as between varying sects professing to hold, in the main, a common faith. The believer implores the State to adopt the first, the infidel insists upon the latter alternative. But why, since both cannot be gratified, should the latter gain the day? Why should the oath be taken from the statute book, the Bible banished from our schools, all allusion to a revealed divine law be interdicted to our courts and legislative bodies,—why, in short, should all connection between the visible and invisible state (of which religion, as its very etymology imports, is the *bond*) be severed to please him? Why, we

ask—since one or the other must be favored—is his claim in any respect superior, even although they might be equal or nearly equal in numbers? But how utterly preposterous does this appear, in connection with what we know to be the fact, namely, that the party which makes these high claims is the merest fragment of our population. Let us apply the favorite language of this sect, (as presented by the author to whom we have referred as one of their best representatives,) and turn their batteries directly against themselves. "If the State," say they, "take into favor the opinions of the majority, it tyrannizes over the religion of the minority. If it establishes the religion of the Christian, it offends the infidel." We accept the issue. If, then, the State takes into favor the opinions of the minority, and that, too, one of the smallest minorities, and those opinions, moreover, very bad opinions, by what shall we characterize its conduct towards the large majority? If the State expressly or impliedly gives countenance to the doctrines of the small band of infidels, may we not say that it is justly "offensive" to the Christian?

But hold, says the infidel; you entirely misstate the true points in issue. We only ask for impartiality and indifference, or that the State shall take a middle ground between us. Without adverting farther to the modesty of this demand on the score of numbers, and the violation of all geometrical proportion in requiring exactly a middle ground between two parties so very unequal, we say, and we have proved, that no such middle ground exists. The State must lean to one side or the other. You forget that indifference is your professed *creed*—a *creed*, too, for which you are as zealous and oftentimes as fanatical as the most ultra sectarian. You maintain, as your *tenets*, that the State has no God, no religion, and of course no true morality in any proper sense of that term. Christians take ground directly opposite. You insist that your dogma shall be favored; in other words that the State shall act upon it, as though as far as regards its judicial, legislative, and executive action, it were true that there is no God, no religion, no morality. You thus do, in fact, maintain that your doctrine should be established as a settled axiom of government, however offensive it may be to the vast Christian majority. Men, too, who probably would be greatly

\* Cicero De Leg. II. 15.



offended at the name of infidel, and who speak loftily at times of the moral sentiments—men who have much to say of “reverence for the infinite mystery,” and who talk of “the higher order of religious questions,” as they would of the higher mathematics—such men show their sympathetic instincts by making for you the same claim, and would even urge it as a great and liberal concession, on the part of a belief which so much transcends our poor and ordinary Christianity.

One would suppose that so wretched a sophism as is contained in this doctrine of indifference, and the manner in which it is maintained by so changing the terms of one of the premises as to include the infidel among ordinary religious sects, could deceive nobody; yet, probably, there is no one single dogma which is now exerting so pernicious an influence. And then this claim to a calm, philosophic neutrality, as though well-known history had not furnished the most startling evidence, that infidelity, and even atheism, when triumphant, and in a condition to act out their real natures, have a fanaticism, a bigotry, a ferocious, persecuting spirit, such as false religious feeling—fierce as it has been at times—had never engendered. As is most truly remarked by that keen observer of human nature, the gifted author of the *Natural History of Enthusiasm*, “There cannot be a greater imprudence than to believe that the suavity, the tolerance, the bland indifference, and the affected liberality, which are now the garb of the infidel spirit, *belong to it by nature*, or would be retained a day after it had nothing to fear from its rival.”

Under such a view of the matter, can we doubt, that if this principle is carried out to its ultimate extent, both in theory and practice,—if it is successfully maintained that the action of the State is to have no reference to any religious sanctions, and that the holy day of our religion is to be publicly desecrated, as a practical confirmation of the doctrine,—if the oath is to be banished from our courts, to please those who believe in no God,—if law is to be stripped of the inherent ideas of penalty and retribution, to please those who regard it as making no appeal to the conscience,—can we doubt (in reference to these questions, so rapidly coming up, and on which the State must soon take sides, either *for* or *against*), that a decision such as the infi-

del wants and demands, would be favoring the worst, the most irreligious, and as yet, to appearance, one of the smallest sects in the land. Who, also, that is acquainted with the silent, yet certain influence of law and political institutions, upon the moral sense, either for good or evil, and how necessarily the mind is affected, even from infancy, by what it is *practically* led to regard as the sovereign rule of civil conduct—who, we say, that understands this, can believe, that individual effort in churches and private schools can, without special and miraculous divine aid, withstand that most powerful bias to unbelief, which such a spectacle of affected indifference, yet real hostility, on the part of the State, must produce in the individual mind? No! There is, there can be no neutrality here. This is the great point we are so anxious to impress upon the mind of this, as yet, Christian community. There can be no real neutrality. The infidel knows it well. On this subject he has an instinct most keen, in discovering the means of its advantage. He understands full well the immense aid which such a position when carried out, on the part of the State, into all its practical details, must give him, in his controversy with Christianity. He laughs at the influence of the nursery, when he knows how soon the young and tender faith, before it reaches the vigor of manhood, will be confronted with the doctrine, that the State knows no God—no religion—no oath—no holy time—no true accountability—no eternal, immutable morality; and that, in its bearing upon the individual life, in the infliction of punishment, it knows no appeal to the conscience.

But who or what is to judge of the matter of fact, whether, in truth, we are a Christian and not an infidel or atheistical nation? The State itself we reply. It *must* judge, and cannot escape the responsibility. It must decide either one way or the other—either *for* or *against*. It must be determined by that power which, in its healthy state, we have styled the national conscience—that invisible influence, which, whether good or bad, moral or immoral, religious or irreligious, Christian or anti-Christian, diffuses itself through all the institutions of a people, affecting in innumerable ways both their public and private, their political and their individual character. It is most absurd to say, then, that the



spirit and general course of legislation can have no regard to this fixed fact, or that they can "*let the matter entirely alone*," leaving it just where they found it. They cannot "*let it alone*." Admitting that the direct application of religion and morality, or their most practical teaching should be left to confederated individual, in distinction from political, actions, even then, we contend, the State must be in harmony with it; above all, it must assume no attitude of indifference towards it.

When we speak of there being a religion of the State, and of Christianity being that religion, it is not meant that all its doctrines have the same relation to the political as to the individual life. It is mainly in regard to the latter, that there arises that distinction of sects which invests the subject with all its apparent difficulties. Even here it is certainly of great importance to our true political interests, that not only the Christian religion generally, but the best and purest species of Christianity should be universally and cordially embraced. In our case, however, the obstacles in the way of effecting this are so immense, that a very great good must be abandoned to avoid a far greater evil. Here is the danger of trespassing on the domain of the true conscience. We do not say "the rights of conscience," because the phrase is unmeaning. It seems to imply that most abominable of all absurdities, as well as most mischievous of all sentiments, that men may entertain what opinions they please as an inherent right. Still less do we mean that most monstrous of all paradoxes—a conscientious right to be irreligious, or to have no conscience at all.

The State, whether it be owing to our peculiar position, or whatever may be the cause, cannot, we admit, as a State, know the denominational differences that most unfortunately divide the Christian community. It can, however, recognize, and must recognize, those great truths of Christianity, which enter directly into what may be called the State religion in distinction from what is peculiar in the individual alone. It must recognize the Almighty God who holds in his hands the destinies of nations—the Eternal ELOAH, or *God of the oath*, an appeal to whose punitive justice must be the ultimate sanction of all judicial proceedings, and "an end of controversy" in all legal strife between man and man. It must ac-

knowledge an eternal, immutable, and religious morality, which is but another name for the inseparable Will and Reason of a Supreme Personal Deity. It must recognize that doctrine of penal sanctions and of a true retributive justice, both in divine and human law, without which government has no real foundation. If these positions be sound, then must it also have, as a necessary consequence, its supernatural revelation, to preserve, in this world of sense, an ever clear and abiding impression of those great first truths, by means of an acknowledged written standard. And lastly—although here we venture an opinion which, as some may think, brings us on that disputed and impracticable ground—it must have its *holy time*, set apart, not simply for rest or worship, but for the religious and moral instruction of the people, and constituting a most important and indispensable aid for the conservation of its indispensable national creed. These, more than any paper constitutions, must constitute a nation's true life. Without them the experiment is yet to be tried—and it may be with the most fearful results—whether any State can have a permanent existence.

The writer and the School to whom we referred, think that the State might as well be engaged "in teaching music and ordaining tunes" as in recognizing any religion, or the principles of any religion." Let us turn for a moment from this most dignified comparison to the great Roman lawyer. Who shall charge Tully with being a bigot, or a fanatic? Who will dare to affirm that the most practical statesman of his day was not a good judge of human nature and its wants? How much higher and more philosophical is his conception of the religious nature of the State and of the magistracy, than that shallow doctrine of the Monticello School, which some regard as the ne plus ultra, the last and greatest attainment of political wisdom.

*"Sit igitur hoc a principio persuasum civibus, dominum esse omnium rerum ac moderatorem Deum, eaque quæ gerantur, ejus geri judicio ac numine. Utiles autem esse opiniones has, quis neget, quum intelligat quam multa firmentur jurejurando, quantæ salutis sint fœderum religiones, quam multos divini supplicii metus a scelere revocarit, quamque SANCTA SIT SOCIETAS civium inter ipsos, DEO immortalium judice tum teste interposito?"*

"Let this, then, from the beginning be



taught to the people, namely, that God is the Lord and Governor of all things, and that whatsoever things are done are under the control of his decision and divine authority. Who can deny the utility of such opinions, when he reflects how many things must be *confirmed by the oath*, how much safety there is in the religious sanctions of contracts, how many the fear of divine retribution calls back from crime, and how SACRED A THING SOCIETY BECOMES, when the immortal God is presented by the law, both as judge and witness.\*

How different this and many similar declarations of the great legislators and philosophers of antiquity, from those absurd and atheistical *doctrines of rights*, which studiously exclude the idea of any national allegiance to any power higher than the people, trace rights themselves to no everlasting fountain of righteousness aside from the unmeaning conception of nature, and look to no divine origin of law and civil polity? Such passages alone would justify us in urging the study of the ancient classics as one of the most important departments of education, were it for no other purpose, that our young men might be led to perceive how immeasurably higher is the ground assumed by them, than that which is taken by those, among ourselves, who affect to treat with contempt whatever was written two thousand years ago. When we compare, in these respects, the political writings of Cicero and Aristotle, to say nothing of Plato, with some such productions as have lately emanated from the School against which we contend, we cannot regard as unjust or too severe the indignant declaration of an eloquent writer: "What a puny creature is one of these moderns placed by the side of the heathen nobles, who, according to the light of nature, acted consistently. How great their minds; how sound their understandings; how just, how simple, how religious, yet how dignified! Now, alas! how little, how feeble, how egotistical, how elaborate, yet how mean! If the very light is perverted into darkness, how great is that darkness!"

The large-minded men of old never even dreamed of the possibility of erecting and maintaining a political structure, without grounding it upon the sanctions of religion. How should our very souls sympathize with them in their greatest want, as they mourn over the imperfec-

tions of their best religious aids, and the consequent failure of all their efforts to counteract successfully those influences, by means of which the best constructed human institutions were constantly falling into ruin. How would some of these noble spirits have blessed God for the light of the gospel, and with what astonishment would they regard the efforts which, after the very light of Heaven is shining upon us, are made to declare Christianity no part of the law of the land, and to prepare the way for obliterating all its influence on individual minds, by denying it any legitimate power over man in a corporate or national capacity.

It may be said, in reply to some of the preceding remarks, that the world has advanced; man has risen in the scale of being; religious sanctions may have been necessary to the security of governments in past ages; but now "the moral sentiments have been fully developed;" in short, man is now prepared for absolute self-government. Grant, for the sake of argument, (which, however, we are far enough from actually doing,) that there may be some shadow of truth in this: we ask, then—what has produced the change? If it be Christianity, let us acknowledge it with devout thankfulness to God, and with a stronger conviction of its importance—not only as the foundation, but as the pervading spirit of all our institutions, social and political, as well as religious. Let us not rashly throw down the ladder by which we have risen to such an eminence. Let us not put out the very light of our political life to silence the clamor of the infidel. Let us be careful how we seek to return to our "state of nature," or rely upon our phrenological developments, or trust that philosophy which teaches that sin and crime are but defective organizations of the brain, requiring medical remedies rather than *punishment*. Let us beware how we substitute this for Christianity, or endeavor to make it the State's philosophical creed, and its advocates the favored *sect*, lest it be discovered, when perhaps too late, that of a truth, "the very light within us is but darkness."

In the present article we have treated the question *theoretically*. At some other time, if Providence permits, we may discuss this doctrine of indifference in its *practical* bearing upon certain departments of jurisprudence, and in its relation to the great and vital subject of education.

\* Cicero de Leg., II, 7.



## VON BLIXUM'S HEROIC EXPERIMENT.

BY HENRY W. PARKER.

It is high time that justice be done to my friend Blixum. Certainly, it is time that the world be put in possession of a discovery, which, next to Animal Magnetism, the Water Cure, and the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph, (with all of which it is intimately connected,) is the most wonderful development of the age. I do not hesitate to say, that it will speedily effect a revolution in society—in the whole economy of life—such as the world has never seen, or dreamed of seeing. The experiments of the immortal Von Blixum have proved triumphantly successful, and I therefore make the assertion advisedly; though not without some fear, and extreme modesty—not on my own account, for I claim no share in the astonishing discoveries I am about to disclose—but for the reason that men are so ready to meet every advance in science with chilling incredulity and heartless sarcasm.

It may gratify a reasonable curiosity, as well as prepare the reader to appreciate better the claims of both the discovery and the discoverer, if I first describe the man, and relate the circumstances under which I made his acquaintance. It is also much preferable, that the scientific hints, facts, and premises, and the process of reasoning which led my friend to so marvelous results, be given in his own words, as nearly as I can recollect them. Not to tantalize the curious, it may be remarked, however, at the outset, that Von Blixum—BLUNDERVICH VON BLIXUM—has realized what may have occurred to many as a most desirable impossibility, namely: the instantaneous transportation of one's self to any distance, by means of the Electro-Magnetic Telegraph! This, perhaps, is the most brilliant feature of the discovery, although it is accompanied with results of even more than practical moment—such as a perfect realization of the ultimatum of the old Gnostic philosophers and mystic sects—complete freedom from the chains and pains of matter; the elevation of the laboring classes, and a general relief from the present faulty construction of society; and also a triumphant vindication of all fuel-saving

inventions and systems of scientific starvation—not by showing their individual utility, but by surpassing, and thus dispensing with them altogether—food and fuel being, on my friend's system, no longer necessary in any shape. But to my story!

In the course of a pedestrian journey, during the summer of 1845, I had occasion to pass through an extensive tract of partially-wooded and thinly-inhabited land, for the purpose of saving several miles of circuitous road. Near the middle of the day, I encountered a man, whose odd appearance and singular equipments at once arrested my attention. Seemingly quite advanced in life, for his long, gray hair, in part discolored to a dingy yellow, hung over his shoulders, he was short, thick-set, and clad in a towering fur cap, a threadbare, faded, green surtout, buttoned to the chin, and old-fashioned gaiters, fastened at the knee with rusty steel buckles. His face, full and round, bore a peculiarly benignant expression, despite a gray, scrubby beard and moustaches, while his complexion, sallow and leathery, completed the foreign, antiquated, mouldy look of his whole figure. An ancient pair of spectacles, with enormous circular glasses, clung to his little bulbous nose, unassisted by the modern side-supports; a short German pipe, with a crooked stem and capacious bowl, capped with a brass cover, depended from his pinched-up lips; a ponderous musket was in his hands, and an uncouth powder-flask hung upon one side, balanced on the other by a battered tin box (used, as I afterwards learned, to preserve botanical specimens); these, with sundry other curious receptacles suspended about him, and a stiff gauze net for entrapping insects, attached to a long staff, and looking like a countess-dowager's cap of state, completed his list of accoutrements—not forgetting, however, a fishing-rod and basket upon the ground beside him. Mudgy, fudgy, enthusiastic little Blixum! Never shall I forget thy quaint, hearty look, although thou art now—not *dead*, indeed—but I am anticipating the sequel.

When I first beheld the solitary stran-



ger, he was in the act of aiming his gun at the top of a dry pine (I think at a common black crow)! I waited until he fired, and seeing that he was disappointed in the effect of his shot, I approached and addressed him. He replied to my salutation with great affability, and in broken English, mingled with so many German words and idioms, as to leave no doubt respecting the land of his nativity. I gradually drew from him his name and history, and found that he had been all his life a resident of Göttingen, (where he was born and educated,) until a year or two since, when he came to this country for the purpose of satisfying his curiosity and scientific tastes. He had traveled through a part of South America, Mexico, and the Southern States, and for several months had been living in the vicinity of the spot where I found him. Our conversation then turned successively upon nearly all the departments of science, and even Phrenology and Mesmerism, in all of which he seemed quite at home, and highly enthusiastic; then we ran through some German names of note—Kant, Leibnitz, Priessnitz, Spurzheim, Hahnemann, &c.—with the history and achievements of each, and the personal appearance of some of whom, he was well acquainted. He claimed for his father-land precedence in everything, and waxed more eloquent every moment in dilating about it; in short, he seemed to be a universal genius, familiar with everything, believing everything, and lauding to the skies the most contradictory theories and systems, (provided they were German,) and so sanguine, that he was ready to go off into rhapsody upon every wild, extravagant conjecture that has been, or can be, started. I came to the conclusion that he was possessed of credulity and a passion for castle-building amounting almost to monomania.

After we had passed several hours in this manner, our conversation happened upon the magnetic telegraph, and I remarked, that one glory was yet reserved for genius to achieve, or rather lay beyond its utmost powers, and that was, to make electricity a vehicle for ourselves, as well as for our thoughts. The remark certainly appeared to be quite electrical in its effect upon him, for he sprang immediately to his feet, faced about, leaned eagerly towards me, and, laying one hand upon my shoulder, and taking off his antique spectacles with the other,

held them at arm's length, while he puffed vigorously at his pipe, and stared at me with his merry, twinkling, gray eyes. At length he inquired, hesitatingly, if he could trust me, and receiving an affirmative reply, declared that he would reveal to me a wonderful secret, if I would follow him and never open my lips concerning what I should see or hear.

So long had we protracted our conversation, that it was now late in the afternoon; indeed, I had become so interested in my new acquaintance and his decidedly original character, and had gathered such a fund of information from him, notwithstanding his eccentricities, that I hardly noted the lapse of time. The beams of the sinking sun slanted through the foliage of the forest, lighting up with transparent brilliance, or throwing into rich shade, the old trees—

“Those green-robed senators of mighty woods.”

We rose from the mossy, fallen pine-trunk, upon which we had been sitting, and having offered myself to carry a part of his scientific implements, my friend Von Blixum filled and lighted his pipe, and, taking the lead, trudged off towards his unknown home. He was, in truth, an indefatigable little man, talking incessantly all the way in a highly transcendental and often finely imaginative strain, not without forgetting himself occasionally, and striking off into a harangue of pure German, the more unintelligible to me as I was often forced to dodge very suddenly the rebounding boughs and brushwood, through which he fearlessly and rapidly pushed his way, better protected from mutilation of the eyes by his vast spectacle-glasses.

At length we came to an open glade, and the sound of falling water arrested my attention. As we emerged from the wood, the open space discovered itself to be a small, narrow valley, surrounded by forest, and cradling a large stream, which fell at the upper extremity of the vale in a beautiful cascade. By the side of this, stood a ruined mill, overgrown with moss and weeds, its roof half fallen in, and the wheel, broken and crumbling, was unswung from its sockets and leaned against the building. Scattered through the valley, were two or three untenanted, decayed log-huts; the remains of a rude bridge spanned the stream; the fences were broken down, and the road so



encumbered with a growth of bushes, that, although I afterwards found that the locality was but four miles from the thrifty village of O——, and in a country advancing in population like our own, yet, for some reason, this incipient settlement in the heart of the forest seemed to have been abandoned for many long years.

Mynheer Von Blixum turned to me, and pointing to the ruined mill, exclaimed, "There, sir, is my domicile and laboratory, and I assure you it is more pregnant with disaster to steam engines, materia medica, and the entire present economy of civilization, than was the wooden horse of the Greeks with disaster to the Trojans!" Nodding assent to this very luminous remark, I followed him across the stream and into the mill; we ascended a rickety flight of stairs, and arriving at the door of a chamber, the old man pulled a concealed string which lifted a bar within, and gave us entrance. I entered and beheld a scene which verily would have rejoiced the eyes of an alchemist of the Middle Ages, or the rustiest old antiquary of modern days; indeed, had Von Blixum lived a few centuries ago, doubtless he would have died in search of the philosopher's stone or the alkahest, but happening upon our day most fortunately, he is destined, as will be seen, to a more honorable and grateful memory. There is, after all, a spice of monomania—a tendency to wild, insane conjecture, necessary to form the great discoverer; your safe, practical men would never have hit upon my friend Blundervich's curious theory—much less have carried it out into actual experiment. Be this as it may, I was soon comfortably ensconced in his sanctum; it was a small apartment, dingy with smoke and dust, abundantly draped with cobwebs, filled with disorderly heaps of books, papers, minerals, dried reptiles, stuffed birds, squirrels, and one or two crocodiles—the results of my friend's American travels; and upon rude shelves stood a variety of apparatus of private manufacture, such as a galvanic battery, formed from a detached bucket of the old mill-wheel; and an electrical machine, constructed in part of a glass, confectioner's jar. But time forbids an extended description; posterity must content itself with this brief notice of the man and his habitudes.

In an hour or two, by united efforts, we had built a fire in the huge chimney,

made of unhewn stones; dressed, fried and dispatched, with great gusto, some woodcock and pigeons—the results of Mynheer's excursions in the forest—together with farinaceous accompaniments, and several tankards of beer, the latter being of course an indispensable item to a German literatus. During all these processes, my host continued with ingenuous volubility to give me scraps of his history, especially of his wanderings in this country, concerning whose scenery, scientific treasures, and free government, he was rapturously enthusiastic; he also detailed how he had accidentally stumbled upon the deserted mill, while hunting in the woods; how, fancying the idea of a temporary hermit's life in this great wilderness, (for such he considered the whole country) and also the better to conduct some experiments, on which he had long been pondering, he had taken possession of the chamber, and moved several capacious trunk's full of his effects thither; how the flume of the mill, by a little repairing, would assist admirably in his intended experiment in hydropathy, which science he was about to carry to unprecedented perfection, so as to make it not only a panacea for all human ills, but also a mighty step into a higher civilization and an earthly immortality; how, finally, fearing some accident might befall himself or his abode, he had long wished for a trusty, sympathizing friend, to whom he could unveil the secret of his retreat and his profound plans of operation. In fact, my eccentric host, having almost entirely shut himself out from the society of his species for a long time, seemed to have accumulated an inexhaustible fund of conversation, the relieving himself of which cost him no further effort than to put his tongue for once in motion. Since I first met him, and gained somewhat upon his confidence, his ideas had been flowing almost tumultuously from his lips, like an Alpine torrent, swollen to a fearful height among the mountains by an obstructing avalanche, which had at last given way to the pressure.

The night, although in September, proved chill and stormy; we renewed the not unwelcome fire, and, supplied each with a meerschaum, which Mynheer had brought from his father-land, and abundant store of the fragrant weed, procured far in the sunny South by himself, we threw ourselves back at our ease in roomy arm-chairs which my



good philosopher, with a regard to luxury quite inconsistent with his amateur hermit-life, had constructed of loose boards, and lined with rich buffalo robes—trophies of a tour of his on the western prairies.

And now did the immortal BLUNDERVICH VON BLIXUM first pause in portentous silence, and giving a few slow, magnificent puffs at his pipe, prepare to disclose the great secret of his soul—a revelation for which I had waited with continually sharpening curiosity. He began with a lengthy, formal eulogium on Mesmer, the father of the science of Animal Magnetism, and passed from him to Priessnitz, the great doctor of Grafenburg; after dwelling long and magniloquently on their achievements, he struck off into metaphysics, and grew so animated and transcendental at every puff of his meerscham, that I could get little more than a confused impression of his meaning. I would gladly give his discourse verbatim, but it has vanished from my memory like a gorgeous dream or sunset cloud, leaving only a meagre residuum. He proceeded to state—and you must allow a half-hour for his own elaboration of each statement—that the principle of life is electricity, or magnetism, or electro-magnetism; that the thinking principle or soul inhabits this, and through it acts upon the muscular system; that this connection of the immaterial conscious essence with the most subtil form of matter—magnetism—gives to the latter defined form permanency and inseparable cohesion, while it still leaves to it the elastic property of the fluid as generated by artificial apparatus; that death is a separation of the pure thinking principle from the mass or body of magnetism, taking from it its permanent and internally cohesive property, and leaving it in the muscular structure, ever after to be divisible and evanescent, like the same fluid in its free state, uncompounded with mind,—in fact, entering into that state; that nothing now remains but to anticipate our dissolution by carefully separating or eliminating the entire cohesive mass of individual magnetism, thus keeping that and the soul in indissoluble connection, whereas, in the common course of things, there must eventually be a violent disruption of them, the escaping soul being unable to segregate the magnetic or fluid body from the deceased muscular and osseous body; that this separation of the two,

leaving the soul still connected with the former, may be gradually and successfully accomplished by a long-continued subjection to the “douche bath” employed in the Water Cure,—in other words by exposing one's self to a stream of water, falling from a spout in the ceiling of a room, until every particle of the gross body of nerves, blood, flesh and bones, is worn away and carried off by the action of water, leaving the magnetic fluid body free, yet associated with the mind; that in this state we can assume any shape when passing through conducting substances, but will invariably return to a form similar to that of our present visible bodies, while free to assume that form in a non-conducting receptacle, so that we can be elongated to a thread-like linear condition in passing through telegraphic wire, and be received at the termination of the wire in an air-tight, flexible shell, armor, dress, or bag, composed of a non-conductor,—for instance, pasteboard, silk, cotton, hair, indian rubber, or glass,—the armor or sack being of the human shape, so that the magnetic body may just fill and be fitted to it, and thus move about and act upon external matter as now; the fluid body, by its association with the conscious, voluntary soul, still retaining its motive, active powers!

The profound Von Blixum was now fairly *in nubibus*, and, throwing back his head, and puffing away more vehemently than ever, launched into a glowing picture of the world, when our diseased, dying, and with all the miracles of steam, slow-traveling race should be freed and washed clean of these aching bodies, and jumping instantaneously through the magnetic telegraph to any conceivable distance at pleasure; he even suggested that we might possibly be able to travel to and from the sun, moon, and stars, through the magnetic ray of light detected by the prism. He considered indian rubber shells or dresses, moreover, better and more durable than any other non-conductor,—perhaps, as they had recently, in Europe, invented malleable glass, that substance might be made sufficiently ductile and elastic, and, if so, a whole crowd would be perfectly transparent, and no man be in another's light; and then he would have a great quantity and variety of these suits of armor, or rather artificial bodies, at every telegraph office, to receive the spiritualized passengers, there to be left also when they de-



parted through the wires; and then, too, we might have artificial palates and lungs for talking, or one person might pass directly into another's hollow body, thus intermingling and interchanging thought by silent, immediate *felt* communion,—certainly, with glass eyes, we should have no difficulty in seeing, as the soul is alone truly and all sensitive; and as for the other senses, such powers would be for the most part superfluous, having no more occasion for fuel, food, nor indeed sleep! Upon this, his thoughts returned to himself, and feeling, doubtless, that he had justly earned immortal fame by so splendid and benevolent a discovery, he exclaimed, “Ah, how will posterity then regard *me*?” Glad of some relief to an incontrollable sense of the ludicrous which had gradually crept over me, I sprang to my feet, and, seizing his hand, shouted, “Immortal Von Blixum! immortal Von Blixum!”

Reassured by applause, our philosopher struck off at a fresh gallop upon Leibnitz' theory of monads, and Bosovich's conjecture that matter is only a congeries of attracting points, asserting his belief that these immaterial monads or points might be made perfectly mobile, so that any body could be drawn out into a mathematical line, for convenience in telegraphic transportation; or, otherwise, that any substance, merchandise, houses, even sphinxes, obelisks and the Pyramids, as well as men and animals, might be subjected to his thorough-going Water Cure, and become so clarified from gross matter, so liquefied, or rather etherealized, as to be easily run through the electromagnetic telegraph, and afterwards, returning by some occult law to their original shape, be reëndued with their visible and tangible properties by a possible process yet undiscovered,—a process similar to that of petrification, only more rapid. At this point, from the reaction of my long-sustained and now both gratified and disappointed curiosity, as well as in consequence of the lateness of the hour and the fatiguing influences of the day, I fairly laughed myself asleep.

The sun had long been shining through chinks in the crazy old building, when I awoke and proceeded to arouse Mynheer Von Blixum, who had probably talked himself asleep long after I became unconscious, and was now snoring away at as persevering and glorious a rate as he had talked. We breakfasted on cold pigeon and biscuit, and before I resumed

my journey, my host, as voluble concerning his great projects as on the night before, showed me the apparatus by which he intended to carry them into effect. They consisted of a branch from the repaired flume of the mill, leading into his room, where it protruded from the ceiling and was stopped by a facet; this was his inexhaustible “douche bath,” which, by its continued action, was to disintegrate his visible from his magnetic inner body. Beneath this stood a large box, in which he was to sit exposed to the falling stream; the bottom perforated with holes to admit the escape of the water and of his material structure, as fast as it was worn away; from this led a conducting wire, to receive his fluid body, as soon as it was wholly emancipated from the flesh; the wire was stretched upon glass knobs in the walls, and, passing several times around the room, (to make the experiment more satisfactory, and give greater variety to his first telegraphic journey) terminated in a suit of armor or artificial body, which was to take the place of his troublesome flesh and bones. This was simply a hollow pasteboard shell—a facsimile of himself—jointed together with hinges of silk, (a non-conductor like the paper) and having glass eyes, wherefrom the etherealized Blixum could look abroad; it was also lined with tinfoil throughout, like a Leyden jar,—our experimenter not yet being certain whether the freed and soul-inhabited body of human magnetism would expand to its original shape in its former animal body, or would betake itself to surfaces, like common electricity.

After examining all these with a believing and interested air, I bade my good friend adieu, promising to be at the mill just four months therefrom, by which time he calculated his experiment would be completed, so that he would be able to receive me in his glorified, pasteboard state.

“Ha, ha! my fond philosopher,” shouted I, as soon as beyond his hearing, “your douche bath will give you a damper—a chilling dissuasion from your foolhardy purpose, long before you can carry it into execution.” Ah! little did I appreciate the self-denying and quenchless courage of the devoted Von Blixum, or think that I had shaken his honest fleshy hand for the last time! Nevertheless, as the months slipped away, I could not but fancy him sitting patiently under



his cold, hard-pouring bath, and gradually dissected by the sharp, cutting torrent—first denuded of his epidermis, next his muscles and veins laid bare and ghastly as a manikin, then a mere fibrous mass of nerves and ligaments, then a skeleton, and lastly, every bone washed away, leaping ecstatically through the conducting wire of his telegraph.

\* \* \* \*

The snow was upon the ground and sprinkled over the leafless forest-trees, when, punctual to my engagement, I turned aside from a journey through the same region, to visit the ruined mill. As I approached it alone, on a bright winter evening, I saw that the snow was untrodden in the little secluded valley and around the building, and I trembled to think that my worthy friend might long since have been frozen to death, or perished by some fatal accident. A cold tremor crept over me as I unbarred the chamber door, and catching the sound of falling water, stepped into the chill, silent apartment; I drew forth a match and lighted the stump of a candle, fortunately left upon the mantel-piece, over the huge fire-place; then, turning around, I distinguished one after another the chests, specimens, apparatus and furniture, in the same state that I saw them four months before. Finally, I cast my eye with a shudder into the perforated box, beneath the douche bath; the water was pouring furiously down, and in a mass of foam at the bottom—*mirabile scriptu!*—lay the poor man's antique spectacles!

The thought flashed through my mind that the dauntless Von Blixum had fulfilled his resolution, and involuntarily I looked around to find him standing in his artificial body. I was not disappointed, for at that instant he advanced from a corner of the room—positively advanced, not in his once venerable and merry-looking flesh and blood, but in the pasteboard shell, his step easy and firm, his glass eyes glowing with a blue, inner, electric light, and the paper breast and sides heaving and shaking, as if his spiritualized body were convulsed with laughter. I staggered with terror against the wall.

Of my gradual recovery and feelings long tumultuous, I leave imagination to

supply the detail, while I hasten to the conclusion of this most veritable disclosure. I was soon on the same familiar terms with this great modern discoverer, though not without a double awe from sitting in the presence of such a genius, and so metamorphosed and embodied. The figure, after extending its hollow hand and pressing mine with silent congratulation, sat down and wrote some paragraphs to the effect that he (Von B.) had just substituted a few inches of small hair-wire, at a certain point in the telegraph for the purpose of ascertaining through how small a conductor he could pass in his present state, having accomplished an instantaneous transit through the large wire when first freed, the day before, from his former gross body; also informing me that he had prepared another artificial body (connected with one end of the wire) into which, after making the tour of the chamber—in fact passing five times around—he would enter, leaving the armor he then inhabited to collapse and fall, immediately on his darting into the other end of the telegraph. Curious to see this sudden change of place and dress, or rather body, I watched him as he passed the nearest end of the wire through the silken joints of his paper fingers; in an instant his first receptacle collapsed; the corresponding one at the other extremity was not moved and inflated by his presence; no, the bit of intervening hair-wire upon the opposite wall, through which he trusted safely to pass, at the self-same instant glowed with white heat—melted—dropped! I seized the light and ran to the spot; an upright beam of wood in the wall at that point was scorched and shivered to the floor; I ran down into the lower apartment; the same terrible effect was visible to the very ground, which, ploughed up a little way from the beam, lay all beyond undisturbed beneath the moonlit snow! The daring philosopher had involuntarily escaped beyond recovery; he had perished a sacrifice to science.

Profound Von Blixum! Indomitable Von Blixum! Immortal Von Blixum! Reach me a fan, reader, lest I go off into a swoon or a sonnet!



## SIR ROBERT PEELE.

THE life and public career of this eminent man illustrate the power of talent, capacity and conduct—even in a government so largely imbued with aristocratical principles as that of Great Britain—to make their way to the highest political station. In this point of view, even if in no other, some notice of the incidents of such a life cannot be without interest or encouragement in this country—where merit in whatever lowly condition nurtured—and talent and conduct from whatever rank springing—may, with fewer theoretical obstacles than in England, aim at the summits of place and power.

Sir Robert Peel was, by birth and position, a plebeian—altogether a *novus homo*, or new man. His father was a simple manufacturer, who by means of American cotton, Whitney's gin, and the marvelous improvement and development of the spinning-jenny and the steam engine, in the early part of this century, resuscitated the decayed borough of Tamworth, in Staffordshire, by the establishment there of very extensive cotton factories, which employed at one time, it is said, some fifteen thousand persons, and which paid an annual excise on printed goods of above £40,000.

Such a man was, of course, too considerable a person by position to be overlooked by such a minister as Mr. Pitt. He therefore cultivated the thriving manufacturer—attached him warmly to his political fortunes, and in 1801 made him a baronet.

The subject of this notice was born in 1788, and before he was 11 years old was sent with his brother William to Harrow School, which, though not of royal foundation, then enjoyed a reputation as a public school, not surpassed, if at that time equaled, by either Eton, Westminster or Winchester.

Harrow was at the period referred to under the mastership of the Rev. Dr. Drury—*clarum et venerabile nomen*—which none of the thousands he, through a long and arduous career, trained to honor and usefulness, can ever pronounce, without recalling the fine countenance, the firm yet gentle manner, the persuasive voice, and especially the mingled tone of dignity and affectionate

interest with which, when admonition was necessary, he admonished or re-proved his scholars. The school when the Peels entered it, about the same time with the writer of this sketch, was in its most flourishing condition—numbering nearly three hundred boys—taken from all classes of English society. Although largely endowed by the munificence of an individual—Mr. Lyon—there were not, as at Eton and elsewhere, any scholars on the foundation—or gratuitously educated; all were on the same footing, and from a Duke to the son of a fortunate Jew pedler, all mingled together, recited together, and played together. This lesson of equality—of no little importance in a country where the inequalities in the social system are so enormous—was still farther inculcated by the usage of *fagging*, which obtained at Harrow, as at all the other public schools of England. According to this usage, all the boys of the lower forms are at certain times, and to a certain extent, bound to do the bidding of the upper forms; even to the extent of menial service. Each upper boy has, generally speaking, a special *fag*, who provides his breakfast and tea, arranges his books, brushes his clothes, and goes of errands for him; but when not thus employed for his special master so the *fag* is bound to serve any upper-form boy, whom he may casually meet, and who needs his services. During recreation, fags are stationed where the big boys play, so as to be ready at call to execute any command:—for instance, the spacious yard of the school-house was surrounded by high brick walls, which separated it from the gardens or yards of the neighbors. This yard was the chosen place for the game of football, and for rackets played against the lofty brick school-house; and on these occasions, fags were stationed by the hour on the walls, to drop down on the other side and return the ball that was kicked or struck over them. Intolerable as such a usage appears here—and impossible to be enforced—it was yet quietly and naturally acquiesced in at Harrow. It was the common lot, which each in turn underwent, as each in turn anticipated the time when he too would be privileged to *fag*. Its



practical effect, as has been already stated, was to induce the completest sense of equality—while, possibly, a yet higher lesson was taught each boy by the submission which preceded command—that of self-government, and of doing to others as he would be done by.

Liable as such a usage would seem to abuse, not more than three or four instances are recalled during an experience of five years, where actual abuse was perpetrated; and in the most signal of these, the offender, the son of a peer and himself a Lord by courtesy, was judged and punished by his own classmates, the big boys, with unusual severity.

The instruction at Harrow, at the date referred to, was almost entirely classical—no mathematics, no physical science, no modern languages, no accomplishments were taught there—but Latin and Greek, and Greek and Latin, were the *Alpha* and the *Omega* of the whole course. But they were *well* taught from the Latin Accidence to the Greek Tragedians. The whole structure, power, and beauty of the two languages, were thoroughly drilled into the pupil; and with that knowledge, while acquiring the key to all grammar, and to all languages—he acquired—if at all happily gifted or disposed, that sure taste, that sound judgment, that mental discipline, which an intelligent study of the great masters of Greece and Rome so surely produces.

In such a school, at the age of 11 years, Peel and his brother entered—there amid peers and commoners—noble, gentle and plebeian, to run the race of scholarship. The boys boarded about the village, either in the houses of the respective masters, or in those of persons authorized to receive boarders, and whose houses were under the supervision of the masters. Peel boarded with the Rev. Mark Drury, brother of the head-master, and master of the third form. All lessons were recited in school—a spacious three-story brick building, divided into the necessary class-rooms, and surmounted on the projecting tower in which ran the common and only stairway—by a wooden lion rampant painted red!—a literal memorial of the founder, whose name was LYON. But the lessons were learned out of school, and each boy had from among the masters his private tutor, with whom he studied, and by whom he was prepared for recitation. This was the almost universal rule—though at the time in question, the Duke of Dorset and

the Marquis of Hartington, (the present Duke of Devonshire,) each brought with him a private tutor, charged with preparing him for recitation—but both reciting in school with their form, and subject in all things else to the rules and discipline of the school.

The earliest distinct recollection the writer has of Peel is, when they were together in the fourth form—an intermediate stage between the condition of a *fag* which ends with the third form—and that of a master which begins with the *Shell*, an intermediate form between the fourth and fifth, the sixth being the last and highest.

He was at that time about thirteen years old, with light eyes, sandy hair and complexion, somewhat disposed to corpulency, careless, good-natured, not much addicted to athletic sports, a great adept at throwing stones, so as to kill birds with them as he was sauntering along the hedge rows—but always ready with his lessons and exercises. He studied, as he played, with a sort of negligence, which yet must have been more in appearance than reality, for he was always early and perfect in school. Study obviously cost him nothing. Amid many turbulent scenes, either among the boys themselves or between them and the town boys, which, from this period onward to the close of his school days at Harrow, are remembered by the writer, he does not recollect that Peel was ever engaged in any of them. Not that he was wanting either in enterprise or courage—defects which a public school never leaves unrevealed or unvisited, yet of which no one suspected him, but he was of that even or perhaps indifferent temperament, that he did not readily take sides, or warmly enlist, with any particular set. Possibly in this trait of boyhood, may be found some explanation and illustration of several passages in his subsequent public career. From like causes, perhaps, he was not much renowned at cricket, at football, or at hunting the hare—all exercises requiring violent and long-continued bodily exertion—but preferred passing the hours of play in solitary ramblings, perhaps half musing, which kept the mind in activity without fatiguing the body.

As he rose in the school, passing from form to form, he became remarkable for the facility with which he wrote Latin and Greek verses. According to the course of discipline and instruction, each



Tuesday and Thursday was a half holiday—that is, there were no recitations after 12 o'clock—and Saturday was a whole holiday. But on each of these days a task was imposed, which, in the upper forms, consisted of writing an exercise in Latin or Greek verse, or a theme upon any given subject in one of these languages. It was permitted for the Saturday's exercise, if any one had the gift, to write in English verse, but during a period of five years, only two instances are remembered of this alternative having been embraced; and even the two boys who did thus adventure verses in their mother tongue, were—such was the *prestige* of the classics—looked upon somewhat disdainfully. Yet one of these was Lord Byron! In this faculty of Latin and Greek versification, Peel eminently excelled; and often and often, early on a Monday morning, before school went in, has the writer seen five or six boys cluster round Peel—some of them bigger and older than himself—begging him to do the exercises for them, which they had entirely neglected; and as often has he seen him sit down on the ground or steps, take out the little ink-horn which most of the boys carried, and, almost as fast as he could trace the characters, write off half a dozen exercises of from eight to twenty Hexameters each, on as many different subjects. So great and reliable was his facility in this matter—as well as his good nature—that certain idlers habitually trusted to such a chance of having their exercises ready; and unless something occurred to prevent Peel from getting up to the school in sufficient time, before the bell rang, to comply with their request, they were never disappointed.

Thus good-natured, cheerful, clever and indifferent—using that word as indicating the absence of any particular attachment or preferences—Peel passed on, liked by all, and without opposition, rivalry or quarreling with any of his school-fellows.

In his last year, 1803 or 4—being then in the sixth form—he was called upon to take part in the annual ceremonial of the SPEECHES, analogous somewhat to those of our college commencements, except that instead of the ordinary crudities of original composition with which our audiences are on such occasions entertained, these speeches were generally selections from the classic writers either in prose or poetry.

At the exhibition in which Peel took

part, the orations of *Drances* and *Turnus*, at the council called by King Latinus to determine whether the war against Æneas should still be waged, or whether it were better to sue for peace, were assigned—the first to Lord Byron, the second to Peel.

Those who remember or will turn to the XIth Book of the *Æneid*, will be aware that the fiery *Turnus*, who aspired to the hand of Lavinia, the daughter of the King, and through her to the succession of the throne, counseled every extremity rather than that of submission to the Trojan wanderers, and to a foreign yoke. *Drances*, on the other hand, his enemy and his rival—strong in council rather than in arms, and weary of contending against Fate—which, as Æneas, with pious fraud, took care to spread abroad, had assigned the Latin Empire to his sway, was for submission and peace.

*Drances* opens the council with urgent entreaties for peace, and proposes that King Latinus should secure it forever by giving to Æneas, a worthy son-in-law, and in magnificent hymeneals, the Lavinia whom *Turnus* loved; and then turning to this fierce chieftain, *Drances*, taunts him with sacrificing the lives of his countrymen to his own personal ambition, and finally bids him go, if he be really the brave man he boasts himself, to seek Æneas, and in single combat to decide their respective fate.

*Turnus*, in reply, enumerates the trophies he has won—scoffs at the affected valor of *Drances*, and dares him to the proof by instantly rushing upon their enemies—

“——Circumstant undique muros,  
Imus in adversos? Quid cessas?”

and then, after a pause of scorn, he adds with withering disdain:

“——An tibi Mavors,  
Ventosa in lingua, *pedibusque fugaci-*  
*bus* istis,  
Semper erit?”

This scene which, by the by, is one of the finest, most powerfully wrought and exquisitely written in the whole *Æneid*, had been carelessly rehearsed once or twice by the speakers before the day of public exhibition, without any particular effect; but on that day—a very large and distinguished audience attending—the manner in which the last passage just quoted was given by Peel and received by Byron and by the audience, made an in-



delible impression. Its point lay in that which nobody before had seemed to perceive, and which now every one applied mentally—and many with eyes following the impulse of the mind—the *club-foot* of Byron in contrast with the *flying feet*, so scornfully referred to by Peel, as *Turnus*.

The flush of fierce and angry mortification which passed across the face of Byron—presaging, how truly! his future—the “settled majesty of calm disdain” which dilated the form of Peel, and the quick and assenting perception, not of their school-fellows only, but of an audience made up of the *élite* of the land, constituted altogether a dramatic episode, brief almost as a flash in duration but of undying memory. Yet both the speakers and the present narrator were then boys only 14 or 15 years old.

In after years Byron thus spoke of his school-fellow in one of his letters :

“Peel, the orator and statesman, (that was, or is, or is to be,) was my form-fellow, and we were both at the top of our remove. We were on good terms, but his brother was my intimate friend. There were always great hopes of Peel amongst us all—masters and scholars—and he has not disappointed them. As a scholar he was greatly my superior; as a declaimer and actor I was reckoned at least his equal; as a school-boy *out of school* I was *always* in scrapes, he *never*, and *in school* he always knew his lessons, and I rarely; but when I knew it, I knew it nearly as well. In general information, history, &c., &c., I think I was his superior, as well as of most boys of my standing.”

From Harrow, Peel passed to the University of Oxford, and was entered a commoner of Christ Church. Here, as at school, his classical attainments, to which by diligent study he added much mathematics, secured him honorable distinction, and at the close of the collegiate course he received the double first-class degree, indicating the highest proficiency in classics and mathematics. His life at college was free from the irregularities into which wealth, (and by this time his father had become very rich,) and the evil associations to be found in all colleges too often mislead the inexperienced of youth.

Ambitious to found a family, and proud of his promising son, old Sir Robert early set his heart upon making him a public man, and accordingly he had just attained the age of 21, when, through his father's influence he was re-

turned to Parliament for the Borough of Cashel, the father then representing, as the son now does, the Borough of Tamworth.

This was in 1809; and at the same time Brougham, Lord Palmerston, Mr. F. Robinson, and Lord Ripon came into the House, in which Canning, Castlereagh, Windham, Tierney, Sheridan, Whitbread, Horner, were already distinguished members. It was at this period that occurred the misunderstanding between Mr. Canning and Lord Castlereagh, then colleagues in the ministry, (consequent on the disastrous expedition to Walcheren,) which led to a duel between these two ministers, and subsequently to the retirement of both from the cabinet, and the resignation of its head, the Duke of Portland.

The administration was reconstructed with Mr. Percival as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Wellesly, Lord Liverpool, and for the first time, Lord Palmerston, as Secretary of War. At the opening of the Session in 1810, Peel, then in his 22d year, seconded the address; and his speech, as well as subsequent speeches in support of ministers during the Session, were looked upon as promising, but not as indicating any decided superiority. Indeed, Mr. Robinson then, and for some time afterwards, was deemed the superior man, yet the eye of Mr. Percival discerned the value of young Peel, and appointed him Under Secretary in the Colonial department.

At the Session of 1811 occurred the remarkable discussion on the Currency, brought on by the famous report of the “Bullion Committee,” made by Francis Horner. On the 8th May, that eminent man brought forward sixteen resolutions, in which were embodied the conclusions of that Report. The main points of its were—1, that during the suspension of cash payments, the Bank of England should have regard to the state of the foreign Exchanges, as well as to the price of bullion, in the issue of its notes; 2, that the convertibility of all paper into coin is an indispensable restraint upon excessive issues; 3, that a definite period should be fixed for returning to cash payments. These resolutions were violently opposed by the government, by the Bank of England, and especially by men of the class of old Sir Robert Peel, who believed that “Pitt and paper money” had saved England from falling under the arms of France,



and laid at the foundation of English greatness.

Mr. Vansittart, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, proposed seventeen counter-resolutions to Mr Horner's sixteen. Their tenor may be judged by this one:

"*Resolved*, that it is the opinion of this Committee, that the promissory notes of the Bank have hitherto been, and at this time are, held in public estimation to be equivalent to the legal coin of the realm, and generally accepted as such in all pecuniary transactions to which such coin is lawfully applicable."

The commentary of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was even more extraordinary than his resolution. "I wish," said he, "the House to *pledge* itself to the *belief*, that bank notes still are, as they have always been, equivalent to legal coin for the internal purposes of the country." Most vehemently was this most astounding infatuation resisted. Canning, with wit, argument, and ridicule, and Horner, with his burning eloquence, endeavored to vindicate common sense.

"Plèdge ourselves to believe!" exclaimed Canning. "This is, perhaps, more than any man ever before avowed of himself; but certainly more than any man ever openly declared his intention to exact from others. Belief is not usually matter of volition, therefore one should think it cannot reasonably be made matter of undertaking and engagement."

But neither reason nor argument availed. The resolutions of the Chancellor of the Exchequer were carried, and the Commons House of England, in the year 1811, voted in effect, that nobody could believe there was any difference between metallic money and depreciated paper, and the two Peels, father and son, voted with the majority. Old Sir Robert stuck to his faith to the last, and when, in 1819, his son—more assured of his own position, and then unconnected with the administration—carried through his great Currency measure, which gave the lie so effectually to the resolutions of 1811, old Sir Robert mourned over his degeneracy—more, indeed, in sorrow than in anger—but still mourned.

The assassination of Mr. Percival, in the lobby of the House of Commons, (in

May, 1812,) led to a dissolution of the ministry. Lord Liverpool became the Premier and the Duke of Richmond, being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mr. Peel was named as the Chief Secretary for that country. That function he exercised till 1818, through a period of very great excitement and difficulty.

The part he had taken in Parliament, in 1812, against Catholic Emancipation, and the ability with which he sustained himself in debate against the eloquence of Canning, the great advocate of the measure, undoubtedly contributed—in addition to his practical business talent—to recommend him to the responsible post of First Secretary. The measures which, in this capacity, he was called upon to propose and to enforce in the House of Commons, exposed him to the fiercest assaults from the friends of Emancipation, and eventually led to a personal difficulty with O'Connell—which resulted in a challenge from Mr. Peel—which he left England and crossed over to France, in order to be in a condition to carry out. For causes not essential to our narrative to relate, no duel occurred—Mr. Peel, however, it should be said, was ready.\* His career as Irish Secretary was distinguished by boldness, and decision of measures and of conduct, but without passion or ill-temper. While discharging the duties of this honorable office, he received, in 1817, the distinguished compliment of being elected the representative in Parliament of the University of Oxford. He was, undoubtedly, mainly indebted to his course on the Catholic question for this high honor. Many years after, when Mr. Canning was prime minister, he enumerated among the sacrifices to which his steady advocacy of the Catholic claims had subjected him, that it had deprived him of what had been "the fond dream of his ambition," the representation of that University. Mr. Peel resigned his post as Secretary for Ireland, in 1818, and confined himself to his public duties as a member of Parliament, unattached. It was at this period (1819) that he introduced and carried through his great and beneficial measure for reforming the currency. Being an independent member of Parliament, though usually supporting the ministry, he was chosen chairman of the committee to which that whole subject

\* Mr. O'Connell did not, at that time, plead "an oath in Heaven," but made preparations to follow Peel; these, however, were so public that he was arrested by the civil authorities in Ireland, and bound over to keep the peace.



was entrusted. In that capacity he brought in resolutions diametrically opposite in doctrines and principles to those to which he had pledged his belief eight years before. "I am ready," said he on that occasion, "to avow, without either shame or remorse, that I went into the inquiry with a very different opinion from that which I at present entertain: for my views of the subject were most materially different when I voted against the resolutions brought forward in 1811 by Mr. Horner. Having gone into this inquiry, I determined to dismiss all former impressions that I might have received, and to obliterate from my memory the vote which I had given some years since, when the same subject was discussed."

The issue of investigations thus candidly entered upon was the introduction of a bill which, under Mr. Peel's advocacy, was carried triumphantly through the House, and became the law of the land. This bill, known as "Peel's Act," required the Bank of England gradually to resume cash payments, and its necessary effect was to banish from circulation all notes under five pounds. This provision, it may be incidentally mentioned, which was designed to be extended to Scotland, was frustrated of its effect there by the Scottish banks, aided by the pen of Walter Scott, under the signature of *Malachi Malagrowther*.

The influence of this great and bold measure upon the whole property of the kingdom was prodigious, and in proportion was the storm of obloquy which it raised against its author, on the part of those who, having contracted or incurred debts in a depreciated currency, saw themselves compelled by this bill to discharge these debts in coin or its equivalent. Even fourteen years afterwards, when that common libeler *Cobbett* obtained a seat in the House of Commons, he moved an address to the throne asking the dismissal of Mr. Peel from the Privy Council *because* of this cash payment act. Such a motion was of course lost—indeed, it only had one second; and such was the strong sense of the unfitness of such a proceeding, that on the motion of *Lord Althorpe* the almost unprecedented course was adopted by the House, of causing the record of *Cobbett's* motion to be erased from the journal, upon which, as a matter of course, it had gone.

In 1822, on the resignation by Lord Sidmouth of the Home Department, Mr. Peel was appointed his successor. It

was shortly previous thereto that Sir Samuel Romilly had commenced and partially carried through some of his humane and enlightened attempts to mitigate the severity of the criminal law. In that very year Sir James Mackintosh, following in such illustrious footsteps, carried a motion in the House of Commons, "that this House will, at an early period of the next session of Parliament, take into their most serious consideration the means of increasing the efficacy of the criminal laws by abating their undue rigor." In the ensuing session, Sir James having renewed his motion, upon an intimation from Mr. Peel that the government was about to take the whole subject into consideration, the previous question was carried, and then the matter was put into the control of the ministry, to be introduced in the form and at the time they should judge best.

The death of Lord Castlereagh by his own hand had just, in 1823, restored Mr. Canning to the ministry; and upon the whole a more liberal policy in all things was infused into the government, both in its domestic legislation and foreign relations. Lord Liverpool was still the head of the administration, but with Canning for his Foreign Secretary and Peel for the Home Department. Not only did England break loose from the Holy Alliance—as illustrated in particular by its refusal to coöperate with it in aiding Spain to subjugate her former American colonies, and in concurring with the United States in recognizing and fostering the independence of those colonies, and by suffering the alien bill to expire—but at home more liberal views were taken, and liberal measures adopted, in respect to political enactments, to trade, and especially to the criminal law. As falling specially within his department, the proposed reforms in the penal code and criminal law of England were committed to Mr. Peel.

In bringing forward his plans in the House of Commons, Mr. P. did not hesitate in saying that a more splendid name might attend the originator of a new code than could be hoped for by any cautious improver of an old system of law: it was, however, just in itself and encouraging to him, that other members declared that no form more truly valuable could be gained than by steadily pursuing the course in which Mr. Peel himself was proceeding. Mr. Peel's great object was to invigorate by simplifying the penal



code—to apportion punishment more equitably to crime—and, following that wise distinction which Montesquieu applauds, “*Quand il n’y a point de différence dans la peine, il faut en mettre dans l’espérance de la grace*,” to mark judiciously the distinctions of guilt by making the difference in punishment matter of legal enactment instead of executive grace.

It has been well said of Mr. Peel, that both “in amending and altering the criminal law, and in condensing and consolidating its diffuse provisions, he followed strictly in the path marked out by the wisest, because the most cautious and practical, of reformers, Lord Bacon, in his proposal to James I. for amending the laws of England.”

The general tendency of the alterations effected by Mr. Peel was to diminish, and never materially to increase, the severity of punishments. Transportation for life was made the punishment for several offences before capital, and other offences previously capital were visited with yet lighter punishment. “The amount,” says a competent authority, “of the abridgments and reductions in mere volume effected by Mr. Peel, may be judged of from the fact that his repealing statute (which is made a distinct law, affording an easy knowledge of the acts got rid of) has annihilated the principal part of not less than 137 statutes. The parts repealed contained 623 sections, and about 8472 lines. The substance of all this, so far as continued in force at all, is contained in Mr. Peel’s four acts, which altogether contain only 152 sections and about 1300 lines—a reduction of about five-sixths.”

Mr. Peel acted throughout with the advice and concurrence of technical lawyers, and the approbation and assistance of the judges of the realm; and often, with wise caution and statesmanlike moderation, consented to waive something of the completeness of his own design, out of deference to the doubts or scruples of others. In thus acting, he secured the confidence of the public, while acquiring for himself the character not more of an enlightened than of a safe and practical legislator.

So much in consonance with the feelings of the nation were the general policy and conduct of the administration at this time, that its measures received in Parliament the general support of the Whigs, and out of doors all voices were in its favor. It was analogous to, and almost

contemporaneous with, our “era of good feelings,” when Mr. Monroe was reelected President of the United States without opposition, and by the coöperation of all parties.

In the commencement of 1827, physical infirmity compelled the retirement of Lord Liverpool; and then a new modeling of the cabinet became necessary, which resulted in making Mr. Canning Premier, avowedly that, among other things, he might carry out Catholic Emancipation. Lord Liverpool had been its steady opponent. In that opposition Mr. Peel and others of his colleagues shared; and when, instead of an opponent, a zealous friend in the person of Mr. Canning was placed at the head of the government, Mr. Peel and his colleagues resigned. Mr. Peel, as has been seen, had been strenuous in opposition to the Catholics. As far back as 1812, he was the opponent of Mr. Canning, and again in 1817, in the Commons, in his efforts at emancipation; and in 1827 he said in debate that he had not heard, neither could he devise, any securities which would prevent them from overturning the constitution if admitted into Parliament. “We are, indeed, assured that the number returned to Parliament will be very limited. There may be danger, but it will not be very great. You will not have more than ten Roman Catholics in the House, and ten cannot overthrow the establishment! And such are the clumsy securities offered to us! If the Roman Catholics entertain no principles and views hostile to the establishments of the state, admit them to privileges without reference to numbers: if they entertain such, exclude them, not because their number will be limited, but frankly and openly because you cannot trust them.” Mr. Peel steadily adhered to these views, resisting all efforts to modify or remove the disabilities of the Catholics; and acted therefore in character in relinquishing his station as Secretary of the Home Department, when Mr. Canning was placed at the head of the government, committed as he was to carry, if he could, Catholic emancipation.

Mr. Canning’s career as prime minister was soon cut short by death; and after the brief and feeble intermediate administration of Lord Goderich, (Mr. Frederick Robinson ennobled,) which was broken up by the “untoward event” of Navarino, the Duke of Wellington was called on to form a new ministry. He made Mr. Peel the leader in the Com-



mons; and his sagacity having indicated to him that the hour was come when resistance to Catholic emancipation could not much longer be successful, while there was yet time by gracious concession to obtain credit for doing that voluntarily which ere long would be forced from him, he assented to it; and Mr. Peel giving in his adherence and his full support to this long and fiercely opposed measure, it was carried. One of the most memorable things in his speech in the Commons on this occasion, was the admission that even as far back as 1825 his opinions had undergone a great change on this subject; and although, as we have just seen, he actually renounced his seat in Mr. Canning's cabinet because of that eminent person's decided commitment in favor of the Catholic claims, Mr. Peel admitted that his views on the subject did not then materially differ from those of that great minister. The bill was carried through both Houses of Parliament, and received the royal assent on the 23d of April, 1829.

This is the measure which, perhaps more than all others, exposed Mr. Peel to obloquy, more particularly by reason of the avowal so frankly made—so honestly, we must add, since it was sincere—that even when still resisting emancipation, he had great scruples and misgivings about his course. Yet evidence of a hesitating assent to the policy which excluded Catholics is to be found in his speech, in 1821, in reply to a noble appeal made to him by Mr. afterwards Lord Plunkett, in the House of Commons, on occasion of his motion for a committee on the subject. Alluding, in his grand and solemn way, to the great men now no more who had advocated Catholic Emancipation, Mr. Plunkett exclaimed, “Walking before the sacred images of these illustrious dead, as in a public and solemn procession, shall we not dismiss all party feelings, all angry passions and unworthy prejudices?” Then personally addressing himself to Mr. Peel, he said, “I assure him that in selecting him, I do it with all the respect due to his talents, to his acquirements, to his integrity, and to his high principles as a statesman and a gentleman. I am well aware that there is no member likely to be more influential on this subject; and I may add that there is no person whose being confirmed in what I must call unfounded prejudices, is likely to work more serious injury to the country.”

Mr. Peel's answer was in a strain not unworthy of such an appeal:

“He never could hear,” he said, “those names mentioned which were ranged in authority against him, as they had been cited in this instance, and *feel altogether satisfied*. \* \* \* The authorities referred to, made it the paramount duty of every man to examine the grounds of his opinion, and to ascertain that no interested views, no ideas of visionary danger, no irrational hostility to a great class of his fellow-subjects influenced his decision. But if, after such a close and scrutinizing examination of their own motives, he and his friends found it necessary still to retain their opinions, he would trust to the liberality of the right honorable gentlemen for doing them the justice to suppose that it was in the fair and candid exercise of a free judgment concerning matters most important to the religion of the State, that they ventured to differ from him, and the great authorities which he had cited. \* \* \* He could most conscientiously assure the House, that *no result of the debate could give him unqualified satisfaction*. He was, of course, bound to wish that the opinions which he honestly felt might prevail; but *their prevalence must be still mingled with regret*. If, on the other hand, the motion succeed, no man who heard him would more *cordially rejoice if his predictions proved unfounded, his arguments groundless*, and that the result should exemplify the sanguine expectations of the right honorable mover.”

Notwithstanding the obvious misgivings indicated by this speech, Mr. Peel defended his withdrawal from the cabinet, 1827, on the appointment of Mr. Canning as Premier, expressly on the ground that he had for eighteen years resisted, *on principle*, any farther concessions to the Catholics—that the maintenance of the Constitution and the interests of the Established Church required the continuance of the bars to the acquisition of political power by the Catholics, and that by the appointment of Mr. Canning, the transfer of all the influence and power which belong to the office of Prime Minister, and to be brought to bear on this question, was not from one ordinary man to another ordinary man, but from the most able opponent (Lord Liverpool) of the Catholic claims to their most zealous and eloquent advocate. The first consequence of his new course in relation to Emancipation, was the resignation of his seat for the University of Oxford, for which he was indebted to his former opposition to that measure. In despite of strenuous



efforts to be reëlected, and of the pride which the University really took in such a son, he was defeated by Sir Robert Harry Inglis, the impersonation of Church and State, and anti-Catholic bigotry.

Mr. Peel's own explanation of his motives in bringing forward the measure of Catholic relief, and of his change of views seems at once manly and satisfactory. In a speech, which occupied four hours in the delivery, on 5th March, he said—

“I have for years attempted to maintain the exclusion of the Roman Catholics from Parliament and the high offices of State. I do not think it was an unnatural or unreasonable struggle. I resign it, because of the conviction that it can no longer be advantageously maintained, from believing that there are not adequate materials or sufficient instruments for its effectual and permanent continuance. I yield, therefore, to a MORAL NECESSITY which I cannot control. \* \* \* In 1828, the House agreed to a resolution favorable to a principle of adjusting this question. I thereupon determined to retire from office. I intimated my fixed intention, in this respect, to the Duke of Wellington; but I felt it my duty to accompany it with the declaration—not only that I would not in a private capacity any longer obstruct a settlement which appeared to me ultimately inevitable, but that I would advise and promote it. I was appealed to to remain in office, and was told my retirement must prevent the adoption of the course which I was disposed to recommend. I resolved, therefore, and without doubt or hesitation, not to abandon my post, but to take all the personal consequences of originating and enforcing as a minister, the very measure which I had heretofore opposed. I was called upon to make those sacrifices of private feeling, which are inseparable from apparent inconsistency of conduct—from the abandonment of preconceived opinions—from the alienation of those with whom I had heretofore coöperated. I have done so, and have proved that it is painful in the extreme to yield to such considerations, even from the most urgent sense of public duty.”

It was not till long after, that the world knew with what difficulty the King—George IV—was brought to consent to this measure of his ministers. In January, 1840, in vindicating himself from some imputation of a desire to repeal that great act, Sir Robert Peel stated that after the Duke and himself had made up their minds to the necessity of the measure, they had the utmost difficulty with the King; so much so, that they did not

know, within a month of bringing on the measure, whether or not they could rely on the Royal assent. Nay, on the 4th of March, the day preceding that on which it was brought into the Commons, he said that “the Duke of Wellington, Lord Lyndhurst and himself, *retired from Windsor Castle out of office*,” and the royal authority was only given at the last moment.

In the following year, 1830, George IV. died. The accession of a new sovereign led to the dissolution of Parliament, but before this occurred, the Duke of Wellington, in order as he hoped at once to repress any expectation of a change in the national representation, or in the suffrage, declared that as long as he remained minister, he would resist any such change. This declaration, which seemed uncalled for by any existing circumstances, was received with great dissatisfaction by the nation; and when the new Parliament assembled, the ministry found themselves in a most awkward position. While the elections for this Parliament were in progress, the revolution of *three days* occurred in France, which resulted in the change of a dynasty and the establishment in that kingdom of a constitutional monarchy. The ferment thus given to men's minds, and the rankling still fresh from the anti-reform declaration of the Duke, occasioned the return of an anti-ministerial majority to the new Parliament. Soon after its meeting, on a vote of confidence, ministers were left in a minority of twenty-nine, and of course retired.

Lord Grey became the Premier, and Lord John Russell the Leader in the House of Commons. One of his first measures, was a bill for a reform in the national representation. Mr. Peel, now on the opposition benches, strenuously resisted this bill, which, notwithstanding the popular excitement under which the House was chosen, was only carried to a second reading by a majority of *one* vote. Being subsequently left in a minority, the ministry dissolved Parliament, and went to the people on the question of Reform.

The House then elected was largely in favor of Lord John's bill—and slowly, but surely, it was carried through the Commons. In the Lords it met with such resistance as to make it clear that, without the creation of new peers favorable to the measure, it could not be carried. Lord Grey advised the King (William IV.) to this course, but he absolutely



refused—and in consequence Ministers resigned.

The Duke of Wellington and Mr. Peel were again appealed to to take charge of the government; but after a full survey of the ground, and especially of the complexion of the House of Commons, largely committed to Reform, the veteran advised his Sovereign to resume his former ministers. They were accordingly reinstated, with an understanding that, if the Reform bill were permitted to pass the House of Lords, no new Peers should be created. The bill did accordingly pass, and received the royal assent on the 7th June, 1832. The Parliament, less than one year old, was again dissolved, and a new one chosen under the Reform law.

The appetite seemed to grow by that it fed on. Catholic Emancipation and the Reform Bill, in acknowledging and correcting some abuses, only seemed to render other grievances more intolerable. In Ireland, particularly, the public mind and the public peace were much disturbed. The new Parliament was largely imbued with the popular impulse. Lord Grey desired to resort to the old system of coercion—of pains and penalties; but he found difficulty with his colleagues, and still greater with the House of Commons, in carrying through some of the more stringent clauses of his Coercion bill, and in consequence resigned. He was succeeded as Premier by Lord Melbourne, who was of the same party—and the *personnel* only and not the *policy* of the administration underwent a change. After a short lull the storm was renewed, and Lord Melbourne's ministry suddenly fell.

The dissolution of that ministry in 1834 was one of those strange and capricious occurrences, to which the administration of affairs in England is subject. It was at the time wholly unexpected, occurring, as it did, in the recess of Parliament, and when no immediate or obvious cause for such an event was foreseen. It fell, as afterwards it appeared, from its own weakness—the turning point being the death of Earl Spencer, which raised Lord Althorpe from the Commons to the Peers, and rendered necessary the selection of a new Leader in the Commons. “The King,” says a contemporaneous writer, “called to his councils the ablest, by unanimous consent the far ablest, of that assembly, in which the chief business of the country must be done—a man recommended to

the King by his Majesty's own knowledge of his character, by the advice of the most illustrious and most generous of the servants of the public, and by such unhesitating and universal approbation of the people, that the natural excitement of a great public crisis, and the national impatience of the English character, were for once satisfied to wait, through an unprecedented period of suspense, for the final resolve of the absent Statesman.”

Sir Robert Peel was at this juncture with his family in Italy, as little anticipating the call about to be made upon him by the country and his Sovereign, as any other private gentleman then on his travels. A King's messenger, who had traveled with unequalled dispatch, found him in the *studios* of artists, deep in the admiration and selection of pictures. He told him that the heart of the British people was, as it were, impatiently counting its pulsations until it should be ascertained whether he, the son of a cotton spinner, would vouchsafe to take that helm, which the high nobility of the land—a cabinet in which were originally *thirteen* peers or sons of peers, one baronet, and only one commoner—had been found unequal to govern. Sir Robert instantly returned home, receiving from the Duke of Wellington, on whose earnest recommendation he had been sent for, and who exercised during the *interim* ALL the powers of the government, the responsible trust. Although, on a survey of the ground, Sir Robert saw the unparalleled difficulties of the position, he felt obliged, by the confidence which both King and people had manifested in him, to take the government. But owing to the peculiar character of the House of Commons, the first chosen under the Reform Bill, and in which the ministry he succeeded had still a large majority, his first step was to dissolve Parliament and order a new election—this making the *fourth* Parliament elected in four years!

It was upon this occasion that he issued that address to his own constituents at Tamworth, which of itself denotes a new era in the constitutional history of England, and was a consequence, necessary perhaps, of the changes effected by the Reform Bill. As was well said at the time, never before “did a prime minister think it necessary to announce to the *people*, not only his acceptance of office, but the principles and even the details of



the measures he meant to pursue—and to solicit, not from the Parliament but from the people, ‘that they would so far maintain the prerogative of the King as to give the ministers of his choice, not indeed an implicit confidence, but a fair trial.’” In former times such a proceeding would have been thought derogatory, and impugned as unconstitutional, but the Reform Bill had made the Crown more dependent in the choice of its ministers on the preferences of the respective constituencies.

In the course of this address Sir Robert Peel, to use a phrase much in vogue among our public men, “defined his position” very manfully. He denied that he had ever been “the defender of abuses or the enemy of judicious reform. I appeal,” said he, “with confidence, in denial of any such charge, to the active part I took in the great question of the Currency—in the consolidation and amendment of the criminal law—in the revisal of the whole system of trial by jury—to the opinions I have ever professed and acted upon with regard to other branches of the jurisprudence of the country. I appeal to this as proof that I have not been disposed to acquiesce in acknowledged evils, either from the mere superstitious reverence for ancient usages, or from the dread of labor or responsibility in the application of a remedy.”

In direct reference to his future course as minister, and in allusion to expectations or intimations that he would be found in opposition to the spirit in which the Reform Bill had been carried, he thus explicitly explained his views:

“The Reform Bill, it is said, constitutes a new era, and it is the duty of a minister to declare explicitly—first, whether he will maintain the Bill itself, and secondly, whether he will act upon the spirit in which it was conceived. With respect to the Reform Bill itself, I will repeat now the declaration which I made when I entered the House of Commons, as a member of the Reformed Parliament—that I consider the Reform Bill as a final and irrevocable settlement of a great constitutional question, a settlement which no friend to the peace and welfare of his country would attempt to disturb either by direct or by insidious means. Then, as to the spirit of the Reform Bill, and the willingness to adopt and enforce it, as a rule of government. If, by adopting the spirit of the Reform Bill it be meant, that we are to live in a perpetual vortex of agitation, that public men can only support themselves

in public estimation by adopting every popular impression of the day, by promising the instant redress of anything which anybody may call an abuse, by abandoning altogether the great aid of government, more powerful than either Law or Reason—the respect for ancient rights, and the deference to prescriptive authority—if this be the spirit of the Reform Bill, I will not undertake to adopt it: but if that spirit merely implies a careful review of institutions, civil and ecclesiastical, undertaken in a friendly temper, combining with the firm maintenance of established rights, the correction of proved abuses, and the redress of real grievances—in that case I can, for myself and colleagues, undertake to act in such a spirit and with such intentions.”

These and like indications satisfied the nation that Sir Robert meant to place his administration on the basis laid by one of the wisest of statesmen, “a disposition to preserve, and an ability to improve,” yet, notwithstanding this general approbation and confidence, owing to the preponderance of the democratic element, a majority adverse to the minister was returned to the House of Commons, and on the preliminary question of the session, the choice of a Speaker, he was defeated by a vote of 316 to 309. Such a division, on such a question, would, in all previous times, have led to the immediate resignation of the cabinet. But Sir Robert had taken the post, with the knowledge that he was beset by difficulties, and he was too much of a man to give way to the first, great as it was. He resolved to put himself upon his country, and at least to give them the opportunity of judging him by his measures. This manly effort failed him, and, after an unfavorable division on the Irish Tithe Bill, defended by a speech, (on 2d April,) which the Quarterly Review of the day pronounced “magnificent,” and spoke of as a “legacy worthy of the greatest statesman that has appeared in the House of Commons since the death of Mr. Pitt,” Sir Robert relinquished the seals of office, after an ineffectual struggle of three months.

The Reform Ministry again (April, 1835) resumed the government, with Lord Melbourne as its head, and Lord John Russel, as before, the leader in the House of Commons. Lord Grey had withdrawn from public life, Lord Stanley and Sir James Graham had abandoned their old associates, and Lord Brougham, who had been passed over by his colleagues, on their restoration to office, became an antagonist. All this visibly

weakened the Melbourne ministry. During the session, a very hostile spirit was revived between the Lords and Commons, the immediate cause being the English Municipal Corporation's Bill, to which the Lords persisted in making amendments, which the Commons rejected, and the dispute had proceeded to such a length, that hints were thrown out by the Commons that the "supplies" would be withheld. So unpleasant was the aspect of affairs, that Sir Robert Peel, who had left town towards the close of the session, returned, as he stated, for the purpose of lending his assistance in reconciling the differences between the two Houses. Mutual concessions were at last made, and thus a measure, essentially auxiliary to reform of Parliament, was carried. During 1836 and 7, acting as an independent member of Parliament, Sir Robert gave his support to whatever of good he found in the measures of the administration, and specially to the further improvements in the civil and criminal law, proposed by Lord John Russell. In the middle of the year 1837, the King died, and was immediately succeeded by the present Sovereign, Queen *Victoria*, with whom, personally, Lord Melbourne was a great favorite. His administration was strengthened by this event, for it was forced upon King William, against his will, by the House of Commons, whereas it was retained of choice by the Queen.

Its seeming strength, however, was soon shaken by events beyond its control. The commercial revulsion of 1837, too well remembered in our own country, was fearfully felt in England. The Canadian insurrection, the war with China, and the difficulties in India, required increased expenditures at the very moment when commercial distress was diminishing the resources of the country. The ministry lingered on, however, till May, 1839, when, on a question of suspending the constitution of the Island of Jamaica, because of the refusal of the legislature of that colony to assent to certain requisitions of the Home Government, they were left in a minority of five. They immediately resigned, and the two inevitable men were again sent for, the Duke and Sir Robert; but the Queen was not found submissive to the views of Sir Robert, especially as to appointments in the Royal Household; and, in this

nineteenth century, the two foremost men of England were prevented from taking charge of its government, because of a disagreement about the nominations of certain ladies of the bed-chamber!\*

Lord Melbourne was immediately reinstated, and he sought to ingratiate himself with the public by the great change in the Post Office Law, which so largely and beneficially reduced the charge on postage. But the Tory party—gathering confidence from the conviction, that much as the Reform Bill had extended suffrage and altered representation, it still left to the landed aristocracy great means of influence and strength; and, moreover, from the secession of eminent persons from the opposite ranks—made, in the session of 1840, a more determined assault on the Melbourne ministry than it had yet encountered. On a motion of confidence, after a debate of four nights, the ministers triumphed by only 21 votes! In this debate, Sir Robert took a prominent part, examining, with vigor and knowledge, the whole course of the Whig government since 1830, taunting them with the loss from their side, in that time of almost every man of known ability, rank and position in the country, "with one splendid exception," alluding to Lord John Russell, and enumerating Lord Grey, Lord Stanley, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Richmond, Lord Ripon, Lord Brougham, and last of all, Lord Howick; and showing, that having received the Government in a condition of growing prosperity, they had reduced it to a condition of "decayed public credit, the public securities at a discount, and the country convulsed with political disorder." On another motion of Sir James Graham, censuring ministers for the war in China, Sir Robert again spoke with great energy and effect, and the division showed a majority of only 10! for ministers.

The session of 1841 was the last of the Whig ministry. The distresses of the country continued, its revenues were decreasing, and a hot agitation arose on the subject of the Corn Laws and Commercial Reform. As a last expedient, Lord John Russell announced the purpose of the ministry to modify the Corn Laws, and to substitute a permanent fixed duty for the sliding scale. It was too late; Sir Robert Peel moved a vote of confidence, which, after an ex-

\* It was upon this occasion that the Duke of Wellington, in reply to a question of how it came about that he and Peel could not manage the Queen, is said to have replied, "Oh! I have no small-talk and Peel has no manners."



citing debate of four nights, was carried by a majority of ONE!—312 to 311. After sustaining another defeat on the *Administration of Justice Bill*, the Queen, by the advice of her minister, prorogued Parliament on 22d June, with a view to its immediate dissolution. This measure proved fatal to the Whigs. A most warmly-contested election ensued, and, in its progress, it was soon perceptible that the CONSERVATIVES were to carry the day. Lord John Russell, after a severe struggle, was elected one of the representatives of the City of London. On addressing his new constituents, he admitted that his party had been defeated in the elections, and defeated on the issue of *free trade*. He expressed, nevertheless, his conviction that this issue would be reversed, and that the principles of *free trade* would eventually triumph.

Sir Robert Peel, too, addressed his constituents at Tamworth; but in a far different strain from his address of 1834, when, as Prime Minister, he appealed through them to the country to give the King's Ministers a fair trial. He was now simply an opposition member of Parliament, though with the near certainty of being again called into power; and, in this category, he "kept dark." "The Doctor," said he, with a somewhat grave humor, "had not yet been called in to prescribe for the patient, and he could not, therefore, propose remedies."

The new Parliament met in August, 1841, and a thorough *free trade* speech from the throne was delivered by commission. In both Houses the contest immediately began, and was decided against ministers. The great struggle was in the House, in which, as yet, Sir Robert had taken no part. But towards the close of the last night, the fifth of the debate, O'Connell having made a speech abusing the Tories and praising the Whigs, those same Whigs whom on a former occasion he had stigmatized as "bloody, base and brutal:" the moment he sat down Sir Robert sprang to his feet, "animated seemingly," says a contemporary writer, "by some unusual emotion; he used a phraseology bolder than his wont; uttered his words with a desperate passion, altogether uncharacteristic of his style of speaking. He repelled O'Connell's vituperation as proceeding from 'an imagination fertile in calumny,' and looking directly across the House, and bending forward, asked the Irish agitator, in a tone of almost savage

scorn, if these were his base, brutal and bloody Whigs? The passion evaporated, but the voice trembled with emotion a long time afterwards, as he proceeded to state the principles which would actuate him should he be called to power." The division came, and in a House of 629 members, there appeared a majority of 91 against ministers.

Sir Robert was again installed in office, but declining to explain himself as to his future policy, and asking time for maturing it, Parliament after passing the necessary bills, was prorogued on the 7th October. It met again on the 3d February, the Queen attending in person to deliver the speech, accompanied by the King of Prussia, who happened to be in England, and a brilliant *cortège*. On the 9th, Sir Robert made his long-expected motion on the Corn Laws, rejecting Lord John Russell's motion of a fixed duty, and reasserting the superiority of the sliding scale, and, in spite of all opposition, which was violent, his bill became a law.

His next and bolder measures were the new Tariff Act and the Income Tax. The country was in great difficulties. There had been a constant and growing deficiency in the revenue for several years, and new taxes on articles of consumption or trade were not to be thought of. Commerce, therefore, was to be revived by the removal of duties, and a tax on property was to supply, not only the existing deficiency in the revenue, but the farther diminution to be occasioned by the duties to be abolished.

The speech in which Sir Robert explained these measures is among the best he has delivered; but the length to which this article is running prevents our making any extracts. The appeal which he made to the men of property of the country to submit cheerfully to the proposed tax—equal to about three per cent. on incomes—was very striking and very effective. "There are," said he "indications among all the upper classes of society of increased comfort and enjoyment—of increased prosperity and wealth—and yet concurrently with these indications there exists a mighty evil which has been growing up for the last seven years. \* \* \* You will not permit this evil to gain such gigantic growth as ultimately to place it far beyond your power to control. If you do, you must expect the severe but just judgment of a reflecting and retrospective posterity. Your conduct will be contrasted with

that of your fathers, who, with a mutiny at the Nore, a rebellion in Ireland, and disaster abroad, yet submitted with buoyant vigor and universal applause (with the funds as low as fifty-two) to a property tax of ten per cent. I believe you will not subject yourselves to so injurious and unworthy a contrast. My confident hope is you will prove yourselves worthy of your mission as the representatives of a mighty people, and that you will not tarnish the fame which it is your duty to cherish as the most glorious inheritance."

This trust was not disappointed. After a most protracted and arduous debate, both measures were carried; and it has been most satisfactorily proved by the best of all arguments—experience—that the most sanguine anticipations of the Premier from these measures have been amply realized.

The course of Sir Robert since that period is familiar to most of our readers. Sir Robert has continued in charge of the government up to the recent resignation of a week—when failing to form a ministry, Lord John Russell had an opportunity of doing, with regard to Sir Robert and the Duke of Wellington, what they had done on a former occasion with regard to him and Lord Melbourne—recommending to the sovereign to take back the old ministry.

Sir Robert's able speech on resuming his station has been so recently published in the newspapers, that we need here only advert to it, as a new illustration of the manliness and just self-estimation of this eminent Commoner, whose life and career we have here endeavored to illustrate.

If we have not wholly failed in the effort, we shall have interested our reader, we trust, in the character of this self-made man, whose own ability, industry, and wisdom have made him the most marking statesman of Europe.

Sprung from obscure parentage—his grandfather being a very small manufac-

turer of cotton prints, who was known by the nickname of *Parsley Peel*, because of having copied that plant on his prints—and not seeking, even when fortune and the favor of his country smiled upon him, to fortify himself by matrimonial alliance with the aristocracy, for he married the daughter of an old general, Sir John Floyd, who had sprung from the ranks—he has raised himself by no indirection, by no unworthy concession, by no sycophancy.\* With the sterling characteristics of a thorough Englishman, proud of his country, confident in her power, and studious of her prosperity, he has devoted his nights and days, all the best faculties of his mind, and the vigor of his frame, to her service. Through a long series of years—and most eventful years, too—he has had occasion once and again to change opinions apparently well settled, and to support measures he before had warmly resisted. On each of the great topics of the Currency, of Catholic Emancipation, of Parliamentary Reform, of Free Trade, and of the Corn Laws, Sir Robert Peel has been on both sides. Yet so clearly has he borne himself in his great offices, so disinterested has been his career, and so frank and satisfactory his explanations on every occasion of change of opinion, that no party doubts his integrity or distrusts his motives.

But what then, it may be asked, becomes of consistency—or is there no virtue in that old-fashioned quality? All depends, in this matter, upon definition and upon motive. He who, in public life, pays no regard to altered circumstances, to new developments, to the changes, in short, which time and events work in the relations of nations as of men, but adheres doggedly to opinions formed under very different lights, or in the absence of all light, may indeed be a very consistent, but would certainly be a very unwise and a very unsafe, politician. Tried by results both to his country and to himself, who shall now say that Sir

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\* On this head the following scene may be recalled. In the House of Commons, in 1830, Brougham, after making an attack on the policy of the Duke of Wellington, said, "But him I accuse not. I accuse *you*, (addressing the ministerial benches,) his flatterers, his mean, fawning parasites." Sir Robert Peel started up and said, "I ask the honorable and learned member if he means to accuse me of being such? The honorable and learned gentleman addressed himself to this side of the House, and said, 'I mean to accuse *you*, his flatterers, his fawning parasites.' I am sitting on this side of the House; I am the representative of the opinions of those who sit here; but I put the question to the honorable and learned gentleman, not on their behalf, but as an individual; and I ask of him, does he presume to say of me that I am the mean, fawning parasite of any man?" Brougham disclaimed all personal application of the remark, or personal imputation; and so the matter ended.



Robert Peel, in the changes we have in these pages briefly noted, on such great questions as the Currency, Corn, Reform and Catholic Emancipation, has not acted both wisely and honestly?

As early as 1826, the *Edinburgh Review*, though of diametrically opposite politics, spoke of him as a "wise, honest and high-principled man;" and three years later, remarking upon and applauding his change on the Catholic question, that same *Review* (March, 1829) said:

"Amidst great personal difficulties, he has chosen that which, being the most fair and manly, ought to be the least painful and least unsatisfactory for himself. The choice could be to him only one of evils. He was in the old British dilemma—the sea before him, the barbarians behind. \* \* \* The man who never changes his mind must be about as great a fool as the man who is always changing it; and if there be an occasion when such an intellectual process ought to meet with indulgence, it is when perhaps you save a kingdom by submitting to it. The great malignant sophism by which party zealots pander to ignorance and passion, lies chiefly in the abuse of a single word, by which a change of opinions and *apostacy* are assumed to be the same. The blindfold consistency on which all authority, experience and warning are thrown away, is nothing but a second-hand infallibility made out of a worse-grained wood than any papal chair. 'Old as I am, I put myself to school,' was once esteemed a merit."

The secret of Sir Robert's power lies in his thorough knowledge both of his own resources and of the English people. On this head we adopt this language from *Fraser's Magazine*:

"When Sir Robert Peel made his emphatic declaration, on resigning the government in April, 1835, that his future life would be spent in the House of Commons, he was, perhaps unconsciously, establishing one of the landmarks by which the present age will be distinguished from its predecessors. His prophetic promise embodied the conviction of a statesman pre-eminent in the wisdom which studies the signs of the times, that hereafter the popular or representative branch of the legislature, regulated no doubt, to a great degree, by the will of the monarch and the theoretical right of veto of the peers, will be the really influential power in the state.

"But Sir Robert, at the same time, exhibited no slight amount of self-knowledge.

Looked at inferentially, that declaration showed that he had formed a correct estimate of his own position and powers. Sir Robert is an ambitious man, but his ambition is of a high and honorable character. He covets fame, and a niche in the history of his country, more than personal rank or dignities. His ambition is not that which would be satisfied, though it has been flattered, by having two queens as his voluntary guests, with an earl's coronet glittering in the distance. Yet to one who with manly independence points continually to the origin of his family,\* such distinctions might count as something. Sir Robert Peel's ambition grasps at what is emphatically *the* power of modern times, influence over the opinions of his fellow-men. He wishes to leave the impress of his own mind upon the character of his countrymen. He hopes to be regarded, if not as the pilot who weathered the storm, at least as having held the helm amidst the eddies and whirlpools of exasperated rival interests. Represented as they are in the House of Commons, which is the scene of their action, he who would influence them must learn the art of commanding the ear and swaying the passions or prejudices of that assembly. Of that art Sir Robert Peel has obtained the mastery. Therefore he acts wisely, with the examples of Pultney and Chatham before him, in not quitting a sphere where his triumphs are certain, and where the amount he may store up of good for his country, and fame for himself, is incalculable."

It will, we think, be conceded that no living statesman has so largely impressed himself upon the policy and character of his country, and measurably upon the policy of the world, as Sir Robert Peel. He is the one man of England.

He is now in a position alike eminent and critical. Poising himself upon resources which never yet have failed him—upon the conviction of his own honest desire to serve his country, and upon the popular favor—he has to contend against the interests, the prejudices and the resentments of the great Conservative mass with which he has heretofore acted. On every account his success is to be desired. His own country will benefit by it—our country will benefit by it; and more than all, additional encouragement will be given to merit and talent, however lowly born, by the renewed and signal triumph over all the prejudice and all the opposition of a long-derived aristocracy of an able, upright, wise and virtuous MAN.

\* It is said that among his constituents at Tamworth he rather boasts himself of his humble descent, and claims the nearer affinity with them because sprung from their ranks. "I am, you know," he says, "the son of a cotton spinner, and my wife is the daughter of a common soldier."

## ADVENTURES ON THE FRONTIER OF TEXAS AND MEXICO.

No. VI.—*Concluded.*

BY CHARLES WINTERFIELD.

It was several hours before the wretched Antone had sufficiently recovered for me to leave him. The fright, the drenching, and the blows he had received from the boy, united, had almost annihilated what energies of life there were in his shriveled carcass. With his crushed eye, and the ghastly saffron of his face, he was a sufficiently unpleasing companion beneath the glooms of that deep forest, which were only fitfully informed with moonlight. I was glad enough when I saw him able to sit up unassisted, and rose to leave him, for I could do nothing more now. He was not strong enough to walk to the Rancho, leaving out of the question the impossibility of his obtaining admission there, even should he reach it. Besides, I had merely compromised with my own conscience in saving the life of the miserable creature; and now, that had been accomplished, I felt no special "yearning of the spirit" towards him, which might keep me at his side to comfort him in the darkness; and truly, did he seem to need a comforter. When he saw that I was going to leave him he clung frantically to my limbs, and with the idiotic mouthings of his terror made a most dismal pleading for me to stay. It was time for me to be at my post, and for fear the moans of even this reptile humanity might move me too much, I shook his clenched grip violently off and started hastily for the Rancho. His voice followed me—as I struggled through the dense brush—for some distance. The creature's feeble wits had been temporarily addled by the night's work. Hideous as portions of it had been, and painful as those sounds were, I remember—just as they were dying away—that I burst into a hearty laugh as the ludicrous contrast presented itself of valiant Sir Braggadocio Antone in the glory of one of his boasting feats, and the writhing, pitiable thing I had just left. The nerves, when overstrung through scenes like these, grow unnaturally impressible, and vibrate to strange humors. One feels sometimes as though he *would* laugh though tottering

on the sheer brink of some red shaft to Tartarus. Curious problem!—this monstrous trinity, Man—part fiend, part angel, and part brute.

It would require a strong reliance upon the evidence of things unseen, to suppose any part of him could be developed in such a life as that on this Frontier, other than his fiend and brute natures. I reached the log—recovered my gun, and set off for my post the way I came—along under the bank of the river. Midnight, I knew, was very near if not passed, and this was the time for the attack upon the Rancho to commence. It would be disgraceful for me to fail of being there at the crisis. I hurried on regardless of mud and water, for the last few hours had sufficiently familiarized me with both. I soon gained a point where, from the top of a bank, sheltered by the trees, I could command a perfect view of the Rancho beneath the clear moonlight. The intervening space was open, with the exception of a few scattered trees. Its low, square bulk looked as dark as death—not a glimmer of light or the faintest sound came from it. The great gate was in front of me. A little to the left, and separated by a short interval was the lower picketing of the sheep-pen—a large enclosure in which the immense flocks of sheep and goats belonging to such Ranchos are collected at night. These creatures are easily "stampeded" or frightened, and will make noise enough to wake the seven sleepers in the effort to escape. I saw the figures of men stealthily gliding from tree to tree as they approached the gate, or creeping around the Rancho, picketing beneath its shadows toward the same point—so I was just in time. It occurred to me from the caution with which the men moved that they had perceived evidences of alertness on the part of the people of the Rancho, which I had not suspected. According to the plan of attack we were to lie in wait on each side of the gate to be ready for a rush if it should be thrown open for the shepherds to come out to quiet their flocks. Already the hoarse bark of the



shepherd-dogs had announced to the silence that something was wrong. This is a very noble and fierce race of these animals, original in, and peculiar to, Mexico. They are taken when young, and nourished at the dugs of a she-goat, and ever afterwards live with the flock—a foster-child and a protector. Their deep-mouthed savage baying seemed now about to precipitate matters. The men threw themselves flat upon the ground—while the crash of broken bars was followed by the sudden and stunning clatter and ba-a-ing of near a thousand panic-stricken animals. I took instant advantage of the confusion to glide over the interval unnoticed, and take my place in the nearest party of the Rangers. The dogs came through the broken bars along with their maddened and rushing charge. They dashed at us at once. The men who had been ordered not to fire, were prepared to dispose of this difficulty very quietly, and at a few strokes of their long, heavy Bowie Knives, emphasized by a muttered curse or so, the most fierce of the gallant fellows were silenced. A very large old white bitch sprang so suddenly at the Colonel's throat that he had a severe struggle before he shook her off with a cloven skull. He had been standing near the gate of the Pen, which he had broken the moment after throwing the wolf-skin among the flock which had caused the panic. The men around me could scarcely suppress their laughter while he was engaged in this novel battle; while he who had been sufficiently chafed before, was rendered wildly furious by the startle of absolute danger from a quarter so unexpected.

In the mean time the people of the Rancho were aroused, as the confusion of voices and hurrying to and fro of lights sufficiently showed. The idea flashed through my mind that *everybody* seemed to wake up very suddenly; for, judging from the clamors inside, every soul in the Rancho must have been astir in a few minutes. Suddenly there was an entire lull of these sounds, and we heard bolts and chains rattling at the gate. The moment these sounds reached us, the Colonel bounded to the side of the gate where it opened outwards. He said in a sharp, eager whisper, "Ready, boys!—follow me;" and then crouching close to the wall, I could see his dim figure against it bent in the attitude for springing, and his eyes literally emitting flames in the concentration of his fury. We all shifted

our positions in preparation for bounding quickly up. There was a pulseless pause. There seemed to be some difficulty in getting the gate open, while we forgot to breathe in watching the moment when it would swing back. This unaccountable stillness, so simultaneous and only broken now by the noise at the gate—for the flock was far enough off running like mad—struck me as ominous, and it proved to be so with a vengeance. Instead of the gate being thrown open, there was a sudden commotion on the top of the high picketing just over it; and before we could think what it meant, a shower of some fluid was suddenly plumped upon the heads of the Colonel and those who were nearest him. A portion of it was spattered upon me, and I felt that it was hot as lava. The convulsive spring and the involuntary yell of agony which followed from those upon whom this fiery benediction fell most bountifully, bore witness to its singular fervency. There were two or three figures visible for an instant on the top of the picketing, one of which I thought was that of the old Señora. A shrill, taunting laugh broke from it, which reminded me of all that would be hideous in the quaverings of a dozen screech-owls united in one prolonged scream; while the arms were tossed wildly to and fro for a moment, and, as we fired, it suddenly disappeared. It was the old Jezebel beyond a doubt. We had been too much discomfited and flurried; it was uncertain whether we had hit any of them! The fact that that infernal laugh still continued to be heard, even above the jubilant triumphing roar of the Mexicans inside, settled this doubt. We had been nicely overreached.

A rich scene was now presented. The Colonel was on the ground rolling, writhing and moaning with the pain, while others of the party, in various postures, were making no less expressive demonstrations. There was a strong smell of tallow in the air, and the clothes of the unfortunates rapidly whitened as the fluid cooled, until they looked like anticking ghosts in the moonlight.

"He, he!" chuckled Bill, who was at my side and had in a great measure escaped, "how hot it is, Colonel—told you she war kin to old Split-foot?"

Nothing but his broad-brimmed hat and buckskins had saved the Colonel from instant death; as it was, between the exquisite agony and his baffled rage, he



was quite frantic. He howled out a furious imprecation in answer to this quaintly timed jest, and rising, staggered towards Bill, as I thought, with the intention of striking him. He only seized him by the arm and shook him violently, then thrusting his purple and distorted face close to that of the Trapper, he said in a sharp whisper, while his lips were perfectly rigid—

“We’ll try it on HER, Bill Johnson!—we’ll roast her—wont we, Bill—alive.”

“Kern it no use—she wont burn—but we’ll try.”

Bill said this in a stern, lowered voice, and with something like an expression of hopelessness which struck me as caused by the superstition which had taken hold on him with regard to the old Señora. The men were clamorous—such of them as had been scalded—with ungovernable rage; and cries of “strike a fire,”—“run for wood,”—“we’ll burn it down,”—“burn her up,” &c., were followed by immediate action. There was to be no child’s play now, I saw; and, indeed, found myself excited as the rest, and justifying the most ferocious extremes of retaliation. In the midst of the curses and clamors, the indomitable Fitz shouted out to some of the tallow-coated sufferers who were most obstreperous—

“Boys, keep cool—don’t catch afire you *wick*-ed fellows; you had better keep yer light under a bushel to-night—we shan’t need it, I judge.”

“Yes, but we shall have the light—like a city set upon a hill—wont we?” said the Bravo, laughing, while he struck fire with his flint and steel. There was something very ghastly in this profane wit, but it was sufficiently in keeping with the men and the occasion. Hays, who had been severely scalded, and between the pain and the shame, was more excited than he had ever been known to become before, now went hurrying to and fro to organize the measures for instant attack. Fragments of dried wood and arms-full of moss were brought from the forest close at hand, and piled up against the gate, while the few little huts we have spoken of as on the outside of the picketing which faced the river, were stripped of everything they contained which was inflammable. Boards, beds, cotton garments, &c., were thrown upon the heap, in the coolest disregard of the wailings of their unoffending owners. With the greatest difficulty I managed to prevent them from dragging the bed from

under the poor wounded Mexican—concerning my interest in whom I have detailed before. Women and children were fluttering around the scene, making most dismal complainings. As these formidable preparations were now completed, we had time to perceive that everything had become still again in the Rancho.

“Fire it up, boys! fire it up! Where’s any fire?”

These hoarse words from the Colonel sounded startlingly distinct in the sudden pause.

“Here it is!” said the Bravo, coming forward with a bundle of blazing moss in his hand.

“Look sharp, Bravo,” Bill sung out from behind. “The old hell-cat’s on hand above there!”

I looked quickly around. Bill was standing some distance in the rear, on a knoll that commanded a better view of the top of the picketing, and held old Sue in such a position as would enable him to fire at the first movement he saw. At the same moment a low titter was heard from above.

“That’s she!” gnashed the Colonel, as he drew six-shooter up to his face. We all did the same with our guns. “Shoot a little finger if you see it, boys!”

The reckless Bravo, who had not hesitated an instant, or even looked up, was kneeling beside the pile applying the fire, when suddenly three or four figures were juttied above the top profile of the picket—to be fired at by our whole platoon and disappear as quickly. Before we had time to wink our eyes, a number of figures appeared again, returned our fire, and sent down a new shower of—*hot water* this time—upon the Bravo. (They were too cunning to try the inflammable tallow now.) The Colonel’s repeater was fired instantly again, and the shriek which followed the second disappearance showed that it was with effect. “No stuffed shirts that time, I reckon!” he chuckled, as he shifted the chambers of his piece. They had drawn our whole fire into shams.

“He! he!” shouted Bill, as he loaded. “Boys, she’s made a tarnal pack o’ pea-green fools of us. Half er ye hold fire next time! Listen how the witch-critter sniggers at us!”

Sure enough, that pleasant screech was sounding in a sort of spasmodic ecstasy behind the picketing. The Bravo, who was mutely writhing in the “shirt of Nessus” which had been so unceremo-



niously bestowed upon him, sprang to the small fire he had kindled to light the moss by, and which was still burning feebly, and gathering the scattered fragments in his naked fingers proceeded to kindle the pile anew. They tried the manœuvre of the shams again, but with less success, for only two shots were wasted at them. The skirmish now commenced in earnest. The shifting and expressive pantomime of from eighty to a hundred heads and shoulders appearing here and there along the dim outline of the picketing, to fire an old fusee at us quickly and disappear, gave us sufficient employment. Our rapid and dexterous firing covered the Bravo effectually; for no one on the picket dared to expose his body by leaning forward far enough to bring a gun to bear upon him so close below. They could only spring up for a second, fire without aim, and dip down again; and alert as they were, the sharp cry or the groan which sometimes followed our shots told that they were suffering. We kept them by the dread of our superior marksmanship so effectually under cover, that though they wasted bad powder enough, and many of us were standing openly exposed, their fire did us little mischief. A shower of twigs cut down by some erratic ball would now and then fall over us, or the dust would be knocked up at our feet. But when the Bravo had succeeded in setting fire to the heap, and the flames began to mount up strongly, matters became more serious. It seemed to me that the whole population of the Rancho made its appearance at once in solid line of heads, and a perfect storm of curses, missiles and bullets was sent after his retreat. Quite severely wounded, he took refuge in the sheep-pen, upon which we found ourselves compelled to fall back for protection, with the loss of two men and several wounded. This was getting to be fierce work. Even Fitz forgot to be witty!

"Boys, don't scatter yer fire," shouted the Colonel; "thin 'em from over the gate!"

One platoon was sufficient to vacate the place for the moment; but before we were ready to fire again they had thrown over more water, and the fire appeared to be quite extinguished. We could hear the shrill screams of the old Señora, directing, threatening and driving her cowardly people up to the defence. She was perfectly aroused and desperate. We saw that her ferocious cunning was

about to defeat us. She had inspired her imbecile people, in spite of themselves, with something of her own spirit; and as the volume of steam and smoke from the smouldering fire rolled up, there was a general burst of derision and defiance, above which her own wiry treble shrilled in fitting accord. With all our boundless contempt for the Mexicans, we were beginning to find out that destroying a Rancho with over three hundred people inside of it, and a high, strong picketing around it, was no light undertaking even for something less than a dozen Texans.

Castro and his warriors—who, though they had no guns, might have been of some assistance to us in causing a diversion—had been assigned, before the attack commenced, their positions at wide intervals around the whole Rancho, with orders not to budge, whatever might happen, until their chief had been sent for, so that we were deprived of their agency. In his stolid faithfulness, Castro would not have moved after such a command from Hays, without his permission, if the Rancho had been blown sky-high and we all along with it. The business of his warriors was to watch for Agatone and intercept his escape; and so much had the chief accustomed them to the despotism of literal obedience that, unless a command had come through him, personally, or through some understood sign or watch-word, they would have died in their tracks rather than to have stirred for any other duty than that he had appointed.

That a renewal of the attack upon the gate, and of the effort to rekindle the fire would be something worse than madness nearly all felt but the Colonel. It seemed to be utterly impossible for him to realize that, as we had lost two men, and had several disabled in the first attack, we should not be able to accomplish twice as much with half the number in a second onset, when the whole population of the Rancho had been aroused to desperation in the defence of their hearth-stones. Quite discomforted, we were crouched behind the low fence of the sheep-pen, to consult as to the steps next to be taken. The Colonel was sufficiently raving and unreasonable—for quite characteristically he swore that we might, could and would, get into the Rancho some how, at any rate—that enter it we *should*, even if we used our craniums for battering-rams, and were tilted in "head foremost." Several of the men were likewise of opinion that,

after such scalding indignities, TEXANS would not only be able to demolish a contemptible Rancho at a blow, but that even if the "Planetary plague" of baleful Mars "hung i' the sick air," by vengeful Jove! had been the offender, they would scale its high place and pluck its red hair, to be trampled in the mire of their scorn. Such direful and terrific resolves were sufficiently in keeping with the extravagant heroics of this Frontier life.

The only possible question left open for discussion, was the *practicability* of all this. The tame and cowardly sentiment that everything they chose to purpose might not be accomplished, was not to be endured in the utterance. These men had become so accustomed to bearing down everything before them, that absolutely nothing appeared to them impossible; and I lost all the ground I had gained in their confidence, when I attempted to make them see the utter absurdity of any farther attempts upon the Rancho. The firing on both sides had ceased. A very excited discussion was angrily proceeding as to the course proper to be taken now, when it was all at once discovered that Bill Johnson was no longer in our midst. What had become of him at such a crisis, when we needed every energy of every member of the party who had been left alive?

"Bill knows what he is about," said Hays; "we shall hear from him presently."

Sure enough; within two minutes the wild war-whoop of the Lipans was sounded from the other side of the Rancho, and following it instantly, a spire of flame shot up from the same quarter toward the zenith, illuminating the whole region with great distinctness. The discomfited Rangers sprang to their feet, and their answering yell had, in its electric burst, a savagery that reminded me of famished wild beasts replying to the call of their shagged brethren to a feast of blood. A diversion had been suddenly made by Bill and Castro. The wary Trapper had perceived in time that all was lost in front, and had glided away—fortified with a watchword from Hays—to bring our Indian auxiliaries into action. The rush which instantly followed on our part, and the scattering of the heads which had been linked in that continuous line along the top of the picket, caused a magical change in the aspect of affairs. This new attack—so unexpected and from the

opposite quarter—of course confounded the old Señora, and obliged her to separate her defensive force. The Bravo, though wounded in such a manner as would have entirely annihilated the combative propensity in any other man, instantly staggered toward the pile at the gate. He had only sufficient strength to reach it, and throwing himself upon the ground—or falling upon it—he leaned on his elbow, and in a few moments had kindled the fire anew with the help of his flint and steel. Our party threw in a close volley to cover this cool exhibition of desperation, and though now reduced to five or six guns, it had the effect of clearing the wall entirely. It was evident the Mexicans were panic stricken for the time—how long this might last, we did not lose an instant in philosophizing about. The others of those who had been hurt seemed, like the Bravo, to have forgotten that anything had happened to them, and were quite as alert with the ramrod and trigger as the most active of us. I have quite a confused recollection of the occurrences which followed for some half-hour after this; indeed, they were too exciting, too hurried in my confused memory, for me to reproduce them at all effectively. I can only recall here and there a fragmentary incident, which may assist others in apprehending what were the consequences of the darkened and frantic action of the struggle which followed. I find myself now—looking back from the condition of a calmer existence—surprised, beyond expression, that my individuality and consciousness could have been so entirely overwhelmed in this heady tumult. I remember the vindictive exulting expression of the raging Colonel's voice, when he said, with a strange laugh, "Ha, ha! we've got 'em at last, boys!—come on."

Before he said this, he had been silently tugging at one of the heaviest picket-posts of the sheep-pen, and, having loosened it, swung it upon his broad shoulders, he then led the way towards the now undefended gate. Though the fire the Bravo had kindled was beginning to burn vigorously, I recollect that, in entire disregard of its heat, he projected himself through the midst of it and threw the whole weight of his own immense strength, along with the battering-ram he had thus extemporized, against the gate.

The man's strength was so preternaturalized, in the concentration of his fury, that though the gate was massive and



strong, we heard the planks crash, as it burst its way through, while he fell from the rebound upon the burning pile, utterly helpless, and lay there as if he had been shot. Several of us sprang forward, and dragged him out of this perilous predicament by the heels. He had nearly made a Hindoo sacrifice of himself, upon the altar of his own headlong ferocity. The fire rushed through the fracture he had caused, and, in an instant, the timbers of the gate were blazing with a fierceness which scattered the crowd that had rallied above in the effort to extinguish it. Now the scene was demoniac; the frantic wail of the despairing Mexicans, who saw that all was lost, and feared they were to be burned up alive; their ill-directed defence and grotesque gestures, as they hurled into the air leaden and every other kind of projectiles; the lurid illumination of the two fires; the rapid movements and fierce exulting cries of our men, constituted an expressive *epitome* of the fiery tumult of a siege. I remember that the gate burnt out with such singular rapidity, that it almost seemed to have been made of paper, and through the red opening we could see the square of the open court, filled with the confused and swaying tumult of the population, maddened with panic, and utterly incapable of self-defence. There was a momentary glimpse of the presiding genius of this infernal saturnalia, in the form of the old Señora, which presented itself for an instant in the intense light of the opening. Her squat figure was quickened with the action of a hateful life, which the years seemed only to have intensified; she was but half-clothed, and was tossing her skinny arms into the air; her coarse, stiff, grayish hair, wild about her shoulders, while her coppery face looked like a seamy blotch of crumpled parchment, out of which two round coals were burning, white with fierceness. I shall never forget the wizard and supernatural aspect her momentary appearance gave to the whole scene. The hate and defiance of that look seemed to have a galvanic effect upon the Colonel, who instantly rushed over the burning heaps and through the opening around which the flames were licking, calling upon us to follow. This, of course, we did. The Mexicans made a feeble attempt to drive us back, but the raging aspect of the Colonel, and the terror his name carried

with it, filled them with such a hopeless panic, that before we had time to strike two blows, men, women and children, with yells of mortal fright, were rushing pell-mell on every side—some towards the burning gate through which we came—others into the doors of the low huts ranged around the four sides of the court. All but the Colonel and one or two of the scalded men, ceased to strike after the resistance had ceased. Hays and myself induced the two men to hold their hands, but could do nothing with the Colonel, who was perfectly mad and blind to everything but the one purpose of finding Agatone and the old Señora, and hewed away at all, of whatever sex and age, who chanced to impede his search. The men went down on their knees before him, clamoring for mercy, and without pausing to regard them an instant, he would strike them to the ground with his foot, the handle of his knife, or the blade of it, just as it happened. He would rush into one of the low huts, where men, women and children were piled upon each other in a corner, each trying to get to the bottom, and hauling them out by the hair or the heels, he would scatter them, like so many billets of wood, to and fro, over the room, until he had examined every face, to see if those he hated were among them. In this search, he was actively assisted by the other members of the party, and I cannot say with any particular regard to a gentle etiquette on the part of any one of us. The Mexicans were perfectly passive, and abjectly submitted to being tumbled about at our pleasure. But Agatone and the old Señora were nowhere to be found, and fears that they had escaped were beginning to be spoken. The very idea of such a thing, seemed to inspire the Colonel with a sort of ubiquity of energy; every corner, hole and cranny of the Rancho was dived into by him, in an astonishingly short time; everything that a good-sized mouse even, could have hid beneath, was turned over, yet neither of the objects of his affectionate interest were to be found.

The fires, in the mean time, were rapidly subsiding, of themselves, for it is extremely difficult to burn down one of these Ranchos. The picket is of heavy musquit timber, the most difficult wood to burn in the world; the huts inside are built of "dobies," (clumsy bricks dried in the sun,) and are thatched with

the bulrushes of the salt-swamps of the country; and they are nearly as difficult to set on fire as the "dobies;" so that when the more inflammable timbers of the gate had burned out, the flames and light went gradually down, leaving us in comparative darkness. The fire, Bill and the Lipans had kindled, was still throwing up a fitful light, though, for the reasons given, it spread but little. We had all, but the Colonel, given up the search in despair, and were standing in a group around a small fire, which is kept burning, night and day, beneath a huge kettle of tallow or lard, which is always boiling over it, and from the capacious depths of which, the singular shower we had been first saluted with, had come. The men, in spite of the excitement, fatigues and injuries contingent upon the late scenes, were joking each other upon what had occurred, and passing around certain bottles which their investigations had brought to light. The disappointment of Bill and the Colonel—since all the toil and loss we had endured seemed to have amounted to nothing, after the escape of their two enemies—was just being laughed at by Fitz, when the Colonel thrust his head from the door of one of the huts on the side next the river, and shouting eagerly—"Here boys—I've found their hole—we'll catch 'em yet"—disappeared within it quickly. We all rushed into the hut. We found him, with a lamp in his hand, stooping at a square hole in the back part of the room, which seemed as if it had been cut through the picketing, near the bottom. It had been concealed by a bed and some skins, which he had dragged away.

"Ha, ha!" he chuckled, in an under tone of ecstasy, "we've got 'em—here's the burrow, boys!" and holding the lamp before him, entered the dark passage without hesitation. It admitted him, stooping slightly. We crowded after him, with a reckless curiosity, to see what this might lead to. No obstruction presented itself, and we suddenly found ourselves standing in one of those Dutch oven-like huts we have mentioned, as dug into the bank of the river, on the outside of the picket. The wounded Mexican was starting up, with terror in his face, from the bed I had rescued for him. Frightened as he was, he was too weak to rise, and fell back. The Colonel sprang at him, and shaking him furiously by the arm, demanded, in the Mexican language, whether the Señora

and Agatone had passed out through this way.

The man muttered some confused answer, while we sprang forward, and, lifting the beef's hide, which served for a door, passed out into the open air, and stood upon the brink of the steep bank of the river. The moon was quite bright, and the fires still gave some illumination. We have observed that the river was narrow. The first objects which met our eyes were two human figures, just in the act of shaking the water from their garments as they stepped rapidly across the narrow interval where the light fell, between the edge of the water and the deep gloom of the forest. "There they are!" said some one, quickly. This was followed by the discharge of several pieces from our party, but too late. The figures were lost beneath the shadows of the forest. That shrill taunting laugh was the reply, and at the same moment the Colonel, brushing past us, threw himself, with a horrid blasphemy upon his lips, headlong down the steep bank into the water. A deep-mouthed whoop from Bill, higher up the river, told that his sharp vision had made the same discovery; and, in a little while, we could see the river dark with black objects, which proved to be the heads of the Lipans, who were swimming across in the pursuit.

The sounds of pursuit soon died away, and as none of us felt like taking quite so steep a plunge-bath as the Colonel's, gratuitously, and as it appeared to us there were more than enough already in the chase to accomplish its objects, we turned quietly back and passed into the Rancho again. We very unhesitatingly laid it under contribution for what amount of edibles and drinkables were found necessary, or rather, what we could get our hands upon. It was now nearly day. We were all greatly exhausted; the wounded men dreadfully so. No news was likely to come from the chase very soon, and repose was to be had at any risk. We accordingly took possession of the largest room we could find, and, barricading the entrances thereto, placed a sentinel on duty, and threw our weary bones upon skin pallets.

We slept, sentinel and all, until late in the morning, when we were suddenly roused by a tremendous thumping and clatter from without. Springing to my feet, I saw that our sentinel, half asleep, had undone the fastenings, and the



Colonel, haggard with exhaustion, and begrimed with dirt and wet, staggered into the room, and threw himself upon the floor. The huge form of Bill Johnson stalked in after him, dripping with water indeed, but with his iron-face looking as fresh and kindly as if he had just waked up, on some calm May-morning, from a pleasant sleep.

"Well, old boy, what's what?" drawled out Fitz, who had half risen, and now sunk down lazily upon his elbow. "You did it up clean there, in the bush, I suppose?"

"Clean!" said Bill, as he set old Sue down in a corner with careful tenderness. "I aint mighty clean, outen the mud and stink er that river. But the way that wrinkly-faced hell-cat done us out clean's nothing to nobody! Them two 'll do for screamers, any dark night! We never seen a glimpse uv 'em after they got under them black woods, till we seed 'em safe enough in Navarro's Rancho, six miles over yonder, you know!"

"How *could* you have let 'em get away this time, Bill?"

"I don't mind er horse runnin, when I knows a horse is in the case, and can see which way he'll take. How could any body whar want too thick with Old Scratch, like she, have know'd they had a horse waitin in the bush? I think she'd tuck to her broom-stick, till the crack o' day. Then I seed ther horse-trail, and followed it till we all comed to the Rancho, and thar she war, on top er the picket, shakin her scraggy claws at us and screechin. Kern let drive at her, but he war too mad, it didn't do! She's *some*, boys! Bill Johnson says it! Whar's sumphen to drink, boys?"

Seizing a bottle, he half emptied its contents at a single draught, and passed it to the Colonel, who silently held up his hand for it.

The strange old witch and her worthy and worshipful nephew had thoroughly outdone and baffled us after all! Texans, the cream of frontier trailers, warriors, and desperadoes, outwitted—defeated by an old woman!!

But it is time we should bring these diffused and somewhat protracted sketches to a close for the present. Indeed, the incidents of the next week upon a theatre somewhat removed from this locality, embrace action much more extended and of greater historical importance, with a multiplication of characters and a com-

plication of exciting interest, which will require more space and time than we can now give. Before long we shall resume them, in connection, with—we hope—greater freshness and more undivided application. In the meantime, we will only hastily sketch through to the tragic denouement of the next day. We left the Rancho—without doing it or its people any farther injury—that evening, and returned to the Colonel's. Before sundown an express came from Bexar, recalling Hays and his Rangers to their post immediately. The news of a large body of Mexican troops from the Rio Grande actually on their way to destroy the place, was sufficient to rouse these dauntless and adventurous men. They shook off their fatigue, and we were soon in the saddle. No remonstrance could induce the Colonel to accompany us. He had scarcely spoken since the scene we have last described—sullen and bowed, all his ferocious animality seemed to have deserted him. We endeavored to make him see that his resolve to remain in such a neighborhood alone, and surrounded by an infuriated swarm of enemies, would be to insure his own murder. He went moping about like one who felt the heavy shadows of his doom closing and weighing upon him; seeing him so stolidly infatuated we were finally obliged to leave him. I looked back within a short distance. He was sitting on the stile-blocks of his Rancho—his head leaning on his arm, and his fingers mechanically playing with the lock of his favorite six-shooter. This was the last I ever saw of this violent man. After the wild and headlong struggles of the next week were ended, the Texan, the Bravo and myself, started from Bexar on our return to the interior, with a view of rousing the whole country to the defence of this devastated frontier, and to retaliatory invasion. We passed through this neighborhood again, and stopped at the Colonel's Rancho. We found it utterly deserted, and scared a black wolf from its bed on the ashes of the hearth. We found the contemptible Lieutenant bestialized with whiskey to the verge of idiocy. On inquiring of his chaste and delectable wife as to what had happened, we learned that on the evening of the day after we left, the Colonel had been shot, as he strolled listlessly and without any precautions about his premises. The rumor was that Agatone, accompanied by the old Senora and three men, had fired

upon him from a thicket. He fell, and they rushed out too soon—for before they could finish him he shot one of the men through the head, and it was thought had mortally wounded the old Señora. The ferocious Agatone had cut off his ears, and thrust them down his throat while he was dying, with the handle of his knife, and otherwise horribly mutilated his body, which was left for the wolves to devour. It was said that the boy John had led the party—how he had come to life was a problem to me. Antone had never been heard of. I suppose the wolves made a meal of him after I left. But enough of horrors! Black, I forgot to mention, had disappeared during the night of the siege—no one knew where! Bill had accompanied us, and

performed wonders of sagacity and skill in his peculiar department—which we shall take a future time to speak of; we left him with Hays in Bexar. The cunning Agatone is at this very time a scatheless cut-throat on that troubled frontier. Castro and his Lipans are still the Frontier allies of Captain (now Col.) Hays. Of the other personages we shall have more to say hereafter. The old Señora never entirely recovered, and I have heard since I left the country, that she was literally “roasted alive” in her bed some time afterwards, when the indignant Texans who had rallied to the frontier reduced her Rancho—what of it could be burned—to ashes, and left no “*Doby* upon another” of the rest!

## THE ATTRACTION OF SYMPATHY, OR LAW OF LOVE.

A FREE VERSION OF SCHILLER'S “FANTASIE AN LAURA.”

### I.

Know'st thou, my Laura, what compulsive arm  
 Draws frame to mortal frame?  
 Know'st thou what secret and resistless charm  
 Doth, with its magic claim,  
 Bind soul to soul in bonds of subtle flame?

### II.

What tells the choral planets round the sun  
 Their endless gyres to bring;  
 While, even as children round their father run,  
 Each in its mystic ring  
 Marks its bright path around the thronéd King?

### III.

With eager thirst each subject-star drinks up  
 The golden, solar rain—  
 Drinks glad refreshment from that fiery cup,  
 Even as from the brain  
 Our limbs their life and needful strength sustain.

### IV.

Atom with atom, through the might of Love,  
 In friendly union stays;  
 Its spell controls the rhythmic spheres above,  
 And bids each solar maze  
 Pursue its cyclic dance through endless days.



## V.

From Nature's clock-work strike this central wheel—  
 To ruin rushes all ;  
 Worlds and world-systems back to chaos reel ;  
 Dark grows each glittering ball :  
 Weep, weep ! O Newton, for their giant-fall !

## VI.

Through Love, all beings in communion dwell ;  
 Its strong, yet gentle hand  
 Rests on the world of spirits like a spell ;  
 Its silent, soft command  
 Moves with subduing sway o'er sea and land.

## VII.

Quench through the spirit-realm this vital breath—  
 The soul will turn a clod,  
 And through the wide, waste universe of Death,  
 No spring will deck the sod,  
 No being lift the voice of praise to God !

## VIII.

From Laura's kiss what means this feverish heat,  
 Whose instant, kindling flush  
 Makes the heart quicken its tempestuous beat,  
 Whence, pouring gush on gush,  
 The sanguine flood careers with fiery rush ?

## IX.

What makes each sinew from its fetters leap,  
 The channeled blood o'erflow,  
 Our separate frames one common impulse keep,  
 While sighs, so faint and low,  
 Betray our inmost spirits' mutual glow ?

## X.

Omnipotent, as in the eternal law  
 That sways all senseless things,  
 In senseful Nature, too, this Love will draw,  
 Beneath its brooding wings,  
 All that to God and to the Immortal clings.

## XI.

Lo ! how the rays, that beam from Joy's bright face,  
 Illume the brow of Care,  
 And, folding to her breast in warm embrace,  
 Sweet Hope, with eyes so fair,  
 Lights up the still, dim features of Despair !

## XII.

Pleasure, but witnessed, brightens even the sky,  
 That frowned like pitiless Doom ;  
 And Childhood's mirth will make the agéd eye  
 Forget the growing gloom,  
 That shrouds the chill, dark precincts of the tomb.

## XIII.

Does not the wide, wild realm of Evil own  
 The same enchanting spell ?

Heaven's foes are all collegued against its throne,  
 And fellowship will dwell  
 Among the fiends of Earth and devils of Hell.

## XIV.

The sleepless Fury, with her snaky scourge,  
 Remorse and Shame still brings;  
 Bold Crime stands ever upon Ruin's verge,  
 And deadly Treason flings  
 Her sudden net round Grandeur's eagle-wings.

## XV.

A fall still waits the proud man's haughty feet;  
 Envy assails the great;  
 Wealth's golden threads but weave his winding-sheet;  
 And Lust, his warm-eyed mate,  
 Still lures her victims to Destruction's gate.

## XVI.

Futurity's bright waves swell high to meet  
 The lapse of Time's dark tide,  
 And flying Saturn long has yearned to greet  
 Eternity, his bride,  
 In whose blest arms he will be deified.

## XVII.

When—so I heard an Oracle declare—  
 Old Time his bride shall claim,  
 Their nuptial torch, wide-streaming through the air,  
 Shall be a world in flame,  
 And the immortal groom shall lose his mortal name.

## XVIII.

Joy, joy, my Laura! for a fairer morn  
 Already glimmers gray,  
 And soon our souls, in Youth's glad fount reborn,  
 Shall walk in Love's pure ray  
 Along their shining way  
 Throughout the liquid lapse of all that bridal day!

Maryland, November, 1845.

NOSMETIPSI.

## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE aspect both of commercial and financial affairs has considerably changed since last month, owing to causes mainly political.

There is, in the first place, more general confidence that our difficulties with England respecting Oregon are likely to be adjusted peacefully—and one of the elements in this anticipated pacific solution is one largely affecting the commercial and monetary concerns of this coun-

try—an abandonment by England, in respect of articles of food, of her almost exclusive system of protection, and in respect of other articles of commerce, a material modification of that system.

As yet, indeed, this new policy is only inchoate, having been merely announced by Sir Robert Peel at the opening of Parliament as the purpose of the ministry. This intelligence reached us by the Cambria steamer, bringing dates



to the 5th of the present month. The details of the new plan are only given in outline in the paper, and are, of course, subject first of all, to the modifications which, in their progress through Parliament, they may undergo ; and secondly, to the contingency by no means improbable, of Sir Robert's yet finding himself unable to carry out this scheme. As a matter of fact we look upon it as quite problematical whether, with all his conceded ability, and the sort of necessity which seems to impose him upon the nation as the only man who can "weather the storm," Sir Robert Peel will be able to command a majority in the House of Peers—even with the support of the Duke of Wellington—to overthrow the Corn-laws—the bulwark, as they consider it, of the landed aristocracy.

Notwithstanding the uncertainty whether these free-trade efforts will succeed in England, we think it right to lay before the readers of the Review the propositions as made, so far as they affect American trade—

PREVIOUS DUTY.		
Bacon	14s per cwt	Free
Beef, fresh	8s do	Free
Beef, salted	8s do	Free
Hay	16s per load	Free
Hides	2s per lb	Free
Meat	8s per cwt	Free
Pork	8s per cwt	Free
Buckwheat	—	1s per qr
Candles, tal.	10s per cwt	5s per cwt
Cheese	10s 6d per cwt	5s do
Clocks	20 per cent	10 per cent
Hams	14s per cwt	7s per cwt
Hops	90s per cwt	45s per cwt
India Corn	heavy duty	Free
Rice	6s per cwt	1s per qr
Tallow	3s 2d per cwt	1s per cwt

SUGAR.

The produce of free labor to be admitted at a differential duty of 3s. 6d. per cwt. less than before ; thus the duty on Muscovado will be reduced from 9s. 4d. to 5s. 10d., and on clayed sugar from 11s. 8d. to 8s. 2d. or 8s. per cwt.

There are many other articles manufactured by the American artisan, which may be exported to England with advantage, provided this new Tariff is fully carried out.

As to wheat, which our readers must bear in mind always passes under the denomination of *corn* in England, it is proposed, *three years* from the passing of this bill, that it shall be *free*, and meantime be subject to the duty expressed in the following extract from Sir Robert Peel's speech :—

We propose, therefore, that the enactment to endure for three years shall be to this effect :—That in lieu of the duties now payable on the importation of corn, grain, meal, or flour, there shall be paid until the 1st day of February, 1849, the following duties, viz.,—If imported from any foreign country—

WHEAT.

Whenever the average price of wheat, made up and published in the manner required by law, shall be for every quarter

Under 48s the duty for every qr.				10s	
48	—	49s	do	do	9s
49	—	50s	do	do	8s
50	—	51s	do	do	7s
51	—	52s	do	do	6s
52	—	53s	do	do	5s
53 and upwards			do	do	4s

With respect to all other restrictions, I shall follow the scale that affects wheat.

As connected with this last item, and as indicating the range of prices for the six weeks preceding the departure of the last steamer, we annex the following table :—

AVERAGE PRICE OF GRAIN.

	Wheat.	Barley.	Oats.	Rye.	Beans.	Peas.
Dec. 20 . . . . .	57 11	32 7	23 4	34 5	39 6	42 5
Dec. 27 . . . . .	55 4	32 5	23 0	32 8	38 6	39 10
Jan. 3 . . . . .	55 1	31 11	22 3	33 6	37 9	39 1
Jan. 10 . . . . .	56 3	31 10	21 9	33 11	36 8	38 11
Jan. 17 . . . . .	56 2	31 11	22 3	34 9	36 9	39 3
Jan. 24 . . . . .	56 7	21 8	21 10	37 8	36 1	36 8
Aggregate av. of the six w'ks	56 1	32 0	22 5	31 6	37 6	39 4
Duty on fr'n pro. present w'k.	16 0	6 0	6 0	8 6	5 6	3 6
Do. on Canadian. . . . .	1 0	0 6	1 6	0 6	0 6	0 6
Other British Colonies. . . .	3 0	0 6	1 6	0 6	0 6	0 6

It is not to be disguised, that much reliance seems to be placed upon this opening of a British market to our agriculture as a peacemaker ; nor is it without interest to add that almost contemporaneously

with Sir Robert Peel's exposition of his project in the House of Commons, was a call in the House of Lords by Lord Montcagle, (formerly Mr. Spring Rice,) for the production and printing of the report of

Mr. Walker, Secretary of the Treasury of the U. S., recommending the modification of our Tariff and the abandonment of protective duties here.

The coincidence is not probably wholly accidental; nor is it unreasonable to surmise that there has been an exchange of opinion on the subject between the two governments—and that both see in their approach to freer commercial intercourse between the two, a ready mode of getting over the political difficulties on the subject of the boundary of Oregon, which has been so menacing to the peace and welfare of both.

In this point of view it is important to consider the proposed changes in our own Tariff. A bill elaborately prepared by the Secretary of the Treasury has, it is known, been for some week or two in the hands of the Committee of the House of Representatives charged with the matter, and its general import has been stated in the papers. As yet, however, whether from disagreement with some of its prin-

ciples, or its details, it has not been reported to the House of Representatives, and we are therefore compelled to take our information from such extracts as have appeared in the newspapers concerning it.

The Washington Union thus in general terms describes it.

"We understand, as the general result, that the net revenue under the proposed bill will make the *real* average of duty 19 73-100; *less* than 20 per cent. That *no duty* is *above* that *lowest* rate, which will yield on each article the largest amount of revenue; and that it is strictly a revenue tariff, unless the continuing of tea and coffee in the free list constitute an exception."

If this be so, the principle of protection would seem to be renounced, however some of the duties may in fact operate as measurably protective. The following comparative statement has been published, and is perhaps as near an approximation of the facts as can be got at without having the bill itself.

PROPOSED AND PRESENT TARIFF OF THE UNITED STATES.

*Proposed Tariff.*

*Present Tariff.*

	<i>per cent.</i>	
Brandy and other spirituous liquors, . . . . .	75	60 cts. to \$1 per gallon.
Cordials, . . . . .	75	60 cts. per gallon.
Wines of all kinds, . . . . .	30	6 cts. to 65 cts. per gallon.
Ready made clothing, and all articles worn by men, women and children, hosiery, &c., . . . . .	30	50 per cent.
Oil cloth, all kinds, . . . . .	30	12½ to 35 cts. per sq. yard.
Iron and manufactures of iron, . . . . .	30	\$17 to \$25 per ton and 1 to 1½ cts. per pound.
Manufactures of gold, silver, copper, brass, and all other metals, . . . . .	30	
Saddlery, coach and harness furniture, . . . . .	30	20 per cent.
Manufactures of leather, including boots, shoes, gloves, &c., . . . . .	30	15 cts. to \$1.50 per pair.
Fur caps, hats, muffs, tippets, and all manufactures of furs, . . . . .	30	35 per cent.
Segars, snuff, manufactures of tobacco, . . . . .	30	10 to 40 cts. per pound.
Tobacco unmanufactured, . . . . .	30	20 per cent.
Manufactures of marble, . . . . .	30	30 per cent.
Jewelry and imitations, . . . . .	30	20 to 25 per cent.
Clocks, . . . . .	30	25 per cent.
Watches, . . . . .	10	7½ per cent.
Sugar, . . . . .	30	2½ to 4 cts. per pound.
Molasses, . . . . .	30	4½ mills per pound.
Soap, . . . . .	30	10 to 30 per cent.
Medicinal preparations, . . . . .	30	20 per cent.
Spices, . . . . .	30	2 to 75 cts. per pound.
Coal and coke, . . . . .	30	\$1.75 per ton, 5 cts. per bush.
Almonds and other nuts, . . . . .	30	1 to 3 cts. per pound.
Raisins and other fruit, . . . . .	30	1 to 3 cts. per pound.
Manufactures of wool, . . . . .	25	40 per cent.
"    worsted, . . . . .	25	30 per cent.
"    mohair, . . . . .	25	20 per cent.
"    silk, . . . . .	25	\$1.50 to \$2.50 per pound.
Ingrain and other common carpeting, . . . . .	25	30 per cent.
Brussels and other fine carpeting, . . . . .	30	55 to 65 cts. per sq. yard.
Buttons, all kinds, . . . . .	25	25 to 30 per cent.



Flannels, baizes and bockings, . . . . .	25	14 cts. per sq. yard.
Manufactures of hemp, . . . . .	20	20 per cent.
"    linen, . . . . .	20	25 per cent.
"    cotton, . . . . .	20	30 per cent.
Wool, unmanufactured, . . . . .	20	5 per cent., 3 cts. per pound and 30 per cent.
Hemp, " . . . . .	20	\$25 to \$40 per ton.
Flax, " . . . . .	20	\$20 per ton.
Hair cloth and hair seating, . . . . .	20	
Leghorn and straw hats, . . . . .	20	35 per cent.
Raw silks, . . . . .	0	50 cts. per pound.
Sewing silks, . . . . .	20	\$2 per pound.
Blankets costing under 75 cents, . . . . .	10	15 per cent.
Blankets costing over 75 cents, . . . . .	20	25 per cent.
Glass tumblers, not cut, . . . . .	20	10 cts. per pound.
Plate glass and cut glass, . . . . .	30	5 to 12 cts. per sq. foot, and 25 to 30 per cent.
Plain window glass, . . . . .	30	2 to 10 cts. per sq. foot.
Manufactures of glass, . . . . .	30	25 per cent.
Foolscap, letter and other paper, . . . . .	20	10 to 17 cts. per pound.
Blank books, . . . . .	20	35 to 40 cts. per pound.
Printed books, all kinds, . . . . .	20	5 to 50 cts. per pound and volume.
Lead in pigs, bars or sheets, . . . . .	20	1½ to 4 cts. per pound.
Leather of all kinds, and skins, . . . . .	20	6 to 8 cts. per pound, 75 cts. to \$5 per dozen.
Linseed or hempseed oil, . . . . .	20	25 per cent.
Linseed or hempseed, . . . . .	10	5 per cent.
Red and white lead, . . . . .	20	4 cts. per pound.
All other paints, . . . . .	20	20 per cent.
Carbonates of soda, . . . . .	20	20 per cent.
Acids, all kinds, . . . . .	20	20 per cent.
Chocolate, beef, pork, wheat, and other provisions, . . . . .	20	
Olive oil, . . . . .	20	30 per cent.
Oranges and lemons, . . . . .	20	20 per cent.
Ale, beer and porter, . . . . .	20	15 to 20 cts. per gallon.
Gums, crude or refined, . . . . .	20	15 to 25 per cent.
Balsams, essences, tinctures, perfumes, &c., for the toilet or medicinal purposes, . . . . .	30	25 per cent.
Diamonds, rubies and other precious stones, . . . . .	10	7 to 7½ per cent.
Imitations thereof, . . . . .	10	7½ per cent.
Indigo, cochineal, &c., . . . . .	10	5 cts. per pound.
Soda ash, barilla, kelp, natron, . . . . .	10	20 per cent.
Gunny cloth, . . . . .	10	5 cts. per sq. yard.
Tin plates, . . . . .	10	2½ per cent.
Copper ore, copper pigs, tin, zinc, brass, &c., unmanu- factured, . . . . .	5	1 to 30 per cent.
Tea, coffee, salt and raw cotton, . . . . .	free	Cotton 3 cts. per pound, salt 8 cts. per bushel, tea and coffee free.

The duties are all calculated on the *ad valorem* principle, and, except on distilled spirits, none of them exceed 30 per cent. That per centage, if it can be fairly and fully exacted, would, it is not doubted, for many and probably for all well-established manufactures, be adequate protection—but it will be found impossible to carry them out; the *ad valorem* principle offers such bounties to fraud and piracy, that no restrictions nor penalties can prevent them. Of this, however, we shall have more to say when the bill itself shall be reported.

The condition of the money market is

easy and satisfactory, and the general run of business is steady. All new and distant enterprises are still more or less paralyzed by the uncertainty that hangs over our political affairs—but the constant and daily trade of the country, which is immense, is prosperous.

We annex a comparative statement of the condition of the banks of N. Y., on 1st. February.

#### COMPARATIVE CONDITION OF THE BANKS.

Comparative condition of the Banks of this State for the 1st February inst., with that of the February quarterly report of last year, viz:

	Feb. 1, 1845.	Feb. 1, 1846.
Loans and disc'ts,	70,833,578	71,897,570
Stocks,	10,244,043	11,050,464
Specie,	6,893,236	8,361,383
Cash items,	4,839,886	6,370,302
Bank notes,	2,337,008	2,580,711
Due from Banks,	7,684,850	10,181,277
Capital,	43,674,146	42,956,489
Circulation,	18,513,403	21,159,987
Deposites,	25,976,246	29,654,401
Due to Banks,	11,501,102	14,843,359
Due Canal Fund,	1,607,572	896,848

This comparison shows an *increase*, in every item except capital, since the February report of last year.

Since the last report, (Nov. 1, 1845,) the *decrease* in loans and discounts is \$2,882,965; in specie, \$523,162, in circulation, \$465,252, and in deposits, \$2,119,590.

Of the stock market the general characteristic is, that in safe dividend-paying stocks there has been but little variation during the past month.

In the "fancies" the ups and downs denote nothing but the triumph for the day of the bulls or the bears.

We annex quotations of the principal stocks:

#### QUOTATIONS OF STOCKS.

##### GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

		Off'd.	Ask'd.
U. S. Loan, 6 per cent., 1862,	110½	112½	
Do. 5 " 1853,	99¼	99¾	

##### STATE SECURITIES.

New York 7 per cent., 1848,	103	104	
Do. 7 " 1849,	105¼	106	
Do. 6 " 1854,	105	106	
Do. 6 " 1860,	107	108	
Do. 6 " 1861,	107	108	
Do. 6 " 1862,	107½	108	
Do. 5½ " 1861,	102	102½	
Do. 5 " 1846,	99¼	99½	
Do. 5 " 1847,	99¼	99½	
Do. 5 " 1848,	99	99½	
Do. 5 " 1850,	99¼	99¾	
Do. 5 " 1855,	99½	100	
Do. 5 " 1858,	99½	100	
Do. 5 " 1860,	99½	100	
Do. 4½ " 1849,	93	97	
Ohio, 7 " 1851,	101½	102	
Do. 6 " 1850,	93¼	93¾	
Do. 6 " 1856,	93½	93¾	
Do. 5 " 1850,	84	87	
Kentucky, 6 " 99¾	100		
Do. 5 " 84	87		
Illinois, 6 " 1870,(Sp'l)	37	37½	
Indiana, 5 " Ster. 25 yrs.	41½	42	
Do. 5 " Dol. 25 yrs.	41¼	42	
Arkansas, 6 " 38	40		

Alabama, 5 "	72	73
Pennsylv'a, 5 "	71½	71⅝
Maryland, 6 "	78¼	78½
Tennessee, 6 "	96	97
Do. 5 "	82½	84

##### CITY, &c.

N. Y. City, 7 per cent., 1857,	109	111
Do. 7 " 1852,	105¼	107½
Do. 5 " 1850,	94	
Do. Water L'n, 1858,	95	95½
Do. " 1870,	95½	95¾
Brooklyn, 6 per cent., 1855,	100½	103
Do. 6 " 1857,	100½	103
Do. 6 " 1858,	100½	103

##### MISCELLANEOUS.

New York Life Ins. & Tr. Co.	110	111
Farmer's Loan & Trust Co.	27½	27¾
Ohio Life Ins. & Trust Co.	99½	100
Camden & Amboy RR. Co.	119	
New Jersey RR. & Trans. Co.	102½	103
Mohawk & Hudson RR. Co.	50	51
Utica & Schenectady RR. Co.	118	119
Syracuse & Utica Railroad Co.	110	115
Auburn & Syracuse RR. Co.	100	101
Auburn & Rochester RR. Co.	100	100¼
New York Gas Light Co.	114	116
Phil. & Reading RR. Co.	67¾	68

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἴδεν ἄστρα, καὶ νοὸν ἔγνω.

"He beheld the cities of many nations, and became acquainted with the opinions of men.—ODYSSEY.

THE Liverpool packet of the 4th of February, brought intelligence of no ordinary importance, for which, however, previous advices had fully prepared the public mind. The British Parliament met on the 22d of January, and full expla-

nations were immediately made of the strange disruption, and the still stranger reconstruction, of the Cabinet. They presented substantially the facts previously known, and set forth in the last number of our Review. Then followed the great



financial measure of Sir Robert Peel—a measure which, more than anything else, marks the growth of popular power in the British Empire—based upon principles against which he has always fought, and in explicitly-avowed abandonment of that theory of Protection upon which all the landed and conservative interests of the Empire rest. What are its provisions, and what will be its probable effect upon this country, are fully set forth under our financial head.

It will readily be supposed that so remarkable a step on the part of the Premier, was not taken without provoking very embittered references to that long and brilliant political career, upon whose principles and policy it placed at once the brand of condemnation. Both within and without the walls of Parliament Sir Robert Peel was assailed with reproaches for his inconsistency. He was denounced in the most violent terms, as having betrayed the party to which he owed his elevation, and threatened with its displeasure, which must hurl him from his official preëminence. He met the shock with dignity and courage. An honorable relief from the duties of office, he declared, would be to him a favor and not a punishment; but he proclaimed his readiness “to incur its responsibilities, to bear its sacrifices, to affront its honorable perils; but,” said he, “I will not retain it with mutilated power and shackled authority. I will not stand at the helm during the tempestuous night, if that helm is not allowed to traverse freely. I will not undertake to direct the course of the vessel by observations taken in 1842. I will reserve to myself the unfettered power of judging what will be for the public interest. I do not desire to be Minister of England; but while I am Minister of England, I will hold office by no servile tenure: I will hold office unshackled by any other obligation than that of consulting the public interests and providing for the public safety.” This is language worthy the high position from which it was uttered.

The measure, it is believed, will pass the House of Commons, and the Lords will acquiesce, though not without a struggle. It has thrown parties and party organs into some confusion. The *Times* defends it in the main. The *Herald*, hitherto strictly ministerial, cannot “conceal its disappointment at the paltriness of the compensation offered to the agricultural interest.” The *Post* exhorts all the protectionists, “all men of common sense and sound principle” to oppose the “new device of the enemy”—absolute free trade in corn at the end of three years; and to pursue under all circumstances a “stern, uncompromising resistance to the scheme.” The *Standard* confesses that it “cannot

understand the proposed change,” or rather that it “cannot believe it rightly understands a change proposed by one whom it had been accustomed to regard as a statesman of the first order, but which it is impossible to reconcile with all he has before uniformly professed and taught.” The *Daily News*, the new radical paper, and the *Globe*, Whig, censure the delay of three years in the abolition of the duty; and the *Sun* approves it entirely—regarding the question as settled, and adding that “the Peers and the landlords may for a time rebel against the minister; but all the wise, all the prudent, and all the able portion of the aristocracy know that their efforts are vain, and that in this country no class, however powerful, not even the first nor the second estate of the realm can gainsay the voice of the people.” This, we apprehend, is very nearly the truth; and it is certainly a truth of the very highest importance to the progress of the principles of popular freedom in the British Empire.

Public attention in England has been so much absorbed by this financial measure, that other topics have received but little notice. In reply to questions in the House, Sir Robert Peel expressed some censure of Mr. Pakenham’s summary rejection of the offer of the President to make the 49th parallel the boundary line in Oregon—not that the rejection was wrong in itself, but because it should first have been referred to his Government at home—where it might have been made the *basis* of a proposition that should prove acceptable. The tone of the press upon the subject has undergone but little alteration. England, although apparently willing to accept any fair and equitable offer by which the difficulty may be adjusted, is evidently preparing for an adverse issue, which, to say the least, is possible—and notwithstanding the formidable condition of her military and naval force, very large additions to both are demanded by the Government.

In the French Legislature American affairs have been made the subject of protracted, able and important discussions. In the Chamber of Peers the subject was brought up by Count Pelet de La Lozère, formerly a Cabinet minister, and a man of ability. He called upon Guizot for explanations, which were at once afforded. As between England and the United States, his policy was to preserve an attitude of entire *neutrality*. But when he came to speak of Texas, and of the manner in which he had joined with England in her efforts to prevent annexation, he was forced to justify a palpable abandonment of neutral principles and a direct interference in American affairs. This led him naturally to the right which he asserts for France and the European powers in general, of preserving an *equilibrium*—a



balance of power—among the various powers on the American Continent. He was very ably answered by MM. THIERS, BERRYER, BILLAULT, and others, and M. DE TOCQUEVILLE had announced his intention of speaking on the same side. The speech of Thiers was long and very able, in defence of the United States, urging the utility to France of an American alliance, and contesting the general principles which Guizot had laid down. By all the orators of the opposition the Minister's assumption that the rapid growth of the American Union was in the least degree dangerous to France, was scouted, and his theory of interference to prevent its too great extension, was vigorously resisted. The ministerial resolutions, however, were adopted by a decisive majority.

In the Literary Intelligence of the month, we find little of any great interest. A history by Capt. Keppell, has been published of the English Expedition against the Pirates of Borneo, which opens an entirely new field for description and speculation, and is said to possess many features of remarkable interest. The expedition has hitherto excited but little attention; but we doubt not that, although having for its avowed object merely the suppression of piracy in one of the East India Islands, it will in the end be found to have had important relations to the extension of British commerce and enterprise.

Vols. I. and II. of Count Montholon's History of the Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena, have made their appearance. As the work will, of course, speedily be reprinted in this country, we may defer any notice of its character and contents. That it will be read with avidity may safely be predicted.

A book of Travels through England and Scotland, by the German Dr. CARUS, who accompanied the King of Saxony on his tour in 1844, has just been published in London, and attracts a good deal of attention. It seems to be able, and in a high degree, interesting. Passing over its speculations we find quoted from it two or three portraits, which our readers may be glad to see—as this of Sir Robert Peel, who “appears about fifty years old. He is well built, rather stout, with a significant structure of the head, inclining towards breadth. The three divisions of the cranium are tolerably well proportioned, so far as I could observe them through the rather thick grizzled hair—the middle of the head is not high. The countenance expresses much firmness, united with something thoroughly prosaic, but acute and judicious. In conversation with superior personages, [Dr. Carus probably ranks the King of Saxony far above the Prime Minister of England,] his mode of expression, with all its reserve, falls into

an amiable tone, and his gestures also partake the change. His general demeanor is polite, cautious and self-possessed.” Of the Duke of Wellington the same graphic pencil gives this sketch: “Just the model of an old soldier! Stiff, half-deaf, yet cheerful; you may see, even now, that he was, in his day, a well-formed, compact man. The form of his head and his face inclines to length; the forehead and the posterior part of the head are tolerably well elevated. His white hair is rather plentiful for his age. His eyes are set in wide hollows, and seem to bear witness to his character, as a man accustomed to trust his own eyes, rather than to listen to others.” The Czar of Russia, a decided notability of the day, says Dr. Carus, “has a tall, handsome, broad-shouldered and powerful figure, with a symmetrically shaped head, but without any remarkable modeling of the forehead. His hair is brown, and thin at the top: his features are calm, large and regular, not without something of elegance and mildness. His carriage is quite military; his movements are quick and decisive, and his gestures free and expressive.” These extracts indicate vigor, and an eye for prominent characteristics, which may make the book valuable and interesting.

SIR JOHN BARROW, in his old age, being within a year or two as old as GALLATIN, has prepared and published a synoptical history of all the English Expeditions of Discovery and Research in the Arctic Seas. It has, of course, a very marked interest and value.

The Daily News—the new London rival of the Times, with which the name of Dickens was connected in the preliminary announcements—made its first appearance on the 21st of January. It is a large and very well filled paper, excelling in the department of musical criticism, and likely, so far as can be judged from appearances, to prove successful. Dickens' labors thus far have not extended beyond two or three “Traveling Letters” from Italy.

A book with the ambitious title of the “Age of Pitt and Fox,” is announced in London, and the first volume has been issued. It is by the author of “Ireland and its Rulers,” a book of little merit and less success, issued a few years since. We have seen the first volume of this new book. It is racily written, but falls short of the strength and knowledge with which so important a work should be marked.

Among the books in press, announced in London, is the Life and Correspondence of HUME, by J. H. Burton, to be in two volumes and prepared from original manuscripts. If well done it cannot fail to be valuable.

The other literary announcements are of no great interest. A splendidly illustrated



book on the Picturesque Antiquities of Spain has been issued. The Stuart Papers; the Correspondence of Bishop Atterbury; the letters and papers of Lord Bolingbroke, the Earl of Mar, the Duke of Wharton and others; the Miscellanies of Sir James Mackintosh, collected by his son; Pericles—a Tale of Athens, by the author of a “Brief Sketch of Greek Philosophy;” the fourth volume of d’Aubigné’s History of the Reformation; a Life of Sir Philip Durham; Kugler’s Hand-book of Painting; these are all the books announced in regard to which any general interest will be felt. New editions of many very valuable books have been printed.

An important accession has been made to scientific libraries, in the publication, in quarto and very expensive form, of the *Magnetical and Meteoric Observations* made at the Greenwich Royal Observatory in the year 1843—issued under the direction of the Board of Admiralty. Many of these observations are highly interesting.

Another scientific publication of marked value is that upon the *Geology of Russia in Europe and the Ural Mountains*, by Murchison, de Verneuil and Count Von Keyserling—issued in two volumes, uniform with Murchison’s *Silurian system*. The main object of the work is stated to be to aid the inquiries of geologists of the present day into the order of the older sedimentary strata, and of the organic remains they respectively contain. Russia exhibits an unaltered succession of older rocks, and presents greater facilities than any other country in Europe for such an inquiry. As a general result of his investigation, Mr. Murchison maintains that “the lower Silurian rocks constitute the earliest formed sediments in which animal life has been discovered in tracts where the series, void of all animal remains in its lowest stratum, rest on crystalline rocks.” The subject of the *drift*, so extensively spread over Southern Europe, and the boulders which accompany it, is treated at considerable length. The second volume of the work includes the palæontology by M. de Verneuil and Count Keyserling, aided by other distinguished naturalists.

At the meeting of the Asiatic Society in London on the 17th of January, a letter was read from Capt. Newbold, giving a description of some remarkable tombs he had visited in North Arcot, which cover an area of more than a square mile, and are said to bear a close resemblance to some of the Druidical remains of England.

At the Paris Academy of Sciences on the 12th a paper of mournful interest was read on the premature interments, which, under existing regulations, are known to occur more or less frequently in France. It was stated that since 1833 no less than 94 such burials were prevented by causes purely

accidental: of these, 35 persons, supposed to be dead, had suddenly awaked just as their coffins were about to be nailed. M. le Guern, who presented the paper, expresses the belief that at least 27 persons are annually buried while yet alive, in France alone.

Some experiments performed by Professor Faraday, upon the correlated phenomena of magnetism and light, have excited a good deal of interest. The magnetic force employed in these experiments was derived from an electro-magnet of great size and power. The magnet used was a half link of the former East India moorings, surrounded by several coils of thick copper wire; and the source of the electric power was Grove’s battery, about twenty cells of which were employed. To give an idea of the force of this electro-magnet, Prof. Faraday stated that “once, while he was at work in his laboratory, an iron candlestick which happened to be standing near its poles, instantly flew to them, attracted with such violence as to displace or break everything in its way.” A piece of heavy glass was so adjusted between the poles of the magnet as to receive a ray of the oxy-hydrogen light of Drummond, after it had been polarized and before it had been depolarized by Nicholl’s eye-piece. The following facts, demonstrating the magnetism of light, were then exhibited:

“1. As to the *rotation* of the ray. A polarized ray, having been extinguished by the depolarizing plate, was instantaneously restored when the magnetic current was sent through the prism through which the ray was transmitted; and conversely, the polarized ray, when, by the common adjustments of the plate, it had been made visible, was extinguished by the force of the current.

“2. As to the relations of this electro-magnetic power to other laws of polarized light. The rotation having been established, it was shown (a) that the direction was absolutely dependent on that of the magnetic force (b). That, while in common circular polarization, the ray of light always rotates in the same direction *with regard to the observer*, (to whatever part of the medium his view may be directed,) it is very different in the state of the ray induced by this new force. When brought under the influence of the magnetic current, polarized rays always rotate in a constant direction with respect, *not to the observer, but to the plane of the magnetic curves*.

In exhibiting the results of these highly interesting experiments, Prof. Faraday stated that it did not seem to him impossible, that the sun’s rays might be found to originate the magnetic force of the earth, and the air and water of our planet might be proved to be the dia-magnetic media in which this condition of the force was eliminated. The subject had attracted the attention of the Paris Academy, and had been there discussed.

At a recent sitting of the Royal Academy



of Sciences at Berlin, Encke, the astronomer, produced *eleven* small manuscript works by the illustrious Leibnitz, all unpublished and upon mathematical subjects. A manuscript copy of a treatise by Blaise Pascal, hitherto supposed to have been lost, has also been recently found. It is entitled *Generatio Conisectionum*, and is characterized in a letter written by Leibnitz, who had examined it in 1676, as a work of great ability and scientific value.

The month has witnessed the deaths of quite a number of men of more or less literary celebrity. Among them is John Hookham Frere, a poet of some ability, an assistant of Canning in the "Anti-Jacobin," and Ambassador in Spain during a part of the Peninsular war. Byron, in speaking of his Beppo, says "I have written a poem of eighty-four octave stanzas, in or after the excellent manner of Mr. Whistlecraft, whom I take to be Mr. Frere." And he it was; but his book has probably never been heard of by a hundred persons this side of the Atlantic. He was 74 when he died, and in the receipt of a diplomatic premium of £1,516. Rev. Dr. d'Oyley, a frequent theological contributor to the *Quarterly*, when it was in Gifford's hands, and author of a Life of Archbishop San-croft, also died during the month.

The Paris papers announce the death of M. de Sénancourt, author of "Obermann" and other works. At Halle, the well-known archæologist Herr Dorow, author of several works upon that subject, some of which achieved a European reputation, died a few weeks since. The death of M. Jacquemin at Paris is also announced. He was the author of a number of vaudevilles, and of a Biography of celebrated men—but one of his best titles to remembrance is founded upon his courageous conduct as commissary of the police, during the prevalence of the cholera in Paris, when the old cry of "poisoners" was revived. On one occasion he rescued a poor wretch from the very hands of the mob, who were on the point of sacrificing him to the belief that some sweetmeats found upon him was poisoned. To convince them of their rashness Jacquemin ate the sweetmeats in their presence.

Of the progress of education in Greece an Athens paper furnishes very gratifying evidence. In 1838 only 25 students were in the University; during the last year there have been 195. At the close of the year there were in Greece 281 commercial schools, attended by 27,400 children; of these schools, 34 were for young girls, and had 3,360 scholars. There were, besides, 37 secondary schools and 4 gymnasia, frequented by about 5,000 pupils.

We cannot close our miscellany without referring to (and we regret that we can do no more) a very interesting description, in

a late number of the *China Mail*, of a dinner and party of ceremony between the High Imperial Commissioner Keying, and the English authorities at Hong-Kong. The details of the ceremonies observed are very interesting; but we can make only two slight extracts, both concerning Keying—of which the first relates to his manner, and the second to his person:

"Nothing could exceed the affability and good-humor of Keying, accompanied by the highest tact and good breeding. He was jovial at dinner, but without excess; and after having volunteered a Mantchou Tartar song, which he gave with great spirit, the company adjourned to the drawing-room, where a party consisting of the ladies of the garrison, with most of the naval and military officers and civil residents, had assembled. Keying went the round of the room with the utmost blandness, offering his hand to each of the ladies, and distinguishing one or two of them by little presents of purses or rosaries taken from his person. There was one little girl in particular, about seven years of age, present, in whom Keying seemed much interested, and it was delightful to witness the good nature and benevolence of his manner when he took her upon his knee to caress her, and then placed an ornament about her neck. His fine Tartar head and person, grouped with the infant beauty of the little stranger, formed quite a picture. Keying retired shortly after eleven o'clock, but not till he had asked the General, with characteristic good nature, if he wished him to remain any longer, evidently desirous not to disappoint the guests, who crowded round him with a mingled feeling of respect and curiosity. There was another instance of high breeding worthy of being recorded. A married lady who was sitting near him attracted a good deal of his attention, and having desired one of his attendants to bring him a silk handkerchief he presented it to her, and begged he might retain her own in exchange for it. The lady was momentarily embarrassed, and Keying seeing this, said "he hoped he had done nothing contrary to our usages of propriety," an apology which was immediately appreciated and understood."

The other passage is still more brief;—and with that we close for the month:

"A man so famous in the western world as Keying was, of course, the observed of all observers during his visit. He is, we should suppose, of some fifty years of age, his tall and majestic form being graced with manners at once dignified and courteous. His whole deportment, in short, was that of a perfectly well bred man of the world; and, but for his dress and language, he might have been taken for a fine specimen of the old English gentleman of the highest class. As we saw him on such public occasions his bland countenance was beaming with good-humored benevolence; but it is of an intellectual cast, and lighted up with a twinkling eye, which, as occasion demands, would be equally expressive of penetrating shrewdness as of social glee.



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Sketches from Life, by the late LAMAN BLANCHARD; edited, with a Memoir of the Author, by SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, Bart.* New York: Wiley & Putnam.

Gentle, delicate, loving Blanchard! One is conscious of a fullness at the eyes on seeing his very name—associated as it is with so much that is charming in thought, beautiful in life, and mournful in death. What a saddening commentary upon the life of the man of letters in London, his career furnishes! His was the legitimate development and experience of a professional *Literateur*—of the true metropolitan growth. He was a genuine “cockney”—but ah, how gloriously is the better meaning of that term illustrated when we remember that Blanchard, Hood, Hunt, Jerrold, Dickens, were all *cockneys*! These men have served a regular apprenticeship beneath the shadows of Grub-street, and worked their way up through each dreary grade of delving labors, into the light—and, as well, into the recognized and happy privilege of reeling blindly into their unheeded graves after having worn out brains and life in the most amazing and pitifully remunerated drudgery. Two of them—Hood and Blanchard—have already consummated this most royal and magnificent “privilege”—they have rendered up their lives after the most approved and matter-of-fact methods. The life of one was crushed out of him by over-work, and this self-murder on “compulsion” was christened Hypochondriasis—and all was natural enough and well! The other in the awful blindness of insanity, brought on by the same cause, happened to anticipate a few hours, what was inevitable, with the help of a razor; and as this deed was classified under an unfashionable name, the world was absolutely surprised into seeing there was something terrible at the bottom of *this* case, and the whites of eyes and palms of hands were actually turned up in holy horror for an instant over its circumstances! How many stopped to remember that their own base and niggardly illiberality had helped to murder these two men, and was helping to murder a thousand others in the same legitimate, piece-meal style! Oh, that bright and earnest natures must thus wear out the fine and subtle texture of their being in the lingering tortures of a “hell-of-life,”—made so because besotted wealth will spare no crumbs from the table of its beastly excesses—which thrown to such would make them rich indeed—would drive away this phan-

tom of haggard want which is pursuing them even to the death! The deep unpardonable curse of such neglect must rest upon the misused wealth and mercenary spirit which continues passive when and while such things be! In his earlier life, filled with a young Poet's yearnings to bless his kind, Blanchard threw himself without reserve, with no intention of looking back, into the mighty and tumultuous struggle for “*a hearing*” of which the metropolis is the arena. After years of darkened, pained and exhausting hurry, he found he had reached the goal—he might be heard—might wreak upon expression the beautiful within himself, and the world would listen. But this precious right had been won too late—he was already outworn. If he sunk by the wayside to rest, the phantom whispered, “work! work! remember, thou hast purchased this privilege of charming, to enlighten thy fellow-men at the price of ‘so many’ drops an hour of your life-blood! up! and on! the price must be paid.” He did up and on until he staggered and grew wild with the changeless and inexorable agony; and even when he had won competency at last, and had placed himself above the reach of pecuniary difficulties, still the same pale ghost of Want continued to haunt his over-strung brain and drove him to madness! This is a fearful picture—but it is not the less true of himself, and is almost literally so of thousands of his profession in England and in this country. His distinguished Biographer says, in reference to this condition of affairs:

“In his life are apparent many of the sores and evils peculiar to literary men in a country in which mind is regarded but as a common ware of merchandise; its products to be bought but by the taste and fashion of the public; with no resource in those provisions which elsewhere (and in Germany more especially) the State affords to such as quit the Agora for the Schools. The institution of professional chairs in Germany has not only saved many a scholar from famine, many a genius from despair, but, by offering subsistence and dignity to that valuable class of writers whose learning and capacities unfit them, by reason of their very depth, for wide popularity, it has given worthy and profitable inducements to grave study, and, more than all else, has maintained the German fame for patient erudition, and profound philosophy. And this has been effected without the evils which free-traders in literature have supposed the concomitants of the system; it has not lessened the boldness and originality of such authors as a Public alone can reward and appreciate; nor has it crushed, by the patronage of a State, the spirit of free inquiry and enlarged discussion. In England, the



author who would live on his works can live only by the Public; in other words, the desultory readers of light literature; and hence the inevitable tendency of our literary youth is towards the composition of works without learning and forethought. Leisure is impossible to him who must meet the exigencies of the day; much information of a refining and original kind is not for the multitude. The more imaginative rush to novels, and the more reflective fritter away their lives in articles for periodicals. Under such influences the author of these volumes lived and died."

Bulwer has never exhibited himself in a more amiable light, to our apprehensions, than in this delicately appreciative memoir of Laman Blanchard. He voluntarily assumed the task of its preparation, together with that of the editorship of his collected miscellanies, and has executed them in a loving and fraternal spirit in view of the pecuniary benefits which might result to his unprovided family. God speed the noble enterprise!—though the expression of such a hope sounds sufficiently like mockery coming from any quarter in this country—since our refusal to legislate upon the question of international copy-right law is the chief reason why such generous and benevolent enterprises are for the most part rendered nugatory. When will this darker blot than Repudiation even, be wiped from our fame? As a writer, Blanchard was never permitted to express himself fully in any sustained effort. The wear and tear of daily, weekly and monthly, drafts upon his mind was too great. In the language of his Biographer:

"There is a fatal facility in supplying the wants of the week by the rapid striking off a pleasant article, which interferes with the steady progress, even with the mature conception of an elaborate work."

There is, in his poetry, that degree of "strangeness" which somebody says is necessary to the expression of beauty in woman, and which we say is equally so to that of genius. Indeed, no other word so well conveys the absolute freshness of astonishment with which we regard the wonderfully exquisite passages which occur in his early volume, "*Lyric Offerings*." For instance, in the sonnet on evening:

"Already hath the Day grown gray with age;  
And in the west, like to a conqueror crowned,  
Is faint with too much glory. On the ground  
He flings his dazzling arms; and, as a sage,  
Prepares him for a cloud-hung hermitage,  
Where Meditation meets him at the door."

There is a dreamy, remote, yet startling suggestiveness in this image which has seldom been surpassed in modern poetry, and there are very many such in that of Laman Blanchard. Unfortunately he wrote too little! His facile and graceful fancy expended itself at random in essays. Some

of these are dainty and rare enough to be worthy of the gentle Elia. There is one upon "Quotations," from which we cannot forbear to extract—since we particularly affect a weakness on our own part for these "cunning children of fiction."

"Quotation is then a kind of fairy-land estate, of which every man who can muster some half a dozen volumes (besides a Shakespeare, which comes as it were of course) has the title-deeds in his possession. In it, as in an ark, are the chosen of many cantos congregated. Here shall we meet, in promiscuous communion, a type of all that can grace and diversify the physical and moral world. Here shall we find the cunning children of fiction nestling in the furrows of matter-of-fact: sylphids nodding from the crest of Alexander; grasshoppers and great men: the "green and golden basilisk" with the "white and winged dove." Here "dolphins gambol in the lion's den;" while the lion himself is stretched

"Beside the lamb as though he were his brother."

Genii and gallant knights pass to battle in an armor of rose-leaves, riveted with dew-drops; while the ladye for whose love they combat, and whom we carry about with us in some miniature quotation, can boast a foot that would fail to crush the thistle-down, though trampling upon the domestic associations of readers, and upon creeds and commandments. It is a garden of the Hesperides, without a dragon to watch over it—an Eden of liberty, having no forbidden tree; the apples we pluck in quotation are propitious as that which Acontius threw into the bosom of Cydippe.

Shall we not rejoice then and revel in the glorious liberty of extract, and quote to the thousandth line? Shall we not have pages like the Pyramids? Who ever skipped a quotation, though it made against the interest of the story? Besides, how many books might be numbered that are valuable only in a solitary quotation!—as the oyster is esteemed for the pearl it may sometimes contain."

There is yet another pleasing illustration occurs to us of that union of a fantastic ideal with the humorous, which constitutes much of the charm of his style. We cannot deprive our readers of it. It is showing "that old birds are not to be caught with chaff:"

"The older the bird, the more he flatters himself that he is worth catching. He is easily caught, were it worth while; but you have caught nothing perhaps, when you have got him. Chaff is too valuable, too precious, to be expended wastefully; and because you are not silly enough to throw powder away, he conceives himself to be shot-proof. As nobody tries to catch him, he fondly persuades himself that his own exceeding cunning secures him from capture. "Take me if you can," chirps he; and goes dodging about the woods, as though a flock of golden vultures were pursuing him. He is quite safe. He has not the felicity of being in peril. The young condor, pressed even by



vulgar appetite, will not do him the honor of dining upon him. His toughness and antiquity are sure safeguards. He is only not captured, because there is nothing captivating about him. But if, by any chance, he hath a tail-feather fit for plucking, or a bone worthy of being picked, then is your old bird in imminent danger, for you may catch him when you like with half a pinch of chaff. The tender foxling, not arrived at the maturity of slyness, who never tasted chicken of his own stealing, shall take him without a ruffle of his plumage—only by pronouncing its dingy brown to be rich crimson.”

*Miscellaneous Sermons.* By the REV. SIDNEY SMITH. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.

This is a delightful volume for thought and language. The style is like, yet unlike, that of the reverend editor's reviews and political essays. It has the same general construction—long sentences, yet never involved, simple in parts, weighty as a whole, and of a diction singularly firm and pure; but it is—naturally, as became the sacred desk—more measured and solemn. It has little of the chiseled classicality that so distinguishes the beautiful Sermons of his countryman, Blair; nor yet of that confused stringing of pearls and waving of rainbows, that shed such disheveled gorgeousness over the discourses of Chalmers. Sidney Smith, in his Sermons, reminds us rather of many of the old English Prelates—not quaint, indeed, like most of them—but of a rich simplicity, fruitfully earnest, bestowing the wealth of his mind not reveling in it, and ready to stop talking when he seems to have impressed his hearers. Whether the facetious Divine deeply felt all he uttered, we are not sufficiently acquainted with the character of his daily life to determine. But no one can go amiss in buying the book.

*Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading.*

Several of the recent publications of this series have been among the best and most notice-worthy of them all. We allude particularly to Leigh Hunt's new work, critical and illustrative of the great Italian poets, Dante, Ariosto, Tasso; to Bulwer's sketch of the life of Laman Blanchard, to the new edition of the poetical works of Keat's, &c. Hunt's work has been characterized as a royal road to the study of the Italian poets. With the exception of some disparaging remarks upon Dante, the book is a liberal exhibition of a poet's sympathies for the writings of poets. It is a perfect field of the cloth of gold—a royal road, truly. There are classic biographies of the illustrious authors, clearing up in choice prose the intricate and disputed points of personal history, genial comments on the

genius of the poets, and then a most loving and pains-taking exhibition of their works. The Italians' Pilgrim's Progress, is a version in prose of the Divine comedy, of the principal passages at least, bringing that hitherto unknown poem to the mass of American and English readers, perfectly within the range of their conceptions; as completely so as the immortal progress of pilgrim Bunyan himself. It is not a little odd that such strict fidelity on the part of Hunt to the poetical beauties of Dante, so careful a labor of style, so studious a zeal to give the best version of the Florentine should be accompanied frequently by a commentary more worthy of the ignorant flippancy of a novice than the life-student of Italian—Leigh Hunt. But, in truth, Hunt has taken up Dante in a personal mood rather than from an historical point of view. He has judged him as he might if he was living his next door neighbor and finds him a gigantic impersonation of conceit; as if, forsooth, he had himself invented all that tremendous machinery of hell pains and purgatory—the remorseless system of pains and penalties of the Inferno. This is not a subject, however, to be discussed in a paragraph: it is worthy of a full and mature examination. The evidence of Hunt tells truth somewhere, and though it may be unjust to Dante, may be true to this generation. With Ariosto, Tasso and Boiardo, Hunt is on ground more congenial to him. This work, we predict, will long be a standard and be read like Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets*.

It is impossible here even to speak briefly of the successive volumes of the Library of Choice Reading, which has been confined more strictly to good literature than any collection of authors ever published. The best collections or "libraries" have always been of the classics, authors upon whom the world has pronounced judgment, the Swifts, Addisons, and those of whom it is safe to predict a good reception, "nature's great stereotypes!" This collection, however, has been drawn from the works of contemporaries, in a great measure, and has anticipated that judgment of time. Present popularity and a fair prospect of future fame have been, for the most part, happily united. At some future day we may arrange some of these works in groups to show more distinctly what has been done in this series. Books of Eastern travel will make a critical chapter by themselves, including the trilogy *Eothen*, *Crescent* and the *Cross*, Mr. Thackeray's characteristic *Journey from Cornhill to Cairo*. Then there are the writings of Haighte—of Leigh Hunt—the novels of Tupper, Zschokke, Pouqué and others. On all and each of these there is opportunity for lengthened criticism, and we would gladly



be the means of making such works known to our readers. Says Haighte, quoting from Steele, the next best thing to being pleased is to know the reason why we are pleased.

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*The Wandering Jew*—superbly illustrated by the most eminent artists of Paris. A new and elegant translation. Harper & Brothers': New York.

Of this work, itself, we have spoken at some length in the article on "Recent French Novelists." The present edition is undoubtedly the only decent one, typographically speaking, that has yet been issued in this country—the translation as good as any. The paper and print really superb. For the illustrations the publishers are not responsible—except for introducing them to this country. Some of them are good—some execrable—all excessively French. The ingenious and pleasant-minded artist could not have found his models for such faces and figures anywhere on earth but in Paris. This inventiveness is even carried into the countenance and costume of the characters from other countries. The Indian Prince, the Malay cut-throat, the Dutch commercial agent of Java—are all Paris. Some bruised remnant of the Reign of Terror sat for Farrhinghea; even the wandering Cosmopolite, himself, is as near French as they could well make him. As to truthfulness, *keeping*, some of the ideals we had formed in our own minds are utterly dispersed, ruined; others again, where the characters themselves were rather grotesque, or ill-favored, are quite natural, if they are not *in nature*. But the artist, or artists—for there appear to have been several of them—seem altogether unable to portray grace and beauty. As it is, however, this edition is the only one if the reader wishes to peruse the work with satisfaction to his eyes.

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*Aids to English Composition.* By RICHARD GREEN PARKER, A. M. *A New Edition, with Additions and Improvements.* Harper & Brothers.

We can think of few persons—in whatever social condition—to whom the art of forming and expressing their ideas with ease and propriety is not a valuable acquisition. To aid in such attainment and in the exercise of this art, in written language, is the design of Mr. Parker. He does not assume to give laws to genius, or to lay down rules to which English composition must be subjected. His object is to *aid*, and mainly to aid, the youthful writer. To obtain ideas, he has arranged a plan of exercises which lead the mind to observation and

reflection; for example, the pupil is required to enumerate the properties, appearances and uses of some of the most familiar objects, as a horse, a church, a carriage, a pen, and to dwell in the same manner on events and facts occurring within his experience or knowledge. He is then introduced to other exercises, which assist him in the selections of words and phrases, and in the formation of sentences; examples are given for the translation of figurative into plain language, plain to figurative, verse to prose, and prose to verse, with ample specimens of the various species of composition. As a work for beginners, on the art of composition, it is decidedly the most useful we are acquainted with, and we trust it will be the means of awakening in our schools a new interest for an attainment which is the crowning glory of the intellect.

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*Over the Ocean; or Glimpses of Travels in Many Lands.* By a LADY OF NEW YORK. Paine & Burgess.

This is a pleasantly written volume, in the form of letters to friends at home, by a lady who knew how to use both her eyes and her pen. With a kind heart and a constant flow of spirits, she goes from scene to scene, jotting down her impressions, without effort or pretence, and telling us her haps and her mishaps, with ease and grace, and imperturbable good-humor. There is no effort at fine writing, though the volume contains many fine passages. The authoress carried us through the Mediterranean, as far as Constantinople, and over most of the countries of Europe. She is traveling for pleasure, and finds it and communicates it.

We had thought of making several quotations, but have not room. The description of a visit to Mount Vesuvius is graphic, and furnishes a fair specimen of the authoress' power. We cannot refrain, however, from extracting the following *morceau*. Speaking of the Eastern custom, requiring ladies to conceal their faces from the eyes of the men, she relates, with delightful *naïveté*, the following laughable incident:

"A friend was sailing down the Nile with some companions, when they espied, at some distance, a group of females in the river, who were clad simply in their chemises, without veils or other ordinary coverings for the head and face. Pleased with the opportunity—one rarely offered—of seeing them unveiled, Mr. B. directed the boatmen to proceed as noiselessly as possible, that they might approach them unperceived. They succeeded admirably, and were almost in the bathers' midst, before being discovered. But no sooner were the intruders seen by the alarmed females, than anxious to hide them



selves from the rude gaze of strangers, they threw over their faces the only covering they possessed, and stood blindfolded, like the ostrich, who thrusts her head into the sand, and fancies her whole body hidden."

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*A Defence of Capital Punishment.* By GEORGE B. CHEEVER; with an Essay, by Professor TAYLER LEWIS. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

This is a work demanding a place among our regular reviews; and we hope to be able shortly, by giving it such a place, to contribute something towards a just appreciation of its subject. In the meantime, we cannot too strongly recommend the perusal of these essays to every youthful mind. There has, probably, been too much virulence and party spirit exhibited, in the discussion of this important question, by both sides. This has been owing, as is usual in such cases, to the importance of settling first principles, before proceeding to consequences and results. Mr. Lewis' essay is a most valuable contribution towards a just appreciation of the fundamental truths involved in the discussion. For depth of thought, force of logic, and clearness of style, we consider it unsurpassed by anything that has recently appeared. If it would not be insinuating some distrust in the preliminary education of some of those whom we select to make, mend, and modify our laws, we would most cordially recommend that means be taken to place a copy in the hands of every legislator in the land. For we do not know where the ground and basis of all true government and law are more forcibly set forth.

We are disposed to give more credit generally, for candor and sincerity, to the opponents of capital punishment, than the authors of this book seem to have given. Opposition to the death penalty has not been confined to those out of the pale of orthodox theology. In the leaders of the movement—we mean those acting from some peculiar temperament of mind—the giving undue prominence to certain secondary truths involved in the question has warped their judgments, and prevented their seeing, that the avoiding of what appears an evil to them, would be at the sacrifice of the great principle that lies at the foundation of all government, Divine and human. The inferior minds, still more influenced by their feelings than their reason, are carried along with these by the mere force of the declamation into which that side of the question necessarily hur-

ries a speaker or writer, tempting him constantly from argument to sentiment, from logic to eloquence, from prose to poetry.

We venture to say, in conclusion, that if they will only read the essay of Mr. Lewis, nine-tenths of those who are tacitly or otherwise yielding their assent to this somewhat extended opposition to the punishment of death, for the crime of wilful murder, will be astonished at themselves, that they have dreamed of deciding such a question on so superficial an investigation into the principles involved, as they have given it.

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*History of the English Revolution of 1640, from the accession of Charles I. to his death, by F. Guizot. Translated by William Hazlitt.* Appleton & Co.

M. Guizot is unquestionably one of the first of philosophical historians. As a peculiar phase of mental development or progress, the philosophical historian is, in a great measure, the production of the present age, and one that we rank as of little less than the highest value.

Notwithstanding the high point we have attained in civilization, and the science of government, there seems little less contention about many grand truths connected with their advancement, than there was centuries back. Now, towards the settlement of some of the most important of these truths, nothing, we venture to say, will contribute so much as a philosophic comprehension of the great movements, instinctive, wilful or providential, of our race. There are many blind, violent opponents of certain institutions, men and organizations, that would learn from such a comprehension, that these too have done, and are doing, their part in advancing the great end of Providence—progress in virtue, knowledge, liberty.

The book before us, is one on the commencement of a great epoch in human progress. We have above indicated our opinion of the qualifications of the author for his task. We cannot, in the space we have, introduce the necessary modifications of that opinion. This, however, is the less important, as we shall soon have occasion to make more extended reference to it. We will therefore only add that M. Guizot, as a Frenchman, a philosophic thinker, a statesman, and one standing so immediately among and upon the effects of a great epoch, so nearly resembling in some respects the one he treats of, is well situated to give a view of the matter at once candid, striking, and deeply interesting.

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MR. WALKER'S REPORT\* AND BILL.†

THE Annual Report of our Secretary of the Treasury, with the documents appended, forming a ponderous octavo of nine hundred and fifty-seven pages, has achieved the rare honor of being printed for the instruction of the British House of Lords. Although a prophet is proverbially without honor in his own country, it is yet obvious, here at home, that this compliment to Mr. Walker is not an empty formality. His Report develops principles and commends action so very different from those which have hitherto issued from the financial head of our Government, so antagonistic in essence to those propounded by most of his predecessors, and so far outstripping in practical application the dicta of those who have inclined to the same general views, that they may well command attention, as marking an era in our national career. Not that Mr. Walker is, by any means, a man of original genius—a creator, so to speak, in finance—like Hamilton or A. J. Dallas. His instincts are not creative, but destructive. His peculiarity consists in the readiness and thoroughness with which he adopts the theories of the most one-sided political

economists of our day, and (in his Report, not his Bill) follows them unflinchingly, indiscriminately, to their extreme conclusions. Foreign legislators may well desire to see the evidence by which he is impelled to such deductions; but if they will but examine that evidence, loose, partial and imperfect as it is, they can hardly fail to perceive that his deductions were drawn first, and his evidence collected afterward, for the purpose of sustaining them. This purpose has been very imperfectly accomplished.

Mr. Walker's sole object is to commend to our Congress and people the most unqualified free trade. He urges this, as demanded alike by considerations of revenue and of national prosperity. Let us briefly consider first the question of revenue:

That we had recently what is termed a *revenue* Tariff—that is, a Tariff adjusted without reference to protection, but with a view to revenue only—is a fact of ample notoriety. Under the Compromise Act of 1833, the duties previously levied were reduced by one-tenth annually of the excess over twenty per cent., down to 1842, when no duty higher than

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\* Report of the Secretary of the Treasury on the state of the Finances, &c., &c.—December 3, 1845.

† Tariff Bill, submitted by the Secretary of the Treasury to the Committee of Ways and Means.—February, 1846.



twenty per cent. remained. For the two or three years preceding, the duties exacted had approximated very nearly to the supposed *revenue* standard. Yet, never in time of peace was the revenue so enormously deficient. Mr. Van Buren became President in 1837, when the reduction of duties had been nearly half effected, and closed his term in 1841, when it had been nearly completed. During these four years, the actual expenditures of the Government exceeded the actual income by more than *thirty millions of dollars*, as follows :

Actual balance in the Treasury, March 4th, 1837,	\$7,000,000
One-fourth of the surplus revenue of 1836, withheld by vote of Congress, at the Extra Session of 1837,	9,000,000
U. S. Stock (\$7,000,000) in U. S. Bank, sold at 115½ per cent., producing over	8,000,000
Treasury Notes issued under Mr. Van Buren,	6,000,000
Government ran behind in Mr. Van Buren's four years*	\$30,000,000

beside heavy claims and dues left unpaid, especially in Florida, growing out of the Seminole War.

The revenue had fallen off from over thirty millions per annum, during General Jackson's last term, to less than twenty millions under Mr. Van Buren, and the actual receipts of 1841 and 1842—the two years of most strictly *revenue* duties—were less than fifteen millions per annum. So notoriously inadequate was the income afforded by this revenue Tariff, that one of the last acts of the retiring Van Buren Congress of 1837, was an act authorizing the issue of an additional five millions of treasury notes, to enable the new administration to struggle on until the regular meeting of the next Congress, in December of that same year. But even this was regarded as utterly inadequate, and General Harrison promptly summoned an extra session of the new Congress, to convene in September, mainly to take into consideration the state of the national finances. It assembled accordingly, and was obliged to make farther and still farther temporary provision, by loans, etc., for the pressing wants of the Treasury, before provision could be made for its permanent replenishment. A second loan having been authorized in 1842, and no

party here being ready to take it on reasonable terms, an agent was dispatched to Europe to negotiate it. He found our Government utterly without credit, and was compelled to return without a bid. The Government had thus, in time of peace and under a revenue Tariff, touched the bottom of its resources, and was compelled to change its policy, or sink into confessed and hopeless bankruptcy. Under such circumstances, the Tariff of 1842—the present Whig Tariff—was enacted. Great care having been given to the adjustment of its details, and a serious delay having been occasioned by the veto by Mr. Tyler of the bill as first presented to him, the present act did not become a law until the close of August, 1842—too late to be felt in the importations and revenue of that year. In fact, a radical change in our commercial policy requires a year to make itself felt throughout all the ramifications of business, and thence upon the revenue of the country.

This Tariff, as well after as before its enactment, was assailed with every variety of opprobrious epithet, dolorous prophecy, and gross imputation. It was stigmatized as "The Black Tariff," "Prohibitory," "Anti-Commercial," "The Manufacturer's Tariff," &c., &c. Predictions that our merchant ships would now be doomed to rot at their wharves, that no new ones would be built, &c., &c., were confidently made by the Free Traders. A strike of the sailors in our port for higher wages occurred in October, 1842; they turned out in procession, and paraded our streets; in Wall street they were harangued by Colonel Hepburn and Major Davezac, two prominent Free Trade orators of that day, who assured them that the black Whig Tariff was the sole cause of their depression, and that seamen's wages would not be better until this Tariff was repealed. The Tariff still stands, and the average employment and recompense of seamen under it, have been quite as good as during a like period preceding—we think better. Ships have been in good demand; ship-building has rarely been more active than during the past year.

In the summer of 1843, Mr. James K. Polk canvassed the State of Tennessee, as a candidate for Governor, and made opposition to the new Whig Tariff one of his chief themes of oral and written declamation. In the addresses or speech-

\* These sums are set down from memory, but are substantially correct.



es prepared for the press by himself, we find frequent and most confident predictions that the new Whig Tariff would not only prove most baneful to the agriculture and commerce of the country, but that it would also prove destructive to the *revenue*—that Congress would be compelled to go back to a twenty per cent. ad valorem, in order to obtain an income adequate to the wants of the Government. But the Treasury Report of the following December exhibited an *increase* of revenue under that Tariff, from some fifteen millions in 1842, to near twenty millions in 1843, and this again was swelled to over THIRTY millions in 1844, dissipating forever all fears that the present Tariff would not afford an income adequate to the wants of the Government. And Mr. Walker, in this Report, officially informs us that the net revenue for the year ending June 30th, 1845, lacked but a fraction of thirty millions of dollars, while he estimates that for the year ending July 1st, 1846, at a fraction short of twenty-seven millions. The expenditures of the current year, without making any payments on account of principal of the public debt, he states at twenty-nine and a half millions, and those of the year ending with June, 1847, at twenty-five and a half millions, exclusive of the sums which may be required to meet unforeseen contingencies, and provide for unexpected appropriations by Congress. Could a revenue be more happily adjusted to expenditure than this? Considering that we have still a considerable debt to pay off, who can say that this Tariff affords *too* much revenue? Yet, says Mr. Walker,

“In suggesting improvements of the revenue laws, the following principles have been adopted:

“1st. That no more money should be collected than is necessary for the wants of the Government, economically administered.”

In 1843, the Free Traders were appalled by the prospect of *too little* revenue from this Tariff; now they are alarmed at the prospect of *too much*. If the facts already submitted do not sufficiently dissipate this apprehension, we will call attention to the following paragraphs from the Report:

“The receipts for the first quarter of this year are less, by \$2,011,885 90, than the receipts of the same quarter last year. Among the causes of decrease is the progressive diminution of the importation of

many highly-protected articles, and the substitution of rival domestic products. For the nine months ending June 30, 1843, since the present Tariff, the average of duties upon dutiable imports was equal to 37.84 1-10th per cent.; for the year ending June 30, 1844, 33.85 9-10th per cent.; and for the year ending June 30, 1845, 29.90 per cent.—showing a great diminution in the average per centage, owing, in part, to increased importation of some articles bearing the lighter duties, and decreased importation of others bearing the higher duty.”

“The condition of our foreign relations, it is said, should suspend the reduction of the Tariff. No American patriot can desire to arrest our onward career in peace and prosperity; but if, unhappily, such should be the result, it would create an increased necessity for reducing our present high duties in order to obtain sufficient revenue to meet increased expenditures. The duties for the quarter ending the 30th September, 1844, yielded \$2,011,885 90 more of revenue than the quarter ending 30th September, 1845; showing a very considerable decline of the revenue, growing out of a diminished importation of the highly-protected articles and the progressive substitution of the domestic rivals. Indeed, many of the duties are becoming dead letters, except for the purpose of prohibition; and, if not reduced, will ultimately compel their advocates to resort to direct taxation to support the government. In the event of war, nearly all the high duties would become prohibitory, from the increased risk and cost of importations; and if there be, indeed, in the opinion of any, a serious danger of such an occurrence, it appeals most strongly to their patriotism to impose the lowest revenue duties on all articles, as the only means of securing, at such a period, any considerable income from the Tariff.”

Thus we find on pages 3 and 6 of the Report, an ample antidote to the terrors vaguely insinuated on page 4. We pass, then, to the next of Mr. Walker's “principles,” viz.

“2d. That no duty be imposed on any article above the lowest rate which will yield the largest amount of revenue.”

The principle here enunciated strikes directly and palpably at the root of all Protection, unless it be the faintest shadow of incidentalism. And we wish those who have for years been asserting that a Revenue Tariff would afford all necessary protection, would but consider the matter in the light here cast upon it by Mr. Walker. Our makers of hats, coats, boots and shoes, &c., come before Con-



gress and say in effect, "We ask protection for our labor. The articles we severally produce are equal in quality to any rivals, and we afford them as cheap as they can usually be imported, even without duty. Yet the caprices of fashion, the foolish preference given by many to articles of foreign production, with the frequent reverses of trade, making glutted markets and bankrupt traders abroad, often deluge us with the rival fabrics of European industry, which are crowded into use through the machinery of auction sales, &c., forestalling our markets, deranging our business, and often arresting our industry for months together. We ask you to shut out this foreign competition with our toil, which is useless and profitless to the American consumer, while embarrassing and often ruinous to us. Discourage the importation of the rival articles, and we, having steady employment and a sure market, will supply the wants of our countrymen cheaper than they are now supplied or under existing circumstances can be."

What is Mr. Walker's answer to this demand? "No duty above the *lowest* rate which will yield the largest amount of *revenue*." This rule is fatal to the object sought for. The moment a duty begins to answer our artisans' purpose, it ceases to answer Mr. Walker's. If twenty per cent. has the effect desired by our mechanics, it is too high to be tolerated by the Secretary, and must be cut down to fifteen, ten, or still lower, until it shall cease to impede that importation which will yield the largest aggregate of revenue, not on the whole scale of duties, but on this particular item. Surely this is not statesmanship.

But having thus stated our own objection to Mr. Walker's second principle, we cannot omit to note the fact that *he himself in practice utterly disregards and subverts it*. His bill utterly defies the doctrines of his report. Thus Iron, Coal, Sugar, Ready-made Clothing, and many other articles are subjected by him to his highest rate (except on Distilled Spirits,) when it is notorious that a lower rate would produce far more revenue on these articles. Railroad Iron, for instance, has for many months been worth just about \$60 per ton in Liverpool, sometimes a little over, and again falling slightly below that standard. Thirty per cent. on this price gives \$18 duty; add freight and charges \$10, and the cost in New York is \$88 per ton. But American rails of

admirable quality are contracted for at \$77 50, or \$10 per ton under the cost of importing British rails. Even twenty per cent. on railroad iron would, as prices rule, be a duty clearly prohibitory. Yet Mr. Walker recommends thirty—a duty as absolutely destructive of importation and revenue as if it were one thousand per cent. We certainly do not object to the duty; we believe the farther importation of rails undesirable on any terms, and that thorough protection to our own iron interest will secure us a supply of iron cheaper than we could obtain it by absolute free trade. But this cannot shut our eyes to the glaring contradiction between Mr. Walker's proclaimed principles and his practice.

"3d. That below such rate discrimination may be made, descending in the scale of duties; or, for imperative reasons, the article may be placed in the list of those free from all duty."

As Mr. Walker does not tell us *for what purpose* "discrimination may be made," nor what "reasons" he regards as "imperative" for placing an article in the free list, this assertion hardly rises to the dignity of a "principle" and may be dismissed without remark.

"4th. That the maximum revenue duty should be imposed on luxuries."

If this is to be regarded as a general "principle," then we need only remark that Mr. Walker's bill incessantly defies it. This "principle" demands a higher duty on "luxuries" like tea and coffee than is imposed on a necessary like iron, sugar, molasses or clothing; yet Mr. Walker imposes thirty per cent. on these and lets those go free. Silks, spices, diamonds, &c., should be placed in the highest instead of the lower schedules, if this "principle" were regarded. We believe, indeed, that a wisely framed Tariff must regard rather the capacities of our country to produce the several articles contemplated than their relative necessity or inutility; but Mr. Walker propounds a different rule, and propounds it only to disregard it.

"5th. That all minimums, and all specific duties, should be abolished, and ad valorem duties substituted in their place—care being taken to guard against fraudulent invoices, and undervaluation, and to assess the duty on the actual market value."

This is the most important "principle" evolved by the Secretary, and in our



judgment the most pernicious. It is fully and consistently embodied in his bill. Let us briefly consider it :

The confession of Mr. Walker that, under an ad valorem, "care" is necessary to guard against fraudulent invoices and undervaluation, and to assess the duty on the actual "market value," reveals but half the truth. All men familiar with goods and with importation must know that no "care" can possibly prevent such frauds as he here deprecates where the basis of the duty is the asserted or estimated value of the goods. Here come by the next steamer, forty cases of Silk goods, packed to order; a dozen boxes of Books, new and standard, popular and scientific or classical; fifty casks of assorted Hardware and Saddlery; twenty bales of Cotton and Woollen fabrics, &c., &c. How is the absolute value of all these articles to be computed and settled? How many officials would be needed to do the business of the New York Custom-House, if their "care" is to be so omniscient and thorough as to baffle "fraudulent invoices and undervaluation?" Five hundred surely could not do it, nor, at some seasons, five thousand. Examining a few pieces of the goods in each bale or package would afford no security against fraud in those left unscrutinized. The naked, notorious truth is that, under ad valorem duties, reliance must and will be mainly placed on *the invoice and oath of the importer*, and the character of Custom-House oaths and invoices has passed into a proverb.

The inevitable tendency of the ad valorem system is to an aggravation of all the evils therewith connected. The man who has just made \$5,000 by valuing through the Custom-House at \$80,000 goods worth \$100,000 is at once stimulated by his success and so demoralized by his crime as to engage with far less reluctance in its repetition. He does not now consider whether he shall or shall not defraud again, but whether he cannot defraud more thoroughly and thus swell his gains. And the ad valorem system offers not merely incessant temptations and facilities to fraud, but it tends to *throw importation more and more exclusively into the hands of these who practice it*. The importer who pays full duties is inevitably undersold by him who pays but two-thirds or three-fourths; his customers gradually fall off to those who can afford them better bargains, and he shuts up or becomes bankrupt. Mean-

time, his dishonest neighbor goes on swimmingly, until he has amassed a fortune, or is outdone by some rival more adept or desperate in roguery than himself. The wit of hundreds is thus kept constantly on the rack, to devise new and more ingenious or more thorough methods of defrauding the revenue, so that with each year of the existence of an ad valorem duty, the amount of revenue received under it upon a fixed quantity of goods grows smaller and smaller.

But this is not all. A ruinous advantage is given to the Foreigner over the American importer by ad valorem duties. The wealthy European merchant or manufacturer, who sends out his fabrics to an agent or commission-house in this city for sale, can honestly (as he considers it) enter his goods at our Custom-House, as costing him less than an American importer can buy them for. Let us take the case of a great Silk manufacturer of France or Italy, who sends here one hundred cases of his fabrics. He is aware that he must pay our Government twenty-five per cent. on their value. But how does he estimate that value? The cost of raw material and of labor are the first items. What else? He says, "My rent of buildings, use of machinery, clerk-hire, interest on capital, &c., I reckon nothing; for all these had been incurred in the course of my business, whether I made these goods for America or not. The actual cost to me has been that of the labor specially devoted to and the raw material contained in these goods." On this estimate, his goods are sworn through the Custom-House; but let an American go to him or any of his class to buy such an assortment of goods, and he will find their cost computed very differently. He must pay twenty per cent. more for them than this Custom-House basis of the manufacturer, and on this twenty per cent. must pay twenty-five per cent. more duty under Mr. Walker's bill. Let him attempt to undervalue, and the price he paid for the goods may rise up in judgment against him, as it cannot against his rival; and his character, his property, are in jeopardy, as those of that rival are not. The advantages are entirely and immensely on the side of the latter. Thus it is that the career of American importers has usually been short, closing in disaster; so that of a hundred of whom a friend took note *ninety-seven* had terminated in bankruptcy.



Now the levying of specific duties tends to counteract this tendency. The goods of the American importer weigh or measure no more than his foreign rival's, the honest man's no more than the rogue's; and the duty is levied fairly on each. A ton of iron or of sugar, of steel or of hemp, of raw silk or of spices, pays just so much duty, no matter by whom imported or what is the latest phase of the markets. The importer knows beforehand what he is to pay; the impartial scales inform the collector how much he is to receive, and there is no room for cavil or dispute. We happen to know that the present excellent mode of imposing duties on silks—so much per pound on the various kinds respectively—was adopted on the suggestion of American merchants engaged in the importation and sale of silk goods. All this Mr. Walker proposes to subvert, and impose none but ad valorem duties.

“6th. That the duty should be so imposed as to operate as equally as possible throughout the Union, discriminating neither for nor against any class or section.”

This last of Mr. Walker's “principles” receives a striking commentary in the rumor (whether well or ill-founded) that the Administration Members of Congress from the Eastern States have waited on the Committee of Ways and Means in a body, with an earnest remonstrance against the unfair and sectional character of the bill submitted by Mr. Walker, and to insist on its amendment before it is reported to the House. We say it is not material whether this remonstrance has or has not been formally rendered, since the fact that it *ought* to have been in either case remains. A bill which imposes thirty per cent. alike on Iron and on Manufactures of Iron, thus affording the Iron of Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Missouri a protection denied to the Iron Wares of New England and New York, is not an equal Tariff. A duty of twenty per cent. on Raw Silk (almost wholly imported) with an addition of barely *five* per cent. on Silk Manufactures (which are still in their infancy among us) is anything but just and equal. Thirty per cent. on Iron and Coal, with twenty on all Cotton fabrics, is *not* “discriminating neither for nor against any class or section.” And so we might go through the bill.

But the most striking exemplification of Mr. Walker's “equally as possible” is

afforded by his proposed duties on Wool and Woolens. The present Tariff imposes on wool costing over seven cents per lb. a duty of three cents per lb. specific, and thirty per cent. ad valorem; on wool costing less than seven cents per lb. five per cent.; on the cheap, coarse fabric known as “Woolen Blankets” fifteen per cent.; on all other Woolen Blankets twenty-five per cent.; on Flannels, Baizes and the more costly Carpets, specific duties per square yard; on Woolen Yarn, Worsted, Hosiery, common Carpeting, &c., thirty per cent.; and on other woolens forty per cent.—The design here carefully kept in view throughout, is, first, to give adequate and thorough protection to the American growers of wool; secondly, to give a corresponding and equal protection to our own manufacturers of woolens; thirdly, to allow the importation of such qualities of wool as do not come in competition with our own and cannot be advantageously produced here, at the lowest rates, and to admit at corresponding rates the fabrics thence manufactured. Wool costing less than seven cents per lb. is mainly, if not wholly, the product of warmer climates than that of our wool-growing region, is taken from sheep that require little or no feeding or care in winter, is usually short and filthy as well as coarse, and, being substantially a spontaneous product of Nature, can hardly be rivaled in price by our own producers. Make the duty on this article fifty per cent., and still its cost at our manufactories will not exceed twelve cents per lb., at which price no wool is, or is likely to be, produced among us. It seemed, therefore, to the framers of our Tariff that imposing a high duty on this wool and the corresponding fabric would be simply increasing the cost of the coarsest woolen fabrics without advantage or hope of advantage to any home interest. Subsequent experience has shown, we think, that the fertility of resource with which wool, worth and really costing more than seven cents per lb., may be sworn through the Custom-House as costing less than that rate was not sufficiently appreciated and guarded against. Much wool, which the Congress of 1842 intended to subject to the higher rate, has been imported; especially during the last year, under the lower or nominal duty, defrauding at once the Government of revenue and our wool-growers of protection. This unforeseen evasion demands a correspond-



ing amendment of the Tariff. The true course to be now pursued, in our judgment, is to abolish the ad valorem entirely, and to charge all wool of a prescribed fineness ten cents, all below the standard five cents per lb. This would at once insure adequate protection to the wool-grower and put an end to frauds in the importation of wool by removing all inducement for their commission.

But Mr. Walker proposes to substitute for the present duties on wool and woollens a uniform ad valorem duty of twenty per cent. on all wool, whether of the finer qualities which can be advantageously produced here, or the coarsest which cannot. On such wool as comes directly in competition with the product of our farmers, the duty is reduced more than half; on such as does not, and can be imported more advantageously than we can grow it, it is quadrupled. The wisdom of such changes, operating against both the grower and the consumer of wool, is certainly "past finding out." But when he substitutes for the widely diverse rates of duty on wool a uniform impost, there would seem no reason to doubt that he should make a corresponding adjustment of the duties on woollens. Precisely contrary, however, is his course. Raising the duty on coarse wool from five per cent. to twenty, he actually *cuts down* the duties on cheap woollen blankets from fifteen per cent. to ten, and of the better qualities from twenty-five per cent. to twenty! Here is a discrimination of no less than ten per cent. *against* an important branch of National Industry and in favor of Foreign machinery, capital and labor. The American and the British manufacturers of woollen blankets, both resort to the same market for the cheap, coarse wool of which these blankets are manufactured. The British manufacturer pays no duty on his wool, when imported into Great Britain, and but ten per cent. on the cheaper, and twenty on the better qualities of his fabric. The cost of the raw material of so cheap and common an article, of course, constitutes a very large proportion of the cost of the goods. But the American manufacturer is met at our wharf by an impost of twenty per cent. on his wool, which is to be paid some time before his outlay is returned to him by the sale of his product. Thus condemned by his own government to pay so much higher duties on his raw material than his British rival pays on his fabric, he has not even the

poor chance to sustain himself that absolute Free Trade would allow him. The result is inevitable. With but five per cent. discrimination in its favor on the more costly fabrics, and with a discrimination of ten *against* it on the cheaper, our woollen manufacture is inevitably doomed, if Mr. Walker's bill passes the ordeal of Congress unchanged. A few establishments, already in successful operation, may continue to make certain descriptions of goods at a profit, but that thrifty and beneficent growth and extension of this branch of industry which is fast dotting the rivers and streams, not merely of New England, but of the Middle and Western States, with factories, will be utterly arrested, and a counter-current set in motion by the passage of this bill. Instead of this, the Press will be compelled to chronicle from time to time the failure of this or that manufacturing firm or company, the stoppage of manufactures, and the conversion of factories to other uses.

Such will be the effect of the passage of this bill on many other home interests. Cotton fabrics of ordinary kinds, which have obtained a firm foothold among us under the stringent protection afforded them, almost uniformly since 1816, by the operation of the minimum principle, will continue to be produced here probably to the extent of the country's consumption. But the costlier and rarer descriptions of cottons, novel and elegant prints, ginghams, muslins, &c., will be forced in upon us at a decided advantage by European manufacturers. Twenty per cent. ad valorem on such goods is substantially whatever the importer pleases to pay—perhaps averaging two cents per yard on goods selling by the case for twenty. But the difference in our market between the selling price of choice Foreign and American prints is more than two cents a yard in favor of the former.

Of a British pattern of prints, possibly one-tenth of the amount manufactured may reach this country; of a French, perhaps one-twentieth; while of an American, seven-eighths will remain here and enter into the home supply. If we suppose 100,000 pieces may be printed from a set of blocks, there will be 10,000 pieces thrown upon our markets of a British pattern, 5,000 of a French, and 87,500 of an American. These facts are known intimately to our dealers and vaguely to buyers, and prices are governed by them. The rarer and fresher



patterns are sought for, and command higher prices than those which are common. Fashion is not so utterly blind as many suppose; and though articles "far-fetched" are, proverbially, "dear-bought," yet the same proverb proclaims their eminent acceptability with the fair. All who have even a general, outside acquaintance with trade, know that of two fabrics of equal cost and intrinsic value, one is often selling rapidly for twenty-five to fifty per cent. more than the other can be sold for, and that rarity and novelty are the main elements of this superiority. The advantage of position, therefore, under a twenty per cent. duty, will be all in favor of the British and against the American manufacturer of prints, gingham, &c. He stands at the door of all the open markets in the world, can divide his product readily and advantageously among them all, and can sell the portion he may decide to send here so as to net him more, after paying the duty, than if he had produced the same goods among us. With this immense advantage of position, acquired through long years of stringent protection and of internal exemption from war, while all the rest of the world was suffering from or exposed to its ravages—with a commerce which swept the globe, backed by a navy which mastered and monopolized the ocean—Great Britain may well afford, at this day, to propose universal Free Trade. It is a veteran and skillful swordsman challenging, severally, a rabble of raw school-boys to single combat with rapiers. The answer is manifestly, "Sir, the conditions are unequal; the advantage entirely with you. Wait till we have acquired equal strength, maturity, practice and skill, with yourself—at least, till we have had reasonable opportunities for acquiring them—and then we 'll think of it."

Having thus considered, severally, Mr. Walker's fundamental principles of Financial Policy, we proceed to examine the arguments and allegations by which he sustains them. We can only find room to deal with those which, by common consent, have been regarded as most important and vital. And first, then, with regard to the effect of Protection on Labor and Wages:

"An appeal has been made to the poor by the friends of protection, on the ground that it augments the wages of labor. In reply, it is contended that the wages of labor have not augmented since the Tariff

of 1842, and that in some cases they have diminished.

"When the number of manufactories is not great, the power of the system to regulate the wages of labor is inconsiderable; but as the profit of capital invested in manufactures is augmented by the Protective Tariff, there is a corresponding increase of power, until the control of such capital over the wages of labor becomes irresistible. As this power is exercised from time to time, we find it resisted by combinations among the working-classes, by turning out for higher wages, or for shorter time; by trades-union; and in some countries, unfortunately, by violence and bloodshed. But the government, by protective duties, arrays itself on the side of the manufacturing system, and, by thus augmenting its wealth and power, soon terminates in its favor the struggle between man and money—between capital and labor. When the Tariff of 1842 was enacted, the maximum duty was 20 per cent. By that act, the average of duties on the protected articles was more than doubled. But the wages of labor did not increase in a corresponding ratio, or in any ratio whatever. On the contrary, whilst wages in some cases have diminished, the prices of many articles used by the working-classes have greatly appreciated."

We entreat every reader to consider carefully the assertion of this remarkable passage. That collisions do often take place between employers and laborers in regard to the compensation of the latter, hours of working, &c., is deplorably true; but that these are any more frequent or mischievous *because of protection*, is an assertion not only without proof but against all reason. A. B. is an employer, C. D. a workman in his shop for wages. Here are two men between whom a certain antagonism of interests is apparent; the one desiring more work for less wages: the other more wages for less work. Say, if you will, that the relation is a false one, or is not so; is it any more or less so because of the Tariff? Take off the duties, will the antagonism cease? double them, will it be aggravated? Can there be two answers to these questions? But Mr. Walker asserts that the Government, by Protection, takes a part *against* the laborer in conflict with capital by augmenting the wealth and power of the manufacturing system, that is to say, the manufacturing laborer, while there are few employers to compete for his labor, can command good wages; but when these are swelled to many, he must take just what they may please to give him! The doctrine



is alike repugnant to fact and common sense. The market value of labor, like everything else, is governed by the relation of supply to demand. The workmen in factories are there because they are paid more than they can obtain elsewhere. All the chances of employment they had before the Tariff are open to them still, and those which the Tariff has created in addition. Thus Pennsylvania has seventy-nine iron furnaces in active operation now, instead of seven in languid existence in 1842; there are in the United States nineteen glass factories now at work, while there were but four when the present Tariff was enacted—and so on through the whole circle of manufacturing industry. Can any man need evidence that the labor employed in these works is better rewarded, not merely in the aggregate but in detail, than it was four years ago? Will any man pretend that our public lands are less accessible to honest industry (may they never become so!) than they were in 1842, or that labor in agriculture and navigation is less amply employed or fairly rewarded than it then was? Any enlarged observation will show that such is not the case—that, while the annual product of our national industry has been increased by an amount certainly not less than one hundred millions of dollars in the various departments of manufactures and of mechanical arts subservient to manufactures, such as erecting factories, burning brick, cutting timber, quarrying stone therefor, erecting dams, digging coal, &c., and in the production of machinery, there has been no consequent falling off in agriculture, commerce, nor even ship-building,\* but on the contrary the area under cultivation and the amount of labor employed in agriculture have largely and annually increased. Can any man believe it possible that this immense increase in the amount of labor employed, and in the diversity of employment, could take place without benefiting the laboring-class? Where ten thousand men are now employed instead of one thousand formerly, is it not obvious that the

condition of labor generally will be improved and that of individuals strikingly so? The man who before found nothing to do now finds employment at some rate; while he who formerly worked for the minimum wages of mere labor will now, if energetic and skillful, find employment in some other capacity where his earnings will be largely increased. Such is the case with thousands *to-day*. Even though the minimum compensation for labor, or that of any particular grade, had not advanced, it would not the less be true, that the general reward of labor had been sensibly improved by the gradual advance of good workmen to higher and better rewarded employments with the growing necessity for more labor in these employments. But this is not all that the truth will warrant. The advance in wages has been absolute and positive. The manufacturers of glass-ware, for example, who have now nineteen furnaces in full operation, instead of three or four half at work in 1842, and who have shown beyond cavil a reduction of 20 to 40 per cent. in our markets of the price of glass, under a Tariff which has increased the duties on this ware from 20 per cent. ad valorem up to specific rates ranging from 50 to 250 per cent., give the following statement of the wages paid by them in several departments of their business. It has been for weeks before the public undisputed, and is doubtless the naked truth:

*“Boston and Sandwich Glass Co.,*  
February 10, 1846. *”*

“The limits of a letter would not contain a complete pay-roll of one of our establishments, in which the wages of no two persons are exactly the same. Every man receives in proportion to his skill; one will earn three dollars per day, while another will earn half that sum. We have taken, therefore, one person in the three principal departments of Glass making, and have carried him through four different periods, giving the amount of his wages at each. The persons selected are fair workmen, forming a just average of the class to which each belongs.

	Wages paid to January, 1840.	1842.	1844.	1846.
Gaffer No. 3, per week . . . .	\$15 00	\$10 00	\$16 50	\$17 26
Serviter No. 3, “ . . . .	8 50	8 00	9 60	11 00
Foot maker No. 3, “ . . . .	7 00	6 50	9 00	9 50
Total . . . . .	\$30 50	\$34 50	\$36 10	\$37 76

\* See on this point answers of J. W. Treadwell, Boston, E. Bartlett, Wm. Nichols, Newburyport, Robert Neilson, Geo. W. Burke, C. E. Wethered, Baltimore, to Mr. Walker's queries respecting the shipping interest, among the documents appended to the Secretary's Report.



"These are the wages which these men earn when they are in full employment; but from 1840 until the new Tariff went into operation, they did no work for a fourth of their time, and therefore their pay was less by 25 per cent. than it is given above.

"In the Glass-cutting department, the advance in wages has not been so great, but even there it will amount to nearly 25 per cent. because now they are fully employed, whereas from 1839 to 1842, their work was precarious. Until the Tariff of 1842, we paid our common laborers in the yards but eighty-three cents per day; now they receive one dollar. We are very far within the truth when we assert that wages have advanced in our Glass factories 25 per cent. including even the Glass Cutters and the common day-laborers  
D. JARVIS."

The Messrs. Sweeney of Wheeling, Virginia, say :

"We are unable to make the same comparison of wages at specific periods, in our own establishment, for the reason that our business materially differed from that of the Boston Company. We worked our hands but half time, and we paid them in proportion to their work, which was 50 per cent. less than at the present time. Our hands now work full time, are paid as high in proportion as they were then, and we employ as many as our works will admit. It is, therefore, proper to state that our wages have doubled since the passage of the Tariff of 1842."

Mr. Jarvis, of Brooklyn, testifies that in his extensive establishment, and so far as he knows in the trade generally, the increase of wages has been over 33 per cent., while the average reduction

in the price of glass-ware to consumers has been, at least, 30 per cent.

Not only have the laborers in the mills received an advance, but the common laborers, without any skill, also get a large advance. In 1842, '43, laborers who got but 50 to 55 cents per day, now get 80 cents, and yet we are told by Mr. Walker, that the laborer is oppressed, and his wages reduced by the Tariff.

A word now of the wages of Factory Labor. The Middlesex Mills at Lowell, Massachusetts, are among the most extensive and profitable works in the Union. They have been as much assailed as unjust to their laborers and exorbitant in their profits as any other. A recent statement shows, that in those mills there are 18 females employed who earn over \$4 per week, 57 over \$3, and 51 over \$2, after deducting the cost of their board. Ditto in the Hamilton Mills. In the Carpet Mills, the wages of 17 females range from 66 cents to \$1 16 per day, from which board is to be deducted. Weavers, Dressers and Spinners in the mills under the same direction, earn from 60 to 80 cents per day, from which 20 to 25 cents per day is to be deducted for board, leaving a net average of at least \$2 50 per week. Say, if you will, that these prices are inadequate, but do not forget to tell us, if you can, *where else* in the world than in American Factories Female Labor is so well rewarded as this?

The books of the Merrimac Company, Lowell, mills No. 2 and 3, in which there has been no change of hours, machinery or labor, since they were first established, exhibit the following average rates of wages paid in

	1840.	1841.	1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.
Males, per week,	\$4 80	\$4 92	\$5 04	\$4 76	\$5 23	\$5 40
Females, "	\$1 92	\$1 93	\$2 30	\$2 16	\$2 34	\$2 38
Month of February, 1843, average rate per week,	\$1 99 6-10 do.					
" " 1846, "	\$2 22 4-10 do.					

Let the reader compare these facts with Secretary Walker's assertion that wages have in no case increased but have generally been diminished under the present Tariff, &c. If it be indeed true that the more labor is wanted the less it will be paid, the more employment the less wages—the more the diversity and productiveness of labor the worse its condition and the more meagre its reward,—then Secretary Walker would seem the very man to devise legislation in behalf of the hard-handed producers of wealth.

Let us proceed to consider his next paragraph to that just quoted :

"A Protective Tariff is a question regarding the enhancement of the profits of capital. That is its object, and not to augment the wages of labor, which would reduce those profits. It is a question of per centage, and is to decide whether money vested in our manufactures shall, by special legislation, yield a profit of ten, twenty, or thirty per cent., or whether it shall remain satisfied with a dividend equal to that accruing from the same capital invested in agriculture, commerce, or navigation."

If this contest is to be decided by naked, broad assertions, we may as well give



it up at once. In that line, no man can be a match for the Secretary. But we point to the facts already stated, the considerations already adduced, in demonstration that the assertions here made cannot be true. Yet we make one more appeal to the common sense of every reader. The assumption here is that the amount of duty on any article governs the profit of the home-producer of that article—that the increase of the duty increases the profit in a corresponding ratio. Now let us suppose that the duty on cotton fabrics be fixed at 200 per cent. and none imported at a lower rate. Suppose that, at the time this duty is imposed, the domestic production is not equal to the wants of the country. Of course, the cotton manufacture will for a time be profitable. But for *what* time? Suppose the average profit be even twenty per cent., will the manufacturers be allowed to enjoy it for even a single year? Who does not know that there is always capital seeking lucrative investment, and that any opportunity to make unusual profit is eagerly embraced by thousands? If any business is doing remarkably well, the fact cannot be concealed; there are men enough in every great city who can tell you the cost of any fabric within a fraction, and what profit is made on it. Water-power, steam, skill, experience, and every other element of manufacture, are at all times to be had at reasonable rates. Let any branch of business pay a large profit, and instantly thousands prepare to rush into it. Competition (not the duty) promptly regulates prices and profits, reducing the latter to the general average of profits in business generally. Any branch involving greater hazards than others will command a corresponding profit; a requisition of rare skill or capacity involves a corresponding reward. Whether the duty be five or five hundred per cent., the laws of trade will vindicate themselves, putting to shame such statesmanship as the Secretary's. We feel humiliated by the necessity of citing evidence to an American Minister of Finance in support of the self-evident truths we have here enunciated, but we will do so from one of his own witnesses, one of his own school and creed, Mr. Joseph Joslen of Newport, R. I., an eminent Dorrite and Loco-Foco of that State. Secretary Walker has asked :

"9th. Are the commercial, mechanical, manufacturing and navigation interests of

the State so immediately connected with, and dependent upon, the agricultural products and staples, that their profits increase or diminish in the same, or very nearly the same, proportion with them?"

To which Mr. Joslen sensibly replies :

"These interests, in this State, *always tend to an equality of profits with one another, and with agriculture. Pursuits are changed as profits invite. That interest which, for the time being, is more profitable than any other, will for that reason constantly tend, if undisturbed, to become the least so in its turn.*"

Again in reply to Question 14, respecting the profits of Manufactures :

"The present duties on coarse goods are not necessary for them to operate with profit. *The present profits induce so many to embark in the business that it will soon be overdone.*"

Need we offer another word in confirmation of the Secretary's theory?

A single passage more, and we close this too protracted review. Mr. Walker says :

"At least two-thirds of the taxes imposed by the present Tariff are paid not into the treasury, but to the protected classes. The revenue from imports last year exceeded twenty-seven millions of dollars. This, in itself, is a heavy tax; but the whole tax imposed upon the people by the present Tariff is not less than eighty-one millions of dollars—of which twenty-seven millions are paid to the government upon the imports, and fifty-four millions to the protected classes, in enhanced prices of similar domestic articles."

Although this is sufficiently answered by Mr. Joslen, and by the facts and considerations we have been all along adducing, among Mr. Walker's evidence we find that of Mr. P. T. Jackson, treasurer of the Great Falls Manufacturing Company, Strafford Co., N. H., a very heavy and prosperous concern—who, in reply to the Secretary's questions, gives the prices at which that Company has sold its fabrics in each year since 1840. Now we do not cite the evidence of those interested in manufactures on any point involving general considerations, but on a matter of naked fact like this, we believe no one would distrust them. The following is this Company's prices obtained for goods of uniform quality in each of the last five years, viz :



	1841.	1842.	1843.	1844.	1845.
For Shirtings, No. 30, 7 20-100		6 75-100	6	7 50-100	7
For Printings, No. 30, 5 85-100		4 75-100	4 25-100	7	6
For Sheetings, No. 14, 6 30-100		5 50-100	5 75-100	7	6
For Drillings, No. 14, none		none	6	8 50-100	7

Here it is seen (as is notorious in every way) that the lowest prices ever touched by cotton fabrics were those of 1843, when the present Tariff was fully in operation, while the prices of 1845 are below those of 1841, under a Revenue Tariff.

The Uxbridge (Mass.) Company, answer that the description of cotton fabrics they make were sold in 1828 at sixteen, in 1840 at twelve, and now at nine cents per yard.

One more witness—one of the Secretary's own school—Mr. D. C. Judson, Collector of Customs in St. Lawrence County, New York—we will cite. He incloses to the Secretary the answers of certain manufacturers to the questions transmitted, and volunteers this addition of his own:—

“D. C. Judson, Esq., in his letter inclosing the above, says that the manufacture of woolen fabrics is increasing in the valley of St. Lawrence, and where well conducted, with sufficient capital, has been prosperous. Instead of owing their prosperity to the high duties on imported woollens, they have derived very much of their profits from sales in Canada; and the demand there for American woolen fabrics of the common wool, adapted to ordinary wear, is constantly increasing, and at prices affording a fair profit to the manufacturer. The duties to be paid on the entering of them on the Canadian side are equal to about 13 per cent. It is scarcely necessary to say, therefore, that the high duties on woollens are not at all essential to the prosperity of the manufacturer of the article, so far as this locality is concerned.”

We are quite willing to leave the Collector's conclusion to bear its own

weight, since his facts so thoroughly upset the Secretary's rash, mistaken assertions, that the consumers of protected articles are compelled to pay fifty-four millions into the manufacturers' coffers because of the Tariff.

We close with pressing the *argument ad hominem* upon the Secretary. We, certainly, have faith neither in his premises nor his conclusions, but *he* ought to have. If, then, he believes that the duties on foreign wares and fabrics actually increase by so much, or by half so much, the general price of such articles to consumers, on what principle does he profess to tax iron, sugar, clothing, &c., thirty per cent, with duties somewhat lower on cotton, woolen and silken fabrics, while *he allows tea and coffee to come in free of duty*? Undenially, a duty on tea and coffee would tax the consumer only on the articles which paid duties into the Treasury, while, on his calculation, every dollar put into the Treasury by the duties on iron, sugar, &c., takes at least two out of the pockets of consumers of those articles, not to put them into the Treasury, but into the pockets of gorged and overgrown monopolists, enabling them to depress and enslave the labor of the country. Why, then, is the Secretary so recreant to his own principles? Why not take the impost off sugar and iron and put it on tea and coffee, securing an equal income to the Treasury, and (if his premises be sound) saving many millions to our people? Who will tell us which is to be credited—the Secretary's doctrine or his practice?—his axioms or his schedules? Does he not stand confounded amid the ruins of his own Babel?

## THE PICTURE GALLERY.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

I HAVE no recollection of my parents, both having died in my earliest childhood, leaving myself and an elder brother in the care of an uncle. My father was the youngest son of a noble family of great antiquity, who, seduced by the splendid offers of Geo. II., embarked for the western world at the period when the New England States were colonies of Great Britain. My uncle came sometime afterwards with his family, consisting of two sons and one daughter; he arrived just before the Revolution, and being a sordid man, contrived to realize an immense fortune in a manner little creditable to himself, and equally disadvantageous to the tide of events flowing rapidly onwards to overwhelm the latest feeling of royalty, lingering in the bosoms of those, dreading alike the success of either cause, no matter how righteous to the people or favorable to the king. I recollect him as a severe, forbidding man about seventy; entirely indifferent to the interests of his family, or to the promise of his children. (His sons certainly did not require much,) but Olivia, the only daughter, was one of those lovely beings in whose forms angels might be said to make their home; lighting up with virtues its frail and feeble tenement into a shrine for man to worship, and woman to imitate and adore. She was young and beautiful, full of sensibility and tenderness, and as I was then quite a child, she appeared to take a world of interest in my welfare. Between my brother Eugene and her, an intimacy was allowed to exist, but no one dreamed of its ripening into affection. They were companions in childhood, and had in early youth learned to read their future happiness in each other's eyes—all the hopeful prophecies of coming years were interpreted in the first bloom of their young hearts. How unreal were its promises! We know not, until experience forces the conviction upon us, how much our happiness depends upon others; nature designed it should be with ourselves—man decrees otherwise. The tender affinities of affection spring from psychological causes alone, and the im-

pious hand that would thwart them, interrupts that scheme of God's benevolence, which traverses all space in its flights, and lives the visible token of man's divinity on earth and his hope in heaven.

Just before I was sent away to school Olivia's father died, and left her the heir-ess of half his immense fortune, to be divided on her marriage. This circumstance, fortunate as it may be deemed, set in motion all that dark machinery of guilt which a rich man's death provokes, and suspends the sword of fate over its innocent inheritor.

Of my eldest cousin I have no remembrance; but the appearance of the youngest comes back upon me in the dim lapse of intervening years, with a reality too real. He was a little, mean-looking man, distant and austere in manners, with cold, cruel gray eyes—had a stooping figure—a plodding, rustic air—was quite deaf, and withal an inveterate bachelor, which, considering his personal accomplishments, may be a matter of surprise to all young belles loitering in the highway of matrimonial uncertainty. Towards this man I ever felt an instinctive abhorrence, which was, as far as my observation went, fully reciprocated: to be sure, it never run into the extreme of violence, but whenever we met, it was with mutual repulsion; and I was heartily glad when the time arrived for my leaving home for school, if for no other reason than that of dividing the degrees of love and distance between us.

For the first three years I constantly corresponded with Eugene, informing him of my progress in the dead languages, (dead enough at present,) and recounted all my future hopes and wishes to him alone. In point of interest his letters were greatly heightened by their variable tone; they were sometimes gay and lively, and then on the contrary, he seemed plunged into the lowest depths of despair and misery. At last his letters ceased coming altogether; and from that hour to this I have never heard the remotest tidings of his fate.

I remained at school six years, and



underwent all the degrees of suffering and neglect, always so visible in the fruitful experiences of elementary studies; and considering the amount of starving, beating and freezing, it is marvelous how rapidly I progressed. It is probably to be attributed to the liberal allowance of each, that I was finally dismissed as a promising young student.

On my return home, my first inquiry, as may naturally be supposed, was for Eugene and my cousin Olivia; but without any satisfaction. Olivia, I was informed had two years previous embarked for Europe with her brother, and shortly after, Eugene also disappeared, whither no one knew. Finding all my efforts to gain intelligence of his whereabouts unavailing, my interest in his fate partially subsided, though at times the mystery pierced me like a drawn dagger, goading me into the most horrible suspicions. Year after year chased each other down the steep of time, and I became a wanderer. I had been on the Continent of Europe, and returned to London more restless and dissatisfied than I had ever been. One thought only now absorbed my whole being. To find my brother I was determined, if he were above ground: to such an extent did this intention possess me, that I was driven into the wildest excesses and most lawless adventures. Once in Belgium, I broke through an entire file of grenadiers who opposed my entrance to a *Petites Maison*, where some vague suspicion led me to suppose my brother was confined. Again, I effected entrance into a prison in France, and in leaving it was shot at as a fugitive convict; the ball shattered my elbow, and notwithstanding the severity of the wound I escaped uncaptured. How much I suffered He who holds the boundless mysteries of our being in His keeping only knew! and now, in the decline of life, when I recollect my sufferings it appears wonderful that death or distraction did not release them.

I wandered to Italy, and mused amidst the "sacred relics of almighty Rome." Down the vista of a thousand years strode "the noblest Roman of them all," the imperial Cæsar, followed by the sage who "loved not Cæsar less, but Rome more." Imagination peopled the air with all the horrors perpetrated in the name of liberty, and once again throned their idol on a monument in mockery of her sacred name. The vision changed! A wolf run howling by me baying the

midnight breeze—the scent of blood, fresh from the bosom of some victim of the Triumviri, still, methought, walks the wind. Thy hungry jaws find no succor in the palace of the Cæsars now! Dig deeply, there may be a carcass left! These were the idols the modern world have taught us to worship. Imitators in arts, and barbarians in arms—ignorant of civil liberty—despots in power, and destitute of civilization and chivalry—with a history that is but an epitome of greatness, and only remarkable from their love of conquest—they offer a suggestive homily upon the destiny of empires when unsustained by the humanizing effect and the peaceful inculcations of Christianity. Their religion was an ethnic idolatry, retrogressive in spirit and aim. That of Greece a progressive and poetic heathenism, which gradually fulfilled, to some extent, the promise of the Messiah in the refinements of peace and in all the peaceful inculcations implied in his divine mission. I made a pilgrimage to Athens. Fair and fruitful mother of all that is ideally beautiful in art and poetry, how art thou fallen? To the east yonder rises Mount Hymettus, with Illissus bathing her storied base. Thy murmurs might well be mistaken for the hum of bees gathering their sweets upon thy classic brow. Above, you see the gymnasium of the Cynosargus. Stop! here is a holy incarnation from the bosom of Pentellicus, by Phidias, and within the walls of yonder "melody in marble," hangs a breathing canvas warmed to life by Zeuxis; here is a Venus, by Parrhasius; yonder, in the Temple of Ceres, is a statue of Praxiteles. Read this inscription—"The glory of Euripides has all Greece for a monument." What barbarians thus to bespatter with praise a mere poet? had he been a cut-throat it might have been deserved. Out upon them!

Lysippus says, in one of his Comedies, "Whoever does not desire to see Athens is stupid; whoever does it without being delighted is more stupid; but the height of stupidity is to see it, to admire it, and to leave it." I might fairly be accused of the whole aggregate of these charges, for I felt all in turn, and returned to London in disgust.

In the heart of mighty London, surrounded by all the noisy tokens of an age to which it holds no relationship, stands an old dilapidated portion of what was once a princely habitation. Centuries



have crept over its crumbling walls as silently as the ivy, year by year, creeps over its mouldering form to shut it out altogether from view, and let it moulder on. Leagued with old Time, to fret the desolation, is man's neglect—an endlessness of itself—more dumb in its dismal dream of forgetfulness, and as unwakeful to the pleadings of the past as if the past never lived to cast a spell of bright humanities over the future, and to warm the hallowed dust of olden memories into a mental life, rich with the spoils age gathers around us in its turn, to give to things that were our now useless history.

The entrance to this crazy old hall, is a small gothic door leading into a courtyard; and it is only when once within its precincts, that the freezing mystery of the place breaks upon you, for it shuts out the life by which it is encompassed, as the spirits of the invisible world shut out our cognizance of theirs, yet know all the story of our existence from the cradle to the grave. A wise old bel-dame this same old hall! There runs a tradition that no one ever emerged again who had the hardihood to enter. "Death is there in many shapes and forms," said my informant, (a withered old centenarian,) for on Easter night, the old tower bell begins to toll, and the windows pour forth both light and sounds of music, such as is heard at Windsor on the Queen's birth-night." The singular accounts of those residing in the vicinity of this old edifice, and the strange associations gleaned from various sources, as well as the strong hold it had upon my imagination, determined me to explore its labyrinth; and now, after many years have elapsed, I give to the world the fruits of my discoveries.

One clear moonlight night in September of the year 18—, I wrapped myself in my mantle, and instructing my valet to follow, hastened to the entrance before mentioned. As soon as we were opposite the gate, I ordered him to mount and undo the inside fastening, and we were soon within the court-yard. "They sleep sound," said Pedro, (a sharp, cunning Spaniard, whom I had fallen in with at Madrid,) "I hope we shall not be taken for thieves." A sharp "hiss" silenced his murmurs, for accustomed to my moods, and graduating his feelings thereby, he knew that words were but poor weapons to deter my love of the marvellous from gratifying its most ardent thirst, even at any sacrifice. Climbing

upon his shoulders I succeeded in forcing open one of the window shutters, and raising the window softly, sprung as I thought into the room. I must have descended twenty feet before alighting, and was stunned and crippled to such an extent, that I was unable to give any answer to Pedro's repeated bellowings; who, seeing me disappear altogether, fully imagined that I had been seized and hurried off by one of the furies, that, before our departure, he tried to convince me haunted the old pile. When I was enabled to rise, the full conviction of my critical situation forced itself upon me; it was utterly dark, except a swath of hazy light, admitted far above by the open shutters, that only pierced the dismal shadow around the entrance, and faded into a sickly glare while struggling its way through darkness and desolation of a century old, and then died along the mouldering walls, and went out in gloom forever.

An overwhelming sense of evil now seemed to press the oppressive bulk of darkness upon me, and increase the dreadful weight of gloom which the silence and loneliness engendered. These frowned from the dismal walls awful as a judgment of God. Every corner seemed instinct with a *life* of darkness—a crouching, stirless oblivion—yet alive; taking no definite shape, but still brooding in horror; viewless, yet searching in its sight; noiseless, yet seemingly knocking at the heart with its ponderous mace. I stumbled on some distance, when my feet struck against a flight of stone steps, and I ascended into what appeared a large hall or chamber, but as dark as the one below. In groping along a gallery leading from the room, my hand came in contact with a door which swung open at a touch, and I entered into another apartment, but shrouded in the same impenetrable darkness as the previous one. All was silence, and so awful in its oppression, that I forbore to wake its echoes with even a whisper. Weary and utterly hopeless, I sank down upon the floor and fell into a deep slumber.

"Sleep hath its own world," says the Poet, and never fell upon a jaded heart more sweetly its gentle ministrings than on mine. I dreamt of Eugene, and thought we were boys again together; and all that holy life, that bloomed in innocence and ripened with our growth, made again its sabbath in my heart. Bells rung clear and musically in the



morning air (the self-same bells, replete with childish recollections). Olivia, with her blessed smile, put her gentle hand in mine, and all was happiness and peace. It is a common practice with the incredulous to scout the revelation of dreams as baseless illusions and abstractions, springing from disease or some similar anomalous source; but to me their promptings have ever been as palpable, and far more congruous in results, than the clearest realities conceived in wakeful moments, where a suggestive view of our inner life, shut out with actualities the mysterious workings of the spirit. Still I slept. The scene suddenly changed from that which I have described, and I was in a picture gallery. The keeper appeared to be a woman, but belonging to an age passed out of recollection, and so palsied was her person that I feared to touch it, lest it should crumble to atoms. The pictures, with one exception, appeared of very ancient date; there were old beaux in the costume of Charles, and court beauties of the same reign. Holbiens of the Elizabethan age, and Knights in the armor of the conqueror; Crusaders with the cross, and Pontiffs with the crescent. I thought the old lady had gone away by accident and locked me in; and, night coming on, I was left alone with my ghostly acquaintances.

There was one picture in the collection that engrossed all my attention. The eyes were large and lustrous, and had a look so spiritually and pensively beautiful, and spoke in such mute appeals the story of a broken heart, that in my own a part of its unknown sorrow was for a time reflected. I had seen the face before; yet where, I had not the *will* to determine. The tortures of this struggle will never be effaced from my memory. There hung the portrait, its own placid gaze recognizing my own; the eyes moved! the lips smiled, but meeting no return, relapsed into a mournful expression, but kept its gaze intent upon mine. I had known the original; its fate was in some way blended with mine, but to solve the mystery I was utterly incapable. I turned to the other pictures, and each seemed instinct with life; the flush of health was upon the countenance of each. At a given signal of a stalwart chevalier, the pictures fluttered a moment in their frames, and each one (except that of the lady) stepped out of the canvas a living, breathing man and woman, and arranged them for a dance. Towering

high above the rest was a shadow that appeared to take no form, and kept aloof from all intercourse. It seemed to be unobserved by any one, yet kept the strictest watch upon each one's movements. They sat down to a banquet. The tall figure lifted his right arm, and it blazed like a rising meteor in the air, shedding a crimson light upon the festival. Each one was silent, and care seemed depicted upon every countenance. In the same solemn silence the revels recommenced, and this time all of the individuals underwent many transformations. A mist gradually enveloped each, through which the head was only visible, and that was changed into a hideous, grinning skull—the nether limbs rattling in horrid discord in the dance of death. The tall figure raised aloft his “red right arm,” and drank with greedy avidity from an infant's skull filled with gore. Afar off through the casement tossed a dreary sea, and its dismal wailings came louder and nearer until it rolled in upon the floor in waves of curdled blood.

All these horrors seemed in perfect keeping, and followed in natural succession in my mind; yet I had not the will or power to distinguish between their actual existence, and my own vivid impression of them. The reader will judge by the sequel, how faithful was the forecast of truth which followed.

I turned my eyes towards the portrait on the wall, and was appalled at the change it exhibited. The face was ghastly pale; the eyes laden with a deathly film gathering slowly over them. The lips were colorless, and over the right temple a reeking wound, gaping with gory mouth, came gradually into visible tangibility, and death apparently followed. A slight tremor crept through my veins, a low sigh was distinctly iterated, and I awoke.

I opened my eyes directly upon the picture I have described, as it appeared in my dream upon the first view. My illusion was fulfilled in the most minute particular, excepting, of course, the fantastic shape which the pictures assumed. I was in a gallery filled exactly with such pictures as is before mentioned. A thunder storm had been raging during the night; the casement had blown open, and I was thoroughly drenched by the rain pouring in upon my uncovered person. Stiff and cold, I staggered to the lattice and pushed it open, and the bright warm sun greeted me with his cheerful



smile. London, already abounding with a peopled world struggling for the necessities of existence, was abroad in many a busy maze and mart, and thus, from day to day, and year to year, the tide of humanity rolled on to swell the past. The tops of the neighboring buildings were below me, and far beyond stretched blooming fields and luxuriant forests, interspersed with hamlet, cot and village; a picture of quiet beauty, still living in the cabinet of the brain. I turned to the picture which had so deeply impressed me, and with great difficulty succeeded in getting it from its lofty hanging. I examined closely every part of the frame and canvas; it bore, comparatively, a recent date, but the artist's name was entirely obliterated. One fact was sufficient; I had known the original, and the conviction became more and more certain that my history was in some manner mingled with its own. With this thought uppermost, I descended the staircase and effected egress through an adjacent building, thence to the yard, and finally into one of the popular thoroughfares.

As soon as I reached my lodgings, I commenced equipping myself for the task of further investigation on the following night. I procured a dark-lantern, and instructed Pedro to be in readiness. The day wore wearily into shadows; and, at last, night, with her protecting wing, hovered over our designs. Forth we sallied, and were soon at the postern. This time we gained admission by battering in the door, and, lighting the lantern, began our discoveries. We descended into a large, square room, which had only one outlet, and that was by means of a flight of steps leading into labyrinths of almost an interminable depth. These we traversed, and found ourselves at the entrance of a vault. After efforts almost superhuman, the iron door was forced open, and, creeping through a narrow passage, we descended into a tomb.

In the vault, coffins were arranged perpendicularly around side by side, displaying their tenants in standing positions. The decayed wood had fallen away from many, leaving the bodies quite erect, and to my astonishment perfect. The ghastly assemblage seemed

ready to start into being again, and renew its mockeries in that living grave, to which they had been exiled long before death led them from the cruel penances of imaginary sins. They were all females, habited in the garb of nuns. One, and only one, coffin was placed in the usual position. It lay near the entrance, as if it had been pushed hurriedly in. I examined this carefully, and observed that the wood was still in a good state of preservation. We carefully raised the lid and lifted the covering; the hands were perfect, and an engraved diamond ring sparkled to the light. I held the lantern close to the hand, and traced distinctly *the arms of our family*. With breathless eagerness I tore the covering from the face; the flesh crumbled to ashes beneath my touch, and, merciful heavens! the very scar which I had seen on the forehead of the picture, found its exact counterpart on this skull now before me in the coffin. I reeled backwards, the whole foundation of the edifice seemed to rock, and all was oblivion and darkness.

The mournful sequel of this narrative is soon told. Years have passed since it transpired, and all the events passed out of recollection. I offer them as a sad homily upon the sin of a thirst for gold, and the evil it engenders.

My cousin had resolved that Olivia should never be wedded; and so long as nothing occurred to justify the suspicion that such was not her intention, she was safe. He had predetermined her fortune should never pass out of his possession, and to this end shaped all his designs. He embarked for Europe; but finding himself hotly pursued by my brother, he incarcerated Olivia in a nunnery, and then, lest his villanies should be discovered, she was secretly murdered—at least this was the only conjecture.

My brother's fate was never known. My cousin has long since gone to render an account before another tribunal of his misdeeds; and the palsied head that recalls the events of this history, will soon lie as forgetful in the dust as that of her who has slumbered so many years in the dim vault of a distant nunnery, remembering nothing of either her love or her sorrow.



## POLITICAL EDUCATION—STATESMANSHIP.\*

"To govern a society of freemen," says Lord Bolingbroke, "by a constitution founded on the eternal rules of right reason, and directed to promote the happiness of the whole and of each individual, is the noblest prerogative that can belong to humanity." The instrument of which we have, in the descriptive clauses of this fine passage, a definition at once the most correct and concise, perhaps, expressible by language, evidently would be a perfect political constitution. Of course, the prerogative that depended on such a chimera, instead of being the highest attainable, should be accounted as none at all; or what is the same, virtually, a prerogative in perpetual abeyance.

But suppose this constitutional perfection as common as it, of all perfections, is, peculiarly the reverse, the fortune of having to govern by means so apt and efficient, ought to be esteemed, indeed, a felicity, but scarcely, we think, a meritorious honor; certainly, not one at all to be compared to that of having acquired the capacity of reforming, into something of this hypothetical excellence, the imperfections and abuses of the actual systems. For which the reasons are sound and sundry. The more perfect the machinery of government (like all machinery) the less of skill it would pre-suppose—for it would require the less—in the living agent who was to work it. The less of dignity, consequently, would attach to an office thus brought within the competence of the common. Nor, respecting the holder, would the fact of having obtained the place any more infer high merit than that of his adequacy to its easy discharge. Then as now—perhaps, then, even more than now—the presumption it would popularly, and properly, afford, would be that of pecuniary or party position, or of still more objectionable personal qualities.

This we have thought a distinction of some consequence to note. Public men, and ours in particular, seem to flatter themselves that the constitutional merits—real or popularly imagined—of the government which employs them, are,

so to say, reflected upon the offices they hold; thus dispensing them, as far as official dignity (and of course dollars) is concerned, from any special regard to a due, not to say a creditable, competency. Deluded by this convenient notion, our political aspirants are content to accomplish themselves—negatively and positively—in those low arts alone, which train to creep up, or down, to office, that general goal of their ambition. But, personally, this is a great, as it is politically a grievous, mistake. For what, in truth, constitutes the rank of an office, unless it be that of the qualifications required in the functionary? A proof of which is, that the former sinks in dignity in the direct proportion of any customary deficiency in the other. So that instead of the office elevating its unworthy occupants, it only is itself degraded to the average level of their incompetency. And, furthermore, this incompetency finds less shelter in the "free societies" in question, than (for example) in monarchies; where the honor, the "prerogative," of place is held to emanate from the donor, and not from the duty. The source of official honor in constitutional governments is well intimated in the rebuke of the Roman Centurion to his comrades: "You should deem any post honorable wherein you may serve the republic." The common distinctions in this service are but established presumptions of capacity, graduated according to the combined rareness and value of the qualifications.

Let us set these general observations before our readers in the light of familiar experience. We, of these States, are certainly in Bolingbroke's predicament, so far as being a "society of freemen." Our Constitutions, too, without being, perhaps, in all their provisions, quite convertible with the "rules of right reason," are rarely—at least in our own opinions, which is enough for the argument—at violent variance with its general principles. Yet the public sentiment, or we strangely mistake it, is sufficiently far, with all its natural bias and national vanity, from deeming it the highest of hu-

\* *The Citizen of a Republic.* By Ansaldo Ceba. Translated by C. E. Lester. Paine & Burgess. New York.

*The Statesman.* By Henry Taylor. London.



man prerogatives, to hold a place among our highest governors—to wit; that of member of Congress, or *even* of Assembly.

Not the man, then, whom circumstances should call to govern by that perfect constitution which nowhere exists, but he who is qualified to perfect those that do exist actually, and, unfortunately, everywhere; who is capable of correcting them according to that principle and guide which are the constitution of constitutions, right reason and the general welfare—this is the man legitimately invested with the prerogative in question: and he is so invested, whether in, or out, of office: like the cobbler of the Stoics, who was still a king—on the principle of, *rex est qui recte facit*. Applied to such, there is no extravagance in the assertion of Bolingbroke. And this, in fact, (notwithstanding our strictures—which will be seen, we hope, to have had a better purpose than idle criticism,) this we must think to have been the meaning of his Lordship, who so well understood, as he well exemplified, the qualities of the statesman; but that the prepossessions, too usual with him, in politics as in religion, had given a partial cast to his language.

But if the mission of the statesman in a free government be thus noble, the qualifications to merit its honors or to retain them permanently, are, too, of the highest order and the most arduous attainment. This will be apparent to the least intelligent glance into the elements of government, both as a science and an art, above so well designated, viz., To know *what* are the rules of right reason and how *to apply* them rightly; to know the various constituents of general and individual happiness, and how both may be combined in the highest possible proportions. This is the two-fold problem. These requisites followed out would perhaps leave little unembraced of the whole field of human knowledge, practical and theoretic. The details will be considered more at large by and by. For the present, we will only add a summary of the difficulties of statesmanship, as conceived by a man who was himself, perhaps, the best sample of it produced by modern times. “The duties and the requisite ability of the legislator (says Turgot) are of a magnitude to intimidate the man who is capable of discerning them, and to make the virtuous man tremble. Such is the multitude of

objects presented to the mind; such the multitude of established relations accumulated upon each other in the course of ages; so numerous are the tribunals and jurisdictions to be understood and kept in order! The machine of government is complicated with too many springs for any man to flatter himself that he has mastered all their combinations; which, however, it is still more impossible for him to disregard. They give rise daily to a number of questions which press for decision, and are not to be eluded or set aside by inattention or ignorance. In fine, a prodigious sagacity and no less of address are requisite to prevent that any of those particular measures, which appear to be all induced and controlled by the special circumstances of the case, should be at variance with either the fundamental principles or the general plan.”

The grand practical question, then, is, how to surmount these difficulties—how best to secure the requisite political intelligence and character? We add character; for without this, without principle, without morality, the man of large information is apt to be an arsenal for faction, and genius itself but a splendid mischief. Accordingly, we see the wise ancients made this the primary quality of their Orator—that is, the Statesman of those times—as that personage has been defined by Cato, conceived and nearly exemplified by Cicero, and finally instituted by Quintilian—*vir bonus, dicendi peritus*. The answer to the above inquiry is, generally, by Education; education which is the re-creation, the manufaction, so to speak, of the social man—according to the idea of Mr. Owen, and which proves this gentleman, in our mind, the most far-seeing, though not without the least fanatical, of the Socialists. Of the wide field, however, which this word comprises, even in its limited ordinary sense, we are here to survey but that portion or aspect which relates more immediately and properly to the accomplishment of the statesman, and which we shall, therefore, distinguish by the term Political Education.

For us, it is probably unnecessary—even in these days of novelties, at least of nomenclature—to premise, that by this term we mean no new-fangled doctrine; nothing, in truth, differing essentially from the established materials, and even modes, of instruction. The words are quite expressive of our idea, to wit: education composed of the ordinary means,



as far as they may take us, but conducted with especial reference to the efficient discharge, respectively, by the public man of the functions of government, and by the citizen of the duties of society. The latter, which might also be usefully denominated civic education, would ask at the most, perhaps, but slight modifications of our present system. What is needed towards the other is, not merely this respective modification, but also an elevation and extension of the course of study, the chief divisions of which we shall have occasion to consider in detail. Thus far a republican education generally, would demand, it seems to us, very considerable alteration in our adopted systems. But political education proper—the accomplishment of the statesman—is a process, for the most part, superior and supplementary to all scholastic discipline; and in which the best, perhaps, that this discipline can do is, to fit a man to be his own teacher.

Now, it may seem singular, that a country like ours—where the art of government, everywhere of paramount, becomes of preëminent, importance—should not yet have produced a treatise upon—not even given a speculative thought to—the subject of statesmanship. The omission is still more remarkable in England, whose institutions, also free comparatively, have, for centuries, offered the highest prizes to political ability; and the more especially that the art has, long ago, been “noted for deficient” by Lord Bacon, who, with his usual sagacity, recommended “an education collegiate” for the purpose. From the same peculiarity, though mixed, beyond most States, with foreign politics, she has never produced a book of any consequence upon international law. Many more of these queer oversights might be adduced. For such apparent anomalies, we discern two reasons, which it is here expedient to unfold, in order to obviate any presumption against the utility of the disciplination contended for, to be derived from the unexplained neglect of it by England. And the explanation as to England will, almost of course, apply to our own good countrymen, who, in general, seem not even to dream that there can be anything worth their attention in the ideal, any more than in the material, world, which has not occupied some British brain.

Of the reasons in question, then, the one arises from the particular situation of the country; the other from the natural

history of the human mind in general—the former having probably modified the latter, in the present case.

The English are, or were till the current century, as insular in their mental as in their geographical territory. The words of the Roman poet would apply equally to them in both the respects, and they are “*divisi toto ab orbe Britannii*” in regard of the globe of intellect, as of the globe of earth. Were it not for their contiguity to the continent, and, above all, the necessities and extent of their commercial intercourse, they might have remained, to this day, as peculiar as the Chinese. Hence their contracted views, the undigested and fragmentary condition of their ideas and information, the concrete character of all their attempts to theorize; and from these, again, the inflexible stubbornness of their prejudices, their intense egotism and contemptuous aversion for the more generalized ideas of the continental writers, especially the eminently comprehensive and socializing philosophy of their French neighbors. The best image of the English mind may be seen in the Common Law: an index, indeed, of universal application when the government is at all free. On the whole, then, this mind, though largely developed in the physical or material directions, must, we think, be regarded as still on the confines of barbarism, in respect of the highest order of ideological conception and social combination. But to the latter description belongs eminently the science of statesmanship.

And this leads us to the second reason, which is furnished by the natural history of the human intellect, as developed in society. The order of this development is, from arts to sciences, upwards; from arts material, or “the useful,” to the moral or “fine” arts, onward; the intellectual arts, as we shall term them, follow, the last, and *longo intervallo* (like Virgil’s runner). An example of this procession may be observed in the tardy conception of Political Economy, and the kindred sciences. A better still is found in the history of property, which was established at first in only natural objects; after, in artistic modifications of these objects; but which in its intellectual forms, though here incalculably the most important, remains even still without recognition, or at least without sanction, in the less civilized communities.

Somewhere within the “long interval” between the second and third of



these periods, must be the present position of England in the race of mind, and; of course, still behind her, that of those she trails in tow. Not that her writers are not conversant with the most advanced theories of political philosophy. But their speculations of this kind, like most even of those whereby her institutions and arts are now daily improved and systematized, are of foreign, generally of French, origination. The national mind is not yet matured to produce them *naturally* and *necessarily*. We say necessarily; for the intellect and the sympathies have, in due time, their “necessaries of life” to be provided, as well as the appetites. And this necessity is the mother of invention, as truly in the one case as in the other. In this view it is plain that the arts proper to the gratification of the reason and the sympathy might also be termed “useful,” in the strictest sense; a quality, indeed, which could have been appropriated, in exclusion of them, to material contrivances for animal satisfaction, only by ages of gross ignorance, or more properly, of mental infancy. Not only are they indeed useful, but useful—at least the intellectual class—to a degree immeasurably beyond the scope of the mechanical arts. A fact which might be inferred, according to the general economy of nature herself, from their being the latest and most laboriously developed. They it is, which teach the *application* of the sciences, a knowledge far more difficult and rare than even that of the sciences themselves. They it is by which the arts, whether industrial or æsthetical, are to be improved, organized and diffused, for the promotion of general happiness and the advancement of civilization. And these are the two objects of the *Art* of the statesman.

It may now be replied that, if this sovereign art be thus neglected in England and this country, its condition seems to be no better on the European continent, notwithstanding the precedence assigned the latter, in intellectual proficiency. The fact is admitted, and it furnishes a new proof of our theory of social progression. But it is a weighty consideration, that but little inducement for the cultivation of statesmanship can of course exist in monarchical governments, where place is the boon of favor or birth, not the prize of merit and capacity. Accordingly, whenever this monopoly has, under the auspices of free institutions, been thrown open to general competition, we find the continental mind assert, in the art of gov-

ernment, too, its general ascendancy. France, during the few years of her constitutional existence, has already all the materials in rapid preparation. In her colleges and universities there are, over and above the collegiate courses in this country or even England, special professorships devoted to general history, and also, severally, to its principal divisions—ancient, ecclesiastical, civil, political, natural; to political economy and the kindred sciences; to moral and political science generally; to law—natural, international, constitutional, civil. There remains but a step to combine these elements into the system of doctrine and discipline desired, or perhaps organize them in a distinct institution—a Civil Academy (quite as useful, one would think, as a Military Academy); and this step, it may be expected confidently, will not be long untaken.

A proof still more palpable of the Continental superiority in question, is afforded by one of the books in our epigraph. The character of this production is sufficiently denoted by the title, “*The Citizen of a Republic* ;” (although, be it remembered, no distinction is observed between the citizen and the statesman.) It was written in one of the free Italian cities, Genoa, towards the end of the sixteenth century. The conception was highly creditable for the times, especially when it is seen how little has been accomplished since, in the same field. But this, it must be owned, is the principal claim of the book to our respect. We have thought, however, that an analysis of it might be used with advantage in giving our readers a sketch of the requisites of statesmanship. To supply some of its omissions we have also added to our programme “*The Statesman*,” by Taylor, published some years ago in England: an essay which (characteristically of that nation) is still more incomplete and unscientific than the Italian treatise, but is in part redeemed by much pregnant suggestion and profound observation. These are the two only books, as far at least as we know, specifically consecrated to the education of the government and of the citizen. They fall far short, we repeat it, in various respects, (which will be occasionally noted,) of what we should desire to present our readers upon the subject of political education. But the limits of this article, as well as of the writer’s ability, permit us the hope, less of giving instruction, than of gaining the attention of our people to a matter in



which they are as vitally concerned, as they are shamefully ignorant or culpably careless.

The precedence is due to the Italian work, on the ground of comprehensiveness as well as chronology. The author, Ansaldo Ceba, is more favorably known as a poet than as a politician; though his translator (merely from the usual predilection, no doubt,) would seem to wish us to take him for a second Machiavelli. Even, of his shoals of verses of all sorts—epic, dramatic, miscellaneous—only two or three tragedies are now in any repute. He was a mere, but an accomplished, man of letters; and his political essays, of which the present is the principal, seem to have been written in the quality, as with the talent, of an amateur. The treatise before us, which has never risen to any consideration in Europe, is marked, accordingly, with the corresponding characteristics—an extensive acquaintance with ancient history and literature, and an elegant, an unpedantic, employment of this fair-and-easy erudition. But the book is utterly without science in the conception, and the semblance of system which it affects is superficial and common-place. Instead of an analytic exposition of the objects, means and method of the civic education which he had undertaken to describe, we are treated to a compilation of trivial precepts, illustrated abundantly by authorities and examples, from the learned gossip of Plutarch and Aulus Gellius. These precepts and examples we are not disposed to underrate in themselves, or in a proper place; but be they ever so apposite, a subject of the gravity of this in question can be but degraded and trivialized in the general notion, by being made up of things which we have all been familiar with from boyhood—some of us in the “*Viri Romæ*” and Swain’s Sentences, others in the still profounder sources of “*American Readers*,” *Elements of Elocution*, and *Rhetorics for the use of Colleges*. For the rest, this reproach is not addressed to Ceba, whose fault in this particular was the manner of his time, but is chiefly prepared for the next comer whom the cap may fit. In the same prospective view it is, that we have premised this estimate (which may be thought rigorous) of his book. It has been a good deal read in this country; and would, we fear—if allowed to pass for a system of political education—have the effect of reconciling to the present scandalous incompetency of our public men, that por-

tion of the people who may be looked to to demand improvement; and of confirming in their complacent creed that other and perhaps larger portion of them, who hold statesmanship to be, like mastication, a natural faculty of every Democrat.

Ceba, in his introductory chapter, places, after Plutarch, the art of good citizenship in knowing “How to be free.” And in a certain sense there is propriety in the axiom, as well as point. He makes the trite remark, that while it is deemed necessary that tailors and cobblers be qualified by apprenticeship for their respective trades, the art of government alone is left without any preparatory discipline; or, in Mr. Lester’s elegant translation: “very rarely the *guide* of civil education precedes the *practice* of the art of governing the republic.” This “wonderful oversight” in mankind the author seems at a loss to account for: we have above suggested an explanation of his difficulty. Yet, instead of proposing something analogous to apprenticeship in the mechanic arts, instead of institution or principle, Ceba’s method of supplying this perverse deficiency in the formation of statesmen, is merely by exhibiting to us his idea of a model citizen. For, with this author, as before observed, the two are constantly, and of course confusedly, running into each other.

Certain prerequisites of this paragon are naively set forth (in the second chapter) as follow: 1st. That he be citizen of a perfect republic—one, that is, with the general weal for its object, and for its basis popular virtue. 2d. He must be, as our translator phrases it, “provided principally with moral virtues.” 3d. Gifts of nature and fortune. Finally, disposed in all things to postpone his personal, to the public, interest. Here are a set of pretty liberal postulates. With materials of this temper, the citizen, one would imagine, were already made, *ad unguem*. But how these materials themselves were to be made, the exponent does not say, though, in our humble opinion, more than half the question.

After enforcing, quite unnecessarily, the importance of these conditions, the author proceeds (in the fifth chapter) to dissert upon virtue; which is treated, in the antique fashion of the morality of that day, according to the philosophy of Aristotle; and perhaps still farther mystified by the philosophy of the translator. This last point, however, we are obliged



—not having been able to procure a copy of the original—to leave to the reader's conjecture from the perspicuity of the version. The conclusion of the author is rendered thus: "Virtue, then, in general terms, seems to us to be a habitude of the mind which is *conformed to truth in action, and where lofty motive, in everything, is the greatest good.*" We do not deem this a place to discuss the theory of virtue. Suffice it, that of all these civic virtues, as indeed of every other, Cæsar, like a dutiful son of the Church, would make the mysteries of the Gospel to be the touchstone and the law.

The acquisition of foreign languages is next recommended, very properly, for both the purposes of obtaining information not accessible in the vernacular idiom, and of diplomatic intercourse in the business of the republic. Other and greater advantages might be added, on a deeper consideration of the subject. Merely as an instrument of mental discipline, and irrespective of their uses as a medium both of intelligence and communication, the study of foreign languages cannot possibly be overrated. The error is, especially in our day and country, that it is too rarely and imperfectly appreciated. We believe its importance, philological, historical and educational, has as yet been nowhere fully conceived. It may be affirmed that none can know his native tongue intelligently who has no knowledge of any other; as nothing whatever can have been *known* but by comparison with others of a similar kind. The knowledge of foreign languages in this way furnishes the means not only of comprehending the vernacular more philosophically, but also of correcting or enriching it with additional forms and terms of expression. It is, moreover, one of the best handmaids to the study of history. The language of a people is the most faithful record of its modes of feeling, its vicissitudes of fortune, its habits of thought; it is the result, almost mechanical, of the objects and occurrences of its experience. Language, in fine, is a logical method, and, in the process of construing, at once exercises the thinking faculty and forms the understanding. All this is true, preëminently, of the Greek and Latin idioms, they being the most perfect of all, the most rationalized. It is worthy of remark, that *among the numberless fanatics, radicals and eccentrics of all sorts, whether in thought or action, of modern times, there perhaps is*

*not one individual who had been early and thoroughly imbued with a classical education. The Jack Cades of literature and of philosophy are generally the Jack Cades of politics, morals and the rest.* These noble dialects have still another and peculiar value to us—they furnish an etymological key to perhaps the largest and most important part of the English tongue; in fact, to the whole of its scientific, philosophical and æsthetical vocabularies, which (together, of course, with at least the rudiments of the *things* they signify) have been transplanted upon our rather stunted "Anglo-Saxon" stock, from the banks of the Ilyssus and the Tiber. Are these things—to omit a multitude of benefits more remote or recondite—is any one of them, even, duly considered by those who would have the mere ghost of classical instruction which is still retained, discarded from our schools and colleges? Certainly not! And, accordingly, while censuring the "notions" of this shallow practicalism, we can pardon its professors or pretenders, upon the evangelical extenuation, that they know not, most of them, what they do.

But, besides the aids alluded to towards the more effective use and the improvement of the native tongue, towards the study of something more of history than its nomenclature and chronology, towards the more plastic exercise of the reason—that is to say, in a word, towards a political education—besides all this, the acquisition of well-cultivated foreign languages brings yet another grand advantage, which regards the mere *man*, and which might be termed the moral or civilizing influence. And hence, we suppose, the significant term "*humanity*," applied to the study of Greek and Latin, in the phraseology of the schools. Custom and superstition have been called tyrants of the human mind: compared with language, however, they are its very obedient servants. Man is in a great degree bound, as by the Fate of the ancients, to the system of opinions upon which the language rests in which he happens to be brought up. Thinking only by means of it, it of course affords him no instrument, nor has he any energy within himself, whereby to get beyond its sphere. He wants the *Που Στω* of Archimedes. As well might he seek to quit this planet upon which he has been cast, or the atmospheric ocean wherein "he has his being." The disadvantages of



this situation are obvious. There, things are seen in only one of their numberless aspects; they are discolored and diffracted in a medium changing incessantly, and commonly by chance medley; and yet are they—objects and relative positions—taken always to be *where*, and *what*, they appear: for words are inseparable from the things signified, in the intellectual condition we speak of; and in this way many a “wise head” may be observed contemplating, in another form, with all the faith of its first childhood, the star-spangled firmament in a horse-pond. In this condition are, to a certain extent, seven-eighths of even the best educated people; who may so far be considered, morally, as a sort of fossil remains of past ages—the mental mummies of long-dead creeds and decayed hypotheses. Now, this incrustation of routine is broken, in some measure, by the acquisition of a new language. The effect is of the same kind with the liberalizing influence of foreign travel. In the one case a varying of names; in the other, of things. And the oftener we repeat the process, that is to say, the more languages we acquire *philosophically*, the more free and many-sided becomes the mind.

But there is another convenience of this lingual accomplishment, overlooked by ourselves as well as omitted by the author, which it seems just to acknowledge that his American translator, characteristically enough, has brought forward in a note, to wit, its gastronomic importance. What the ignorance of the “foreign tongues” must be of our “countrymen abroad” of the common order—the *profanum vulgus*—and what their melancholy plight on the vital score aforesaid, is left, strikingly, to be inferred from the case of an “American Divine, who could read Hebrew and its cognate languages, with Latin and Greek, (prodigious polyglot!) and yet had, in an Italian café, to ask for his *bread and butter* by signs.” We agree entirely with Mr. Lester, that, at least, those who undertake to represent our government abroad should qualify themselves to converse, not with the waiters of cafés, but with the ministers of courts: but we are also persuaded that this is not to be effected by neglecting the Greek and Latin, &c.; but, on the contrary, by insisting that our statesmen, and even “Divines,” should know something more of these languages—we had well nigh added, of their own—than merely to “read them.”

Our author next considers the necessity of rhetoric to the citizen, with its proper uses. But he says nothing of how it is to be acquired, nor what it consists in, though both the more disputed questions. This would constitute the most important chapter in an adequate treatise on the education of the statesman. Indeed, so essential is the art of public speaking to the public man, in a popular government, that (as we have perhaps remarked already) the orator of the ancient republics bore a close analogy—the difference of circumstances considered—to the modern idea of a statesman: a term to which, accordingly, neither of the Greek nor Roman languages affords, we believe, any other equivalent. It is a great mistake to suppose, with the popular notion, Demosthenes and Cicero to have been mere speech-makers. In this respect, they had often been deemed outdone, the latter by the lawyer Calvus, the other by the fisherman Demades. No; they have come down to us as the greatest of orators, only because they were the greatest statesmen of their country and day—perhaps, even of any day or country; because they had brought with them to the service of the State, a thorough intelligence of its affairs and interests, and minds fraught with all the learning and philosophy of those times; because, in fine, they were men who had *what* to say, as well as knew *how* to say it. These orators were, in fact, a sort of popular ministers, whether in power or in opposition. Of the nature of this relation it is not easy now to form a just conception. Perhaps the best modern analogies, in this respect, (though by no means in oratory,) to Cicero in the Senate, denouncing to the sober Romans the profligate ambition of their factious leaders, and to Demosthenes electrifying the volatile but vehement Athenians against the arms and intrigues of the “man of Macedon,” are furnished respectively, by Lord Chatham, when he earned the title of “the Great Commoner” from the English people, and O’Connell, wielding at will seven-eighths of his countrymen, against the tyranny and taxation of the “Saxon.”

But oratory, we hear it said, is become of little consequence to the modern statesman, owing to the supervention of the Press. With respect to the cause here assigned, the opinion contains some truth; but it is mainly, we think, a misapprehension. In the first place, the



press can never supersede the orator in his distinctive province; which is not, be it remembered, to inform or misinform his audience by narration of fact or fiction, more or less dully or drolly, but to win them to his purposes by force of *manner*, whether he informs or excites, argues or illustrates. This manner is the *differentia* (as a logician would say) of the orator. But this is a function not to be supplied by the press—even in any probable improvement of its character and composition. Again; it is to be considered that the press is an agency which “works both ways;” if it serves to explain and enforce the measures of a ministry, it is equally efficient and available to thwart and misrepresent them. Its confusions in this way—which, however curious, this is not the place to deduce at length—seem to result in the establishment of a species of *equilibrium*, which leaves the modern orator upon an *equal* (though a dissimilar) footing with the ancient. Our meaning will be clearer, perhaps, in the moot question, as to the “greater happiness” of man in the civilized or in the savage state; or as it is put more precisely in Hume’s position: That a girl going to a ball, in her first full dress, is *as happy* as Cicero descending from the forum with the laurels of eloquence around his brow. It is a nicer matter than such as do not reflect can imagine—at least, if the measure of happiness be allowed, rationally, to depend upon the ratio between gratification and desire. Civilization brings an increase of comforts (including, of course, that “daily bread,” the morning paper); but does it not also bring a multiplication of wants in the same, or a higher, proportion? So with the modern statesman, if journalism gives him new facilities to advance his objects, it furnishes also a full counterweight of opposition for him to combat. Have the government journals left nothing to do for the powerful oratory of M. Guizot? and is it not by means of that oratory—and of it alone—that he has braved, for a period unprecedented in his office, the majority of the press, and, perhaps, of the people, of France?

That oratory is not now the power that it was of old is, therefore, not because it has been superseded, but because it has degenerated. The cause of this defection is a point of infinite dispute among those who have too much sagacity to be satisfied with the easy expla-

nation just discussed. And as it is a matter of the first moment to our subject, to our country, as well as to the cause of education in general, we shall stop to submit a solution, which, it is believed, will have the merit of being new, if none other less equivocal.

Aristotle and Quintilian, with their followers—under whatever transformation of manufacture and quackery—are still the masters of rhetoric in our educational institutions; Demosthenes, Cicero, &c., its model examples. To this undeniable fact we trace the as evident inefficiency of the rhetorical instruction, meagre as it is, which is taught in our colleges. This course is worse than inefficient; it is perverse, inasmuch as it operates to the diversion of attention and inquiry from the contrivance of a better. It is inefficient; for the plain reason, that it is the oratory of a remote age, of a far different people, of a very dissimilar civilization. A necessary result of this difference is, a corresponding one in the *form* of the oratorical art. But the subject matter, moreover, of the ancient orations which are read in our schools, is still more incongruous. What more of interest or reality to the American student have the speculations of Verres, the enfranchisement of Archius, or the memorable contest “*de corona*” between the two illustrious Athenians, than if we were to revive the *Suasoria* of the school declamations, so severely ridiculed by Juvenal, and denounced, particularly in the elegant dialogue on oratory attributed to Tacitus, as having caused the corruption and decline of Roman eloquence? The former, though founded upon real occurrences, have to us the same pernicious inanity. And if it be said that the orations of Cicero are not taught for their matter, it is answer enough here, that to separate the *form* (allowing this to be unexceptionable) were an effort of abstraction beyond the competency of most learners—not to say, of the teachers.

We surely have no disposition to depreciate these immortal ancients; our disposition is rather the reverse. Twenty centuries’ possession has established their title to the throne of eloquence; and their dominion, in our judgment, should endure forever, if oratory were an exception to every other art, in being capable of absolute, not merely of *relative* excellence. But no: All arts, to be effective, that is, to be *art*, must conform their methods to the changes of their objects or materials; and



oratory has to do with the most shifting of all, perhaps—with men, their passions, their interests, their pursuits. But these, in the present age, are all fallen below their ancient dignity or elevation: or soar above it, as we are assured by the philosophers of “progressive Democracy.” At all events—what is alone to our purpose—they are no longer in the same plane. And if those orators in question continue still, indeed, the proverbs of eloquence upon every tongue, they are revered only as the more enlightened heathens worshiped their gods; not that we believe in their divinity, or observe their precepts, but partly because our parents and their predecessors had knelt at the same altar, and partly too, perhaps, from calculations of interest or impulses of vanity. Only let our professions be tested by acts. What orator or advocate would now be found to utter before a tribunal, in this country or England, the elaborate exordium (for example) of the oration for Milo, or even its more natural peroration, whose masterly pathos must, however, be the same to every age, and which, for our own part, we cannot still reperuse, for a fiftieth time, without tears—a tribute never extorted by any modern oration? Why, he would be laughed out of court, or at the least, out of countenance. Would the wildest of our Fourth of July “orators” venture upon invoking solemnly the shades of the “heroes who fell at Saratoga,” or “Bunker Hill?” It would appear ridiculous, even to the ridiculous passions commonly uppermost on these occasions. Why? Only because, it would be out of joint with the times, in Hamlet’s language. For the same reason it is that nothing can be more frigid, as Lord Shaftesbury remarks, than the invocation of the Muse by a modern. Accordingly, the shrewd author of *Hudibras* invokes a pot of beer—the Helicon most congenial, on many accounts to our day as well as his; as may be judged from his enumeration of its inspirative virtues:

“Thou, that with ale or viler liquors  
Didst inspire Withers, Pryn and Vikars,  
And force them, *though it was in spite*  
*Of nature and their stars, to write.*” &c.

—Just the thing, for the intellectual exigence of our times! So, Milton, also, qualifies his invocation of Urania, by adding:

“The *meaning*, not the name, I call.”  
And Byron’s “Hail, Muse! *et cetera*,” hits off the same transmutation of the

æval sentiment, with the characteristic felicity of his poet instinct and profound irony.

For the rest, this inapplicability of the ancient forms of oratory is indeed of common observation. But the mode of accounting for it is, by the sage reflection, that the days of Eloquence, like those of Chivalry, are gone. Of Ciceronian eloquence, true, alas! But eloquence, in some form, and capable of equal artistic perfection, can, in our opinion, pass away only with humanity itself; of which it is, essentially, the expression. Man, in the progress of civilization, passes through a variety of phases in manners, views, interests, and external circumstances, remaining, however, in fundamentals, much the same. The arts, therefore, which are subservient to this accidental mutation, in order to flourish, must follow man through a corresponding succession of adaptations. This correlation seems to be a universal law, or condition, of art of all sorts; all having man for their centre of reference. We observe and obey the necessity in the civil institutions and organic laws of society. An adaptation of this sort then, in fine, is what we need in oratory, or, to use a phrase just in fashion, a *reorganization* of the art. We may add—to confirm farther our position, as well as extend the benefits of the recipe—that such seems to be the present predicament of the more strictly æsthetical arts in general; of whose “decline,” especially the “drama’s,” we hear so much complaint, in strains too, more tragically (perhaps because more *feelingly*) uttered than the “damned” contributions to their support or revival. The grand mistake here too is, that we set to imitating the productions of other, generally remote, ages, instead of aiming (as those ages had to do, of necessity) to produce the perfection proper to our own. For each age, and indeed each nation, nay, each individual perhaps, not utterly brutified, has within it or him an ideal world correlative to the actual in which he, or it, has lived and moved, and of which it is the collective result, the characteristic reflection. By addressing themselves to this inner life of the age—to the heart of the time, if we might talk transcendentially—it is that genius and art have worked their wonders: never by imitation. Where were the Roman or Florentine galleries to form a Praxitiles or an Apelles; and especially their earlier countrymen Myron and



Zeuxis, with the latter of whose four simple colors our modern "artists" could hardly execute a decent signboard? Where were the models for an Angelo and a Raphael? Had there been such, these great painters, perhaps, had never become the models they now are, themselves. Indeed this is scarcely left to conjecture. It is remarkable that there arose no Italian sculptor in their age, or indeed since, (notwithstanding Canova,) of a corresponding rank of excellence. Yet this art had over its sister the advantage, as it is esteemed, of having for its guide and inspiration the first models in the world! What is the explanation of a state of facts (if we may use the expression) so paradoxical? Ours is this: The master-pieces of ancient statuary have descended to us; the materials of the painter have proved less enduring (may we say, fortunately?) than marble. In the former art the modern student repaired to the Vatican of Rome, and petrified his talent (when he had any) by the study of stones, into the dull faultlessness of mediocrity; while the painter had to resort to the vatican of nature, and draw from the glorious gallery within his own glowing soul. Triter instances are, Homer who has never been approached in the Epic; nor Sophocles, in Tragedy; nor Demosthenes in Oratory. Where were *their* models? This has long been a standing marvel among critics. For our part, the marvel to us would be that it had happened otherwise, in the circumstances. The creations of those early authors which have descended with the stream of civilization itself, have subjugated all subsequent genius to their authority; have been, in fact, received as the law of their respective arts, by man, that most imitative of all animals, or rather more prone than the others (because of the faculty of thought) to shrink from the void and seize on the positive—though that positive were but a straw. Shakspeare has succeeded: but it was in happy ignorance of his classical predecessors, as it is often in outrage (we cannot call it happy) of their rules. With the classical erudition of Ben Jonson, he probably had not come down to us as the first of British dramatists. But what English successor, or German disciple of Shakspeare has equaled Shakspeare?

The same freedom which left Shakspeare to nature and his own genius, has made Alfieri, in like manner, the first dramatist of *his* country; for this wayward being, we are told, was ignorant of even the Greek alphabet, and had never read a Greek play in translation, at a time when he had written the greater part of those pieces which are amongst the noblest effusions of the tragic muse. But this line of illustration might be carried through all art and literature, were we not lured too far already beyond our limits, if not beside our subject.

The worst evil of imitation then is not merely the fact that it is always inferior to the model, as that must be always behind which follows. Nor yet that the principal excellence of its original cannot be imitated, it being an emanation of genius—a thing of instinct not of rule. It is not what it fails and must fail in; but what it forfeits and prevents. The grand mischief is, that its prevalence in an age, or in a people, stunts irretrievably the growth of all genius, by turning its meditation *outward*, swaddling it with rules, and tying it down to a particular subject or school; instead of leaving it its own boundless range and buoyant wing and gifted intuition, to seek forms of beauty through the immensity of the imagination. Here—finding or failing—it equally is invigorated for higher creation, by the mere pursuit; for intellect, like the poet's fame, reverses the laws of material motion, *et vires acquirat eundo*. We say, therefore, to our artists of all species, but especially those of the pen, *Imitate not at all*; retire into your own bosoms, where alone (or it is nowhere) is your fountain of inspiration. *Pectus est enim quod desertos facit, et vis animi*, is an axiom as true of the other arts as it is of eloquence. To close, in fine, and confirm this little disquisition, we trust it will not be deemed falling into pedantry to quote another passage from the author just cited—at once, perhaps, the most polished and profound of critics—wherein we find our meaning recapitulated with equal brevity and force: *Namque eis, quæ in exemplum assumimus, SUBEST NATURA ET VERA VIS; contra omnis imitatio ficta est, ET AD ALIENUM PROPOSITUM ACCOMMODATUR.\**

With regard to our immediate subject:

\* For the models we propose ourselves for imitation, have had the advantage of being produced from the fullness of nature, and by the genuine energy of the intellect; whereas all imitation is fictitious, foreign to the soul, and has to accommodate itself, mechanically, to the design of another.—*Quinctilian*.



What is requisite to the actual plan of oratorical instruction—whether the merely academic or a subsequent preparation, for the senate, the bar, or the pulpit—is *not* imitation of the past, but adaptation to the present; a modification of the principles of the art in harmony with the sentiments, theories, pursuits, as well as the institutions, of our age and people.

Nowhere is something of this sort more needed than under a government like ours, as nowhere is it more important. We are sorry to have to add, that, also, the “consummation” is nowhere more hopeless. We are overshadowed by the laws, and especially the literature, of a foreign people; that is, by the two influences which are more powerful than all the others together, not merely in controlling national progress, but even in conforming national character. And it is known, and seen, that we are to expect from the shade but the usual growth of—brambles and brushwood. The translator, in a note on the place of Ceba now under consideration, remarks, that the English call us a “nation of orators.” We have never heard or seen the compliment, at least unqualified by an epithet, which Mr. Lester may have deemed unfit for ears patriotic, if not also for “ears polite.” He concedes, however, there is no country in the world where there is “so much bad speaking.” How should it be otherwise, if, indeed, *all* speak? But it had been more to the purpose to say—where there is so little good speaking. And this is a remarkable fact. A large plurality of our male mature population are brought up, more or less, in the habit of public conference. Many of them “taking the stump,” it is true, with few other advantages than vigor of lung and village politics; but also an enormous proportion entering the bar, the tribune or the pulpit, who must be assumed (if but in courtesy to those “learned” professions) to have obtained a regular education. Assuredly, there is not another country in the world—we say it with just republican pride—where talent is so little left (or, rather leaves itself) unknown. Yet, we believe, after all, our public speakers, having any claim to real eloquence, would not greatly outnumber the just men of Sodom. It does not appear to be so with other peoples, even in circumstances the most unfavorable. See in France, what a blaze of eloquence broke forth with the Revolution! What a brilliant band of orators

arose at once, as if by some Cadmean creation; and this from among a generation brought up amid the double night (as we Protestant republicans must regard it) of political and spiritual darkness and despotism! In Ireland, also, where some years ago anti-tithe meetings were held in all parts of the country, it was observable that every district could furnish half-a-dozen speakers, who, without having, most of them, ever before addressed a public assembly, were at the least respectable, for matter and method as well as style. These *rapprochements* are not flattering, we are aware; and it is partly for this reason that we make them. There are flatterers enough without us. And it is only to men by whom these flatterers are no less detested for their mischief, than disdained for their meanness, that we care to address these reflections.

The note goes on to ascribe this national defect, or deficiency, to “want of preparation;” which is perfectly just, in a certain sense. But is it in the sense of particular preparation for the occasions of business, as Mr. Lester means? We think not. It is well—too well—known to the printers at Washington, and the other capitals of the several States, that our lawmakers bring on their speeches as often, at least, in their pockets as in their heads. The preparation really neglected and needed is, the general, the fundamental one of education, of information, discipline, study. This is the only effectual preparation, and once well made, it leaves no need for future “cramming.” Hence it is that such men as Webster are found equally prepared to speak at all times and on all subjects, and speak eloquently and inexhaustibly. This is, indeed, a description of the real orator: for “eloquence” (as Bolingbroke has somewhere expressed it) “must flow like a stream that is fed by an abundant spring, and not *spout forth like a frothy water on some gala day*, but remain dry the rest of the year.” Here, one would fancy, are prophetically imaged the eloquence of Webster as contrasted with that which is seen everywhere around him. The oratory of this truly great man comes the nearest to our conception of the eloquence above alluded to as proper to this age—the eloquence (as it might be called) of affairs, or business, in the widest sense of this term. It would be much to our purpose and to our pleasure, to illustrate its characteristics by an analysis of Mr.



Webster's manner, had we not, in taking up this subject, resolved, for reasons of our own, to avoid all particular reference to American statesmen.

Ceba, in the succeeding chapters, proceeds to inculcate the several branches of knowledge with which the orator, as the Statesman, should store his mind, viz., Natural and Moral Philosophy, History, Political Economy, the Art of War, of Administration, the Mathematical Sciences, *Poetry*. This enumeration would be incomplete for the present day. He properly begins with Moral Philosophy, as furnishing the principles which ought to govern the employment of the whole. Here he wisely recommends (what is as applicable, we think, to every citizen as to the statesman) that the latter, in order to cultivate the *habit* for public use, should be rigorously observant of order, economy and integrity, in his family and private affairs. For it is of these aggregations of individuals and of interests that the State is composed; and, (as our author argues, after his manner,) had Cataline been well brought up in his father's house, he would, probably, have never conspired against the liberty of his country. Illustrating the expedience of economy, he observes, with great truth, that poverty is often the mother of crime; for private profusion and public rapacity are naturally and necessarily connected—or, as somewhat uncouthly rendered by the translator, “the recklessness of one's own goods and usurping those of others are two things which, as Plutarch teaches us” (*quære, Sallust—alieni appetens, sui profusus*) “are by necessary relations chained together.”

Space will not allow us to even touch upon the others. As to the head of *Poetry*, it belongs, in a system of political education, to the department of rhetoric. Ceba echoes what we think to be a misapprehension, however general, respecting Plato's proscribing poetry from his ideal Republic. It was not as *poetry*; but (as Warburton has well noted) upon theological grounds. It was because the mythology of Homer, and other poets of those ages, had a tendency to impair the *governmental* sanction of a future state, which Plato believed, as politicians believe or affect to believe at the present day, to be derivable from popular superstition. Our author might have surmised something of this kind, from even the saying of the same Plato, which, in the next page, he quotes for a contradiction:

that “the poets were the fathers and the chiefs of wisdom.” But this avowal was addressed to a philosopher; the Republic, in which the poets are supposed to be outlawed, to the multitude. There is here no contradiction. And the mistake in question probably first arose from confounding the two modes of exposition—the esoterical and exoterical—employed, as is familiarly known, by the ancient teachers, according to the degree of intelligence of their audience.

Having thus indicated the intellectual accomplishments of his ideal Citizen, Ceba goes on to consider the moral virtues he is to acquire. In these matters there is little new to dwell upon. Were they but practiced, as well as they are apprehended, there would be no pressing need, we trow, of fresh instruction. There is here, however, a distinction as to the nature of virtue in general, which, if more commonly understood, or attended to, would not fail to introduce much perspicuity, and exclude some inconsistency, from our current systems of morality. The author begins with distinguishing between Habit and Disposition: in which, be it said, he is not very clear, we suspect, in the original, and is quite unintelligible, we are certain, in the translation. On this point we have, therefore, to refer (as it is one of importance) the inquiring reader to Tucker's “*Light of Nature*,” who treats this and kindred subjects with a depth of analysis and a felicity of illustration unequalled, as far as we know, by any other modern or ancient writer.

Ceba, placing (as we conceive him) habit in the constant *act*, disposition in the continuous *state*, of restraining the passions, explains as thus: That the disposition which inclines the passions to or from the appetite (for example) named lust, is called Continence or Incontinence, according as it is well, or ill, directed; and that which exercises them in irascibility is termed Patience or Anger, (rendered by our good translator Tolerance or *Tenderness*?) according to the same rule. Upon which he then remarks, that Continence and Patience are *not* properly virtues, nor their opposites properly vices; but only *tendencies* to become, according to consequences, the one thing or the other, respectively; that they are what were termed “imperfect” (not *unformed*, as the translator travesties it) virtues and vices by Grotius, and, after him, by Paley and other ethical phi-



losophers. And such, demonstrably, is virtue. Otherwise, the human passions were vicious essentially; man, a sinner and a reprobate by the necessity of his nature; a man utterly without passions to gratify, full as virtuous as one who wrestles with the most impetuous, from principles of public or private duty; constitutional apathy, in fine, as meritorious as conscientious self-denial—whereas, *effort* is the cardinal principle of all virtue. Yet this string of absurdities is rolled up in most of the judgments one hears, every day, passed upon conduct and character! Our natural maliciousness has some part, no doubt, in the oversight; but ignorance of the distinction in question, much more: and this, at this day, strange ignorance of what has been so well defined for two or three thousand years, is, we think, to be attributed to the heterogeneous composition of our popular code of morals. This code is made up of at least two systems, confounded, apparently, in their transmission to us, upon the turbid stream of our modern civilization: one, the Christian system, which assumes to place the moral criterion in man's *motives*; the other, the Philosophical system, which is content to apply it to *acts* and their consequences, as tending to affect the general welfare. Now, here are two rules of moral judgment, different (as we have seen) both in subject and principle—perhaps, in some respects, repugnant. What more necessary than error and ignorance, where they are taken for parts of the same whole? The terms, too, of virtue and vice, belong alone to the philosophic system. The merit or demerit of motives is a theological quality, and is properly called Sanctity, or Sin.

It were idle to give the mere nomenclature of the other virtues here prescribed for our model Citizen. The treatment of them consists almost wholly of examples, which, moreover, all are familiar with who have read (and who has not read?) Langhorn's Plutarch. There is one, however—Clemency—to some of the observations upon which (chapter 27) we invite special attention. They are a just and an acute exposure of certain notions, which of late are getting rife in this country, on the subjects of Crime, Punishment and Pardon, and which, in our opinion, if not early and firmly resisted, bid fair, not only to frustrate the sanctions of penal justice, but to efface, in the popular mind, all the dis-

tinctions of legal morality. The author remarks of these notions of clemency, which he calls "errors," that they "commonly prevail in republican states." What! these, which are daily proclaimed to us as inspirations peculiar to this privileged age and republic of ours—the quintessential "spirit" of the nineteenth century! Nor do we agree at all with the demagogues and philanthropists who attribute this "spirit of the age," or these "errors of republics," to any superior *humanity* in such governments, or in the "masses" who are said to govern. Should it not be accounted a strange humanity, that impelled to three-fourths of the massacre of the French Revolution? Yet this was the name given to the bloodthirsty fury of the Parisian populace by the philanthropists of that movement, and particularly by the most sincere of them, St. Just. Of the same nature, at bottom, is your anti-capital punishment humanity; it is the humanity of fear. The multitude are necessarily nearer to the condition, and consequently to the casualties, of criminals in general, than a monarch or an aristocracy; and sympathy—which is but a subtler selfishness, a selfishness, not of calculation but of the nerves—like attraction, gains force in proportion to the diminution of the distance. This is the positive cause; it is of constant operation. But the effect is not developed without the negative conditions of widely-spread misery and ignorance;—misery, which leads the people to take part unquestioningly with a fellow-sufferer against whatever represents the public authority, whether it be persons or laws; ignorance, which disqualifies (as misery disinclines) them to trace the consequences to the public, of particular acts or events, especially when the perpetrator is obscure—unable, as they must always be, to discern the *principle* in the *case*. And it is from the happy absence, comparatively, of these conditions that the philanthropy in question has, in fact, no cordial support in this community as yet, but is merely an exotic, forced, like some others, in the hothouse of public meetings and newspaper paragraphing—a sort of soot-erkin, engendered between vanity and demagoguism. But let us hear Ceba.

After characterizing leniency to criminals as cruelty, not mercy, he says: "Nor must the citizen be afraid of incurring the reputation of severity when he condemns a criminal; because (for) se-



*verity is always a virtue, while compassion is sometimes a crime.* Let the citizen, then," he adds, "beware of the similarity of names: let him not mistake severity for cruelty, or weakness for clemency, but esteem himself clement or severe, according as motives of equity or the public good call for modification of the punishment." This (which we have given in the version of the translator) is the true rule. Of Executive responsibility in such matters Ceba says admirably: "He who gives away the goods of others rather than his own, cannot properly be called liberal: so neither is he clement who takes from the public its security, by showing compassion to an individual," &c.; and immediately after, "If in exacting public punishment he have any scruples on the score of Christian charity, let him remember the declaration of Augustine, 'That to show mercy where punishment ought to be inflicted, is not charity but infirmity.'" Yet St. Augustine is thought to have understood the New Testament, as well as the Old.

But we must now dismiss this book in few words. The residue is occupied in considering, 1st. The natural advantages of the citizen, such as a good person, health, beauty, and the modes of preserving them—which has some commendable precepts, cosmetic and hygienical. 2d. The advantages of fortune, such as nobility—which we here (of course) despise; how to get rich—for which we need no new instruction; how to gain popularity—for which we have several methods of our own, though none exactly like Ceba's, which is simply, "to acquire all the virtues which can render the republic prosperous." There follow regulations for the conduct of the citizen, or statesman, in all imaginable situations—in his private intercourse with companions, friends, society—upon the last of which our author is quite Chesterfieldian, and might be consulted with advantage by our Honorables of Congress. In this connection, very properly, he has also a chapter "On the enticements of Women;" which, with a proportional regard to the magnitude of the danger, is longer than any half dozen of the others in the book. It presents, though but indirectly, or by way of "inducement," (as the lawyers say,) as pretty a bill of indictment as could be desired, against the ladies: a worthy prose accompaniment to Pope's Essay on Woman, Boileau's Epistle, and Juvenal's Sixth Satire. Thus equipped

for private intercourse, the citizen is finally polished in the proper public demeanor at home and abroad, especially as representative of the country. Under this head, of what may be termed diplomatic manners, there are many things of great interest to American politicians. Not that there is anything absolutely new upon the subject, but that they have, generally, almost everything to learn.

Having now analyzed this book so fully—chiefly with the view of suggesting to the reader the vast extent of the subject, and showing that accomplished statesmanship is not among the "natural faculties of man"—we have nothing to add to what was premised of its general merits. It is not what is wanted now. It was a creditable effort, for its day; and it is fair to say, has not been surpassed, if equaled, by the only production of our own day on the same subject. Of this production we now proceed to take a rapid glance.

But first, a word of the translation—according to critical usage. Bluntly, then, as we must be brief, we have had the mortification of meeting few things so inadequately executed; an immunity, however, owing, we doubt not, to our unacquaintance with most of the others manufactured for some time back in this city. Not to mention the spirit of the original, the plainest sense of the author is frequently missed. This we wished to intimate, in passing, by correcting almost every quotation we had occasion to make, that was not quite incorrigible. But what is still more discreditable than this frequent failure to render the author's meaning—an operation which requires a thorough knowledge, not only of both the languages, but of the *subject* also—this translation is often not English. Let us justify this by a few of the shortest instances, from the opening chapters.

On page 22, the phrase, "should be inculcated in the minds," &c.; we say inculcated *upon*, and some writers have used *into*. P. 23, "we constitute for its foundation," &c. In the same sentence we read, "*all the train* of virtues"—meaning the *whole* train, or the train of *all* the virtues. But wherefore waste space and time? Nor does this appear to be an effect of the ordinary constraint, under a foreign idiom. It is the same, if indeed not worse, when Mr. Lester dashes along "on his own hook." For example, in the first or second sentence of his (*original*) introduction, we have this



transcendental passage; "drank deeply into the new spirit that had gone *abroad over the world*." How much easier it is to write transcendentalism, than sense, or English! Next sentence: "A great drama had begun to play, and," &c. After all, we are disposed to be lenient to Mr. Lester, in consideration of the frankness with which he owns these faults. Towards the end of his introduction he says: "I have taken *some liberties with the text*." And after, "In taking this course, I have, I am conscious, *sacrificed my own style*; but I hope I have not dishonored that of the good Ceba." How the sacrifice of the translator's style (supposing it a good one) could have a tendency to improve the style of the original, is not quite obvious. And as to the magnitude of the "sacrifice" in question, the reader is now, we hope enabled to judge; as, also, how much honor the "good Ceba" has derived from the generous, self-denying Lester.

At the same time, we owe Mr. Lester the more agreeable duty of according him the merits of a good patriot, (surely a thing to balance a bad translator!) in having selected this and other works of the like grave and useful character, for introduction to his fellow-citizens. Even his literary sins we are willing to impute—if it be any palliation—rather to a "go-ahead" hurry, than any gross incompetency. Indeed, our very censure intends him a compliment: for the main purpose was to expose, by implication, the general character of the translation-manufacture carried on in this city; and Mr. L.'s sample has been seized as furnishing a respectable occasion of giving some vent to the indignation that must fire every lover of letters and every man of common conscience, against that mercenary prostitution both of the name of literature and of the fame of genius. We are of those who regard such of the "gentlemen of the trade," as are in the habit of turning into their tills the property of foreign writers, on the pretence of owing no obedience to the domestic laws of the proprietor, as being not a whit less dishonest than the "gentlemen of the highway," who do but the same thing, and by substantially the same title—with the difference of bravery in favor of the freebooter. But those traffickers in translation, adaptation, and the various other modes of mutilation, are, if possible, more criminal. The publisher only steals the author's purse—which is, as Shakspeare tells us,

trash; whereas the translators of the calibre in question, rob him of his more valued and valuable name.

Hence it is that foreign literature, especially French, is here come, injuriously to both countries, to be a term of ignorant contempt. Much of the sort imported is really contemptible, no doubt, because (it is to be presumed) our keen purveyors accommodate themselves to the market; and this is made worse than contemptible in the translation, which generally tears away the graceful drapery of the original. But there is also much of unexceptionable on this score, and consisting of productions of the highest talent and interest. These, too, are for the most part works of fiction; a description of writing wherein the *form* is of more consequence than the matter—or rather, indeed, *is* the matter. In a book of science it is only the sense that we have to render. In a book of taste, the style is the book. To translate such a book, then, is to *translate the style*. And to accomplish this, is to reproduce the spirit, the manner, the turns, the idioms even, as far as possible—in one word, the physiognomy of the original. In this way, translators would be enriching their native language as well as literature. Yet if one were found amongst us of conscience, courage and capacity, to pursue this course, his version would be found "stiff, harsh, *un-English*," &c.—all of which comes but to this, that it is strange to the ear, to an ear habituated to the most incorrectly written of all polished languages! In consequence, our versions of this kind of books from the French and Italian, (the German is easier,) not only here, but even in England, are generally no better than travesties. Such are what we hear commended as "free translations!" Free, truly, from all observance of the coloring, elegance, character and even grammar, of the original—*legibus soluta*, like a dytharambic or a Democrat!

As the book of Ceba, which has occupied us hitherto, is devoted mainly to what the citizen (or statesman) ought to *be*, so the small work, placed the second in our caption, professes to teach little more than what the statesman ought to *do*; and this only in the limited department of the public Administration.

This is not such a treatise as we should have expected, upon Statesmanship, from the author of "Philip van Artaveldt." Mr. Taylor, though a poet, as well as Ceba—perhaps *because* a poet—seems to



have put himself upon being "practical" extremely. In his preface he speaks slightly of those authors who have carried philosophical analysis into politics and legislation; and decrees a preference, that seems to scorn comparison, to Bacon, Machiavelli, Burke and Tacitus, as having paid attention chiefly to practical results. We heartily subscribe to his high estimate of these great men. But Mr. Taylor would himself admit that if they have been "great," it is because they were philosophical, not because they were practical, politicians. We do not dispute their superiority in the particular he alleges. But we do dispute and deny that such is to be received as the criterion of excellence, or even of practical utility, in a political writer. Mr. Taylor seems to fall into the mode of judging of the multitude, who are struck but by immediate results, and effects made palpable in facts—though the facts and results of this class are usually the most insignificant and unimportant; and who regard as visionary the great combinations of genius and of nature, by which alone the effects they so much prize are brought about, however slow the operation and invisible to the vulgar eye. The old, the everlasting opposition to philosophy and to its votaries!

"So stars beyond a certain height  
Afford us neither heat nor light."

And even in the department of practical politics, (inferior, as we hold,) the illustrious writers in question have none of them produced a systematic treatise. For Bacon's short Essay can be no exception, and Machiavelli's "Prince" is a political satire, rather than a political system. Their doctrines were not didactic in object; they were used instrumentally, to authorize, explain, illustrate, the occasional subjects of their writings. They are available to us, therefore, only in the form of scattered observations and maxims; dis severed in point of logical connection, and distorted, more or less, in point of import, to subserve the special purposes for which they have been employed. In our opinion, these are considerations not only fatal to the superiority asserted by Mr. Taylor, but which would rank his practical politicians very low in the scale of absolute utility. This we should be happy to prove, did space permit. The cant about practicalism in politics is one of the most prevalent and plausible of quackeries, as it is, immeasurably, the

most pernicious; for empiricism, helpless and hopeless in all things, is the most dangerously so, in a subject so infinitely complex—or (to use Bacon's own expression) so "merged in matter,"—as politics.

But Mr. T., in effect, admits our estimate of the instructive value of his favorite writers, when he says: "They leave still unattempted the formation of any coherent body of administrative doctrine." Even "administrative?" the department for their teachings in which you had assigned them universal superiority above the "theoretical" school, who *have* attempted, and accomplished too, this desideratum, in the more essential and difficult departments of Legislative and Juridical doctrine; and who, if they neglected the Administrative, it was that they regarded it as being (what it would, in fact, be reduced to under the operation of their system) a matter of detail and prudence, rather than of principle and science. In fine, we should not yield to Mr. Taylor in admiration of his "sages," as orators, philosophers, historians, as thinkers, observers, writers; but considered as teachers of the art, and especially the science of politics, we do not fear to say that, were society to be constructed anew, the treatises on legislation, &c., by Jeremy Bentham, (the object, evidently, of Mr. T.'s slurs, though he is not named,) or even the "Politics" of Aristotle, would be worth all that could be sifted, upon the subject, from Tacitus, Machiavelli, Bacon and Burke, together.

We have given so much relief to this introductory observation of our author, because it is indicative of the side he takes in political philosophy, and, of course, of the aspect in which he treats the topics of his book.

Of these the leading one is: "Concerning the education of youth destined for a civil career." This *special* education—to commence after the general, the scholastic course is completed, or about sixteen—Mr. Taylor, too, places in the "Study of History, knowledge of the laws Municipal and International, of foreign systems of Jurisprudence and of the prominent defects of our own system." Political Economy also; not only for its indispensable doctrines, but moreover as an exercise to the reasoning faculty.

We cannot assent to Mr. Taylor's views respecting the instructiveness of history—allowing them, however, to be consistent with his general theory. "*Sum-*



many histories, such as Hume and Gibbon," he discommends. For, "though useful as furnishing a framework of general knowledge, they commonly do but charge the memory with a sequence of events, leaving no *lively impressions or portraitures*, and consequently teaching little." Now, this, as an observation on the study of history, would be perfectly in its place in a *Lady's Magazine—sequitur* and all. It suggests the whole secret of Mr. Macauley's "brilliant articles," as our newspapers call them. But an instructor of statesmen should have remembered that he had to prescribe for bearded, perchance gray-bearded men, or at least for youth already mature in reason and disciplined for reflection; and who, therefore, not only need not, but would despise indignantly, such silly attractions or aids, which—like that coarser form of the same contrivance, the "splendid editions," of our shallow age of Illustration and Illumination—are fit but for women and children, (of either sex, and all ages,) who are to be allured to the book by the pictures, in the like manner (and for the same reason of intellectual infancy) as the brother barbarians of the woods are caught by tinsel and gaud. That "it is from individuals we best learn," is admitted—for the good reason, that it is only from them it is even possible for us to learn thoroughly. But the point here is not, from what we learn best, but what it is best that we learn. The *modus in quo* will not be wanting to the description of learners in question. Nor, were example allowed to be the best, as well as the most impressive, preceptor for particular guidance, would it at all follow that it is the best instructor of the statesman; who has to guide and govern, not the conduct of a private citizen, but the conduct of a people. Inference from the one to the other is a mischievous, yet a common fallacy. Biography is an excellent guide to individuals, but what could it teach a State? So history, affords the proper lessons for the State, because history is the biography of nations. For the rest, by either species of biography, we do not here mean what they have hitherto for the most part been—a huge diary of gossiping impertinences and insignificant detail on the one hand, and on the other, a crude chronicle of "wars, and wonders, and kings reigning;" which are just the thing, however, for the "lively impressions and portraitures" that constitute, it seems, the idea of history still enter-

tained by Mr. Taylor, and indeed generally by his country, as by some others we could name. History, in our opinion, to be of educational value, must furnish that very "framework of general knowledge" which, our author assures us, only serves to "charge the memory:" though the effect is palpably the reverse, if there be any mnemonical virtue in generalization and system. This framework, moreover, is the source whence the particulars of history derive relation, significance and life. It is in history exactly what the character is in biography, the key by which alone we can pretend to conjecture the motives and interpret the actions of the subject. This, in fine, is what is meant by the Philosophy of History; a recent science, the glory of which belongs chiefly to France, and of which her present minister, Guizot, has given us one of the most methodical specimens, in his History of European Civilization. As for biography proper, its Philosophy is yet to be created.

Mr. Taylor is earnest for the use of Debating Societies. Nor can there be doubt that the early practice of speaking in public will serve much to prevent the embarrassment incident to a later commencement. But it is not equally clear that this advantage is not more than counterbalanced, on the whole, by the concomitant habits of wordiness and flippancy—the *inanis loquacitas*, as it is stigmatized by Quintilian—which must be the consequence of extemporaneous speaking from an as yet unfurnished and unordered mind. *Nam inde*, (says the supreme authority just named,) *nam inde, et contemptus operis* INNASCITUR, ET FUNDAMENTA JACIUNTUR IMPUDENTIÆ, *et quod est ubique perniciosissimum, prævenit vires fiducia*. We do not, however, for our part see—except the fact of failure for thousands of years, and in perhaps as many varieties of form—why Debating Societies might not be constituted and regulated, so as, at least, to mitigate, if it be impracticable to exclude, these fatal inconveniences.

The chapter "On the Statesman's choice and use of instruments," we would recommend to the consideration of our own appointing magistrates, State and General. But, verily, in their case, it is not strictly a choice so long as political "cliques" are listened to, and partisan claims are recognized, in its exercise. True, it is in the power of the Executive to disavow this party dictation. Yes,



but the resolution, perhaps the will, to do so must be the result of education; the education described in the fore part of this paper, and which Mr. Taylor has hardly touched. Merely practical, however, as are his precepts in this particular, as throughout, they are generally sensible, and drawn sometimes from considerable depths of observation. Discussing the comparative aptness for statesmanship of what are termed "men of the world," or men of "common sense," and literary men, he remarks finely of the former: "People who have been much in contact with the world, generally become somewhat callous in their perceptive faculties. The traveler who sets foot in a country for the first time is more alive to its peculiarities, and sees more than the denizen; and the fact will generally be found to be that those who have, above all others, 'a gift of genuine insight' into men's characters, are persons who, though they have seen something of the world from time to time, have lived for the most part in retirement. Men of the world understand readily *what is commonly met with among mankind*; but they either do not see what is *peculiar*, or are thrown out by it; and they *profit little by slight traits*; though slight traits, without being stretched too far, may be improved by meditation into strong conclusions." Nothing more true, and it is true especially, we think, of the man of the *political* world, whose sagacity lies in matters of trick, but beyond the routine of his calling, is commonly the shallowest of men. The reason is, he has always looked at men through his *eyes*, never through his *heart*, which is the grand interpreter of human conduct and character. This will also explain an anomaly frequently noted, that several of our mercantile men, who at a bargain would overreach a Wall street broker, have had the more than childish credulity, to be led to seal, even by the sacrifice of business, fortune and family, their faith in the grossest impostures of a Matthias and a Miller. Yet the thing is quite plain. This class, like the vulgar among politicians, habituated to view men in only the simple relation of availability to their own purposes—whether of avarice or of ambition—remain, in general, as ignorant of them in all other respects, as they chanced to be on first entering a counting-house, or serving upon a ward-committee. Rousseau learned more of human nature in the woods, or rather in his own bosom,

than was possessed, perhaps, by all the politicians of his day in all Europe, taken together. Yet the contrary of all this has long figured in the decalogue of popular truisms.

Of the "man of sense," our author observes: "The dull, respectable man may pass current with the world; for, in the world, a man will often be reputed to be a man of sense, only because he is not a man of talent; and in the world, too, he who is taken to be a man of sense is taken to be equal to all the functions of a statesman; he is supposed to be '*par negotiis*,' simply because he is not '*haud supra*.'"

High among the means of discovering talent and political ability, Mr. Taylor places the Magazines and Reviews, which the minister, he thinks, should examine attentively, with this view. Has this ever entered the brain of an American President or Governor? Indeed, a "resolution" from Tammany Hall, or from some other Hall of like literary authority, would, we fear, outweigh with him a certificate from the French Academy. Popularity is his established test of merit; which Mr. T., however, thinks, and rightly, to be the very worst, or rather to afford a presumption of demerit. Popularity, in fact, is commonly acquired, in popular States especially, by means of arts and defects, which infer both loose morality and low capacity. But we are safe in submitting this point, "without argument," to the common observation of our readers.

The chapter "On the Conscience of the Statesman," may by some be thought a discussion *de lana caprina*; not on the ground that it is a trifle, but that it is a nonentity. And indeed, the author, who defines conscience to be, "in most men, an anticipation of the opinions of others," of course knew the species *politician* too well, to exact other than what he terms the "conscience of the understanding." In truth, we must agree with him that the conscience of the heart is a dangerous guide in public affairs. Like a lanthorn, it is fit to light but the bearer. This is exemplified in those well-natured folks, called philanthropists; especially that variety of them which has undertaken, with the last *naïveté* of impudence, to "enlighten the public conscience" on the equal iniquity and impolicy of capital punishment. Such as these are happily characterized—conscience and conduct—in Mr. Taylor's



closing remarks, as persons, "who would not hurt a fly, but will hurt a nation."

It was noted, that Ceba had devoted his longest chapter to cautioning the statesman against the seductions of woman. Mr. Taylor also has one, which more efficiently, perhaps, to the same purpose, while subservient of several others, recommends him to take a wife: of whom we transcribe the following pattern, as worth the examination of even our non-political bachelors, and as very much (we may be allowed to say) after our own head as well as heart: "She should have a clear understanding, cheerfulness and alacrity of mind, rather than gaiety or brilliancy, and a gentle tenderness of disposition, in preference to an impassioned nature. Lively talents are too stimulating in a tired man's house, passion is too disturbing. She should be of sound health, of a light and easy temper, neither jealous herself, nor giving cause for jealousy; neither going much abroad, nor requiring her husband to be more at home than his avocations permit; fresh in her feelings and alert as to her understanding, but *reasonable in the demonstration of either, and willing, at all times, to rest contented in an INTELLIGENT repose.*" To this are added, among other things, that "she should be pleasing to the eyes and *taste* of the husband, and bring him a fortune," especially if he be without that essential himself. The portrait would be imperfect, nay, to our mind, a "daub," had the author not excluded carefully all *propensity to politics*; of which women, he truly remarks, "become best acquainted with the least respectable part—their personalities." For our own part, (meaning merely the writer,) we have no great predilection for a "politician" anywhere; but a politician in petticoats is our worse than aversion. This defect, however, demands no great precaution in this country, we are happy and proud to say. There, perhaps, is no negative quality in American women more creditable—the more so from the temptation to it, wherewith they are peculiarly beset—than their general pureness from this deadly blight of all that is elevated, and good, and graceful in the female character. So long as this continues—and we trust it will be perpetual—there is a powerful and ever-present antidote against the corrupting influences of the political and the mercantile spirit, that poison, slow but sure, of all popular States. Thus to ours will the

whole sex be, whether virgins or wives, what a few of the former had been to the Roman Republic; the vestal keepers of the sacred fire—the fire of ennobling magnanimity and disinterested patriotism!

Of the author's remaining topics, there are two—the "Ethics of Politics" and "Executive Reform"—of which a great deal might be usefully said, if our space was not exhausted. We have much to mend in both these articles, especially the latter. Administration, the functions really *public*, might, by system, be reduced to a comparatively small *personel*. So was it in the ancient republics, where we read of nothing like our own pest of "office-seeking," even in the satirical exaggerations of Aristophanes or Tacitus. The mercenary and miserable Jews seem to have been, in this, our only ancient parallel; if, indeed, the following lively picture of them, by one of their prophets, is not to be considered in the character rather of prediction than history—a point we very seriously submit to our Biblical exegetists: "The representatives of the people are like hungry wolves; the ministers of religion only run after rich livings; and greedy prophets (politicians?) preach falsehood for gold. *Wo to thee, Zion! wo to thee, who beholdeth with indifference these monstrous iniquities!*"

We cannot quit Mr. Taylor, without acknowledging the elegant correctness and strong Latin (not "Saxon") energy of his style. We say Latin, for such was the character of the Elizabethan writers, whom he evidently admires. We are sick of the nonsense scribbled and twaddled about this "Saxon energy," by persons who, in general, have no distinct meaning in the term, or who cannot have reflected very deeply upon what it is that constitutes the energy of a cultivated language. Has it ever occurred to these to ask themselves: Was this boasted "Saxon" the language of a people who had a literature, a philosophy, or even a civilization? To become such a language, has not the English had to be reformed, as well as replenished, from the Latin and the Greek? The "energy" in question is, in truth, no other than that which is (or was) to be found in our own wildernesses, in fifty various dialects, from Hudson's Bay to Mexico. But, as the English common law and constitution, originally the customary of savage Germany, became, of

course, by the fact of being adopted by *England*, the very “perfection of reason” and of government, so the jargon of a horde of freebooters, of the same barbarian origin, must be considered to be, for the said royal reason, the perfection of language, even from time immemorial! This grotesque egotism of the English, has always been merely laughed at in Europe, especially by the French, who term it, with polite irony, “*Lexcentricité Britannique*.” Here, however, most of these arrogant absurdities are dutifully received, as unquestionable axioms, and transmitted from sire to son.

To award Mr. Taylor the merit of writing “correctly,” is not so small praise as may be supposed; at least, to an English author. We have said above, that no cultivated language is written so incorrectly as ours. Not, perhaps, in broad incongruities of sense; not in gross errors of syntax; but mostly in misapplication of the tenses, in illative inexactness of the connective particles, impropriety in the choice of terms, defect of logical sequence among the clauses in the sentence, as among the sentences in the paragraph; and, we might add, the paragraphs in the chapter or other division. Here is a principal cause why *exact* translation from the French, which is eminently a methodical and philosophical

language, appears to us “stiff,” &c., in English. This imputation upon our good mother-tongue may startle such as have only learned its perfections from English criticism.\* We can, however, for the present, but pledge ourselves to its truth, our space being quite out.

For the same reason, we have to curtail our design of closing with a summary survey of those qualifications of the statesman, recommended by the books reviewed, together with a supplementary indication of several, we think, omitted. We may resume the subject upon an occasion, and a plan of our own, more simple, and thus more suitable to its magnitude. The utmost hope of this paper was, not to impart any positive instruction respecting statesmanship, so much as, by a detailed exhibition of the defects of its two principal teachers, to make our political readers sensible that the instruction is needed. For the rest, this is the best sort of lesson that can be communicated to a mind ever capable of receiving a lesson of any consequence. It composed the whole programme of Socrates; who professed only to teach men their *ignorance*. It is but our modern “professors” who pretend to teach them *knowledge*—aye, all knowledge that is necessary for them to know.

O.

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\* We are happy in having been enabled, since the text was written, to except one of the chief living representatives of this criticism, and bring him to our support. The following was fallen upon, in casually opening a volume of the pleasant “*Noctes*” of *Christopher North*.

*Christopher loquitur*: “Tis wonderful,” he exclaims to Jeffrey, alluding to their common experience as critics, “tis wonderful how few (of course *English*) people can write grammar. Not one in a thousand seems to have the slightest notion that it may signify just *everything*, whether he puts *but* in a particular place, or *for*, or *and*, or *since*, or *however*, or *notwithstanding*.” Here is our meaning, precisely; and—as far as *one class* of the inaccuracies is concerned—very graphically designated. It is to be hoped that the authority of the Editor of “*Blackwood*” will induce our critics, as well as authors, to pay the thing, in future, some attention.

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## THE WOULD-BE-HERMIT.

Oh! give me but a home deep in a woody glen,  
 Where lives no savage monster within his rocky den,  
 Where winds a limpid rill by banks of lively green,  
 And ne'er a human voice is heard nor face of man is seen.

Where the little guiltless Heart's-ease and pretty Myrtle grow  
 Always, because the North wind came never there to blow;  
 While Zephyrs bend their flowers, and dip them in the stream,  
 Like fairies sipping water-drops we've pictured in our dream.

There, where the wild birds carol their sweet and charming song,  
 And ever through the forest green their silver notes prolong,  
 Till faster all the listening leaves bud forth on every tree—  
 I'd live in such a place till death should silence me.

For youth, the wild and wayward, runs headlong into guilt,  
 And age can ne'er replenish the cup so early spilt;  
 The spirit's bright eye shrouded by Passion's dim eclipse,  
 And Pleasure's fruits all turning fast to ashes on the lips!

A world o'erwearied Jacques, but with more loving eyes,  
 I'd lay me by the streamlet, and gaze into the skies;  
 And every billow dancing adown the pebbly brook,  
 Should be a babbling leaflet from Nature's holy book.

There I should hear no longer the dull, delirious roar,  
 That o'er the human ocean comes sounding to the shore—  
 There would I serve my God, and there of heaven dream,  
 And drink the pleasant waters from the pellucid stream.

Maryland, February, 1846.

K. I. C.

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 PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A MEDICAL ECLECTIC.

WE are sometimes amused, but never amazed, at anything that comes up in this *Age of Discovery*. We have all sorts of *isms*, from Fanny Wrightism to Fourierism, and all sorts of arts and sciences, from the art of picking pockets and the science of neurology, to the healing art of hydropathy, and the science of living upon nothing. New England is the general dépôt for intellectual ultraisms and Ishmaelisms; but branches are given off, and interweave, and inosculate, and invest a large portion of our goodly land. New England! I would apostrophize, if I can-

not apotheosize, the hard-featured mother of many a "hard-favored" son—New England! the land of men and morals! of reform conventions and conventional reforms!—Apropos of a New England reform convention—such an one as it was once happily said that the keeper of the New Hampshire Lunatic Asylum had given all his patients a week's vacation to attend. I once found myself in an assembly of this kind, for the mere purpose of looking about me. Perhaps some one may think that the time to look about me was before going to such a

place. I will subjoin in parenthesis what I saw there, and I beg the reader to remember that it was settled before our time, that what is contained in parenthesis is not necessary to make sense.

The first object that attracted my special attention was an old man, with a flowing beard that would have done honor to Charles I., and then it was more venerable and beautiful, inasmuch as it was not peaked. Near him were young gentlemen with Francis I. heads. Here was a poet in a blowse, with long hair (we had like to have said ears); there a *ci-devant*, or mayhap transcendental, clergyman, looking like a hackman all but the whip. On the platform was a Presidentess—and a *colored gentleman* officiated as Secretary. On the same elevated position was a lady vociferously assenting her “*right to the floor*.” Various occupations were going on—knitting and reading newspapers were the most common. Abundance of noise was “being made,” for the “lady” was very unpopular with these advocates of equal rights.

“We must hear her, or give up our contest for free discussion,” says one.

“I think ears have rights as well as lungs,” says another.

What a maelstrom of antagonism, boiling and struggling each for an *upper* place. What is represented here in this “tempest in a teapot,” is daily enacted in the arena of science and art. Almost every man who claims any consideration has a new machine, idea or *ology*, which is his especial property, and which he is determined to patent, that not even celestial wisdom may have any claim on his transcendent discovery. Now we are not of that respectable class who ride a hobby to death for the good of humanity. Our philanthropy is not so extensive. But it is possible, after all, that we may have our pet *ism*, or that we may be in danger of making love to some one of the numberless varieties of the species. However, our path is paved with good intentions—we positively intend only to be “a looker on in Venice.” Burke says “Man is a being who looks before and after.”—We propose to look over the field of discovery, real and fanciful. Destined from early life, by a fate that we could neither evade nor avoid, to the art Esculapian, we shall confine ourselves just now to the claims of discovery in this field.

I shall never forget the feeling of wealth that I *realized*, as the yankees

say, the first year of my medical studies. John Jacob Astor, Cræsus, or Christopher Columbus, never felt half as increased in goods. I had such a glorious certainty that all “the ills which flesh is heir to” were to be swept from the earth. The science of medicine was not the art of guessing to me. It was the beautiful Bird of Paradise, with healing in her wings. It was a “fixed fact,” like John Tyler’s nose. I literally gorged myself with the books my first year. I had “a strange alacrity in” *swallowing*. But the second year and the second set of books came. I now found that two things cannot be in the same place—a most unfortunate philosophic fact for my peace. I had to begin again *de novo*. Well, there was the pleasure of variety in adopting a new brood of principles, (prejudices, ill-natured people would say,) and I went on getting as much in love with Broussais as I had been with Brown. At first I was as sure as ever was old lady, or nurse, that drawing the bad blood out of people was very beneficial. But Magendie convinced me, that though the blood we took away was bad, what we left was no better, and in an ancient and much neglected book, I remembered to have read, “the blood is the life,” and I finally concluded that if a portion of our life oozed out with a quart of blood, that double that portion was abstracted with double that quantity. This was a serious consideration to me, and all those truly Christian individuals who are resigned to live. My Brunonian notions were sadly jostled by Eberlè, Brodie and Magendie. I remembered to forget my lancet in not a few instances, after reading the following from Magendie :

“I am anxious to call your attention to the experiments we made last season on the blood. You learned through them the influence that fluid exercises on the organs. You saw me produce at will, in animals, the majority of those striking phenomena, for the relief of which art is powerless. You saw me give rise at my pleasure to pneumonia, scurvy, yellow fever, typhoid, &c.

“You are already acquainted with a great number of causes that modify the blood, and induce disease, but you are scarcely prepared for the announcement that by means of a therapeutical agent, holding the first rank among the fashionable remedies of the day, I produce the very same alterations in the blood, and as a result, the very same disorders in the economy.

“I assert then, loudly, and fear not to



affirm it, that blood-letting induces both in the blood itself, and in our tissues, certain modifications, and pathological phenomena, which resemble, to a certain extent, those we have seen developed in animals deprived of atmospheric oxygen, of drink, and of solid food."

Now, a turtle-fed alderman might with advantage prove the truth of this last statement of Magendie. It might be the best possible treatment to abstract some of his surplus food, after it was made up into blood, if we could not persuade him to submit to the deduction at an earlier period. I was pleased to find that Magendie did not ride his hobby to death, and cut himself off from the advantage of a remedial agent capable of producing the greatest possible mischief when abused. I went on with my studies, giving up idol after idol, and resolutely refusing to think for myself—not the rarest kind of resolution by the way. At last I began to fear that the science I had chosen was a foe to all fixity. Afloat on the ocean of conjecture, I still explored with confidence, and at last, thanks to the good genius who presides over the fate of mortals in general, and medical men in particular, I discovered in the wide waste of waters an island, where were firmly fixed the great men of ancient and modern times—Medical Eclecticism! the land of rest and promise for the wise, the terror and dread of fools.

I looked over the world—disease and suffering were everywhere. I saw the most earnest and gifted spirits condemned to years of darkened agony—like some rare bird, beating in sad unrest against the wiry walls of its unwelcome cage. Night, with her raven wing, and myriads of flashing worlds that gem her brow, is only night to the sick soul. Its shadows but deepen the gloom in which these are plunged, and morning brings no ray of light to them. In view of all this, my heart was filled with an unutterable pity. I looked over the field of medical science. I became conscious of the central stand point of our profession. I knew that all things are ours. The "discovery" and practice of Priestnitz were bruited everywhere. I would be the last to rob Priestnitz, or any other man, of one ray of glory; but let any one examine the history of medicine which is contained in the medical books from Hippocrates downward, and he will find the facts and philosophy of Water Cure scattered through a large number of these works.

Hippocrates, the father of medicine, used water in his treatment of disease. His plan was, to pour water over the patient and then clothe him warmly, and thus produce perspiration. His works bear testimony to the cure of cramp, convulsions, gout and tetanus. Galen, who lived in the second century, cured fevers with water only. Celsus recommends water for the cure of certain diseases. Boerhaave recommends the use of water to render the body firm and strong. Hoffman, a contemporary of Boerhaave, wrote on Water for the cure of disease. His words are, "If there exist anything in the world that can be called a panacea, it is pure water."

Hahn, a German physician of note, wrote a work on the Curative Effects of Water, in 1738. Hahn mentions an inveterate case of itch, which was cured by wrapping the patient in a wet sheet, and bathing several times a day. He gives instances of the remarkable cure of St. Anthony's fire, cancerous ulcers, small pox, and the whole family of exanthemata. He also cured many cases of insanity with water.

One of the best works on Water is that of James Currie, M. D., F. R. S., of Liverpool, published in 1797. Rev. John Wesley published a work on Water in 1747. Mr. Wesley gives a list of eighty diseases curable by water. Indeed, he prescribes for almost every disease, and this, perhaps, is the greatest error of modern hydropathy. It is pretty certain that "douche," and "umschlay, lein tuch," will never mend broken bones, perhaps they will not grow deficient brains, though we heard a good lady, some time since, seriously recommend Water Cure to a gentleman, to wash the cobwebs out of his brain, that he might see with greater clearness sundry of her radical notions. The gentleman probably thought that the "consummation" was *not* very "devoutly to be hoped for," even were it possible. But commend us to harmless hobbies, neither mulish nor asinine. And with this devout aspiration, we wash our hands of Water Cure.

I am a sad dreamer, and in my waking dreams, I often live over many of the scenes of my life. I just now remember a case that occurred in my practice soon after I commenced the very responsible business of thinking for myself. It comes before me like a vision of bright and dark things. Oh! the many and



blessed charities that cheer the rude way and the often unwelcome labor of the man who professes to poison people into health. One bitter winter night, I sat, half-slumbering, over the ashes of an exhausted coal fire, dozing and dreaming, not of death's heads, or cross bones, or pills, powders, sick-rooms and skeleton heads, but of a moving panorama of bright things, a glare of lights, the whirl of beautiful forms, the sweetness of the most bewitching melody, in the pauses of which a heaven of harmony was reproduced in my soul. I had just left all this at an early hour comparatively, for I felt the responsibilities of my profession, but I could not leave it. It was all "burned into my consciousness." I sat, in my dreamy, half-slumber, in my room, which was cold, cheerless and dark, but the roseate hues of light enveloped me. My world was of the heart. I thanked God that I was a man, not a philosopher. I seemed to rest on a purple cloud, in a far-off heaven of bliss.

"What happy things are youth, and love,  
and sunshine:

How sweet to feel the sun upon the heart,  
To know it lighting up the rosy blood,  
And with all joyous feelings, prism-hued,  
Making the dark breast shine like a spar  
grot.

We walk among the sunbeams as with  
angels."

Reader, the plain English of all this is, I was beginning to get in love. Yes, I have had my turn of the tender passion, and like measles and small-pox, I am sure it can take but once with me. But this sort of constitution that resists the soft infection the second time, or even the second score of times, is very rare. Indeed, I recollect to have somewhere read of a heart that was like an old English burying-ground, so full that it was shut up from farther interments—sad, sepulchral hearts, full of dead things, are there! But there I sat, by those dim embers, and dreamed of what had floated before me at Mrs. H.'s party. But all was indistinct, though beautiful, except one bright form. An ethereal creature was she, and I could not class her with the denizens of earth (*par parenthese*). I saw her by candle-light. Descriptions of beauty are too threadbare for a Medical Eclectic. Besides, I have never known them to operate as a tonic to a susceptible gentleman, or a cosmetic to an ugly lady. But the fairy form

that fixed my wandering attention at Mrs. H.'s, deserves a passing notice; and to make more plain what is to come hereafter, reader, you must consent to be introduced to her. A crowd of gentlemen had gathered about her; and the clear, silver music of her voice was only equalled by the beauty of the thoughts she expressed. She realized my dream of an Italian Improvisatrice. She was a second Corinne to me. She spoke as one who had deep knowledge of life. Whence had one so young and so unworldly such knowledge? Her conversation was true poetry, for it was wisdom incarnated in beauty. How the depth and fullness of life, present and prospective, were opened to me, as I listened to her. I made one of a most admiring, yes, adoring, circle. Our homage was evidently appreciated, for it seemed that the sparks of living fire fell in showers from her eyes, as she kept up the most intensely intellectual converse, now bright with a delectable wit, now deep with the most exquisite pathos. I felt that she had

"Vowed she would crop the world for me,  
and lay it

Herself before me even as a flower."

She seemed to be some twenty years of age; her complexion was a pearly, transparent white; a liquid lustre shot from her eyes; her swan-like neck was bare enough for statuary; her arms, rounded and Venus-like, were shaded only with delicate lace, which seemed like a thin mist on a wreath of snow.

Beautiful being! she possessed my bachelor soul, as the spirits of mischief possessed the room that was swept and garnished in olden times. I very unceremoniously hid her in my heart and took her to my room to blissen my dreams. At a very late hour I awoke to mortal consciousness, and sought my pillow with thoughts and feelings,

"Like rays of stars that meet in space,  
And mingle in a bright embrace."

I was just deepened into dreamless slumber, when the startling tinkle, jingle, jangle of my bell awoke me. "No. 364, B— St., Lady very ill," was the servant's message. I dressed in haste, and soon stood by the bedside of the sufferer. She lay enveloped in the white drapery of her couch—a thin, emaciated, and almost transparent hand lay nearly lifeless upon the counterpane. The slightest possible flutter of the pulse was perceptible. I



looked upon the fallen, relaxed and deathly face—her eyes were closed, and the shut lids were continually contracted by spasmodic action of the nerves. A premature age seemed to have shrunk and wrinkled her face. There were no circular lines in that countenance. All was angular as misery. Could I have read death in her face I should have been relieved—oh! how much. But I saw that she would not die—certainly not yet. It was not suffering that was written in every line of her face; it was agony. A shudder passed over her, and an attendant removed the drapery to alter her position. My eye fell upon a diamond cross that sparkled upon her exposed neck—this, and the lace clinging upon her bare and lifeless arms, revealed to me the beauty and belle of the evening at Mr. H's. Terrible revealing! My spirit was stirred to its very depths. The words of the poet were traced, as by a breath of flame, upon her:

"Oh! I have suffered till my brain became  
Distinct with wo—as is the skeleton leaf,  
Whose green hath fretted off its fibrous  
frame—  
And bare to our immortality of grief."

I had seen change and suffering. I had seen those sudden transitions which scare the strong man—but I had never seen anything to be compared with what was now before me.

The attendant seemed perfectly at home, and as quiet as if the whole were an every-day scene.

"She'll be better soon—she is always better after she takes her powders," and she removed a glass which I glanced into. I saw a very large dose of morphine remaining as a sediment. The whole flashed upon me in an instant. I had been so absorbed in the symptoms that I had not noted them. Now I told them one by one, as we hold our breath, and contemplate those landmarks of Christian *progress*, the gallows, the gibbet, and the rack.

But what business had I here? The lightning had struck. But why speak thus? The apparently blasted and dead of the fiery fluid, have been saved by the affusion of cold water. Might there not be a mental lavatory, or lustration, which might save even here.

Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the faint, flickering pulse became distinct—animation returned to the shrunken features. I held the thin hand in mine, but

no life seemed to flow into it, though she slowly unclosed her eyes and looked into my face. A slight shudder passed over her as she recognized me, and she shaded her eyes with her hand, as if she were determined not to see me. It is said that in moments of great suffering and peril, a life is crowded into a point of time. I recognized the truth of this saying as I stood by the bedside of Mrs. Waters. What an ideal I had cherished but an hour before, and now the terrible actual had taken its place.

She seemed to have a consciousness of my state, and convulsively grasping my hand with her cold fingers, she said:

"Terror, madness, crime, remorse."

\*  
"Abandoned hope, and love that turns to  
hate,  
And self-contempt, bitterer to drink than  
blood;  
Pain whose unheeded and familiar speech  
Is howling, and keen shrieks day after day,  
And hell, or the sharp fear of hell."

And then the coiling snakes that seemed writhing in her features, sunk away to something like rest, and she said:

"Soul is not more polluted than the  
beams  
Of heaven's pure orb."

She raised her eyes with something of earnestness to my face: "Doctor," said she, "the light passes through all the 'taint of earth-born atmospheres' unstained. My soul is pure and true, though you see me weighed down with ill—unable to sustain any but the falsest life, and unable to die."

I laid my hand upon her head. I tried to speak. I was ashamed of my emotion. I knew that I was expected to prescribe for my patient.

But why should I prescribe for her? The only thing I could have done with any wisdom, or peace, would have been to order a warm bath to expel the poison. This she would have resisted with the strength of insanity, or she would have doubled her next potion. I knew, too well, that no medicine could produce any desirable effect, with all the tissues loaded with morphine. I was more embarrassed—more at a loss than I had ever been. But something must be done—I mechanically dealt out some powders of calcined magnesia and left to seek my cold and darkened room, with no light of the soul to cheer it. It is astonishing



how much light a man may radiate upon the world around him, especially if the lady he admires is beside him. A golden glory rests on the landscape, cowslips are a great deal yellower, brooks gurgle much more musically and smoke curls more gracefully. In short, Edens are only such when blessed with an Eve.

The next day I called on my patient in very prosaic daylight. There had been no twilight in my experience with the lady. I had passed from the glare of high noon to black midnight. I was somewhat unprepared to meet a beautiful, faded, very interesting woman of forty years of age. Though I should not have thought her over thirty, so slight and youthful was her appearance. The first impression that came forcibly to me after entering her room, was that she was at the mercy of all impressions—with a soul great enough for all effort, she had been so bound by untoward conditions, that no legitimate action was possible to her. Her life had been intensified by being thrown back upon itself. With the freedom and plainness of truthful youth, she told me her history. It was the same tale of passion that all great natures must always have to tell. She had loved—Death had taken the loved one and her heart had preyed upon itself, because the motive power of her nature was not required for the varied and legitimate exercise of her faculties. She could not bear the misery of her life. She took morphine; this gave her a factitious pleasure, the brilliancy and agony which I had witnessed.

Her life, or rather her living death, can never be described. No description can describe it; and I am not one to attempt the impossible.

When I entered the room, a delicate lady with a pale yellow complexion, in which was the slightest possible tinge of red, with a most attenuated waist and a sharp cough was sitting by the bedside. A stand and waiter was beside her, on which was spread all sorts and sizes of medicated lozenges. I had, evidently put a stop to any quantity of eloquence upon the virtues of these panaceas. "Doctor," said Mrs. Waters, "only see how kind Mrs. Hunter is; she has brought me all these nice medicines." I felt a pride too professional to make any inquiry as to articles spread before me, but the garrulity of an idle woman, notwithstanding she was somewhat afraid of "the Doctor" and wished very heartily,

that she had hid the mischief before I came, would not allow me to remain unenlightened. There was camphor, and calomel, winter-green, and wourali, for aught I know.

I made a longer stay than was my custom, and saw the sickly lady depart with pleasure, and then I endeavored to make Mrs. Waters aware of the exceeding folly of still farther taxing her diseased system with health-destroying substances—though called medicinal. With a mind exceedingly clear on most subjects, she was a child with respect to the economy of the human system, the laws of health, or the healing art. Like too many others she looked to a physician when ill, with as blind a faith, as that with which the ancients consulted their oracles, or the Indian his "medicine man." And though she failed always of receiving any lasting benefit, she went on trying old and new medicines, and old and new doctors, with a zeal worthy a better fate, and a faith which did not fail, because it was continually fed by hope. Thus are the most unreasonable and discouraging demands made upon the Medical Profession—a profession which, when rightly understood and practiced, is one of the noblest in the world. But now men and women absurdly expect their physician to create health for them, whilst they do nothing but manufacture disease. We find at the point of progress which man has now reached, that there is no orderly, or balanced development of his faculties. When the perversion, or want of balance is excessive, we recognize it as a cause of disease. We look with pity upon the bloated and tremulous debauchee. We see how his disease has been produced. Why should a high degree of civilization uniformly produce an exaltation, and exacerbation of every form of disease known to the primitive condition of man, whilst at the same time, new ills whose name is legion, spring into being before us. Civic life is frightfully fruitful in ill health. The army of diseases is in disproportion to everything but the army of doctors.

That system of medicine which deals in simple remedies, of whatever kind, which does not embrace psychology and a complete mental philosophy will fail, in nine cases out of ten, of curing disease, and succeed by chance in curing the tenth.

But what was I to do for the beautiful



ruin before me? If I could, by any course of treatment, expel the poison from her system, I could by no means secure to her that mode of life which should exercise her glorious powers, and save her from the living death of inaction. And what would have seemed most wonderful to an unthoughtful observer, was the fact that she saw with perfect clearness her state and its causes, and at the same time that she was blindly putting herself at the mercy of every quack who made pretensions to some new nostrum of wonderful efficacy.

I flatter myself that I have some knowledge of mental philosophy, but the mingled wisdom and ignorance of this wonderful woman astonished me. To see a woman surrounded by pretenders to magnetic and mesmeric science, depending on morphine and Moffat's Life Pills, and employing a physician with no more of an understanding appreciation of him than she had of the crowd of quacks, and the endless procession of nostrums with which she was surrounded, and yet conversing upon life and its phenomena, with a far-reaching wisdom and a brilliant beauty, was more than I was prepared for.

"Doctor," said she, "had I the power to make conditions for myself, I would have health. The causes of disease must be sought in the conditions and habits that men make for themselves. If there is no healthy development of the material nature, through legitimate exercise or industry, the body is not reproduced in a healthy manner, and the mental condition is proved to be far from sane or sound by the fact that there is not sufficient wisdom to furnish such material conditions as shall insure healthy development. We may take the vitiated air in our cities as an example of want of wisdom, and rightly directed effort. In the present state of society, no efficient medical police is possible. The more gross and terrible miasmas may be removed by the degree of corporate action to which we have attained. But, Doctor, we see all too plainly for our peace, that all regulations possible at this day, with regard to those conditions which we see are essential to health, fall lamentably short of attaining for man what unitary action can alone accomplish. And so dim and distant look those conditions, which we see are essential to our well-being, that balanced development and universal health seem the wildest of all utopian dreams."

I confess I listened with something of surprise to remarks like these from one, who, with all her power to reason, had no power to act.

The very next day, when I called, I found her interested deeply in an account of a new German doctor, with a name the most unmusical and unpronounceable of any that has been imported. The patron of the new doctor was a man I had met occasionally at places where the "best dinners" are eaten. I had amused myself by setting down the items of his bill of fare. He was in very delicate health, and so he never ate delicately. Like Mr. Gobbler, he never had any stomach; and yet, strange paradox, his stomach always troubled him. I had seen him eat soup and salmon, oil and vinegar, ham and eggs, roast pig—all sorts of poultry—a half-dozen incomprehensible French dishes, as many more unmentionable American horrors; and then the man had the audacity to complain of being ill, as if it were possible for him to be anything else. But just now he was particularly dazzled by the foreshine of perfect health. Mr. Feeder was a relative of Mrs. Waters, and, as such, he made large demands upon her faith on the present occasion, and large quotations from her larder. The character of the lunch he was leisurely discussing in Mrs. W.'s room, so as not to deprive her of a moment of his precious company, was unique, as far as my observation of lunches extends. I really trembled for the little light chair, which looked as though it must have the gift of breaking down under the composite infliction of the rotund invalid and his comprehensive luncheon. He breathed thick and short, and loosened his neckcloth as he ate a plate of oysters, an ice cream, some blanc-mange, a bologna sausage, a cold tongue, a sandwich and some sardines, and sponge cake and fruit cake. He had his hand on his side whenever it could be spared from his mouth and his plate, and, in the intervals of deglutition, he entertained Mrs. Waters and myself with an account of his new doctor, a celebrated homeopathist, who has improved him wonderfully within the last month. He had given up his calomel, and his quinine, and his weekly bleeding, and the black draught, and the saline draught, and the Congress water, and the morphine at night, and the effervescing draught in the morning, and his dinner pill, and the doctor's frequent calls, and confined himself to the



infinitesimals of Dr. ———, and then came an unpronounceable German name, anything but homeopathic in quantity.

"And do you think, cousin Ellen," said he, "that the 30,000th part of a grain of charcoal, or cuttle-fish, has done me more good than being bled scores of times, and taking ounces of calomel?"

I listened to all this patiently, because I saw no other way of lightening the poor man's load of misery; for, even in his *improved* state, it seemed to me hardly possible that he could bear for an unlimited period his load of fat and feebleness. I had for some time been searching the field of homeopathy, but I confess I felt little partiality for this, its experienced advocate. How often might systems, as well as men, exclaim, "Save me from my friends." It were vain to deny that homeopathy might be a great negative good, if no more, to a man who had for years disgraced the healing art by making a walking apothecary's shop of himself—upon whom the *signatura rerum* was "medicine chest and meat shop." Still his utter inattention to homeopathic diet was far from encouraging. Such were a portion of the influences to which Mrs. W. was subjected. She seemed like a crushed flower, exhaling sweets continually. "Passing away" was written upon her all too legibly, and I, what could I do but watch the transit of the beautiful bird-like spirit? But suddenly she revived; she seemed to renew her hold on life. Again she became the centre of attraction in the brilliant circle in which she moved. How dearly she purchased the privilege (if such it could be considered) of charming and fascinating, those only knew who spent the intervals with the sufferer. For myself, I must confess she was like a cold, dead weight at my heart. Her form seemed always floating before me, not radiant with the terrible brilliancy of her disease, but with a cold, deathly beauty, which it was painful to look upon. She had great unwillingness to speak of her sufferings. She seemed to retire into herself; and, as the load of life grew more heavy and intolerable, she became more and more silent, and shut from her friends. Who shall read for us the mystery of such a life?

"Why," said I, "do you maintain this painful reserve with your friends? Why do you suffer alone, when so many desire nothing more earnestly than to give you sympathy?" She took from her desk a scrap of paper closely written

over and handed it to me. I transcribe it, in the hope that it may save at least one from becoming the victim of the poison of poisons, morphine, or opium, in any form.

"My life is but a hidden fire, that burns and eats into itself continually. Suffering has surrounded me like a wreath of flame, and like a wretched viper, my spirit stings itself to death. This morning I awoke bathed in tears. I sought for the cause. It was a dream—a vision of my sunny childhood, when in my father's grounds, I lay upon soft grassy banks, and 'I was happy as a young poet who sitteth in the sun of spring to see the violets grow.' Clear, crystal wavelets of delight passed over me as I lay amongst the flowers and listened to the 'drony hum' of the bees, and watched the bright flight of the birds. I was wrapped in slumber that seemed like infancy. I felt the soft velvet of the grass. I was fanned by the perfume of the blessed flowers, and cluster after cluster became distinct to me, and the humming-birds came like visible fairies, to take the honey from the heart of the blossoms, and the cool pond came before me, and the virgin lilies clustered there, and bowed their delicate heads, and the fountain sent up its cooling spray, and the trees spread out upon the air the green blessing of their leaves, and the strawberries lay rich and ripe below me, and through the open windows of the conservatory came the perfume of the orange blossoms, and all the sweet flowers, and the air rested down upon me an overwhelming heaven. But even in my slumber the vision vanished, and I awoke in an agony of tears. All my nerves thrilled with the most intense pain. I thought that the marrow of my bones was perforated with hot irons. A weight, that felt hot and heavy, seemed to lay on my forehead and press into my eyes. I opened my eyes resolutely, and then I could not close them, and a sight was presented in terrible distinctness, the thought of which almost suffocates me. I saw a coffin before me, borne on the shoulders of four men, clad in deep mourning. They stopped opposite me, and put down their sad burden. Slowly the coffin lifted itself upright, and stood like a man before me. The lid unclosed, and I saw—O God, can I write it! I saw the ghastly features of the idol of my heart. The sunken eyes, the bony cheeks, the shriveled and fallen lip, all



burned themselves into my very heart. The likeness was preserved in the midst of decay. The foul fetor filled my room, and again the coffin closed, and became lifted upon the shoulders of the men—a dirge, more awful than the silence, burst upon my ear, and a train of mourners came before me. I recognized myself as the first of the train. I was attired in my bridal dress, and wreaths of flowers encircled my arms and my head. But, within the gorgeous robes, I stood a living corpse. The same ghastly decay, and the same dreadful likeness to myself, was visible in me, that appeared in the coffin. Then came a long train of friends clad in weeds, but looking healthy and happy, as if it had been a gala day. Last of all came my dead mother in her shroud, smiling and beautiful as when, in childhood, I pillowed my head upon her loving heart. I saw no more; the cup of my agony was drained to the dregs. I became insensible—how long I lay in the peace of death, I know not; but I awoke again to live my life—to count the weary minutes of the interminable, long, long day—to doze an hour of painful and unnatural slumber, and then to wake and watch, through a night of fever, and pain, and restless anguish, that no words can tell. Oh! if any one of my friends could know the utter impossibility of describing my state, they would never ask me to attempt it. Why I have not thrown my-

self into the next life, I cannot tell, unless it be from that paralysis of will which leaves me too destitute of steady purpose to do anything. I have only ability to endure—to suffer.”

It may be asked, why the healing art was powerless in this case? I answer, no attempt was made to bring Mrs. Waters' system under any remedial treatment. I could never succeed in rousing her will to resist taking morphine. She did not believe that it was possible for her to live a day without the drug. I felt sure that she might have been saved if she could have loved a living and substantial entity. But her heart was in the land of dreams and shadows, with her dead lover. She took no real interest in any living person or thing. My service to her was that of a sympathetic friend; and I sometimes stood in the way, between her and those miscellaneous mixtures of medicinal substances which were most mischievous, although nothing that she could have gleaned from the highways and byways of folly and fatuity, could have been more mischievous than the deadly drug, morphine. But every additional poison, was of course an additional evil.

I was not surprised when I saw her slowly and surely sinking to the grave. I had expected it from the first—and yet I felt always that she might be saved.

The last time I saw her she said, “I am enduring life and waiting for death.”

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### TO EMILY.

STILL dearest, Emily, art thou to me;  
 Thy face is still the loveliest, and the last  
 Of those that Memory softly summons up  
 At night, when I retire alone with her.  
 They come with graceful forms, glad looks, sweet lips,  
 Their varying voices speak of olden time;  
 But soon they pass, and thy fair pensive brow,  
 In shape and magic like the midnight moon;  
 Thy deep, dark, earnest and devoted eyes,  
 From whence thy soul beams outward like a star,  
 With the full planet light of woman's love,  
 Rise in the firmament and light my way  
 As I pass through the ivory gate of sleep.

*New York, February, 1846.*

HUGH BRIDGESSON

# A SEQUEL TO "VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION."\*

THE reading public were surprised not long ago by an author who carried them, with an easy assurance and little help of thought, into the very mystery and genesis of creation. With a singular confidence he stepped in between us and our opinions, obscuring philosophies and orthodoxies accepted from all antiquity. He would have had us believe that an altogether novel discovery of Providence was to dawn upon us. What this was, the reading public are not uninformed of; but since anything so remarkable cannot be too often spoken, if true, or too freely exposed, if false, we venture upon another notice of the same, for the sake of our author's new defence of it in his sequel that has just appeared.

The first view we had of this great discovery in the book entitled "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*," raised a very sudden admiration in some minds. It came attended with a number of solid facts out of treatises of natural history, tempered with a mixture of such doubtful matter as may be found in all books of science, for the exercise of weak understandings. The discovery itself was no less an one than that *the inferior species in nature are continually generating and bringing forth the superior*; that bodies of apes begat bodies of an inferior sort of men, and these, again, bodies of the better sort; that, in very deed, the species of all animals go on perfecting themselves by a law of their being: animalcules, originated in dust, changing gradually into worms and insects; insects into fishes; fishes into reptiles; reptiles into quadrupeds, and so on through all the stages, ending in man. Men are to become angels, angels demigods, and so on to infinitude.

It is instantly apparent that we have here a something not new at all, but only newly revived; the same being an invention of Lamarck and others out of hints, it may be, from the ancients. But there is no need of recurring to antiquity for the origin of a metaphysical theory, more than for that of a disease. Given the

causes of the malady, it will come to light.

But we are to beware of charging atheism upon the author of a book written to disavow it; for that is seemingly the main purpose of this "*Sequel to the Vestiges*." The book is a mere heap of refutations, bearing obscurely upon two charges of atheism and ignorance. The author insists that he intended nothing but to set forth a *new*, not to abolish *every*, mode of creation; which we may easily admit, and pass on to a consideration of "the new mode," as a thing honestly meant.

To come directly upon the matter: This author would have us believe that, as soon as earth was of a temperature suitable for life, germs of rudimentary species were produced in the moist ground, or in the ocean, by a natural process like the generation of intestinal worms, or of animalcules in our paste, supposing these to be a spontaneous product. In favor of this view, he offers Mr. Cross's experiments as a very sound proof. This experimenter found a new species of *acarus* in a solution of silica which had been galvanized, as every one has heard. Electricity favors the growth of plants, and accelerates all the functions of life; but that a current of it ever *made* so complex a thing as an *acarus*, or the germ of one, out of any rude assemblage of elements, no scientific person believes. The thing is contrary to possibility, if any possibility of nature is known to us. Meanwhile, we are well assured that earth, air and sea, are full of spores and seeds, and animalcular germs. It is only necessary to turn up a deep spadeful of soil to find seeds springing, that may have lain there a thousand years. Set a glass of distilled water in a warm place, and, after a day or so, it will be full of animalcules, not *generated* there. There was nothing in the water but hydrogen and oxygen; but in the animalcules, there must be a variety of other elements (nitrogen and phosphorus; iron, perhaps; carbon, especially). Nothing is to be gathered from the ex-

\* Explanations: A Sequel to "*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*." By the author of that work. New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1846.



periment but a reasonable belief that the atmosphere, like the earth and sea, is full of germs. If Mr. Cross's experiments were made in any place haunted by acari of the species found in his troughs, there is no difficulty in accounting for their appearance. Indeed, men of science never gave full credence to his experiments, and their authority is quite vanished from the minds of all but the credulous.

Let us consider a moment the condition of a planet cooled from fusion, (as ours most evidently is,) at the moment of its arrival at a temperature suitable for life; a temperature between the freezing and the boiling point of water. The shores of its seas would be composed entirely of sands and silts, the detritus of plutonic rocks, devoid even of a trace of vegetable matter, and therefore not able to sustain the germ of an animal, should one be present in them. But if it be possible for the germs of animalcules to subsist, as plants do, upon ammonia, carbonic acid and the earths, the impossibility equally remains of the absolute genesis of a plant or animalcule in any possible mud of such an ocean. By the laws of the equal mixture of gases, the congregation of atoms in air, to form a germ, would be perfectly prevented. By the affinity of water for substances dissolved in it, and, in general, by the chemical affinities of all the elementary bodies, an insuperable bar is put to the production of germs. There is not the least known tendency in dead atoms, at any temperature, to combination in the figures of organic tissues. The most experienced chemists, familiar with the elements at all temperatures, have never observed anything like organization or genesis. Heat, electricity, chemical affinity and crystallogenic\* force, are the sole powers of dead matter. They are all *polar*, operating in lines, planes and solid angles; they may be able to shape the body of a planet, but are quite unequal to the origination of a planet or animal.

In the mud of no primeval ocean, conceivable by human science, could any germs have been generated by the coalition of dead atoms. The impossibility is distinct, clear, insuperable; more and more clear and insuperable, as we are more and more conversant with the powers that compose matter. A drunken, irresponsible fancy may create chimeras

and generate animalcules in the mud of a convenient ocean; the scientific chemist, in full possession of his wits, is unable to do so.

The first germs must have been creations, and not results of laws, in any other sense than as the order of the Creator is always a "law." The miracle may be in our ignorance, and not in the fact. Is the first appearance more wonderful or unaccountable than the after continuance?

Admit that there are primordial laws of laws, regulating the series of creation, as obscure to our understandings as the laws of the Eternal Justice itself; and that, to the eye of Deity, there is no miracle, but all orderly and predeterminate; what harm could follow such a speculation?

But there is a difficulty at the first step towards any system of the world, which no human intellect has been able to remove; and that is, the difficulty of finding a *beginning* for matter itself. Out of nothing, i. e. out of *no* thing, matter was made; for if it was made of any *thing*, it was made of itself, which is absurd. It is equally impossible to say that "*there was a time*," when there were no atoms of matter; the very notion of time and space, requiring a previous "*existence*," (i. e. outstanding,) of all the phenomena of space and change. We are obliged, therefore, if we insist on a "*beginning*," to find it in a mere "*ignorance of what went before*." There is no, "*beginning of time*;" the notion is ridiculous. We are compelled—all men have hitherto been compelled—to quit all speculations on the "*beginning of matter*," as an event not comprehensible by intellect. It is one of those amazing phantasies that the reason, the superior soul, suggests to intellect as a kind of sport, as if to convince it of its own weakness.

Once, then, for all. God said, in the beginning, "*Let light and matter be*," and they *were*. We *divine* that this is true; and thus we lay the foundation of a universe; creating it in imagination, and *suspecting* that our mode of "*creating*" it may be remotely typical of the more original mode.

Having now a world "*enunciated*," whispered in the abysses of the Ancient Night, another wonder follows:—*It remains!* Its *being* is founded on the Rock

\* Dana's Mineralogy, Faraday's Researches, &c., &c.



of Ages; its *existence* in the Ancient of Days. It is made to our hands; the play of its powers is begun for us. We have only now to study and observe them for a few millennia, and presently there comes a new cause of wonder, the appearance of *life*, in species. These leap into existence as their place is made for them. The inferior gather nutriment from earth, air and water; these are plants. They, in turn, become food for a more complex order, the animals. All the kinds perish rapidly, and are continued: living and dying, sustained and sustaining. The system of their life is a system of death; they conquer the fate that lies in matter, and are conquered by it—preserving only a form. Like water through the wave, that stands always on the brink of a fall, the material flows through the *form* of the species. Like pulses of sound, the propagated forms die out and are repeated ceaselessly in the flow of time; and as all the pulses make one sound, all the individuals make but one species.

Another part of the hypothesis of a gradual advancement of species, is that of Stirpes or Races, dwelt upon by the author in his sequel. This may be easily imagined by conceiving several conditions of the earth's surface in the five continents. In New Holland, in America, Europe, Asia and Africa, the production of germs began at epochs removed by long periods apart. In Asia, on the Indian Caucasus, germs were produced much sooner than in other continents, this region having been the first that rose above the sea, or that attained a temperature suitable for life. Here, then, life began, and arrived soonest at perfection. The *typical* forms began here, and ripened through their changes into the perfect man. In Africa an inferior stirps, or generation, ended in the Negro; in New Holland and other parts races still inferior came to light, those countries coming later out of the sea, and producing stirpes of an inferior kind.

The whole number of stirpes may be five, represented by the five races of men, unless we see fit to imagine any other number, or make the whole accidental. Five groups of animals exist upon the five continents. Each of these is a series ascending from the animalcule to the monkey, and ending in man; though it is admitted that the series is surprisingly broken and irregular, many of the links having perished. The five species of men are the crowns of these five king-

doms. Such is one form of the progressive hypothesis.

A variety of consequences, all singular enough, flow from this protean hypothesis. That there is in every nature a *nisus*, as it is termed, "an upward striving." Fishes long to be frogs; frogs would fain be snakes; snakes aspire to become birds. This aspiration is Platonical and profound, lying in no particular fish or snake, but in the whole *life* of the race. It is a secret striving of the Anima Mundi; particular souls partake of it only in a certain ineffable manner. Observe that this "nisus" is the thing intended by Göthe in his Song of Souls; hinted at by Plato in his doctrine of metempsychosis, and held clearly by the ancient Hindoos, in their theology, as the law of all existence. All existence, said they, is painful. All, therefore, strive after higher degrees, for the higher degrees are the least painful.

This hypothesis of a *nisus*, much dwelt upon by some naturalists, seems to be nothing more than a mystical expression for the "Law of Progress," or of progressive creation. The property of *growth*, observed in an individual, is transferred by it to a whole species. All the individuals of a species advance simultaneously, with an imperceptible slowness, toward a higher (i. e. more complex) species. The *nisus* is a transmitted tendency, cumulative by infinitesimal degrees. The wonderful moderation of its movement may be guessed from a comparison of the human and other animals entombed four thousand years ago in the Egyptian catacombs. Not the least difference is discoverable between the anatomy and stature of these remains and those of recent time. The efforts of the *nisus* are either miraculously ceased, since Noah's day, or its effects are incalculably small. There is reason even to suspect a reversed progress, that the human race have degenerated in some particulars.

When any complete organism attains maturity, it produces a *germ*, by an effort of its whole body. Then follows an extinction, or, at least, a general relaxation, of its vital energies. Some plants die in the effort to produce seeds. All are sensibly weakened by the process, and the same is true of every species of animals. It stands to reason that the resultant of a number of forces cannot be more than equal to the sum of all those forces. If a germ is generated in a plant



or animal, it must be a resultant of a joint effort of all the vital forces of the organism. For this reason it is their epitome and representative, and can be nothing more. The germ will have just such powers, and in such degree as may enable it to continue the species of the parent plant or animal. If there be two sexes, the embryo may reach the united perfection of both, but can exceed them only by the intervention of some other power, (a *nisus*, for example,) not inherent in the species or in the nature of matter.

Let it be considered that the laws of living matter, though superior to those of dead matter as to the *forms* they appear in, are notable to surpass or exceed necessity. There is no action of an animal, of which the whole possibility does not lie in it mechanically. Mind *employs*, but cannot subdue, or surpass, the material and necessary laws. A man may not resist gravity, but by obeying it; "we subdue nature by obeying its laws."

What, then, shall be said of this *nisus*, by which an animal is enabled to produce a something greater, and more powerful, than itself? by which a plant may produce an animalcule; an animalcule a mollusk; a mollusk a fish; a fish a serpent; a serpent a bird; a bird a quadruped, and so on up to man? This is a progress quite miraculous, out of the limits of necessity and nature.

Though we know that there is a spiritual *nisus* in man, the human soul striving continually against matter, yet it is the proper nature of the soul to do so, and to fail of this, would be to fall short of its proper nature, as plants do that die seedless. But, were the actions of any man ever known to exceed the possibility of mind and matter? By an inward *nisus* to lift one's self off the ground, or to overleap one's own shadow! Just this kind of impossibility lies before a "*nisus of species*."

Mathematicians are able to show us that the universe, *taken as a whole*, is changeless and fixed, every action balanced by an equal reaction. Whatever, therefore, moves and exists in this universe, falls under this eternal law of equilibriums. Man fancies himself *making*, while he is only arranging, and rearranging. Animals seem to *generate*, and "*create*," force and power. It all lay latent in them, and was gathered from the powers of the food which they assimilated. They, therefore, like crystals, and like the body of man, are only vague

forms, transiently cast up like waves. Each wave reacts in subsiding, and so raises another.

Dreary and unsatisfactory though it *seem*, to this conclusion are we driven, that no man can so much as *imagine* the beginning. A stupendous darkness hangs over the beginning as over the end; no science, no thought, can penetrate it; for science moves among conditions and sensible appearances, but here is no condition, no appearance. And thought can only gather the abstract of what is known; but here is nothing seen, or known. We are driven therefore to say, "in the beginning God *made* the world,"—he *spoke* it, and it was;—but to us the manner of his speech is, as of an eternal silence.

Where it is impossible to know, it is a comfort to discern the impossibility; perhaps the truest mark of ascertaining is to know the limits of knowledge.

*Facts*, on the other hand, press heavily against the progressive hypothesis. Idealists are fond of declaring that nature has no breaks, no leaps, in her system, that "all is harmony and transition." But the reverse is true, in the fact; there is even no such thing in science as a "transition," and in nature there is an appearance, only, of transition, through imperfection of the senses. "In the first rudiments, and dark beginnings," as it were, "of things," matter appears divided into opposing properties, between which there is correlation and opposition, but no "*transition*." There is no intermediate element between the positive and negative powers of matter; the very notion of these forbids the possibility of an intermedium. Then, in the second place, the elementary atoms themselves repel each other absolutely, and will not be thrust together; and, lastly, the *species* of these elements, the chemical species of iron, gold, oxygen, and the others, cannot be compounded or confused together, but discover differences, *chasms*, so to speak, from one to another, over which imagination cannot pass without going through darkness and vacuum. From gold to platinum, from lead to mercury, from chlorine to iodine, it is a great step; but these bodies are closely affined. It is impossible to name the steps of a "transition" from hydrogen to carbon; substances at once dissimilar and allied. The doctrine of a progress, applied so readily to species of animals, makes a strange figure with those of chemical atoms. Was there a rudimental

atom which began "to progress," running through the species of oxygen, hydrogen, chlorine, and the rest, in a progress of some myriads of millennia? or is the process of atomic generation still active, producing new species for us each day?

Every true species must have a difference, a complete new feature; and this *feature*, is a something which cannot be divided in half, and one-half conferred on a transitional species. To be more explicit—there is no transitional group between the ape and man, which has one-half of the whole *moral* quality proper to a man. For we believe this moral quality to be a something indivisible, existing either as a whole, or not at all. A man who *shows* but one-half, or but one trait, of his moral quality, is called insane or idiotic. Now the progressive theory compels us to suppose that the progenitors of the patriarchs were a moral *lulus naturæ*, a kind of idiots with one-half a soul, or with the rudiment of a soul.

Nature passes by leaps or intervals, even in motion itself. Even gravity is measured by pulses, and the cooling of a solid must be a rapid vibration of its parts. Motion of a body, by gravitation in space, begins pulsatile, and so continues; nor is there any smooth gliding of masses, except in imagination, and in our imperfect senses. These things are not matters of speculation, but of necessity, by the logic of dynamics.

Much less can this ideal continuity and gliding of the forms into each other, be discovered in the animal or vegetable kingdom. Where two species approach so near that an intermediate can be produced by their union, as between the horse and the ass, the intermediate, as is well known, is malformed, and of an unproductive nature. There is no instance, even among vegetables, of a hybrid species, capable of *perfect* self-continuance; a fact of long observation, proving that nature, figuratively speaking, abhors an intermediate. Those varieties, even of the human race, intermediate between the more marked kinds, as between the Negro and Caucasian races, never become distinct and powerful nations. There is no permanent nation of mulattoes, or of half-blood Malays, or of semi-Caucasians in any part of the globe.

To return an instant to this famous doctrine of types or stirpes? What is meant by a type, or by a stirps? Mr. Swainson's notion of types consists not at all with the Lamarkian notion of transitions, or *nisus*. For the type is a fixed form, one of a circle\* of five forms.

The animal kingdom is first divided into three groups, and the lowest of these into three others, making five in all; and the whole five are a circle, or completed group. Now, it follows from the principles of this first group, that every lesser group should vary in the same manner, and even that every species should vary in the same manner. There are five varieties, for example, of the species *Man*, and five subdivisions of the genus *Thrush*. Such are the water thrushes, the ground thrushes, slender-billed thrushes, hawk-like, or destructive, and typical omnivorous thrushes. The water kind, which is lowest, discover a mode which Nature takes to make one group of her thrushes live an aquatic life, by the side of brooks and pools, and in shady damp hollows. They sing but seldom, and have inferior voices, like all birds of an aquatic habit. They hunt water insects, and, perhaps, can dive and swim; yet are indubitable thrushes, not to be mistaken for any other kind. The second group are the ground thrushes, which have stout legs, with thick, short claws. They feed much upon berries, and habitually pick up insects and worms. Their make is domestic and thick-set; they build their nests low, sometimes on the ground. The third kind are the timid slender-limbed and slender-billed thrushes. They should haunt meadows, sides of brooks, and have other habits, analogous with those of the plover and sandpiper; but they are true thrushes in their shape.

There remain two other groups, one like hawks, with a strong notch in the bill—bold, loud singing, aerial, elegantly formed, and of plain blue, or brown colors; and another, with shorter and stouter bills, darker and plainer plumage, and a clear, sharp, and varied song; which last are the typical kind, and stand at the head of the group. If we adopt this elegant system of Mr. Swainson's, which discovers so perfect an accordance between the varieties of species and the habitations appointed them, we must lay

\* The natural groups of animals are circular when they diverge in two directions from the type, the divergent branches reuniting in the remote, or abnormal, forms.



aside and forget the progressive hypothesis, or rather the notion of a gradual transition; for, of every least group of species there can only be five kinds, to wit, the aquatic; the domestic, or groundling; the slender-limbed, or amphibious; the fierce, aerial; and the well-formed, intelligent, typical. *Between* these there can be none but hybrids, or middling varieties, of a perishable make. The "gradual progression" would have to overleap these natural boundaries set by nature upon her forms; and which are there, whether we please to see it or not—the animal being, of necessity, moulded to some *habitat*, lest it perish through mere uncertainty.

This ingenious theory has been involved in mystery, and laid open to ridicule, by its authors, through their earnestness in advancing the doctrine of mystical numbers; as if there was a sacredness in numbers five and three. But the Aristotelian syllogism of major, minor and conclusion, is open to the same ridicule, if one chooses. One might as well ridicule nature for giving all quadrupeds five toes, or rudiments of toes; "As if there was a certain sacredness in number five!" Would *three* have done as well?

The body of an animal is so constructed, it cannot vary its species in more than five directions. For, either it is *typical*, the brain and nerves predominating; or it is active and aerial, the respiratory and muscular predominating; or it is sluggish and inferior, deviating in three different manners through predominance of the digestive, the glandular, and circulatory apparatus; which make the entire organic mass of the body. The predominance of the digestive function, as in the hog and the duck, marks the abdominal, or *aquatic*, type; of which the fishes are an example, in the circle of red-blooded animals. In amphibia the *circulatory*, and in reptiles the *glandular*, system, marks the type; giving to the one a round and slender form, and to the other a slow and enduring circulation. Each type adheres to the *habitat* for which it is made. By the hypothesis of Maclea, adopted and expanded by Swainson, a type is a something distinct in itself, and not an accidental result of circumstances. The same laws of matter which arranged the earth as it is, would necessitate that the types of animals be made suitable to it; but there is nothing in the nature of water to create an aquatic type, nor in the nature of

land to create a walking type. Nor is there any effect in land or water which should change one of these into the other; but contrarily, the aquatic should become more aquatic by any such influence, and the terrestrial more terrestrial. The tendency should rather be downwards than upwards. But, in very fact, no tendency, either way, is discoverable.

If we find, that in the order of creation, the inferior were *first* created, and then the superior, ending with man, it seems no more than might have been expected, when the nature of things is considered, even before the proof of any order was shown by the geologists. But take them in what order we may, the facts of geology prove only that the inferior animals came first, because their places were the first to be ready for them. But if any superior animal could find a *habitat* sooner than its inferior, the superior may have been first in order.

"But why," it is objected, "will we insist on the immediate and instantaneous creation of an adult animal, seeing that a natural and convenient means lay open for generating men and animals out of the bodies of their inferiors?"

This order of creation, it is said, would be as far as possible in accordance with the existing laws of matter. A certain species might be taken as a mould for the production of a higher species. Thus, in the eggs of certain birds, at a certain moment, (a moment established by the eternal laws,) a species should be hatched, intermediate between bird and beast. After a longer period, the earth being ready, the eggs of this intermediate produce perfect quadrupeds of a low grade; the series making a saltus, or leap, from time to time, either by misus, by law, or by miracle. Arrived now at the epoch when an ape is to give birth to human species, let us consider the circumstances and conditions of this immense saltus. An intelligent species of ape, inhabiting, it may be, a forest in Congo, or in the Caucasus, begins suddenly to produce human infants. A miraculous power causes all the females of this species to conceive human embryos. By an equally miraculous interference these females nourish the fœtus, suckle it when born an infant, after a miraculous gestation, the life of the mother being preserved as by miracle; and finally, by a greater miracle, the helpless human infant is instructed by apes in all the offices needful to a human existence.



Here is a continuous and extravagant departure from all the laws of nature, for the space of nine months' gestation and fifteen years' education of a human infant. The female ape, be it ever so intelligent, will not suckle its young and educate it in this fashion, without miraculous interference. Precisely the same difficulty—a resort to miracle for every slight event, or to some unimaginable *nisus*, or “law” which knows no *law*—lies before this whole progressive hypothesis, taken with its *stirpes*, *saltus*, *grades*, and infinite periods.

On the other hand not a single law of nature is violated, nor a note of order departed from by the creation of a perfect species in the place prepared for it. It appears in its place on earth, and goes on there, harmoniously with preëxisting forms.

In regard to the theory of types, entertained by Swainson and other naturalists, it needs to be carefully separated from the progressive hypothesis, as a theory quite distinct from it, and incompatible with it. By the progressive plan, nature, having produced germs by a miracle or *nisus*, in the water of the sea and rivers, exalts them] gradually, or by *saltus*. Their numbers diminish as their frames become more complicated, and their reproductive powers weaker. *All* the species, without exception, are progressing simultaneously. There would, consequently, be a disappearance of the inferior races, if the productive power of sand and water be not continued as at the first. At the present moment, as at the first instant, this power is operating everywhere, producing animalcules, and ripening these into germs of more complex orders.

The number and species of the creatures thus generated, would be determined by the variety of the situations prepared for them. In liquids generally, which contain vegetable or animal substances, a class would appear like the monad and the sponge—animalcules of the lowest order, devoid of senses, and perhaps even of sensations. These are of the aquatic type. In them the cellular, and least organized parts predominate, as in the abdominal parts of the higher classes.

† The second type will be the parasitic, or semi-aquatic. It includes star-fishes, intestinal worms, and those shapeless cystoid animals that appear in diseased flesh. These last are generated by the

bodies they inhabit. From the lower parasitic species of this type, the higher are to be gradually produced. The type itself has its representatives in every natural group of animals, even in that of man. It is characterized by slender softness of make, timidity and paleness of the fluids. These two, the aquatic and semi-aquatic types, continually originate in situations proper to them. They begin to be progressive at the instant of production, and are gradually ripened into higher forms. Cysts become pin-worms, pin-worms *tæniæ*, *tæniæ* rise gradually to be star-fish; these again are made pea-worms, and these insects; insects rise into higher forms.

The *aquatic* type, departing from sea animalcules, ascends by another route towards mollusca. By the time that pin worms are become insects, polypi have attained the rank of cuttle-fish; these again change into cartilaginous fishes. Insects, on the other hand, become reptiles, and both fishes and reptiles rise to the condition of the higher classes, ending in quadrupeds, apes and men. Such is one result of a union of the idea of type with that of progression.

If we insist on the existence of only *one* original type, or germ—the sea animalcule for example—then it follows that animalcules were gradually exalted into radiate and intestinal animals on the one side, and into mollusks on the other; that mollusks changed into fishes, and radiate animals into insects—the two sides of the circle coming together, as before, in man.

Or better, we may say, that the first germ, or monad, branched in *five* directions, producing *five* groups; that each of these did the same on its part; but that of all these, the typical, or lineal only, arose to become vertebrate and human; the four aberrant branches perishing out, or remaining undeveloped.

And here a new miracle must be invented for the branching of the first germ, and for checking the development in each group of the four abnormal, imperfect branches. Or, if miracle be disliked, a new “law” must be imagined, without help of fact, a “law,” namely, of the “cessation or extinction of races.” We must imagine the *life* of a species to be limited like the life of an individual, by secret causes in its nature. Of the five branches that radiate from the first germ, two at most may go on, and be perpetuated. By a third wonder these



two branches begin at last to approach each other. Originating forms more and more alike, they both end in producing man.

In the same manner an immense variety of imaginary new modes and principles may be invented, with no assistance from fact. Their various possibilities need not detain us here. The confusion they involve makes them admirable topics of argument, the better as they lean less and less upon sensuous evidence. Their effect must be to intricate and retard all science.

Two modes of spontaneous generation are claimed as proved by the progressionists; one in liquids, and one in the bodies of animals; the first by aid of heat and electricity, and the second by force of animal life. The second kind are the intestinal worms. These, of course, will never be produced until the animals in which they live are first perfected. *Tania*, for instance the tape worm, will not be generated until man is made and perfected—and so of a multitude of others. In the same manner *vibrio* will not appear, until vinegar and sour paste are made. Monad and vorticella, living in a great variety of waters, in the sea, rivers, pools, &c., may, with their congeners, go on rising in their species; but for the genera of tape worms, vinegar eels, and their kind, there is no hope of a progression. They waited for men to be produced, and vinegar to be made, and with the death and decay of men and vinegar, they fall and are not. None of the existing superior animals, it seems, were produced from the worms which inhabit their own bowels.

The superior animals must then have been produced from monads that inhabit open waters, these alone being able to elevate and perfect their kinds. Men arose on the molluscous side of the house, and not on the parasitic.

By another shape of protean possibility, there may have been *five* original types. The molluscous and parasitic are *two* of the five. Each continent had a complete set of types of its own. In each set the typical stem alone perfected itself, the others having their progression cut off, or proceeding only to a certain length, and then ceasing.

Another of the endless confusions in which this hypothesis involves us, is that of an "intermediate germ," branch-

ing out on one side into vegetable, and on the other into animal species. As the vegetable germ perfects itself more and more, becoming first a fungus, then a fern, then a palm, and so on through all the stages, to an oak or an elm, it departs farther and farther from the animal. All that oak germs can do without a miracle or a "*nisus*," is to produce oaks of a more perfect kind. But where, with this *nisus*, is the vegetable progression to end? Going farther and farther from the animal nature, whither do these species tend? Shall we see them change into vegetable angels—trees of paradise?

But now, upon the simplest analogies, it seems unnatural to admit any change in species; since the same causes which sustain must also limit its existence. A monad must remain a monad; a bird, a bird; a man, a man. Each species, perfecting its own specific nature, grows more and more like itself, and aims only to perfect itself. A tree may, perhaps, become more than ever a tree; a man, more than ever a man. A *natural* law of "progression" requires that there shall be a *self-likeness*, from first to last, in the thing which progresses. But because there is no rudiment of ape in tree, or of man in ape, the one cannot be perfected into the other.

It will be instantly answered, that all animals, including men, "differ only in *degree*, and not in *essence*:"—that as the ape is better than the dog; in the same *manner*, the man is better than the ape.

This opinion of a "difference of *degree*," taken for the only difference among species, seems to be the very root of the whole progressive doctrine. If the addition of a little more—if the freer development of what is already present in a dog, can make an ape of it; and the development of what is in an ape make it a man; then, truly, *there are no species* in nature. The germs of *all* animals are one; and the germs of all plants are one; as the hypothesis makes them to be. Admit this, and we seem to find the whole man latent in a polypus. Nay, the whole series of species lies potentially in a grain of silica, or ammonia. Professor Mulder would have the atoms of matter to be little vesicles, with shells of an infinitesimal thinness, stuffed full of powers and qualities, including those of life, and perhaps of intelligence.\* But

\* See Mulder's Chemistry: American Edition.



this theorist admits the necessity of external circumstances to develop these powers, and says nothing of any *spontaneity* in them. Now add the progressive to the Mulderian hypothesis, and the dead atoms are presently able to begin life saving the help of a very little miracle. And now the dust begins literally to crawl and grow. Parcels of ammoniacal, carbonic and other particles coalesce to make germs in every sea, and in every damp soil.

Is there, then, an *individuality* of species, or do they differ only in degree? If they differ in degree only, there seems to be no reason why a species should not go on improving by effect of mere warmth and nutriment; just as a tree grows, by favor of air and soil. But it seems more agreeable to observation, if we conclude that species are a something quite fixed and immutable; and that no growth of one will improve it into another. A species may vary in size, and in other particulars, through wide limits. Compare, for instance, the lap dog with the Newfoundland; the garden rose with the wild kind; the cabbage with the cauliflower. But in these and all other cases, the difference is in degree, only. The internal specific form remains unchanged. There is no example of a change of one species into another. Dogs become wild dogs, but not wolves. Varieties that diverge far from the type, are usually feeble and perishable. Varieties of a species result from changes of temperature, food and habitat: as from hot to cold, from dry to moist, and the like. Mechanical causes can produce only mechanical effects; the causes of organic variation may, therefore, affect the organism mechanically, but cannot change it essentially. They may increase the bulk of cellular tissue, diminish the muscular power, and variously affect the quantities and activities of the parts; but they cannot add a new element to the animal; they cannot make it a new species.

But what do we mean by a new element, and a new species? What is the essence of a species—of the species man, for example? The “element” which distinguishes the *body* of a man from all other bodies, must be an organ of moral conception, the material eye of spirit. Spirit cannot *act* without a body, nor see without an eye, nor feel and perform without muscles, nerves and brain. The element of the material organ of thought

by which the spirit is able to govern and compel the right action of the body, throws expression into the face, grace into the motion, and, in fine, to perform all the proper functions of a man, and not of an animal; this organ, whatever we choose to name it, must be the *specific mark* of the human body. If the body of an ape ever comes to be the body of a human spirit, it must be by the addition of this *Element*. Whether high feeding, or a warm climate, is likely to plant this element in the bodies of apes, is a part of the question at issue. The other part is, whether there are certain rudiments of this organ in apes, or in animalcules, or even in dead matter. Or, lastly, whether creation proceeds by a miraculous super-induction of this moral quality upon the fœtus of an ape, causing its sudden transformation to a human shape.

To extend this inquiry of species to the inferior kinds—what is the specific “element” by which a dog may be known from a wolf? The answer is, docility, fineness of temper, quickness and force of affection. These qualities being by no means accidental, but proper to the whole species of dog, distinguished from the whole species of wolf, belong to it intrinsically, and appear in the whole conformation, and in every habit of the animal. Even the so-called wolf-dog is not wolfish in disposition. The brain, which is the least variable part of an animal, is for that reason the true mark of its species. The researches of Owen and other physiologists, show that the brain is the specific part of an animal. If the brains of two animals have precisely the same number and relation of parts, though they differ considerably in shape and size, like the brains of large and small dogs, the two animals will resemble each other, and are one species. A conclusion not mathematical but analogical; like *all* physiological conclusions.

If two birds, the two wood thrushes for example, though alike in most particulars, yet differ in habitat and song, it is a proof of a specific difference; in other words, of a difference of nervous and cerebral anatomy. Their brains will be found different; and this is the material mark of species to be looked for in them; other parts, the bills of birds, teeth and claws of quadrupeds, scales and jaws of fish, are but secondary marks to know species by; because they are no more than instruments for the service of the brain and nerves; these, in turn,



being organs of the Instinct and animal Soul.

Add to the brain of a crow an organ for the sense of sweet sound, and to this add the clear throat and physical power of a singer—a new species would at once appear. Every part of the body, for the sake of unity, would undergo changes, that all might be in harmony with the new organ. Every trace of crow, in color, contour, habits and size, would disappear, and a new species be created at a stroke; as in the birth of a human fœtus from an ape. That any law of progress in the organism itself could accomplish all this, is logically impossible; the whole force of an organic body ending in self-perpetuation and self-perfection. All the forces of an organic body unite in the production of a germ, the epitome of them all; and if the germ exceeds its parent, it is not by the possession of any *new* power, but by the greater perfection of the old.\* Thus are species perpetuated, and remain; because each of their powers is able only to impress *its own*, and no other quality upon the germ. As far as they have been compared, the germs of all species are peculiar and specifically marked from the first moment of their existence. As one species resembles and differs from another, so their embryos resemble and differ from each other.\* Nor does an inferior complete species ever more than superficially resemble the embryo or fœtus of a superior species; notwithstanding many analogies and seeming resemblances between the stages of fœtal life and the gradation of species. It is contrary to all science, to assert that a species of quadruped is, at any fœtal stage, either an animalcule, a mollusk, or a fish; though, from the rudimental condition of the organs, it may resemble those forms, passing through a series of such resemblances. In the very germ of each species lie all the elements of its perfect form in their just proportions, else would it never reach maturity.

Here, under our feet, are the forces of matter, heat, gravity, cohesion, impenetrability. The aggregate of these forces acting in their way, in rest or motion, we name the “inanimate” world, or the “material” world: Chemistry discovers all the conditions of these powers, and concludes upon their mode of distribution in the universe. Reasoning upon

their operations, it shows us that the forces which compose matter originate in mathematical points, from which they act; some, like cohesion and elasticity, in a narrow sphere; others, like gravity and electricity, through the whole universe. And this is the characteristic of dead matter, that every motion of its least particles is felt throughout infinite space. The universe is, in this manner, made a whole, by electric, and other material presences, penetrating and embracing, exciting and balancing each other in the void of space. In the body of a plant or animal, these forces are all present—as chemistry and common sense can prove to us; but something more, also, is present: for the body of an animal is a world in itself, working continually to sustain and continue itself in its proper shape, subordinating the simpler laws of matter to the higher laws of its own unity. The result in plants is, the building up and continuance of a mere *form*, without motion or sensation. This form varies with the number and proportion of its elementary tissues, producing many *species*. The third step upward is into the region of nervous or animated matter; a something more than *form*, having a motion guided by sense and sensation, and a variety of intelligences, from dark instinct to clear understanding. By senses and perceptions animal bodies are connected with the outer world, and by powers of motion change their place in it as necessity impels. The *forces* of their *life* subordinate alike, the forces of dead matter, and those of organization: every action of an animal flowing from a relation between internal sensation and external sense, is connected and embodied with *the whole*, making the universe a “body” to itself. Thus we find that while the dead matter is a system of itself, and each organism a system *within* itself, the animal perception combines both systems; reuniting the isolated *life* with the Extended and the Enduring. The instrument of this reunion of the limited with the unlimited is the Nervous Matter, the most complex and wonderful of created things. A wave of remote ether, a ray of a twinkling star, the delicate pulses of air, the influences of gravity, electricity, elastic force, the forms and colors of all things, are impressed upon this tissue of tissues, this body of bodies, this thing of things; not only impressed and felt, but harmo-

\* *Annal de Science Naturelle*—various papers on development.



nized with the internal condition of the body, and retained there as efficient images, working in memory.

The influences of the world thus flow in upon the organism. It responds to these influences; first, blindly and instinctively; then, intelligently; and last of all, rationally, under the guidance of a spirit. That power, whatever be its essence, which employs the body in mere offices of necessity, we name Instinct. Instinct in the bee, associates sun-light, the heat of summer, and the aroma of flowers, with the inner sensations of its body—resulting in the production of honey, wax, and the whole economy of the hive. Instinct must, therefore, be regarded as one of the great powers of the world, operating by strict laws in such bodies as were created for it. The species of inferior animals are stamped with its *marks* in their degrees.

Rising into the region of those intelligences, which may be named the rulers of instincts, we find the *species* of animals marked with the qualities of the passions and affections; with *cunning*, *caution*, and *inventive foresight*; with a *mirthful fancy*, a *memory*, and with something like an understanding.

As the powers of instinct moulded the bodies of the inferior classes to subserve their specific ends, whether of food, of reproduction, or of motion and habitat; so these superior energies mould a *species* fitted to their ends, propagating the races of intelligent animals. The powers of instinct served only to place the body in a *direct* relation with objects—a relation which ceased with the removal of the object. But intelligence has a foresight and remembrance—though limited to particulars and to individuals. The love, the memory, the passion, of an animal, though able to rule and subordinate its instincts, have no universality. They are seasonal, transient, periodical, and limited to individuals.

The third and last stage of organization, in the body of rational Man, subordinating instinct and intelligence, and putting the *present* existence of the body in a mysterious connection with a *past* and a *future*—this energy we name the organ of reason, the mark of “the species man;” an image of the Eternal impressed upon the Transient; the Evidence of an Immortality; the material witness of an immaterial Spirit. Swayed by a spirit operating through this organ, Man’s body is enabled to become the instrument of the Great Powers; the *leges*

*legum*, which we name Justice, Faith, Truth, and their attendants; by which the Supreme becomes apparent in nature, subordinating all things, all instincts, all intelligences—making Mind and Matter the mere exponents of His will.

Invested with such a property in matter, made ruler over passions and intelligences, Man governs his body with a sovereignty delegated from God. Reason, his State and Constitution, becomes his mark of kingship over the rabble of impulsive and passionate. Reason, then, is the harmony of Spirit with matter, through a human organism. The acts that flow from it, bear witness to its authority; for they regard not individuals, nor particular interests, but solely the immutable, Justice, Obedience and Love. To those who profess rationality, the “marks of the *species* Man” will of course be clearly known, whether in action or in feature; and equally apparent will be those “marks of the animal,” and of brute instinct, which it is the function of reason to subordinate. To recapitulate the argument on this question: whether by any *saltus*, or sudden periodical progress of types, inferior animals can become men; whether we find any “*law*” in dead matter which *moulds* it to become a body for instincts, or for intelligences, or for reason: or, whether the reverse is true, namely, that Creative power by a word *originate* each species, whether material or organic—causing them at once to be in their perfection, and sustaining them unchanged; *whether the inferior may, by any “law,” be made to originate the superior?*

First, then, to this last inquiry. There is no authentic instance of the generation of an animal out of dead substances. The infusory animalcules are not produced in water when it is effectually protected from the air. The air is known to be a natural conveyer of the seeds of plants, the pollen of flowers, and the sporules of fungi; why not then of dry animalcular germs, or even of animalcules themselves? The vorticella, and other minute kinds, may be kept dry in sand for an indefinite period. In that condition they are a light dust, movable in every wind. If a marsh dries up in the sun, it must leave a fine “animalcular dust” upon the soil, to be taken up and transported by the least breath of air. If probability ever mounts to certainty, this is certain—that the atmosphere is charged with animalcular dust, ready to be vivified with the touch of moisture.



Hence the sudden appearance of animalcules in drops of rain, in pools, in every exposed surface of water. Animals take these germs in with their breath. Particular kinds may operate as poisons, and become the cause of endemical and epidemical diseases—though this is but a weak conjecture. There is no part of the human body inaccessible to them. Even in blood animalcules are always present; though there is reason to believe that these and other parasites may be generated by the body itself—the *inferior by the superior*.

In the instance of intestinal worms, and particularly of cystoid animals found in diseased flesh, in the brain of sheep, and in the viscera of all animals, there is no clear objection against the hypothesis of their generation by a diseased action of the part. The *superior* may be easily admitted to produce the *inferior*; though we allow the converse to be impossible. The flesh of a highly organized animal is capable of producing in itself a germ of its own species, susceptible of vivification. Why should it not be able, in the *diseased* state, to originate obscure species, of the lowest grade? To admit that intestinal worms may be originated, male and female, in the diseased body of an insect or quadruped, is not to admit anything in favor of that hypothesis which creates animals out of dust by force of electricity; or which places latent in the germ of a monkey the moral element of a man.

Broadly, and without fear of contradiction, the naturalist may deny that any inferior species has been seen to ripen into one superior. There is no *fact* of this kind. There is guess, conjecture, enough; but no fact, not one. But what is to be thought of a hypothesis founded upon sheer vacuity—upon nothing?

That the order of creation began with the inferior animals, and rose through a scale of species, ending in man, must be a false opinion; for the lowest of all the parasitic tenants of the human body must have appeared last of all, even after the creation of that body. And so of the whole tribe of intestinal worms, animalcules of warm blood, and the great variety of parasitic kinds. The fish-louse came *after* the fish, the whale-barnacle *after* the whale. The fungi of dead wood are later, in a natural order, than the forest trees; and so of a multitude of others.

Creation does not appear to have happened in a *simple* order, but in a very com-

plex, and sometimes an inverted one. As it now happens that plutonic rocks are found, in some few instances, above the secondary strata, in an order inverted, the same may have easily held true of animals; that some of a superior, would appear in their place before others of an inferior species. But if the order of nature is that of a progress, one species rising out of another, this could never happen.

The impossibility that one species should, of itself, originate another, will be easily conceded; and it becomes necessary to introduce a *law* without a fact to support it, a *nisus* in the species, or a special miracle working in the manner described. But that the Maker should have simply *caused* a species, *willing* its appearance in its place, seems no more miraculous than that he should have willed matter to *exist*, or that he should continue to will its existence, or choose to manifest his will by "*laws*," so called, "of matter." If we consider what is meant by "a miracle," it seems to be a departure from the *laws* or order of matter; but the creation of matter itself is no departure from "laws of matter," nor is the creation of a perfect man—by the fiat of Deity—either in accordance with, nor yet a departure from, the laws of nature. It is wonderful, stupendous, ineffable, but not "miraculous."

And so of all species. A very weak objection has been offered, as though creative power should not condescend to create vermin. They were made, then, by a *law*, lest the creative power be disgraced! But mere atoms of matter are clearly a less creditable work than a worm or a mushroom, which, if one looks fairly at them, are very elegant objects—beautifully and amazingly contrived. Looking upon man from a certain height of speculation, even *he* is but a kind of "creeping thing;" and, in that sense, as much a disgrace to nature as any worm can be. He was created as he is, with all his members, some for honor and some for dishonor; but he is not ashamed of his Maker on that account.

A word in regard to the famous nebular hypothesis. We know, without aid of prophecy, that this hypothesis can never be established, unless by a message from the stars. Those nebulae that appear as light clouds in the interstellar spaces, *may possibly* be composed of stars—a fatal possibility.

Meanwhile a real difficulty lies before the whole notion of a *visible* nebulous



matter. The light of the sun, and all other spontaneous light, is known to proceed either from a solid or a liquid mass; or, rather, a solid or liquid mass is *necessary* to its existence. The sun must be either a solid or a liquid mass, though its light proceed from electric or other aura about its surface. Rarefied air, on the contrary, gives out little or no light. If nebulous matter be anything at all, it is mere gas. A nebula composed of such gases as are known upon the earth, would not give out the light of fixed stars, the light of suns, or of the milky-way. And if the nebular light is like the sun's light, we must think that there are solid bodies, solar spheres, to support it. And so the nebular dream vanishes into mere absurdity.

Meanwhile, though we reject the nebular hypothesis, nothing hinders a supposition of vast bodies of uncondensed gases, floating apart or gathered about incipient solar systems in the vast of space. Nor would the vortical theory of our world's creation have been rejected so rudely, founded as it is upon excellent proofs, if it had not come attended by a load of false conclusions, as of a foolish "fire mist," which is another word for "rarefied air." Of "a law" going on from the creation of worlds by vortices, to that of species by a "law of progress;" of God's being disgraced by creating vermin; of men originating by slow degrees from monkeys, "a mode," indeed, to be ashamed of! with a crowd of like absurdities following, pell-mell, at the heels of a nebular hypothesis, and ending like that in mere vapor.

Touching the reception of these books, the *Vestiges* and its *Sequel*, a cry of atheism has been very loud against them, as if it were a mark of atheism to reduce all things to "a law." Yes, that is the charge! As if none but a denier of God's Being would insist on the preservation of Order in God's Work, or insist that he produced all things out of matter. But our author goes free on that charge; for that is no denial of a cause, which seeks only the form and method of its working.

That a charge of unbelief in the supernatural, and of a desire in general to shake off the whole idea of a supernatural, may not be made good against these books, seems not so sure; but to assert this even without a deliberate investigation would be unjust. A hatred of mystery, and of the inconceivable, goes along with a love of scientific specu-

lation. The intellect is put through its purgation, and will be rid of the very shadow of a mystery. It will have all things traced back to their "beginnings," and never rests till, seemingly, it puts a girdle about the universe, a girdle of darkness. Here is a spirit quite different from the scepticism of true science, founded in a distrust of human intellect; a feeling of its inability to grasp the whole. The first kind is ever on a sea of speculation, sailing by some meteor light of a *nisus*, or factless law. The other, distrustful of all appearances, looks upon nature as a veil covering the face of God. Presuming not to penetrate his mystery, it is content with what is given to sense. The former mistakes fancy for reality, the symbol for the thing symbolized; the ideal for the real; and the nature in the *thought* for the *nature* in the *sense*. Nay, it puts a factitious dream, for the Eternal Person, converting the Maker into a mechanist, the producer of the substance, into an artificer with tools.

True science rather sports with ideas, or shapes them for certain uses, or for symbols, but will by no means fall down and worship its work. Both the true and the false invent theories; and we know that on their right invention and use hangs the whole progress of man: to know and use them must be the part of all who advance that progress; to feign and abuse them, of all who retard it. By the continuance of peace, and liberty of all opinion, the natural tendency to idealize and spiritualize has gained a leisure and a growth far exceeding any hope of antiquity. From a boundless curiosity heaping up mountains of information, we are come to a desire of using and assimilating what is gathered. The natural upward striving of the mind leaves us unsatisfied short of a perfect reconciliation with nature; that the ways of God may be vindicated in his work. We wish to accord with the Harmonist, and be established with Fate. 'Tis the most urgent desire of the soul; to know the reason of things, and their ends;—not those little secondary ends, as of a tongue for speech, and an eye for seeing, which are obvious, but of the subordination of matter to spirits, of the laws of nature to the laws of reason. By this desire though we fall, yet by this also we rise again; as by steps attaining divine knowledge: Or rather, by humility in search in attaining the sense of high



things; as the stars are most visible from the deepest well. But now our science is effectually prevented from its due effects upon reason by a gross mass of mere pedantry and hypothesis. It may be said of English as it has been of German savans, that they possess the art to render science inaccessible, and that, chiefly by the invention of cumbersome hypotheses, more dull and inexplicable than the mysteries of Isis. No sooner is a new law discovered, than a new hypothesis is thrown over it, as if to hide it from us. It might be a thing of no slight consequence to the world, if science were well rid of her superstitions; if by any chance, her "hard atoms," electric "fluids," "convulsions of nature," Mechanic Physiology, "chemistry of thought," and the like, were all let drop with their "moral consequences," and "argument cumulative" into mere oblivion. Many have manifested great alarm at the progress of mechanism in "systems of the world;" as if in fear lest His work should be wrested out of God's hands; but when we see the effect of true science in arousing, while it guides, the highest faculties of the spirit, and observe that every step it takes is upward, lifting us to our proper contemplations, we may be ready to treat its errors with mildness, though moved with never so strong a fear of their consequences. Though we are convinced that supersti-

tions in science, like the same in religion, must darken insight and divert true worship, we may well be cautious of raising any inconsiderable outcry against it—knowing that our ignorance may hurt our own cause, and that it is the very nature of error to gather strength from the fear of its opposers.

And now, since it is discovered that human happiness may reap an unexpected harvest in this field, and that here, if anywhere, are to be sought the means of advancement, it becomes the duty of the liberal mind to observe the utmost caution in checking the growth of knowledge in any shape, or of laying weights even upon its rankness.

That those who make no investigations of their beliefs should dread a new fact, or a new theory, is not indeed a matter of wonder; but to a perfect and well-grounded faith, nothing merely natural can bring aught but confirmation. As it least becomes a virtuous reputation to exhibit alarm upon a calumny, it no less ill befits a true believer to start at novelties in the way of science; for he is sure that what he *knows* to be false may be easily disproved without calumny, and that what is true is but so much added confirmation. Least of all, though he rejects them, can he be angry with new attempts to reduce nature to a *law*—knowing that of all the attributes, that of lawgiver is the most divine.

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#### OLIVER CROMWELL.\*

ENGLISH historians have been laboring for a long time under what theologians call moral inability, in their attempts to give a correct history of Oliver Cromwell. There are four things, on neither of which, till Carlyle appeared, no English writer could treat with the least justice or truth. These are, the American Revolution—the English and Irish connection—Bonaparte and his career, and Cromwell and the rebellion he represents. He, who relies on English history, or takes his impres-

sions from English literature on these points, will believe a fable and run wide of the truth in the conclusions he adopts.

Cromwell, perhaps, has suffered most of all from the hands of his English historians. Having condemned to death a king, overthrown the established church, and put plebeians in all the high places in the kingdom, and himself sat quietly down on the throne of the British Empire; he stands, and has stood for ages, a sort of monster, of such horrid aspect and

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Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell with elucidations, by Thomas Carlyle. Wiley & Putnam. New York.

nature that to touch him at all is revolting, and to disturb his bones except to dig them up for the gallows, a crime. Not only has the inveterate prejudice against him kept the light of truth from his character, but the deep and unparalleled obloquy that fell on him at the restoration of the Stuarts, prevented the preservation of papers and records so necessary to the formation of a correct judgment. The great Rebellion has been a sort of indistinguishable chaos, out of which Cromwell arises in huge and clearly defined proportions, only to be pelted with falsehoods and covered with scorn. Liberty, however, has kept her eye on him; and, amid the struggles for freedom which men have since passed through, her finger has pointed back to him in triumph.

Amid so many errors, so much prejudice and falsehood, these "Letters and Speeches" are the very best things that could be given to the world. Eulogies and defences would both be disbelieved, for English history constantly gives the lie to them—but here is authentic history against doubtful history—Oliver Cromwell, himself, rising up after this long silence and appealing to every true man against his slanderers, and opening his innermost heart to the world. It is curious to observe the difference English writers make between the great rebellion and the Revolution of 1688. Charles I. was executed for attempting to destroy the constitution of England—James II., driven from the throne for his invasion of English liberty—the father is tried and beheaded, and the son sent a returnless exile from his kingdom. James is charged with no crime of which Charles is not guilty—the Long Parliament exercised no prerogative the Convention of 1688 did not wield, and yet the Rebellion is stigmatized as infamous and murderous; the Long Parliament accused of transgressing its power, and Cromwell called an usurper, while the revolution of 1688 is termed the glorious revolution, and William and Mary are hailed monarchs by the grace of God. Now what lies at the bottom of this difference of views and feelings? Here is the father decapitated and the son exiled—the former more criminal than the latter; and yet heaven and earth are not wider apart than English historians have put the revolutions that overthrew them.

The cause of all this difference is simply this, the father was superseded by a commoner, and a thorough reformation

made in the nobility and the Church; while the son was pushed out by royal blood—the Hanoverian line took the place of the Stuart line respecting still the established order of things, while British blood had no stain put upon it. William could show kingly drops in his veins—Cromwell those only of a sturdy English farmer. This simple matter of blood makes William a benefactor and rightful sovereign, and Cromwell a curse and an usurper; though, to us republicans this side the water, the grounds of this distinction do not seem very rational or just.

But justice is at last come to Cromwell in this collection of his letters and speeches. This book will be a bitter pill for royalists and dainty nobility to swallow. While the commission appointed by Parliament are disputing whether they shall put Cromwell among the list of her great men, this work will place him beyond the reach of their votes and be a nobler and more enduring monument than all the parliaments of the world could rear.

But before we speak of the *subject* of the book we have one word to say of the *manner* in which Mr. Carlyle has treated it. All the worst faults of his style are found here, joined to a self-conceit that would not be tolerated in any other man. His familiarity with the German literature has very naturally affected his mode of expression. The German language is our own best Saxon inverted, and as one becomes acquainted with the deep and massive flow of its sentences, he unconsciously adapts his thoughts to their movement. Thus we imagine Carlyle's peculiarity of style originated; and what has been termed affectation, was the natural result of Germanizing a strong English mind. He has, however, nursed his oddities till they have grown into deformities, and in this work have reached, we trust, their full maturity. The quaintness of style we find in Old Burton, Bunyan and many of the Puritan fathers, was natural to them—growing out of their great simplicity and honesty of heart, and hence we love it—but in Mr. Carlyle it is extravagance, *premeditated* oddity, and hence is affectation. Who can tolerate, for instance, such English as the following which we find in the introductory chapter. Speaking of the confusion and chaos into which the historical events of Cromwell's time have been thrown, he says, "Behold here the final evanescence of formed human things; they had form,



but they are changing into sheer formlessness; ancient human speech itself has sunk into unintelligible maundering. This is the collapse—the etiolation of human features into mouldy, blank dissolution; progress toward utter silence and disappearance; disastrous ever deepening dusk of gods and men! Why has the living ventured thither, down from the cheerful light, across the Lethe-swamps and Tartarean Phlegethons, onward to those baleful halls of Dis and the three-headed dog? Some destiny drives him." If the history of those times was written in such jargon as this, no wonder it "has sunk into unintelligible maundering." A thought has tumbled out with this cart-load of words, no doubt, and well worth digging after, but Carlyle has no right to put his readers to that trouble when a straight-forward, good English sentence could so easily have expressed it.

There are also expressions scattered along that have no place in English literature, and should be denounced at once, lest the support of a great name should give them permanence there. Mr. Carlyle tells us of a man who was "*no great shakes in rhyme*," speaks of "*Torpedo Dilettantism*," and endeavors to make "*Flunkey*" and "*Flunkeyism*" classical words, and says that the Royalists shed tears enough at the death of Charles I. "*to salt the whole herring fishery*." He is constantly punning while treating of the gravest subjects—makes *bon-mots* as he goes along, and plays upon words as if his mind was divided between the thought and the oddity he would couple with it.

But the greatest objection of manner in this work is the interjections and ejaculations with which he peppers all of Cromwell's speeches. In these grave and solemn addresses of the Protector to his parliaments, when England's welfare hung by a thread, Carlyle acts the part of a clown in the circus, keeping up a running commentary in a sort of half soliloquy to his master's harangue—laughable at times it must be confessed, but turning both into ridicule. The most serious words Cromwell ever uttered are interlarded with such phrases as, ("*Yes, your Highness*"), ("*Truly*"), ("*His Highness gets more emphatic*"), ("*The same tailor metaphor again*"), ("*Looks over his shoulder in the jungle and betinks him*"), ("*I did think my first Protectorate a successful kind of a thing*"),

("somewhat animated your Highness"), ("*Poor Oliver!*") ("*style getting hasty hot*"), ("*Better not, your Highness*"), ("*Threatening to blaze up again*"), ("*Ends in a kind of a snort*"). Sometimes he throws in simply ("*ah!*") ("*certainly*"), ("*truly*"), ("*ha!*") ("*Yes, you said so, your Highness*"). Sometimes he condemns Cromwell's English in such parentheses as the following: ("*sentence involving an incurable Irish bull; the head of it eating the tail of it*"), ("*Damnable iteration*"), &c. Sometimes he caresses patronizingly the massive head of Oliver, as if he were a great English mastiff, saying, ("*Yes, my brave one*"), ("*Try it again, your Highness*"), ("*Keep hold of them, your Highness*"), ("*Very well, your Highness*"), ("*No, we are not exactly their darlings*"), ("*Wait till the axles get warm a little*"), ("*Try it again, your Highness*"). These last sound to us very much like "*Go it, your Highness!*" "*Stick to 'em, your Highness!*" &c., and is more becoming the pit of a fourth-rate comic theatre than grave history. It is supremely disgusting, not only from the raillery it incorporates with such earnest, sincere language, but from the infinite self-conceit it exhibits by its gross familiarities. Who but Mr. Carlyle would presume to interrupt a man with such impertinent ejaculations, now gently twitching "*His Highness*" by the coat tail and now patting him on the head, as much as to say, "*Ah! my good fellow, exactly; we think alike.*" Conceive of these phrases thrown into speeches addressed to the Parliament of England, when England was rocking to and fro like a vessel in the storm, and you get some idea of the unblushing effrontery of their appearance. Mr. Carlyle, perhaps, is not aware of the relative position he establishes between himself and Cromwell by this process. It sounds to the reader very much as if he were constantly saying, "*Yes, yes; I understand Oliver perfectly, he is a brave fellow—a little prolix, it is true, and sometimes muddy, but I like him nevertheless, and am determined to help him through—he and I against the world.*" What we have said does not arise from prejudice, for Carlyle has no greater admirer than ourselves. We have been enriched by the treasures of his exhaustless mind—excited and instructed by his burning thoughts, and borne away on those suggestions that leap from his brain, like sudden inspirations, and have reverently



stood and listened as he spoke. Still, his greatness does not convert his faults into virtues, or render them less worthy of condemnation.

Mr. Carlyle is alike above our praise or blame; he has passed through the trial state, and now occupies a place in English literature where the stroke of even the English critic cannot harm him. But the higher his position, and the wider his influence, the more carefully should his errors be pointed out and shunned; for, while few can imitate his great qualities, all men can appropriate his bad ones.

We have one other objection to Mr. Carlyle's part of this work, which we have, also, to all his historical writings—he does not give us clearly the *philosophy* of history. His French Revolution conveys no definite idea of the connected course of the events he hurries us through. Huge summits rise out of the chaos, blazing with light, or equally visible from their blackness; scenes start into life before us, vivid as a passing reality, and great pictures come and go in fearful procession on the vision, while the wizard, who is working all these wonders in our presence, is talking in the mean time in strains of sublime eloquence, till the soul stands amazed at the thoughts that waken up equally strange thoughts within. Still, when it is all passed, the mind struggles in vain after the thread which connects them together. The *principle* that lay at the bottom of this movement, is developed clearly enough; but the causes which set that principle working, and *kept* it working so fearfully, are invisible or dimly seen. So in this work—no one, by reading it, would get a definite idea of the English Revolution. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle, as he designs to write a history of that event, purposely omitted to give us a synopsis of it. But Oliver Cromwell is nothing without it. True, much of his life is taken up as an officer in the army; but the scattered threads of that rebellion were finally gathered into his mighty hand, and he henceforth stands as the representative or rather embodiment of it. But not only does he omit to give us a synopsis of the revolution itself, but states a palpable error. He more than once affirms that religion lay entirely at the bottom of it. Cromwell, doubtless, had very little idea of constitutional liberty, and a religious feeling was the groundwork of all his actions; and Mr. Carlyle, being so deeply

engrossed with his character, seems for the time to forget the events that preceded his appearance on the stage.

The English Revolution was the natural product of the growth of civilization, and aimed, like the French Revolution, against three distinct things—absolute monarchy, a privileged aristocracy, and a haughty and grasping clergy. The little liberty which the fifteenth century shed on man, had well nigh gone out in the beginning of the seventeenth. On the continent, royalty had gradually subdued the proud nobility till it reigned supreme. In England, the feudal aristocracy had not been conquered, but had gone to sleep before the throne. Royalty no longer set checks on its encroachments, and it no longer interfered with royalty in its aggressions on the liberties of the people. The clergy, too, blind and selfish, sought to retard rather than advance the human mind in its career. But the light of the Reformation could not be put out. The impulse given to free inquiry could not be checked; men dared to think and believe without the church, and we see, even in the time of Elizabeth, the germs of the rebellion. She, by the crown lands she had sold to country gentlemen to avoid asking for subsidies, had gradually passed large wealth into the hands of those who were to be the future members of the House of Commons; so that when Charles I. assembled Parliament, in 1628, the Commons were twice as rich as the House of Lords. Commerce had also increased, and wealth was every day accumulating in the hands of the common people. This must be secured, and checks erected to preserve it from the grasping hand of tyranny.

The Parliament had no sooner assembled, than it began to search every department of government. Past and future subsidies came under its cognizance; the state of religion, the repression of popery, and the protection of commerce. There were a host of complaints preferred, termed grievances, which the Parliament determined should be redressed. These being boldly presented to the King, he considered it an encroachment on his sovereignty—an incipient step towards forcing him to submit to all their demands. As he, however, wanted subsidies to carry on the war in Spain, he swallowed his vexation and asked for money.

A small subsidy was voted him, together with the custom duties for one year. The Lords refused to sanction



this, as it had been the custom heretofore to vote these duties to a king during his reign. But the Commons, before they would grant more, demanded a redress of their grievances. The King, indignant at this attempt, as he termed it, to compel him to act, thus encroaching on his sovereignty, dissolved the Parliament, determined to govern without it. Succeeding but poorly, however, in his efforts to raise money by loans, he, in February, again assembled it. The first Parliament asked for redress of grievances; the second immediately impeached the Duke of Buckingham, the King's favorite, as the *author* of their grievances. During the futile efforts to bring him to trial, Charles had two of the commissioners, appointed by the house to support the impeachment, arrested and locked up in the Tower for insolence of speech. The Commons, indignant at this encroachment upon their privileges, refused to do anything till they were set at liberty, and the King yielded. Defeated and baffled on every side, he summarily dissolved this Parliament also. Determined to be an absolute sovereign, like the monarchs of Europe, he could not see the spirit that was abroad, and hence rushed blindly on his own ruin. A general loan was ordered; the seaports and maritime districts commanded to furnish vessels (the first attempt at ship-money); passive obedience was preached up by direction of the King; those who refused to grant the money were thrown into prison; the military were distributed over the kingdom; the courts of justice were overawed, and Charles I. seemed resolved to carry his doctrine of tyranny by one grand *coup de main*. But he only awakened indignation and hostility, and nursed the fire he expected to quench. In the mean time defeat had attended the armies abroad, and money must be raised; and another Parliament was called, (March 7, 1628,) and a tone of great conciliation adopted. But the friendly aspect with which it opened soon changed; the Commons, intent on having their liberties secured, and the rights of Englishmen defined, drew up the famous "Petition of Rights." This was simply a bill to guaranty acknowledged liberties, and check acknowledged abuses; but Charles thought his word was better than all guaranties, and refused, at first, to have anything to do with it.

After a stormy time in the House, the bill passed, and the King was compelled to sign it. But reform on paper began to

be followed by demands for reform in practice; and two remonstrances were drawn up, one against the Duke of Buckingham, and the other against having tonnage and poundage levied, except, like other taxes, by law. The King saw there was no end to this cry about grievances, and, losing all patience—in June, three months from the time of its assembling—prorogued Parliament.

The second session of Parliament commenced in January of the next year. Grievances again appeared on the tapis till the King could not endure the word. Reforms, both in religious and civil matters, were loudly demanded; and, at length, the tonnage and poundage duties came up again. A second remonstrance was about to be carried, when the Speaker informed the House that the King had ordered him not to put the motion, and rose to retire. "*God's wounds*," said the fierce Hollis, "*you shall sit till it please the House to rise*." The King, hearing of the outbreak, sent the Sergeant-at-arms to remove the mace, and thus arrest all business. But he, too, was kept firmly seated, and the doors of the House locked. A second messenger came to dissolve the Parliament, but could not gain admission. Boiling with rage, at being thus defied on his very throne, he called the captain of his guards and ordered him to force the doors. But the vote had been carried, and the House of Commons declared to the world that the levying of tonnage and poundage "duties was illegal, and those guilty of high treason who should levy or even pay them." The Parliament was, of course, dissolved. It was a stormy session, and here Cromwell first appears on the stage, making a fierce speech against a priest, whom he terms no better than a papist.

Charles—now fully resolved to govern alone—commenced his arbitrary career by imprisoning some of the most daring leaders of the last Parliament. Then commenced a long succession of illegal acts to raise money—long abolished imposts were reëstablished—illegal fines levied and rights invaded. The courts were overawed, magistrates removed, and tyranny unblushing and open everywhere practiced. The Church, too, came in for its share of power. It became concentrated in the hands of the Bishops—the observance of the liturgy and cathedral rites were enforced, and nonconformists turned out of their livings, and, forbidden to preach, were sent wan-



dering over the country. Persecution commenced—a system of espionage was carried on, and a petty tyranny practiced by that incarnation of all meanness and villany, Laud. The Puritans began to leave in crowds for other more tolerant countries. The people were enraged—even the country nobility and wealthy gentlemen took fire at these accumulated wrongs, and all was ripe for an explosion. Men were put in the stocks for circulating pamphlets that denounced the injustice of the times, and their ears cropped off in presence of the people. But the elements were only more deeply stirred by every act of tyranny, and at length they seemed to reach their full height when John Hampden, who had refused to pay the ship-money tax and demanded a trial, was condemned.

In the mean time the attempt to force the English liturgy down the throats of the sturdy Scotch Calvinists had raised a whirlwind in Scotland, and the self-conceited Laud found he had run his hand into a hornet's nest. Edinburgh was in a blaze, and the excited crowds from every part came thronging through the streets—highlander and lowlander, noble and cominoner, struck hands together, and old Scotland stood up in her might, with her solemn "Covenant" in her hand, and swore to defend it to the last. The fiery cross went flashing along the glens, through the valleys and over the mountains, and in six weeks Scotland was ready to do battle for her rights. Poor Charles was frightened at the spirit he had raised, and strove to lay it, but failing in this he marched his armies against the Covenanters. Imbecile, like all Stuarts, the invasion ended in smoke, and the baffled King called another Parliament in order to raise some money. It met April 13, 1640. Charles had got along eleven years without a parliament, but now was fairly driven to the wall. But during eleven years of dissolution the Commons had not forgotten grievances, and when the King asked for supplies, he received in reply, "grievances." Nothing could be done with a Parliament that talked only of grievances, and in three weeks it was dissolved. This was in May; in October Parliament again met—the famous Long Parliament. Exasperated at its last dissolution—enraged at the falsehoods and tyranny of the King—perceiving, at last, that he with his favorite the Earl of Strafford were bent on breaking down the Constitution

of England—it met, with the stern purpose of taking the management of affairs in its own hands. The King saw, at a glance, that he had got to retreat or close in a mortal struggle with his Parliament. The respect they showed him at his opening speech was cold, and even haughty. The proud determination that sat on their countenances awed even the monarch, and the fierce indignation that broke forth after his departure told his friends that a crisis had come. Every member had some petition from his constituents to offer, and the eleven years of arbitrary rule that Charles had tried, and now was compelled to abandon, received a terrible review. Monopolies, ship-money, illegal arrests, the despotism of the bishops and the action of arbitrary courts, came up in rapid succession, each adding to the torrent of indignation that was about to roll on the throne. One of the first acts of this Parliament was to declare every member of their body who had taken part in any monopoly unfit to sit with them, and four were immediately excluded. This decision fell like a thunderbolt on the King and his party, and revived the hopes of the people. The Presbyterian preachers resumed their livings—suppressed pamphlets were again sent abroad on the wings of the wind—Church despotism dare not wag its head, and yet no legal steps had been taken to produce this change. The people felt that Parliament was on their side, and took confidence in resisting oppression. Strafford was impeached and sent to the Tower, and the next blow fell on the heartless Archbishop Laud. Things began to look significant—the head of civil oppression and the leader of religious despotism were struck within a short time of each other, and the character of the coming revolution clearly pronounced. The next step was still more significant. A bill was carried making it necessary that a Parliament should assemble at least once in three years and should not be dissolved till fifty days after its meeting. The King, though filled with rage, was compelled to sanction it. No sooner was this done than the Star Chamber, ecclesiastical court of high commission, and all the extraordinary tribunals which the King had erected were abolished. Last of all, Parliament declared that it had power alone to terminate its sittings. Thus tumbled down stone after stone of England's huge feudal structure, and such men as Hamp-



den, Prym and Holles began to look toward the abolishment of kingly power altogether. Religious matters also came up, and petitions were poured in demanding the entire abolition of Episcopacy. The people had begun to think, and the quarrel which had commenced with Charles and his Parliament had been taken up by the people, and the struggle was between liberty and oppression in every department.

In the mean time Strafford's head rolled on the scaffold. This was in 1641. In August the King visited Scotland, and devoutly attended Presbyterian churches—heard the long prayers and longer sermons of Presbyterian preachers with becoming gravity, and Parliament adjourned. In the fall, however, it assembled again, and a general remonstrance was drawn up setting forth the grievances of the kingdom, and defining all the privileges that freedom demanded. Amid a storm of excitement it passed. Cromwell backed it with his stern and decided action. The King returned, and was again in collision with his Parliament. In the mean time popular outbreaks commenced in London—the houses of bishops were in danger of being mobbed, and Charles found himself on a wilder sea than he had ever dreamed of. The Parliament now began to reach out its hand after the control of the army, and there seemed no limit to the reforms proposed.

The next year, 1642, five members of the House were suddenly accused of high treason for the prominent part they had taken in the affairs of the kingdom. The King sent his sergeant-at-arms to take them in custody, but the House would not give them up, and declared that consideration was required before such a breach of privilege could be allowed. The next day the King came with an armed force to arrest them. At the news swords flashed in the Hall of Parliament, and brows knit in stern defiance. But better counsels prevailed, and the five members were hurried away, before Charles with his armed guard approached. The birds had flown, but the King made a speech, declaring that he expected the accused, as soon as they returned, would be sent to him, and departed. As he strode through the door, "Privilege! privilege!" smote his ear. The next day the citizens rushed to arms, and all was in commotion; and as the King passed through the crowd, it was silent and cold, and a pamphlet was thrown into

his carriage headed, "*To your tents, O Israel!*"

Here is the beginning of the war. The Parliament found that it must surround itself with armed force for self-protection. And armed force beget armed force, till civil war broke out in all its fury. Hitherto Charles had professed great affection and respect for the Parliament—made endless promises and broke them "on the word of a king." His duplicity was no longer of avail. The mask was off—hostilities had commenced; and though peace could be, and was, talked about, Parliament would never let power again rest in the hands of a monarch who seemed to have no moral sense respecting truth and falsehood. The word of a London pickpocket could be relied on as soon as his. Besides, the leaders of Parliament now lived with a halter about their necks, and let Charles once gain the power he formerly wielded, he would make summary work with them.

With the departure of the King and the commencement of the civil war, Parliament proceeded to assume more and more power; and though negotiations were still kept up, reformation had yielded to revolution, and the elements were unbound. The battle of Edgehill opened the tragedy, which in its bloody performance was to see the throne of England go down, and the head of its king roll on the scaffold. Cromwell now presents himself on the stage to some purpose, and there is little danger of his being lost sight of again. The years of 1642 and '3 were eventful ones, for the sword of civil war was drinking blood on every side. At the end of 1643 the reformation was complete, Parliament had done all it wished; but things had gone too far to stop. The army had gradually acquired power, as it always does in war, and its leader was carried on towards the control of the kingdom. In 1648 Charles I. was executed, and kingship in England for the time ended.

The progress of things during the civil wars we design to take up again with Cromwell. But in this condensed synopsis the career and separate steps of the revolution may be traced out. First, Parliament wished to place some restrictions on arbitrary power—nothing more. The resistance and madness of Charles aroused indignation, and boldness and discussion. The natural result was, clearer views of their own rights, and of the injustice of the King's arbitrary conduct.



The King, instead of yielding with grace, multiplied his tyrannical acts, and incensed still more the Commons of England. Not satisfied with pleasing the imbecile and driveling Laud, he undertook to fetter the consciences of the people, and force episcopacy down their throats. As if bent on his own ruin, he transferred, or rather extended, the quarrel from Parliament to every town in the land, and thus made the excitement and opposition universal. Slight reforms were sought in the first place, but the principles of justice on which the demand for them was based, soon brought grievances to light whose removal would infringe on the sovereignty of the King. The King resisted, but the Commons stood firm; and as soon as the people found they had a strong ally they brought in their grievances on religious matters. Broken promises, falsehoods, secret open tyranny, practiced everywhere by the King or Bishops, rendered the breach between the monarch and his subjects wider—until at last royal bayonets gleamed around the Parliament. Assailed by physical force, Parliament sought to protect itself by force also, and civil war took the place of discussion and remonstrance, and revolution succeeded reformation. There was nothing unnatural in this. The same result will follow in every despotism of Europe, so soon as there can be a representation of the people bold enough to ask justice.

For taking part in such a movement of the English people—fighting bravely for the English constitution and religious liberty, and finally bringing the revolution to the only peaceful termination it could have had, Oliver Cromwell has been termed a regicide, a monster and a tyrant. This work of Mr. Carlyle's puts the mark of falsehood on these accusations, and presents the man before us in his simple majesty and noble integrity. The speeches and letters of a man—both public and private—must reveal his character, and if there be any hypocrisy in him it will appear. But here we have a hundred and sixty-seven letters written in various periods of his life, to persons of every description—even to his wife and children and relatives—and yet no inconsistency in his character is seen. Those who term him a hypocrite would do well to explain this fact. Before the idea of power had ever dawned on his mind, or he had ever dreamed a letter of his would be seen, except by his family,

he utters the same religious sentiments, indulges in the same phrases which, repeated in public, bring down on him the charge of cant, hypocrisy and design. These letters and speeches show him consistent throughout; and Mr. Carlyle has forever removed the obloquy that covered him, and given him that place in history which should have been granted long ago. The triumph is the more complete, from its being effected not by eulogies, but by the man's self lifted up in his simplicity and grandeur before the world. No one can read this work without obtaining a clear and definite view of Cromwell he never can forget. Perhaps some of the very faults we have mentioned in it have rendered the picture more complete. Mr. Carlyle has given us Cromwell as he was, and as he will be received by future generations. We see him in every step of his progress; there are the same massive features, and grave countenance, and serious air, with here and there indications of a volcano within. Whether wandering by the banks of the Ouse—gloomy and desponding as he attempts to look into that mysterious eternity to which he is hastening—or riding all fierce and terrible amid his *Ironsides* through the smoke of battle—or with hat on his head standing on the floor of Parliament, and hurling defiance on all around—or praying in the midst of the midnight storm as life is receding—we still stand in his presence—live, move, speak with him. There is no English writer that equals Carlyle in this pictorial power—revealing rather than describing things, and bidding us look on them rather than conceive them.

Born in 1599, Cromwell was thirty-six years old when the first Parliament was convoked by Charles I. Unlike most distinguished characters he entered on public life late, and was forty years of age before he took any part in the scenes in which he was afterwards to be the chief actor. His history is a forcible illustration of the effect of circumstances on a man's fortune. Had England remained quiet, Cromwell would have spent his energies in draining the fens on his farm, and improving his estate, and died a good, straight-forward English gentleman. But the field which the revolution opened to him soon scattered his plans for the improvement of his lands to the wind, and the too thoughtful, too contemplative religionist, entered on a life of action that left his disordered fancy



little time to people his brain with gloomy forms.

Of Cromwell's early life very little is known, but Mr. Carlyle has doubtless given all that ever will be discovered, and traced his genealogy to the right source. Cromwell appears in the third Parliament of Charles, 1628-9, in which the famous petition of Rights before spoken of was carried. He seems to have taken very little part in the stormy proceedings of the several Parliaments, and during the first two years of the Long Parliament nothing is heard of him. He went home to his farm a few weeks at the adjournment of Parliament, during the King's visit to Scotland; but is found in his place again when it is assembled. He witnessed the stormy debate on the "Grand Petition and Remonstrance," when the excitement waxed so high that members came near drawing their swords on each other; and gazed—one may guess with what feelings—on King Charles, as he came with his armed force to seize the five members accused of high treason. The lessons he learned in these agitated scenes, like those which Bonaparte received from the tragedies of the French revolution, were not forgotten by him in his after career.

When the King and Parliament finally came into open collision, and both were struggling to raise an army, Cromwell's course for the first time becomes clearly pronounced. His arm is better than his tongue, and as Parliament has passed from words into action, he immediately takes a prominent position, which he ever after maintains. Charles is still regarded as King of England, and the Parliament has sent to him to know if he will grant them "power of militia," and accept the list of Lord Lieutenants which they had sent him. "No, by God," he answers, "not for an hour;" and so militia must be raised in some other way than through royal permission.

This was in March, 1642; the next July we find Cromwell moving that the town of Cambridge be allowed to raise two companies of volunteers, and appoint captains over them, giving, himself, a hundred pounds towards the object.

Here is high treason at the outset, and if the King shall conquer, loss of life and property will follow. But he has taken his course, and not all the kings in the world can turn him aside. The next month he has seized the magazine

in the castle of Cambridge, and prevented the plate of the University from being carried off by the King's adherents.

The same volunteer system was carried out in every shire of England favorable to the course of Parliament. An army was organized, and the Earl of Essex was placed at its head. In the list of troops made out with their officers, Cromwell's name was found as captain of *troop sixty-seven*. His son was cornet in a troop of horse under Earl Bedford. The battle of Edgehill was fought—the first appeal to arms—and Cromwell's sword was there first drawn for his country. The victory was doubtful, and both parties claimed it. The country was now fairly aroused, and associations were formed during the winter in various counties, for mutual defence. Cromwell is found at the head of the "Eastern Association," the only one that survived and flourished, and is riding hither and thither to collect troops and enforce order and repel invasion. The hidden energy of the man begins to develop itself, and his amazing practical power to be felt. At the battle of Edgehill he saw the terror the royal cavalry carried through the Parliamentary horse, and he spoke to Hampden about it after the conflict was over, saying, "How can it be otherwise when your horse are for the most part superannuated domestics, tapsters, and people of that sort, and theirs are the sons of gentlemen, men of quality. Do you think such vagabonds have soul enough to stand against men of resolution and honor?"

"You are right," replied Hampden, "but what can be done?"

"I can do something," said Cromwell, "and *I will*. I will raise men who have the fear of God before their eyes, and who will bring some conscience to what they do, and I promise you they shall not be beaten."

It was in this winter's efforts that the nucleus of that famous body of horse to which he gave the name of Ironsides was formed. He selected for it religious men, who fought for conscience' sake, and not for pay or plunder; and while he enforced the most rigid discipline, he inflamed them with the highest religious enthusiasm. Fighting under the especial protection of Heaven, and for God and religion, they would rush to battle as to a banquet, and embrace death



with rapture. Here was Napoleon's famous cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, under whose terrible charge the best infantry of the world went down. Borne up, however, by a higher sentiment than glory, they carried in their charge greater power, and *this body of a thousand horse was never beaten*. When with the fearful war-cry "RELIGION!" Cromwell hurled them on the foe, the tide of battle was always turned.

Nothing shows the practical sagacity of Cromwell, more than his introduction of the religious sentiment into the army. Bonaparte could not do this, and so he did the next best thing—instilled the love of glory. The former made religion popular in the army and in the kingdom, and his bulletins to Parliament were more like the letters of a clergyman to his presbytery, than the reports of a general to his government. Scripture phrases came into common use, and custom soon made proper and natural, what now seems to us the mere cant of hypocrisy. It is not to be supposed that the solemn look, and nasal tone, and Bible language of the Puritans indicated, as a general thing, any piety. These things became the fashion—made common, it is true, by a strong religious feeling—and fashion could make the people of New York talk in the same strain. Cromwell had a deep religious feeling, and felt himself an instrument in the hands of God for the accomplishment of a great work. It is a little singular that all those great men who have effected sudden and unexpected changes in human affairs, have always regarded themselves as under the influence of a special destiny. If a heathen he has been the favorite of the gods; if a Christian, like Cromwell, the mere agent of Supreme Power; if an unbeliever, like Napoleon, under the influence of some star.

These Ironsides were religious men, who could hold prayer-meetings in their tents, and sing psalms through their noses; and he who would walk over the tented field at evening, and witness their praying-circles, and listen to their nasal chantings, might think himself in a Methodist camp-meeting, and curl his lip at the thought of their being warriors. But whoever saw them with their helmets on, and with their sabres shaking above their heads, and their flashing eyes bent in wrath on the enemy, sweeping like a thunder-cloud to battle, would ever after tread softly by their prayer-meet-

ings, and listen to their psalms like one who hears music around the lip of a volcano.

From this time the revolution became essentially a religious one, and the parliament and the army were both Presbyterian. Its character did not change but once to the end, and that was when the Independents overcame the Presbyterians, and finally obtained the supreme control. The causes leading to both of these results were perfectly natural. After political reforms religious questions came up; and the king and the established church banding together, it was natural they should go down together, and a different political and religious government be adopted. The former became a parliamentary government, and the latter a Presbyterian church. The religious character of this new church organization became still more clearly pronounced by the league which Parliament made with Scotland. Its help was sought in the effort to overthrow the King, but Scotland would not grant it, unless Parliament would subscribe to the Scotch Covenant. This was done, and Cromwell's voice was heard swearing to the Covenant. But in revolution every irregularity develops itself, the restraints are taken off from the mind, its old barriers are removed, and it is launched forth upon an unknown sea. When each one is allowed to think for himself men are sure not to think alike; and there sprung up in England what is constantly seen here—numberless sects—each strenuous for its peculiar tenets. There were the Independents, who rejected the Scotch Covenant—demanded more freedom of belief—repudiated the established church organizations, and asked for the same republicanism in the Church that had been introduced in the State: the Brownists, and Anabaptists, and Levelers (your thorough Jacobins and modern Radicals): Fifth-Monarchymen, (modern Millerites,) and many still unsettled in their belief. All these, the natural growth of a revolution that had become religious in its character, gradually concentrated their strength against the Presbyterians; and Cromwell himself taking sides with the Independents, the army was ranged on their side, and in time the army, as it always must in a revolution, ruled everything.

From 1642, when the first battle of Edgehill was fought, to 1653—when Cromwell annihilated with his musket-



eers, the fag end (the rump) of the Long Parliament—were eleven years of trouble and uncertainty. But whether fighting with the Scots against the King, or beleaguering Edinburgh with his little army; whether quelling insurrection in different parts of the kingdom, or bending his vast energies against his monarch in a pitched battle, Cromwell rises before us as the same determined, self-collected and resolute man. Whether bowed in fasting and prayer before God, or trampling down the ranks of the enemy under the hoofs of his cavalry—whether lost in a strange enthusiasm over a psalm of David, or standing alone, the rock around which the waves of the revolution finally calmed themselves to rest, or sunk in fruitless rage—he exhibits the same lofty purpose and steadfast heart. Dismayed by no obstacle, disheartened by no reverses, he leans in solemn faith on the arm of the God of battles and of truth. Without the feverish anxiety which belongs to ambition, or the dread of defeat, which accompanies love of glory, he is impelled onward by a feeling of duty, and loses himself in the noble cause for which he struggles. Acting under the eye of Heaven, with his thoughts fixed on that dread judgment where he must render up a faithful record of his deeds, he vacillates only when he doubts what is right, and fears only when a pure God rises before him.

Nothing but lofty motives could have drawn him, at his age, into the career he followed. The fervor and enthusiasm of youth had fled, and he had reached an age when the call of ambition begins to sound faint and doubtful. A sober, religious farmer, he girded on the sword when *forty-three* years of age, and taking his oldest son, who bore his name, entered the field where anything but glory seemed to be the promised reward. That beloved son he saw fall before the blow of the foeman; and though he had a wife and family to bind him to life, he seemed to be unconscious he had a life to lose. By his bold and decided action, his rapid movements, his rigid discipline, and boiling courage, he triumphed over the most overwhelming obstacles, performed prodigies of valor, and filled the world with the renown of his deeds—and yet he refused all praise to himself, referring everything to the goodness of God. Yet there was no blind credulity in this reliance on Heaven, no sluggish dependence, for he strained every energy and

employed every means, as if all rested on himself. That he carried his ideas of special Providence too far, few of the present day will doubt. He thought the glorious era, when the Israelites marched behind the pillar of fire and of cloud, and were guided in every step by the direct interposition of Heaven, might be restored. No one who has studied Cromwell's character deeply, can doubt that he contemplated establishing a kind of Theocracy, in which the nation should be a pure church and God its Head. His mind had got into this channel, and hence he was prevented from having those broad and expansive views of constitutional liberty which one is led to expect of him. That so thorough a political man should have nourished so visionary a theory seems strange enough; but the truth is, notwithstanding his stern, rugged and unpoetic nature, Cromwell had a touch of superstition about him, which his matter-of-fact character and practical life could not remove. This did not turn him into a fanatic, or drive him into monkish habits or gloom, nor even fetter the free action of his mental powers; it only gave them a religious direction. He did not possess what is commonly termed genius, though he had something very nearly akin to it. He never startled men by those sudden inspirations that sometimes flash forth from the soul of genius like foreshadowings of future events, yet he saw farther than the other great men of his time, and alone was capable of conducting the revolution to the goal it reached. As a military man, he showed no depth of combination, adopted no new tactics of his own, and introduced no improvements in military science.

Yet he beat the best generals of the kingdom, fought successfully against the most overwhelming numbers, and gained every battle he fought. It is idle to speak of such a man as a mere creature of circumstances. Facts are better than theories—and the power Cromwell obtained, the success that attended every effort, and the steady hand with which he held all the raging elements of the revolution in check, show him to have possessed a character of amazing strength, even though it exhibited no single extraordinary quality. Sudden and great success may attend a weak mind in certain favorable circumstances, but in a long, protracted, and complicated struggle the strong man alone wins. The plebeian who, in England under any circum-



stances, can bring successively to his feet, king, parliament and people—quietly and firmly seat himself down on the throne of the British empire—wield its vast destinies, control its amazing energies, and after years of experience die in peace and power, leaving a flourishing commonwealth to his successor—must possess a grasp of thought and power seldom found in a single soul.

There is no difficulty in analyzing the career of Cromwell. His life divided into two parts, military and civil, is exhibited clear as noonday in these letters. He commenced his military career as captain of a troop and gradually fought his way up to commander-in-chief of the army. With a tenacity of will that nothing could shake, and courage that nothing could resist; simple and austere in his manners, given to no excesses and claiming no share of the plunder; he soon gained such influence over the soldiers that they would follow him into any danger. In short, the success which attended all his efforts made him necessary to the army, so that we find, after the self-denying ordinance was passed, by which members of Parliament are forbidden to hold command in the army, Cromwell is retained by special permission month after month, till finally no one thinks of removing him.

The battle of Edgehill was fought in 1642; the next year Cromwell was busy subduing the country, fighting bravely at Gainsborough and Winceby, killing Cavendish at the former place. In 1644 the famous battle of Marston Moor took place. The king's army, of nearly 30,000 men, was utterly routed, and almost entirely by Cromwell and his Ironsides. The Scots fought bravely, and "delivered their fire with such constancy and swiftness, it was as if the whole air had become an element of fire in the summer gloaming there;" but Prince Rupert's cavalry rode down everything in their passage, and the whole right wing of the Parliamentary Army was routed. The royalists continued the pursuit, sabering down the fugitives, till weary with the work of death they returned to the victorious battle-field. But to their surprise, on coming up, they found Cromwell in possession of it with his brave *Ironsides*. Letting the routed army take care of itself, he fell with his cavalry on the enemy, riding straight through their divided ranks, and sweeping the field like a hurricane. His allies, the Scotch cav-

alry had all been dispersed, yet he and his Ironsides dashed on Prince Rupert's horse that had hitherto never been beaten, and rode them down with terrible slaughter.

The joy of the people was immense—the royalist cavalry had been broken for the first time, and Cromwell had done it.

The next year he is appointed commander-in-chief of the cavalry, and prostrates forever the King's cause at the battle of Naseby. A few hours before it began Cromwell arrived on the field, and the welcome the army gave him shows with what enthusiasm he was loved by the soldiers. As they saw him ride along their lines they sent up a universal shout like the cry of "*vive l'empereur*," with which the French army was wont to greet the appearance of Napoleon. Many a deed of personal prowess had been performed, and many an exhibition of high chivalric courage made, before his presence could send such exultation through the army.

Cromwell commanded the cavalry at the battle, and new confidence visited every heart as they saw the favored child of victory casting his stern eye over the ranks of his Ironsides. It was on a cold January morning that the battle was fought, and the war-cry of the Puritans that day was, "*God is with us*." It rolled along their lines in one majestic shout as they moved to the attack. The battle was the fiercest that had been fought. Prince Rupert, with his usual success, dashed down on the left wing of the Parliament Army and overthrew it. Cromwell did the same thing on the right, and broke the left wing of the royalists; but Rupert followed after the fugitives, while Cromwell leaving a small company to prevent those he had routed from rallying, retired to the field to finish the victory. Here, as at Marston Moor, he exhibited the perfect command he had over himself and his followers in the heat of battle. Carried away by no success—beguiled into no pursuit, he stopped at the right point, and with wonderful self-possession and skill rallied his men, and poured them afresh on the dense masses of infantry. The severe discipline to which he subjected his soldiers, placed them at his control in the midst of the wildest confusion. This, doubtless, was one great cause of his success.

This battle finished the King, and he tried to make peace with his Parliament.



Cromwell, in the mean time, overrun England, subduing the towns that still adhered to the royal cause. Now scattering the clubmen, and now storming Bristol, he marched from point to point with a celerity that astonished his enemies, and soon reduced the whole country. Civil war, then, for awhile ceased; and from 1646 to 1648 political and religious affairs were in inextricable confusion. Between the King and Parliament, and Army, and Presbyterians, and Independents, everything got reduced to chaos. In Parliament the Presbyterians and Independents struggled against each other like the Girondists and Mountain in the French Convention. The army was on the side of the Independents, and hence the Presbyterians undertook to crush Cromwell. The King in the mean time rejoiced in the divisions, hoping by them to benefit himself. But Cromwell, though frequently on the verge of ruin, maintained his position, nay, increased his power. The army, notwithstanding some defections, still clung to him. The confusion, however, into which it had fallen by tampering, now with the King, and now with the Parliament, has furnished us with a curious piece of history illustrative of those times. The officers, and among them Cromwell, seeing the divided state the army was in, and scarcely knowing which way to turn, concluded to call a prayer-meeting and pray over the subject. The prayer-meeting met at Windsor Castle, and the day was passed in fasting and supplication but without bringing any answer from Heaven. It met again the next day, and ended with the same success. The third morning these stern warriors assembled for the last time to ask the Lord for his guidance. At length according to Adjutant-General Allen, light broke in upon their darkness, and the cause of their troubles was revealed. "Which," says the Adjutant-General, "*we found to be those cursed carnal conferences*, our own conceited wisdom, fears and want of faith had prompted us the year before to entertain with the King and his party." These honest-hearted men had hit the truth without doubt. It was "*those cursed, carnal conferences*" with the King, and nothing else, that had well-nigh ruined the cause of English liberty. But one would think that they might have stumbled on this plain fact without fasting and praying three days over it—especially Cromwell,

we should suppose, might have understood it, for he well-nigh wrecked his vessel on that truthless monarch, whose fate it was to ruin all who attached themselves to his fortune. At all events, the "*cursed carnal conferences*" were broken up, and hence the three days of fasting and prayer had been well spent.

A short time after, in the beginning of 1648, the second civil war broke out. Royalist Presbyterians leaguings with Scotch Presbyterians, becoming alarmed at the disorders and dissensions that increased on every side, determined to place Charles, now a prisoner, again on the throne. The insurrection first showed itself in Wales, and thither Cromwell, glad to escape from the quarrels with Parliament, hastened with his army. Succeeding in restoring peace, he hurried to the North to meet the Scotch army that had invaded England, and utterly routed them at Preston. The next year he invaded Ireland to quell the insurrection there. Previous to his Irish campaign, however, he sits in judgment on Charles Stuart, and his name stands third in the list of those that signed his death-warrant.

In 1650 he again invaded Scotland, which was still intent on placing the Stuart line on the throne; and after reducing it to subjection, returns to England, fights the battle of Worcester, and after having subdued all his enemies reënters Parliament. Finding this rump of the Long Parliament to be utterly inadequate to the wants of England, he breaks it up, as Bonaparte did the imbecile Directory, and passes the governing power into his own hands.

During these years of toil and victory Cromwell moves before us like some resistless power, crushing everything that would stay its progress. Simple, austere and decided, he maintains his ascendancy over the army; and with the Psalms of David on his lips, and the sword of war in his hand, sweeps over his victorious battle-fields like some leader of the host of Israel.

Like Bonaparte, never cast down by reverses, or dismayed by danger, he meets every crisis with the coolness and self-possession of a great mind. We love to contemplate him in those trying circumstances which test so terribly the strongest characters.

Thus, at the battle of Dunbar, does he appear in the simplicity and grandeur of his character. There fortune, at last, seemed about to desert him. His little army of



twelve thousand men was compelled to retire before the superior forces of the Scotch, and finally encamped on a small, barren tongue of land projecting out into the Frith of Forth. On this bleak and narrow peninsula, only a mile and a-half wide, behold the white tents of Cromwell's army. In front of him, landward, is a desolate, impassable moor, with a low ridge of hills beyond, on which stands the Scotch army twenty-three thousand strong. At the base of these hills runs a small streamlet, furnishing only two passes over which an army can march. Cromwell's ships are in the offing, his now last remaining resource. The lion is at last caught, and the prey is deemed secure.

On the 2d of September Cromwell looks forth from the desolate heath on which his army is drawn up in order of battle, and lo! what a sight meets his gaze. Behind him is the sea, swept by a strong wind; and before him, blocking him in from shore to shore, a chosen army outnumbering his own two to one. The white tents that are sprinkled over this low peninsula, rock to and fro in the storm of sleet and hail, and darkness and gloom hang over the Puritan host. This strip of land is all that Cromwell has left him in Scotland, while a powerful enemy stands ready to sweep him into the Sea. But it is in such circumstances as these that his character shines out in its greatest splendor. Though his overthrow seems certain, he evinces no discouragement or fear, for, "*he was a strong man in the dark perils of war; in the high places of the field, hope shone in him like a pillar of fire when it had gone out in all others.*" A letter he writes to the governor of Newcastle, on the eve of this battle, is so characteristic, and withal so sublime that we give it entire:

*To Sir Arthur Hazelrig, Governor of Newcastle; these:*

DEAR SIR—We are upon an engagement very difficult. The Enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without a miracle. He lieth so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination. I perceive your forces are not in a capacity for present relief. *Wherefore, whatever becomes of us,* it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly con-

cerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in readiness to have fallen on the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come to us. But the only wise God, knows what is best. All shall work for good. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord—though our present condition be as it is. And, indeed, we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Indeed do you get together what force you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. *I would not make it public lest danger should accrue thereby.* You know what use to make thereof. Let me hear from you. I rest your servant,  
OLIVER CROMWELL.

Nobly said. Indeed it will be a miracle if he escapes; yet calm and self-sustained, he waits the issue. "Whatever becomes of him," he is still anxious for the cause for which he is struggling. Forgetting himself, in the nobleness of his great heart he says:—"Let me fall in silence—let not the news of my danger bring discouragement on our friends—God's will be done."

At four o'clock that evening, as Cromwell was watching the enemy's movements, he saw that Lesley, the Scotch Commander, was bringing down his whole army from the hill to the brook at its base, to be ready next day to commence this assault.

In this movement the quick eye of Cromwell detected an error, which, like Bonaparte, he determined to avail himself of. Lesley, in executing his manœuvre, had packed his main body into a narrow space, where it could not easily deploy, while the entire right wing stretched out into the plain. Cromwell saw that if he could rout this wing, and roll it back in disorder, on the unwieldy mass, before it could draw up in order of battle on the plain, victory would be sure. That night, therefore, his twelve thousand men were placed in battle array, with orders, as soon as the morning dawned, to fall on the enemy. All night long the drenched army stood without a tent to cover them in the cold storm, while the moan of the sea, as it rolled heavily on the shore, seemed chanting a requiem beforehand, for the dead that should cumber the field. But amid the shriek of the blast and the steady roar of the waves, the voice of prayer was heard along the lines; and many a brave heart, that before another night, should beat no



more, poured forth its earnest supplications to the God of battle.

Towards morning the clouds broke away; and the moon shone dimly down on the silent host. With the first dawn, the trumpets sounded the charge—the artillery opened their fire, while louder than all, rings the shout, "*The Lord of Hosts! the Lord of Hosts!*" as infantry and cavalry pour in one wild torrent together on the enemy. Over the brook and over the hostile ranks they go, trampling down the steady battalions like grass beneath their feet, and bearing three thousand souls to the next world in their fierce passage. In the midst of this terrible charge, on which Cromwell's eye rested with anxiety, the sun rose over the naked hills and sent his level beams athwart the struggling hosts.

So did the sun rise on Napoleon at Austerlitz, as he stood and surveyed the field of battle, and the sublime expression burst from his lips, "Behold the Sun of Austerlitz!" But Cromwell, carried away by a higher sentiment than glory, gave vent to his emotions in sublimer language. As the blazing fire-ball rolled slowly into view and poured its light over the scene, he burst forth, "*LET GOD ARISE, and let his enemies be scattered!*" Aye, and they were scattered. The right wing, broken and disordered, was rolled in a confused mass upon the main body of the army—and the panic spreading, those twenty thousand men became a cloud of fugitives, sweeping hither and thither over the field. At the base of Doon Hill, on which the enemy had been encamped, Cromwell ordered a general halt, and while the horse could be rallied for the chase, sung the hundred and seventeenth psalm. "Hundred and Seventeenth Psalm, at the foot of Doon Hill; there we uplift it to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky." As the mighty anthem died away on the field, the shout of battle was again heard, and the fierce cavalry drove amid the broken ranks, riding down the fugitives and sabering them without mercy, till the ground was covered with the dead.

But there is one stain upon Cromwell's character, which Carlyle has failed to remove—the barbarous manner in which he conducted the Irish campaign. Indeed, the way Carlyle has treated this whole subject, has destroyed all our confidence in him as a historian. He carries his hero-worship a little too far, when he

not only refuses to condemn the bloody massacres of Cromwell in Ireland, but stigmatizes those who have some objections to this uncivilized mode of warfare, as "rose-water surgeons." The prejudice and cruelty that can make light of those atrocities, which to this day are remembered as the "Curse of Cromwell," render a man unfit to write history. We could unfold a tale of horror and cruelty—depict sufferings and cold-blooded massacres connected with this Irish war—which would make the stern face of Cromwell ever after appear streaked with blood. But his own letters shall condemn him.

He made his first attack on the town of Drogheda, and put the entire garrison to the sword. In writing to the government an account of it, he says, after speaking of carrying the intrenchments, "Being thus entered, *we refused them quarter*, having the day before summoned the town. *I believe we put to the sword the whole number of the defendants. I do not think thirty of the whole number escaped with their lives.* Those that did are in safe custody for the Barbadoes." He winds up this precious declaration with "I wish that all honest men may give the glory of this to God alone, to whom, indeed, the praise of this mercy belongs." What miserable cant this is to wind up a massacre with. The Lord, we opine, did not thank him for this compliment, and would much rather prefer "the unworthy instruments" should take all "the glory" to themselves.

He marches on Wexford, and enacts the same murderous scene over again. He will not even grant an armistice for a day, but sweeps over the walls of the town, putting all to the sword. The cry of helpless suffering, and the prayer for mercy, are of no avail. With Mexican ferocity he bids his men hew the defenceless wretches down without pity. And this Carlyle defends, by calling those who denounce it "*rose-water surgeons*," and the plan they would adopt "*rose-water surgery*."

According to Cromwell's own letters, he opened his campaign by announcing the following conditions—those who surrender without fighting shall be treated as prisoners of war, but those who resist shall be refused quarter and slain without mercy. After the massacre of Drogheda and Wexford he improved a little, it is true, on this Christian-like plan. He spared the soldiers, but put all the officers



to the sword. A ray of justice flashed over him, and he bethought himself that it was hardly right to murder the soldiers for resisting when acting under orders, and so he transferred his vengeance to the officers. Such an uncivilized mode of warfare has never been heard of, except among a barbarous people. The Irish were not rebels—they were fighting for their legitimate King, and entitled to civilized treatment. What right had Cromwell to make them an exception to his ordinary mode of warfare? Why did he not impose the same conditions on the English and Scotch towns that he invested? What if he had massacred the inhabitants of Bristol and Edinburgh because they put him to the trouble of storming them? In what respect were they different from Drogheda and Wexford? The simple truth is, his conduct of the Irish war was savage and ferocious—unworthy of a civilized man, much more of a Christian, and will rest a spot on his name to the end of time. In sacking cities, massacres will sometimes occur, when a long and bloody resistance has so exasperated the soldiers that all discipline is lost. Thus, during the peninsular war in the time of Napoleon—in the sacking of Badajos and St. Sebastian by the English, and the storming of Oporto by the French, the inhabitants were massacred, but the officers took no part in it, nay, exposed their lives in endeavoring to arrest the violence. But here we have a Puritan commander, who prays before going to battle, sings psalms, pastoral letters to Parliament—not per in the midst of the fight, and writes mitting but ordering massacres to be committed.

Mr. Carlyle seems to think the plan an excellent one, inasmuch as it prevented the effusion of blood. Yes, but supposing Cromwell had not always been victorious, and the Irish had retaliated on him the bloody warfare he adopted, what kind of a campaign would this have been. This “doing evil that good may come,” and making “the ends justify the means” is considered in our times rather doubtful morality.

We have spoken as condemnatory of the conduct of Cromwell towards the Irish, as if he had butchered the inhabitants in brutal ferocity or fiendish hate, because we wish not in any way to sanction the view which Carlyle takes. But though there can be no apology for such a mode of warfare there may be for

the man. The character is indicated more by the *motive* than by the act. Now, we do not see the least inconsistency in Cromwell's conduct from first to last. The very simplicity with which he gives his own account of the affair, shows that he imagines himself to be acting right. He makes no apology—offers no excuses—throws in no palliation, but tells the naked facts as if it were impossible to doubt his sincerity. These barbarous massacres, instead of furnishing any contradictions to his character illustrate it. They prove clearly our first statements, that Cromwell was acting under a kind of hallucination, and conceived himself a special agent of God, to destroy his foes and establish his Church. He fought battles precisely on the principles the Israelites did when they struggled to keep possession of the land of Canaan. The Old Testament was constantly in his mouth, and he killed men coolly as Joshua. The Scotch and English being Protestants, he regarded them as Judah might Dan or Manasseh in a civil war; while the Irish Papists he considered as Amalekites or Moabites, which were to be destroyed as enemies of the Lord.

If Cromwell had not been borne up by some such lofty sentiment as this, it is very doubtful whether he could have saved England from tyranny first, and from a war of factions afterwards. To such a man there is no wavering of purpose—no confusion of thought. The complicated motives and fears which distract the mere political leader he knows nothing of. With one grand object in view he passes steadily towards it—erring it may be in his means, but not in his motives. To make no allowance for the motives or impressions that guided Cromwell, and judge him by his acts alone, would be to condemn all the great warriors of the Old Testament as cut-throats. We have no doubt Cromwell considered himself as much commissioned by the Lord as ever David did. As he took no glory to himself from his victories, so he felt no blame in the slaughters that preceded them. It was the work of the Lord, from first to last, and he gave him all the glory, never doubting that he took all the responsibility. But Cromwell had no right to this impression, for he had received no revelation from God. The warriors of Israel received their commission from Heaven, through its own appointed medium; and hence, their bloody wars were no more nor less than



divine justice. But Cromwell received no such divine direction in his Irish massacres, and to believe that he had, argues a want of moral sense and of the spirit of true religion, which mars very much the excellency of his character. Still it was an error of the intellect rather than of the heart, and sprung from that very belief without which he could not have saved England.

We could wish to speak of the part he took in the condemnation of Charles, and defend him from the charge of injustice and cruelty which has been preferred against him, but find we have not space.

His dissolution of the Rump Parliament by physical force, and assumption of the executive power of the kingdom, have been the basis on which a charge of ambition is attempted to be made out. But for nearly three years after England, Scotland and Ireland, were subdued, and rested quiet under the Parliament, the Parliament could not get along. The King was dead, and now who should rule—or rather, how should the Parliament rule. Endless suggestions—proposed and rejected bills—committees formed and disbanded—this was the history of the Rump Parliament, that evidently could not rule England. Everything was quivering in the balance; some wanted a republic—some a sort of mixed government, that no one knew anything about—some the restoration of the Stuarts. In this dilemma the army, now all-powerful, looked to Cromwell for help; indeed, all England stretched her hands out to him for relief. He had saved it from outward foes, and now he was looked to as the complete deliverer from her internal feuds. Conference after conference was held with Parliament, and he struggled manfully to steady the tottering fabric of liberty he had helped rear with so much effort. At length a bill, settling the basis of a new representation, was brought forward, one clause of which made the Rump Parliament a part of the new. But Cromwell saw, with his far-reaching glance, that clean work must be made, and this war of factions ended, or endless revolution would follow—and so he opposed the bill. On the day that it was expected to pass, he, accompanied by some twenty or thirty of his musketeers whom he could trust, went to the House, and took his seat. After listening awhile to the discussion he arose to speak. Calm and respectful at first, he alluded to the great

work that had been done, and gave them all honor for the part they had borne in it; but waxing warm as he proceeded, he began to speak also of their injustice, delays, strifes and petty ambitions—hurling fiercely accusation after accusation in their faces, till a member rose and rebuked him for his language. “Come, come,” broke forth Cromwell, “we have had enough of this. I will put an end to your prating.” He had now fairly got on his battle-face, and his large eyes seemed to emit fire as he strode forth on to the floor of the House, and clapping his hat on his head and stamping the floor with his feet, poured forth a torrent of invective on the now thoroughly alarmed Parliament. That speech is lost, but it scathed like fire. “You have sat here too long already,” he exclaimed; “you shall now give place to better men;” and turning to his officer, Harrison, he gave a brief word of command, as he would on the field of battle, and his brave musketeers with leveled bayonets marched sternly in. As he stood amid the bayonets that had so often surrounded him in the field of death, he began to launch his thunderbolts on the right hand and on the left, and breaking over all ceremonies of speech, boldly named the crimes of which the members were guilty, and closed up with—“corrupt, unjust persons; scandalous to the profession of the gospel. How can you be a Parliament for God’s people. Depart, I say, and let us have done with you. In the name of God, go!”

Thus ended the Rump Parliament, and England lay on Cromwell’s shoulders. So did Bonaparte march into the Council of Five Hundred, with his brave grenadiers at his back.

But no sooner was this summary dissolution of Parliament effected, than Cromwell was heard to say, “It’s you who have forced me to this. I have sought the Lord, night and day, that he would rather slay me than put me upon the doing of this work.” But it was done, and when the first gust of passion had passed Cromwell was himself again, and took the government on his brave heart as calmly as if he were born a king. This assumption of power, and his after dissolutions of Parliament, when it would not act in accordance with his wishes, are called despotic and tyrannical acts, and so they were. But will any one tell us what else could have been done. To suppose that argument



and reason would triumph, in that strife of factions and chaos of sentiments, is absurd. The truth is, England needed some strong hand to steady her, and Cromwell's alone could do it. *Power* was needed to overawe the imbecile and ambitious spirits that were too ignorant to rule, and too selfish to be united. Cromwell's measures were high-handed, but we cannot see what else could have been done, unless a Stuart had been called in. The people—the entire mind of the nation—wanted something permanent around which it could settle. The Rump Parliament imparted no confidence, and gave no security. Cromwell was the only man in England that could keep the revolution from going backward instead of forward.

In great revolutions, the supreme power must finally always be lodged in the army, of which the successful leader is the representative. The strong arm of power is needed to mould the confused elements in form and permanent shape—discussion and conventions never can do it. True, Cromwell's course was despotic, but the cause of freedom and the ends of justice demanded it. There is a difference between the despotic act that crushes liberty, and the one that quells lawless violence. The *forms* of justice must sometimes be disregarded to save its spirit.

Of the five years of Cromwell's Protectorate, we shall say but little. He ruled England well, and showed a better title to reign than any Stuart that ever filled a throne. Mr. Carlyle has given us but little of these few years, except Cromwell's speeches. These are, for the most part, rambling, incoherent and dull. They do not evince a single spark of genius, yet great practical common sense is visible throughout. Their incoherency of expression is owing, doubtless, to their having been delivered extempore, and taken from his lips by reporters. It is evident, however, that he wielded the sword better than the pen, and could win two battles easier than he could make one good speech.

England flourished under his sway, and his first measures indicated the leading trait of his character and the great object of his life. A commission was appointed to purify the Church of ungodly ministers, and religion received his first attention. Parliament was opened with prayer and a sermon, and Cromwell scarce made a speech without allusion to

some Psalm of David. His feelings, during the Spanish war, and the fierce energy with which he took part with the persecuted Waldenses, show the religious sentiment strong to the last.

In the revival of commerce—by his conquests in the West Indies and the triumph of his fleets everywhere—he established the maritime ascendancy of England; while in the administration of affairs at home, he exhibited a grasp of thought and a practical power combined with an earnestness and purity of purpose, which England may in vain look for in any other sovereign.

He sung Psalms when he went into battle, and consulted the Bible in his campaigns as much as his maps, and quoted Scripture to Parliament—all of which may seem very weak in our day, but they detracted nothing from the strength and majesty of Cromwell's character. A strong, sincere and religious man—a Christian of Moses' time, if we may use the term, rather than of ours—who read the Old Testament much, and the Gospel little; pondered the dispensation of law more than that of grace; understood the lofty language of David better than the meek words of John; loved the Commandments more than the Beatitudes; a fierce fighter, a good ruler and a stern patriot, was Oliver Cromwell. He is outliving his traducers, and will be honored by man long after thrones have been cast aside as useless things.

Had he lived longer, so as to have consolidated his government, and seen most of his restless contemporaries safe under ground, or even left a son but half equal to himself, the destiny of England would have been different, and its after history, very possibly, that of a republic.

But after five years of ceaseless anxiety—at war with his Parliament and surrounded by assassins—Cromwell, broken down by his efforts, at the age of fifty-nine rested from his labors. On his dying bed we hear the same phrases, the same sentiments, which, when uttered on the field of battle or in Parliament, have been called cant and hypocrisy. But did he, with his eyes fixed steadily on that dread eternity on whose threshold he stood, speak of the covenants of God, and pray in tones that made the listener tremble, to sustain his character to the last. No, his death-struggle and glorious departure in full hope of a blessed immortality stamp the insinuation as false.



That was a solemn hour for England, and strong hearts were everywhere besieging Heaven to spare the Protector. But the King of kings had issued His decree, and the spirit that had toiled and endured so long was already gathering its pinions for eternity. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God!" broke thrice from his pallid lips, and then he fell in solemn faith on the covenant of grace. Just before his death a fearful storm arose, and amid the darkness, and tempest, and uproar of the elements, the dying Cromwell prayed. Bonaparte, dying in the midst of the storm, shouted forth, "*Tête d'armée*," as his eye fell once more on his mighty columns, but Cromwell took a nobler departure. Not in the delirium of battle did his soul take its final leap, but with his gaze fixed steadfastly on the "Eternal kingdoms," he moved from the shore of Time, and sunk from sight forever.

Carlyle has done Cromwell justice,

still we do not think he has fully appreciated his character. How such a neologist and German religionist as he could ever be brought to tolerate what is called "a canting Puritan," is to us passing strange. To do it he has had constantly to look at him through a false medium—to practice a sort of self-deception; and we sometimes imagine we can see him shutting up his eyes, and resolutely launching forth into praise against his own convictions, when some expression of Cromwell crosses so abruptly his tastes and sentiments. But he needed this dogged determination to see no fault in his hero, to balance his natural dislike to "Puritan cant," in order to give Cromwell fair measure.

He has rendered history a service, and done a great man justice in this work, which, we doubt not, will effect a permanent revolution in public opinion respecting the character of Oliver Cromwell.

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## THE DREAM-BALLET.

BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

### I.

Methought I slumbered on the shore of a lone moonlit lake,  
Where forest trees, in summer time, their deepest shadows make;  
And richest music filled the air from an ethereal choir—  
Such tones as thrilled Rossini's soul with inspiration's fire.

### II.

Like creatures of the Elfin-land waked from a soft repose,  
From the blue waves entrancingly-delicious forms arose—  
Carlotta Grisi, Lucille Grahn and Cerito the fair;  
Arrayed in robes of woven light, they floated in the air.

### III.

Their rainbow wings seem quivering, in rapturous delight—  
The dew-drops on their glossy hair as gleaming pearls at night;  
Exquisite loveliness adorned these Graces of earth's wild—  
Voluptuously the mazy dance their fairy feet beguiled.

### IV.

They looked to me as sculptured forms rejoicing in their birth,  
Or as motion's winning poesy, glorying in its mirth;  
The dying flowers yield sweet perfume upon their bosoms fair,  
And softly as the daylight fades, they melted into air.

## V.

Augusta's form now slowly rose, as rises dear Giesselle,  
On the bright shore of vine-clad Rhine from a deep forest dell—  
A brilliant *tour de force* she gave, the spirit's glad surprise,  
When waking from the silent grave it revels in the skies.

## VI.

She faded as a roseate cloud from my bewildered sight ;  
Then came the witching Ellesler's form with jewels beaming bright,  
Creating thoughts within my heart (rare, fascinating fay),  
Some think, "that lead us on to heaven," and some, "the other way."

## VII.

Around in magic circles flew her form with art divine,  
Hesperia's matchless favorite—fair daughter of the Nine ;  
Archly her look of triumph shone, wreathing around her face,  
As from my sight she slowly sank with true artistic grace.

## VIII.

Taglioni, like a spirit, rose upon that glittering wave,  
And, as a startled, timid fawn, a bound of joy she gave ;  
Expression—beauty—grace—and art—united 'neath her smile,  
In radiant brow, and kindling eye, and speaking lip the while.

## IX.

Like some freed bird, her twinkling feet just kissed the lilies fair,  
As, with rare angelic grace, she vaulted through the air ;  
Then poising on the silent wave, with an attentive ear,  
She listened to the glorious strains of music echoing near.

## X.

Her lips apart, a gentle smile around them dazzling shone,  
Her tresses lay upon her breast, and loosely fell her zone,  
Reposing as a snow-flake pure—chasteness was in her glance ;  
Italia's glory—Russia's pride—the Empress of the dance.

## XII.

She vanished, and the music fell faintly upon my ear,  
As the lake glided from mine eyes—a low voice murmured near,  
"Awake, deluded worshiper of fashions' luring glass,  
Wake, slumberer by the waves of time, you've seen but shadows pass."

## TYPEE.\*

WE have received from the publishers two volumes bearing the above title, containing an interesting narrative of the personal adventures of the author in one of the secluded islands of the Marquesas. The style is plain and unpretending, but racy and pointed, and there is a romantic interest thrown around the adventures which to most readers will be highly charming. We cannot yield assent to many of the author's conclusions and inferences, particularly in his remarks concerning the Missionaries of the Sandwich Islands which we think are prejudiced and unfounded ; but his own adventures carry with them an air of truth-

\* Typee : A Peep at Polynesian Life during a Four Months' Residence in a valley of the Marquesas, with Notices of the French Occupation of Tahiti, and the Provisional Cession of the Sandwich Islands to Lord Paulet. By Herman Melville. New York. Wiley & Putnam.



fulness and fidelity. We propose to give some extracts from the work, and not to enter into a critical examination of the performance.

It seems that Mr. Melville was, at that time, a sailor on a whaling voyage—an occupation, we imagine, but illy suited to his taste, even when he followed it under the most favorable circumstances, and for what reason chosen by him we are not informed. After a long voyage the restraints of this mode of life became insupportable to him.

He paints the tedious hours of a six months' cruise, out of sight of land, and destitute of vegetables and fresh provisions, in language which no doubt any seaman or voyager will readily appreciate; and when his vessel was turned towards the Marquesas Islands, he felt an irresistible desire to witness the wonderful things concerning them described by old writers. "Naked houris—cannibal banquets—groves of cocoa-nut—coral reefs—tattooed chiefs and bamboo temples; sunny valleys planted with bread-fruit trees—carved canoes dancing on the flashing blue waters—savage woodlands guarded by horrible islands—heathenish rites and human sacrifices"—he informs us were strangely jumbled in his imagination during the passage from their cruising-ground.

As it turned out, he had ample opportunity to inform himself of the reality of these wonderful matters. Entering into the beautiful bay of Nukuheva, under the pilotage of a drunken deserter from the British Navy, they discovered at anchor the naval force under Rear-Admiral de Petit Thouars, who had, a short time previous, taken possession of the whole group of islands in the name of his government. As the "Dolly" sailed up the bay she was met by a flotilla of canoes from the surrounding shores, but a far more astonishing spectacle soon demanded their attention.

"I was somewhat astonished to perceive that among the number of natives that surrounded us, not a female was to be seen. At that time I was ignorant of the fact that by the operation of the 'taboo,' the use of canoes in all parts of the island is rigorously prohibited to the entire sex, for whom it is death even to be seen entering one when hauled on shore; consequently, whenever a Marquesan lady voyages by water, she puts in requisition the paddles of her own fair body.

"We had approached within a mile and

a half, perhaps, of the foot of the bay, when some of the islanders, who by this time had managed to scramble aboard of us at the risk of swamping their canoes, directed our attention to a singular commotion in the water ahead of the vessel. At first I imagined it to be produced by a shoal of fish sporting on the surface, but our savage friends assured us that it was caused by a shoal of 'whinhenies,' (young girls,) who in this manner were coming off from the shore to welcome us. As they drew nearer, and I watched the rising and sinking of their forms, and beheld the uplifted right arm bearing above the water the girdle of tappa, and their long, dark hair trailing beside them as they swam, I almost fancied they could be nothing else than so many mermaids, and very like mermaids they behaved too.

"We were still some distance from the beach, and under slow headway, when we sailed right into the midst of these swimming nymphs, and they boarded us at every quarter; many seizing hold of the chain-plates and springing into the chains; others, at the peril of being run over by the vessel in her course, catching at the bob-stays, and wreathing their slender forms about the ropes, hung suspended in the air. All of them at length succeeded in getting up the ship's side, where they clung dripping with the brine and glowing from their bath, their jet-black tresses streaming over their shoulders, and half enveloping their otherwise naked forms. There they hung, sparkling with savage vivacity, laughing gaily at one another, and chatting away with infinite glee. Nor were they idle the while, for each one performed the simple offices of the toilet for the other. Their luxuriant locks, wound up and twisted into the smallest possible compass, were freed from the briny element; the whole person carefully dried, and, from a little round shell that passed from hand to hand, anointed with a fragrant oil: their adornments were completed by passing a few loose folds of white tappa, in a modest cincture, around the waist. Thus arrayed they no longer hesitated, but flung themselves lightly over the bulwarks, and were quickly frolicking about the decks. Many of them went forward, perching upon the head-rails or running out upon the bowsprit, while others seated themselves upon the taffrail, or reclined at full length upon the boats.

"Their appearance perfectly amazed me; their extreme youth, the light, clear brown of their complexions, their delicate features and inexpressibly graceful figures, their softly moulded limbs, and free unstudied action, seemed as strange as beautiful.

"The 'Dolly' was fairly captured; and never I will say was vessel carried before



by such a dashing and irresistible party of boarders ! The ship taken, we could not do otherwise than yield ourselves prisoners, and for the whole period that she remained in the bay, the ‘Dolly,’ as well as her crew, were completely in the hands of the mermaids.”

Our author seems to have been instantly charmed by the *naïve* manners of the rude islanders, and probably disgusted by harsh treatment and the confinement of a long voyage, he formed the design of deserting from the ship and hiding in the mountains from the pursuit which he apprehended. He thus pleads the necessity of the case as a justification for the desertion.

“When I entered on board the Dolly, I signed, as a matter of course, the ship’s articles, thereby voluntarily engaging and legally binding myself to serve in a certain capacity for the period of the voyage ; and, special considerations apart, I was of course bound to fulfill the agreement. But in all contracts, if one party fail to perform his share of the compact, is not the other virtually absolved from his liability ? Who is there who will not answer in the affirmative ?

“Having settled the principle, then, let me apply it to the particular case in question. In numberless instances had not only the implied but the specified conditions of the articles been violated on the part of the ship in which I served. The usage on board of her was tyrannical ; the sick had been inhumanly neglected ; the provisions had been doled out in scanty allowance ; and her cruises were unreasonably protracted. The captain was the author of these abuses ; it was in vain to think that he would either remedy them, or alter his conduct, which was arbitrary and violent in the extreme. His prompt reply to all complaints and remonstrances was—the butt-end of a hand-spike, so convincingly administered as effectually to silence the aggrieved party.

“To whom could we apply for redress ? We had left both law and equity on the other side of the Cape ; and, unfortunately, with a very few exceptions, our crew was composed of a parcel of dastardly and mean-spirited wretches, divided among themselves, and only united in enduring without resistance the unmitigated tyranny of the captain. It would have been mere madness for any two or three of the number, unassisted by the rest, to attempt making a stand against his ill-usage. They would only have called down upon themselves the particular vengeance of this ‘Lord of the Plank,’ and subjected their shipmates to additional hardships.

“But, after all, these things could have

been endured awhile, had we entertained the hope of being speedily delivered from them by the due completion of the term of our servitude. But what a dismal prospect awaited us in this quarter ! The longevity of Cape Horn whaling voyages is proverbial, frequently extending over a period of four or five years.

“Some long-haired, bare-necked youths, who, forced by the united influences of Captain Marryatt and hard times, embark at Nantucket for a pleasure excursion to the Pacific, and whose anxious mothers provide them with bottled milk for the occasion, oftentimes return very respectable middle-aged gentlemen.

“I may here state, and on my faith as an honest man, that though more than three years have elapsed since I left this identical vessel, she still continues in the Pacific, and but a few days since I saw her reported in the papers as having touched at the Sandwich Islands, previous to going on the coast of Japan.”

The inducements to “emigrate” were certainly of a serious character, and he concluded to risk the chance of being broiled and eaten by some huge chief of strong digestive organs. Toby, a fellow-sailor, possessing a daring and resolute character, seemed to be of the same opinion, and taking advantage of a holiday excursion on shore granted by their captain, they fled to the woods, with a few sea-biscuit and a pound of tobacco stowed away in the folds of their dress, and a few yards of calico to propitiate the savages whom they very reasonably expected to meet. Their course was directed to a high mountainous ridge, where they hoped to be secure from pursuit and from whence they could watch the proceedings in the harbor. After a hard day’s labor, and often at the risk of breaking their necks, they reached the highest point in the mountain, at an altitude, the author supposes, of three thousand feet above the level of the sea. From this point the adventurers hoped to discover the large bays of Happar and Typee on the opposite side of the island, but were disappointed, inasmuch as the land in that direction appeared to retain its general elevation as far as the eye could reach. Here they were in a dilemma. They had but a day’s provisions—were beyond the reach of the spontaneous fruits of the island—to retrace their steps would end in certain capture ; to proceed might lead to death by starvation. With sailor-like hardihood they resolved to venture on, towards the interior of the island, through solitudes “apparently



untenanted since the morning of the creation." Following a scarcely perceptible path, they were suddenly stopped by its termination at the verge of a deep ravine. Descending this by the aid of tangled roots and limbs of trees, they found a resting-place for the night on a shelving rock, washed by the waters of the cataract. Cold and dripping with water the morning found them sad but resolute; and after surmounting a variety of difficulties, they at last came in sight of the sea, between which and themselves lay a smiling valley bedecked with all the rich hues of Paradise. But to reach this Elysian vale was not an easy task. The only path—if path it might be called—was along or in the channel of a stream which dashed and tumbled through gorges between high rocks and down dark precipices hundreds of feet in depth. We quote a few paragraphs to show with what resolution the deserters surmounted the obstacles in their journey, premising that they had been four days from the ship, and were worn down with hunger and fatigue.

"After an hour's painful progress, we reached the verge of another fall, still loftier than the preceding, and flanked both above and below with the same steep masses of rock, presenting, however, here and there narrow, irregular ledges, supporting a shallow soil, on which grew a variety of bushes and trees, whose bright verdure contrasted beautifully with the foamy waters that flowed between them.

"Toby, who invariably acted as pioneer, now proceeded to reconnoitre. On his return, he reported that the shelves of rock on our right would enable us to gain with little risk the bottom of the cataract. Accordingly, leaving the bed of the stream at the very point where it thundered down, we began crawling along one of these sloping ledges until it carried us to within a few feet of another that inclined downward at a still sharper angle, and upon which, by assisting each other, we managed to alight in safety. We warily crept along this, steadying ourselves by the naked roots of the shrubs that clung to every fissure. As we proceeded, the narrow path became still more contracted, rendering it difficult for us to maintain our footing, until suddenly, as we reached an angle of the wall of rock where we had expected it to widen, we perceived to our consternation that a yard or two further on it abruptly terminated at a place we could not possibly hope to pass.

"Toby as usual led the van, and in silence I waited to learn from him how he

proposed to extricate us from this new difficulty.

"Well, my boy,' I exclaimed, after the expiration of several minutes, during which time my companion had not uttered a word, 'What's to be done now?'

"He replied in a tranquil tone, that probably the best thing we could do in the present strait was to get out of it as soon as possible.

"Yes, my dear Toby, but tell me *how* we are to get out of it.'

"Something in this sort of style,' he replied; and at the same moment to my horror he slipped sideways off the rock, and, as I then thought, by good fortune merely, alighted among the spreading branches of a species of palm tree, that shooting its hardy roots along a ledge below, curved its trunk upwards into the air, and presented a thick mass of foliage about twenty feet below the spot where we had thus suddenly been brought to a standstill. I involuntarily held my breath, expecting to see the form of my companion, after being sustained for a moment by the branches of the tree, sink through their frail support, and fall headlong to the bottom. To my surprise and joy, however, he recovered himself, and disentangling his limbs from the fractured branches, he peered out from his leafy bed, and shouted lustily, 'Come on, my hearty, there is no other alternative!' and with this he ducked beneath the foliage, and slipping down the trunk, stood in a moment at least fifty feet beneath me, upon the broad shelf of rock from which sprung the tree he had descended.

"What would I not have given at that moment to have been by his side? The feat he had just accomplished seemed little less than miraculous, and I could hardly credit the evidence of my senses when I saw the wide distance that a single daring act had so suddenly placed between us.

"Toby's animating 'come on!' again sounded in my ears, and dreading to lose all confidence in myself if I remained meditating upon the step, I once more gazed down to assure myself of the relative bearing of the tree and my own position, and then closing my eyes and uttering one comprehensive ejaculation of prayer, I inclined myself over towards the abyss, and after one breathless instant fell with a crash into the tree, the branches snapping and crackling with my weight, as I sunk lower and lower among them, until I was stopped by coming in contact with a sturdy limb.

"In a few moments I was standing at the foot of the tree, manipulating myself all over with a view of ascertaining the extent of the injuries I had received. To my surprise the only effects of my feat were a



few slight contusions too trifling to care about."

They were soon met by another trifling obstacle in the shape of a precipice of *three* hundred feet descent, and getting over this in a similar manner, they reached the head of a valley filled with all natural beauties and fruitfulness.

It was in this valley that Mr. Melville passed the four months journalized in these volumes. It is occupied by the *Typees*, who were reputed to be the most savage and cruel of the cannibal tribes inhabiting the island. All other tribes were hostile to them, and enemies surrounded them on every side. We cannot follow him in all the events that occurred, but give a few detached sketches showing the manners of the people and their modes of life. As a prelude to which we may say, that our wanderers were hospitably received by the chiefs, and treated with great care and attention—were carefully guarded to prevent their escape, which gave rise to some reasonable fears that they were ultimately to be sacrificed and eaten—that Toby was permitted to depart, under the pretext of going to the French station for medical assistance for our author, who had acquired some disease in the course of these events—and that Toby was never after seen or heard from. Soon after entering the valley they found a path, following which through the trees, they discovered two natives, of whom the following fine description is given :

"They were a boy and girl, slender and graceful, and completely naked, with the exception of a slight girdle of bark, from which depended at opposite points two of the russet leaves of the bread-fruit tree. An arm of the boy, half screened from sight by her wild tresses, was thrown about the neck of the girl, while with the other he held one of her hands in his; and thus they stood together, their heads inclined forward, catching the faint noise we made in our progress, and with one foot in advance, as if half inclined to fly from our presence.

"As we drew near, their alarm evidently increased. Apprehensive that they might fly from us altogether, I stopped short and motioned them to advance and receive the gift I extended towards them, but they would not; I then uttered a few words of their language with which I was acquainted, scarcely expecting that they would understand me, but to show that we had not dropped from the clouds upon them. This appeared to give them a little confidence,

so I approached nearer, presenting the cloth with one hand, and holding the bough with the other, while they slowly retreated. At last they suffered us to approach so near to them that we were enabled to throw the cotton cloth across their shoulders, giving them to understand that it was theirs, and by a series of gestures endeavoring to make them understand that we entertained the highest possible regard for them.

"The frightened pair now stood still, whilst we endeavored to make them comprehend the nature of our wants. In doing this Toby went through a complete series of pantomimic illustrations—opening his mouth from ear to ear, and thrusting his fingers down his throat, gnashing his teeth and rolling his eyes about, till I verily believe the poor creatures took us for a couple of white cannibals who were about to make a meal of them. When, however, they understood us, they showed no inclination to relieve our wants. At this juncture it began to rain violently, and we motioned them to lead us to some place of shelter. With this request they appeared willing to comply, but nothing could evince more strongly the apprehension with which they regarded us, than the way in which, whilst walking before us, they kept their eyes constantly turned back to watch every movement we made, and even our very looks."

By these artless islanders they were led to the settlements of the tribe, and by direction of the chief the author was furnished with "board and lodging" in the family of one of his subjects. He was also supplied with a faithful body-servant, and with a wife also, as we infer from the narrative. Their arrival caused a great commotion amongst the secluded inhabitants of the valley, and in the evening there was a general gathering of the warriors to gaze at them. By a series of skillful pantomimic performances they contrived to inform their savage friends that they needed food: and forthwith they were plentifully supplied with cocoa-nuts and the produce of the bread-fruit tree. Our sailors were evidently regarded with amazement.

"During the repast, the natives eyed us with intense curiosity, observing our minutest motions, and appearing to discover abundant matter for comment in the most trifling occurrence. Their surprise mounted the highest, when we began to remove our uncomfortable garments, which were saturated with rain. They scanned the whiteness of our limbs, and seemed utterly unable to account for the contrast they presented to the swarthy hue of our faces, em-



browned from a six months' exposure to the scorching sun of the Line. They felt our skin, much in the same way that a silk mercer would handle a remarkably fine piece of satin; and some of them went so far in their investigation as to apply the olfactory organ."

After a night's rest, the *ladies* of the island were also gratified with a sight of the strangers, of which we have the following account:

"It was broad day; and the house was nearly filled with young females, fancifully decorated with flowers, who gazed upon me as I rose with faces in which childish delight and curiosity were vividly portrayed. After waking Toby, they seated themselves round us on the mats, and gave full play to that prying inquisitiveness which, time out of mind, has been attributed to the adorable sex.

"As these unsophisticated young creatures were attended by no jealous duennas, their proceedings were altogether informal, and void of artificial restraint. Long and minute was the investigation with which they honored us, and so uproarious their mirth, that I felt infinitely sheepish; and Toby was immeasurably outraged at their familiarity.

"These lively young ladies were at the same time wonderfully polite and humane; fanning aside the insects that occasionally lighted on our brows; presenting us with food; and compassionately regarding me in the midst of my afflictions. But in spite of all their blandishments, my feelings of propriety were exceedingly shocked, for I could not but consider them as having overstepped the due limits of female decorum.

"Having diverted themselves to their hearts' content, our young visitants now withdrew, and gave place to successive troops of the other sex, who continued flocking towards the house until near noon; by which time I have no doubt that the greater part of the inhabitants of the valley had bathed themselves in the light of our benignant countenances."

With whom Toby was domiciled does not appear, but Mr. Melville has given us a glowing description of the person who was appointed to wait upon and assist him.

"Kory-Kory, though the most devoted and best natured serving-man in the world, was, alas! a hideous object to look upon. He was some twenty-five years of age, and about six feet in height, robust and well made, and of the most extraordinary aspect. His head was carefully shaven, with the exception of two circular spots, about the size of a dollar, near the top of the cranium, where the hair, permitted to grow of an

amazing length, was twisted up in two prominent knots, that gave him the appearance of being decorated with a pair of horns. His beard, plucked out by the root from every other part of his face, was suffered to droop in hairy pendants, two of which garnished his under lip, and an equal number hung from the extremity of his chin,

"Kory-Kory, with a view of improving the handiwork of nature, and perhaps prompted by a desire to add to the engaging expression of his countenance, had seen fit to embellish his face with three broad longitudinal stripes of tattooing, which, like those country roads that go straight forward in defiance of all obstacles, crossed his nasal organ, descended into the hollow of his eyes, and even skirted the borders of his mouth. Each completely spanned his physiognomy; one extending in a line with his eyes, another crossing the face in the vicinity of the nose, and the third sweeping along his lips from ear to ear. His countenance thus triply hooped, as it were, with tattooing, always reminded me of those unhappy wretches whom I have sometimes observed gazing out sentimentally from behind the grated bars of a prison window; whilst the entire body of my savage valet, covered all over with representations of birds and fishes, and a variety of most unaccountable-looking creatures, suggested to me the idea of a pictorial museum of natural history, or an illustrated copy of 'Goldsmith's Animated Nature.'"

There were several damsels in the family, one of whom was evidently the favorite of our author. All the females of the island are described as graceful and charming, but the beautiful "Fayaway" shone unrivaled. Of her we have the following description:

"From the rest of these, however, I must except the beauteous nymph, Fayaway, who was my peculiar favorite. Her free, pliant figure was the very perfection of female grace and beauty. Her complexion was a rich and mantling olive, and when watching the glow upon her cheeks I could almost swear that beneath the transparent medium there lurked the blushes of a faint vermilion. The face of this girl was a rounded oval, and each feature as perfectly formed as the heart or imagination of man could desire. Her full lips, when parted with a smile, disclosed teeth of a dazzling whiteness; and when her rosy mouth opened with a burst of merriment, they looked like the milk-white seeds of the 'arta,' a fruit of the valley, which, when cleft in twain, shows them reposing in rows on either side, imbedded in the rich and juicy pulp. Her hair of the deepest brown, parted irregularly in



the middle, flowed in natural ringlets over her shoulders, and whenever she chanced to stoop, fell over and hid from view her lovely bosom. Gazing into the depths of her strange blue eyes, when she was in a contemplative mood, they seemed most placid yet unfathomable; but when illuminated by some lively emotion, they beamed upon the beholder like stars. The hands of Fayaway were as soft and delicate as those of any countess; for an entire exemption from rude labor marks the girlhood and even prime of a Typee woman's life. Her feet, though wholly exposed, were as diminutive and fairly shaped as those which peep from beneath the skirts of a Lima Lady's dress. The skin of this young creature, from continual ablutions and the use of mollifying ointments, was inconceivably smooth and soft.

"I may succeed, perhaps, in particularizing some of the individual features of Fayaway's beauty, but that general loveliness of appearance which they all contributed to produce I will not attempt to describe. The easy, unstudied graces of a child of nature like this, breathing from infancy an atmosphere of perpetual summer, and nurtured by the simple fruits of the earth; enjoying a perfect freedom from care and anxiety, and removed effectually from all injurious tendencies, strike the eye in a manner which cannot be portrayed. This picture is no fancy sketch; it is drawn from the most vivid recollections of the person delineated."

The reader will gather some idea of the costume and appearance of the Typee fair ones from the following delineation:

"Fayaway—I must avow the fact—for the most part clung to the primitive and summer garb of Eden. But how becoming the costume! It showed her fine figure to the best possible advantage; and nothing could have been better adapted to her peculiar style of beauty. On ordinary occasions she was habited precisely as I have described the two youthful savages whom we had met on first entering the valley. At other times, when rambling among the groves, or visiting at the houses of her acquaintances, she wore a tunic of white tappa, reaching from her waist to a little below the knees; and when exposed for any length of time to the sun, she invariably protected herself from its rays by a floating mantle of the same material, loosely gathered about her person. Her gala dress will be described hereafter.

"As the beauties of our own land delight in bedecking themselves with fanciful articles of jewelry, suspending them from their ears, hanging them about their necks, and clasping them round their wrists, so Fayaway and her companions were in the habit

of ornamenting themselves with similar appendages.

"Flora was their jeweler. Sometimes they wore necklaces of small carnation flowers, strung like rubies upon a fibre of tappa, or displayed in their ears a single white bud, the stem thrust backward through the aperture, and showing in front the delicate petals folded together in a beautiful sphere, and looking like a drop of the purest pearl. Chaplets, too, resembling in their arrangement the strawberry coronal worn by an English peeress, and composed of intertwined leaves and blossoms, often crowned their temples; and bracelets and anklets of the same tasteful pattern were frequently to be seen. Indeed, the maidens of the island were passionately fond of flowers, and never wearied of decorating their persons with them; a lovely trait in their character, and one that ere long will be more fully alluded to.

"Though in my eyes, at least, Fayaway was indisputably the loveliest female I saw in Typee, yet the description I have given of her will in some measure apply to nearly all the youthful portion of her sex in the valley."

The natives are evidently an amphibious race, and pass nearly half their time in the water. Mr. Melville was, rather against his inclination, compelled to conform to this custom. Early one morning Kory-Kory took him on his back and landed him in the middle of a neighboring stream:

"On gaining it, Kory-Kory, wading up to his hips in the water, carried me half way across, and deposited me on a smooth black stone which rose a few inches above the surface. The amphibious rabble at our heels plunged in after us, and, climbing to the summit of the grass-grown rocks with which the bed of the brook was here and there broken, waited curiously to witness our morning ablutions.

"Somewhat embarrassed by the presence of the female portion of the company, and feeling my cheeks burning with bashful timidity, I formed a primitive basin by joining my hands together, and cooled my blushes in the water it contained; then removing my frock, bent over and washed myself down to my waist in the stream. As soon as Kory-Kory comprehended from my motions that this was to be the extent of my performance, he appeared perfectly aghast with astonishment, and rushing towards me, poured out a torrent of words in eager deprecation of so limited an operation, enjoining me by unmistakable signs to immerse my whole body. To this I was forced to consent; and the honest fellow regarding me as a froward, inexperienced child, whom it was his duty to serve at the



risk of offending, lifted me from the rock, and tenderly bathed my limbs. This over, and resuming my seat, I could not avoid bursting into admiration of the scene around me.

"From the verdant surfaces of the large stones that lay scattered about, the natives were now sliding off into the water, diving and ducking beneath the surface in all directions; the young girls springing buoyantly into the air, and revealing their naked forms to the waist, with their long tresses dancing about their shoulders, their eyes sparkling like drops of dew in the sun, and their gay laughter pealing forth at every frolicsome incident."

Our author was annoyed, in a singular manner by the island nymphs in his bathing excursions, as the following statement will show:

"I remember upon one occasion plunging in among a parcel of these river-nymphs, and counting vainly on my superior strength, sought to drag some of them under the water; but I quickly repented my temerity. The amphibious young creatures swarmed about me like a shoal of dolphins, and seizing hold of my devoted limbs, tumbled me about and ducked me under the surface, until, from the strange noises, which rang in my ears, and the supernatural visions dancing before my eyes, I thought I was in the land of spirits. I stood, indeed, as little chance among them as a cumbrous whale, attacked on all sides by a legion of sword-fish. When at length they relinquished their hold of me, they swam away in every direction, laughing at my clumsy endeavors to reach them."

The Typeean children are from their birth trained to the water. What would a northern mother think of such an experiment as the one here mentioned?

"One day, in company with Kory-Kory, I had repaired to the stream for the purpose of bathing, when I observed a woman sitting upon a rock in the midst of the current, and watching with the liveliest interest the gambols of something, which at first I took to be an uncommonly large species of frog that was sporting in the water near her. Attracted by the novelty of the sight, I waded towards the spot where she sat, and could hardly credit the evidence of my senses when I beheld a little infant, the period of whose birth could not have extended back many days, paddling about as if it had just risen to the surface, after being hatched into existence at the bottom. Occasionally the delighted parent reached out her hands towards it, when the little thing, uttering a faint cry, and striking out its tiny limbs, would sidle for the rock, and the next moment be clasped

to its mother's bosom. This was repeated again and again, the baby remaining in the stream about a minute at a time. Once or twice it made wry faces at swallowing a mouthful of water, and choked and spluttered as if on the point of strangling. At such times, however, the mother snatched it up, and by a process scarcely to be mentioned, obliged it to eject the fluid. For several weeks afterwards I observed the woman bringing her child down to the stream regularly every day, in the cool of the morning and evening, and treating it to a bath. No wonder that the South Sea Islanders are so amphibious a race, when they are thus launched into the water as soon as they see the light. I am convinced that it is as natural for a human being to swim as it is for a duck. And yet in civilized communities how many able-bodied individuals die, like so many drowning kittens, from the occurrence of the most trivial accidents!"

Of the social life of the Polynesian savages, Mr. Melville entertains an exalted opinion: nature has luxuriously and bountifully provided for all their wants; the necessity for labor does not exist; there are no uncomfortable variations in the climate; fruits and flowers are perennial; health is easily preserved, and seldom fails until extreme age has destroyed the vital powers; there is a total absence of all care, jealousies, rivalries, and while all nature is glowing in resplendent colors, the simple savage is unmolested by earthly wants or ills—with this reservation, that he must occasionally have a human victim. This is the idea we gather from Mr. Melville's general remarks. But we will allow him to speak for himself:

"I once heard it given as an instance of the frightful depravity of a certain tribe in the Pacific, that they had no word in their language to express the idea of virtue. The assertion was unfounded; but were it otherwise, it might be met, by stating that their language is almost entirely destitute of terms to express the delightful ideas conveyed by our endless catalogue of civilized crimes."

"One peculiarity that fixed my admiration was the perpetual hilarity reigning through the whole extent of the vale. There seemed to be no cares, griefs, troubles, or vexations, in all Typee. The hours tripped along as gaily as the laughing couples down a country dance.

"There were none of those thousand sources of irritation that the ingenuity of civilized man has created to mar his own felicity. There were no foreclosures of mortgages, no protested notes, no bills pay-



able, no debts of honor in Typee; no unreasonable tailors and shoemakers, perversely bent on being paid; no duns of any description; no assault and battery attorneys, to foment discord, backing their clients up to a quarrel, and then knocking their heads together; no poor relations, everlastingly occupying the spare bed-chamber, and diminishing the elbow-room at the family table; no destitute widows with their children starving on the cold charities of the world; no beggars; no debtors' prisons; no proud and hard-hearted nabobs in Typee; or to sum up all in one word—no Money! "That root of all evil" was not to be found in the valley.

"In this secluded abode of happiness there were no cross old women, no cruel step-dames, no withered spinsters, no love-sick maidens, no sour old bachelors, no inattentive husbands, no melancholy young men, no blubbering youngsters, and no squalling brats. All was mirth, fun, and high good-humor. Blue devils, hypochondria and doleful dumps, went and hid themselves among the nooks and crannies of the rocks.

"Here you would see a parcel of children frolicking together the live-long day, and no quarreling, no contention, among them. The same number in our own land could not have played together for the space of an hour without biting or scratching one another. There you might have seen a throng of young females, not filled with envyings of each other's charms, nor displaying the ridiculous affectations of gentility, nor yet moving in whalebone corsets, like so many automatons, but free, inartificially happy, and unconstrained.

"There were some spots in that sunny vale where they would frequently resort to decorate themselves with garlands of flowers. To have seen them reclining beneath the shadows of one of the beautiful groves; the ground about them strewn with freshly gathered buds and blossoms, employed in weaving chaplets and necklaces, one would have thought that all the train of Flora had gathered together to keep a festival in honor of their mistress.

"With the young men there seemed almost always some matter of diversion or business on hand that afforded a constant variety of enjoyment. But whether fishing, or carving canoes, or polishing their ornaments, never was there exhibited the least sign of strife or contention among them.

"As for the warriors, they maintained a tranquil dignity of demeanor, journeying occasionally from house to house, where they were always sure to be received with the attention bestowed upon distinguished guests. The old men, of whom there were many in the vale, seldom stirred from their mats, where they would recline for hours

and hours, smoking and talking to one another with all the garrulity of age.

"But the continual happiness, which so far as I was able to judge appeared to prevail in the valley, sprung principally from that all-pervading sensation which Rousseau has told us he at one time experienced, the mere buoyant sense of a healthful physical existence. And, indeed, in this particular the Typees had ample reason to felicitate themselves, for sickness was almost unknown. During the whole period of my stay I saw but one invalid among them; and on their smooth clear skins you observed no blemish or mark of disease."

Mr. Melville has given an equally glowing description of the daily occupation of the rude islanders, which we find too long to extract. Bathing, visiting, and eating a few simple natural fruits, occupy most of their time. They have no serious labor to perform, except occasionally to repel an enemy; their religion hangs loosely upon them; indeed, Mr. Melville doubts if they have any religion at all, for though they have a few idols no great respect is shown to them.

The Typee method of cooking meat is thus described—the victim, a fat porker, having been killed with clubs:

"Without letting any blood from the body, it was immediately carried to a fire which had been kindled near at hand, and four savages taking hold of the carcass by its legs, passed it rapidly to and fro in the flames. In a moment the smell of burning bristles betrayed the object of this procedure. Having got thus far in the matter, the body was removed to a little distance; and, being disemboweled, the entrails were laid aside as choice parts, and the whole carcass was thoroughly washed with water. An ample thick green cloth, composed of the long thick leaves of a species of palm-tree, ingeniously tacked together with little pins of bamboo, was now spread upon the ground, in which the body being carefully rolled, it was borne to an oven previously prepared to receive it. Here it was at once laid upon the heated stones at the bottom, and covered with thick layers of leaves, the whole being quickly hidden from sight by a mound of earth raised over it."

Their method of preparing and eating fish appears to be still more primitive, and we recommend a trial of it to the fish-loving population on the Atlantic coast:

"I grieve to state so distressing a fact, but the inhabitants of Typee were in the habit of devouring fish much in the same



way that a civilized being would eat a radish, and without any more previous preparation. They eat it raw; scales, bones, gills, and all the inside. The fish is held by the tail, and the head being introduced into the mouth, the animal disappears with a rapidity that would at first nearly lead one to imagine it had been launched bodily down the throat.

“Raw fish! Shall I ever forget my sensations when I first saw my island beauty devour one. Oh, heavens! Fayaway, how could you ever have contracted so vile a habit? However, after the first shock had subsided, the custom grew less odious in my eyes, and I soon accustomed myself to the sight. Let no one imagine, however, that the lovely Fayaway was in the habit of swallowing great vulgar-looking fishes: oh, no; with her beautiful small hand she would clasp a delicate, little, golden-hued love of a fish, and eat it as elegantly and as innocently as though it were a Naples biscuit. But alas! it was after all a raw fish; and all I can say is, that Fayaway ate it in a more lady-like manner than any other girl of the valley.

“When at Rome do as the Romans do, I held to be so good a proverb, that being in Typee I made a point of doing as the Typees did. Thus I ate poee-poe as they did; I walked about in a garb striking for its simplicity; and I reposed on a community of couches; besides doing many other things in conformity with their peculiar habits; but the farthest I ever went in the way of conformity, was on several occasions to regale myself with raw fish. These being remarkably tender, and quite small, the undertaking was not so disagreeable in the main, and after a few trials I positively began to relish them: however, I subjected them to a slight operation with my knife previously to making my repast.”

The appearance of the Typee people produced a deep and favorable impression on the mind of Mr. Melville. He considers them models of grace and beauty; the fair come in for a large share of his admiration, and in regard to them he makes some invidious comparisons which we commend to the notice of his countrywomen. He is also highly pleased with the freedom enjoyed by the natives. The Typee government is simple. A chief reigns supreme, and his commands are few and willingly obeyed. There are no rigorous laws, nor trouble-

some conventionalities to hamper the freedom of either sex; not even the restraints of marriage are felt, although our author did discover that women tattooed in a peculiar manner were considered as wives.

Notwithstanding all these captivating charms of savage life; notwithstanding the Typeean society seemed to him so far superior to that which is the growth and creature of civilization and religion, Mr. Melville was in despair and rendered unhappy because he could not escape from this paradisaical valley. He could live without labor and be free from care, but he could not get rid of the idea that some fine morning he would be killed and cooked, after he had attained to that degree of obesity which is requisite in order to figure respectably on such an occasion. And therefore we find him making his escape at the first opportunity. A small boat coming into the bay from Nukuheva, he made his escape, aided by a friendly feeling on the part of some of the natives. This was not effected without a vigorous opposition on the part of others. Indeed, a fight ensued, and was in full progress on his account when he departed from their shores; and some savage fellows, stung no doubt by his folly and ingratitude at leaving so much happiness, both present and prospective, followed him a long way into the bay with frantic cries and threats of vengeance.

We take it for granted, as Mr. Melville has now reached home, that he is again duly sensible of the great hardships and evils of civilization, and that he will hasten his return to the society he has so cleverly described in these volumes. The charming Fayaway—the simple-hearted trustful maiden whom he left weeping on the lone island shore—no doubt waits his return with tearful eye: and besides this allurements, a score of Typeean gourmands are also waiting, in the shade of lofty cocoa-trees, for their noon-day meal. How can Mr. Melville resist such temptations? If he does return, we can only express the hope, in the language of Sydney Smith to a Missionary friend on his departure for New Zealand, that he may not disagree with the stomach of the man that eats him.



## STREET'S POEMS.\*

THERE are three kinds of readers and critics of poetry, as there are three very different kinds of poets. Of bards indeed—minstrels, scalds, sagas, seers, poets, or by whatever name the early ages, with a species of wonder, designated those who seemed conversant with some Presence of which the mass of humanity had little perception—of minstrels and bards the three orders are plainly enough distinct. For the poet is one who reads Nature more clearly than his fellow-men. But Nature—though in the fullest sense, to the clearest eye, she is *one*—yet lies in two or three departments, so different as to seem entirely disconnected, except to a deep comprehension of the relations of things. The word is usually accepted as embracing only the universe of material things—those objects and influences alone of which our senses take cognizance. This restriction of the meaning is as false, as it is common. The world of the hearts and minds of men—the great community of human passions and affections, with those complicated relations of society which necessarily grow out of them—is as truly a part of Nature as is the sphere of all external existences. The Power that “laid the foundations of the heavens,” in like manner ordered these, with a yet vaster diversity and with a harmony not less wonderful. Nor yet do these two fields of the objects of contemplation exhaust the domains which Nature must be considered as possessing. For the term, whether by its etymological sense or by force of the just comprehension which it ought to have, embraces whatever is—of attributes, qualities, influences, effects as well as causes, and immaterial, unexplained, as well as material, evident—out of and apart from the “Great First Cause.” In other words, everything that is necessarily—by the laws of our being which the Creator ordained—a subject of *thought* to the human mind, exists to human estimation, as a part of the wide field of Nature. If many things are dimly seen, or utterly inexplicable—if possibly higher beings may see them differently from what we do—it is yet nothing to us; for if we

cannot get away from them, all men admitting them, more or less to their contemplation and belief, they become to us realities—which is enough for the argument, if it is not the ground of all reasoning on the subject. But how vast a region of the objects of thought, of the influences of the mind, lies entirely apart from the outward physical world, and equally from the sphere of human passions and affections. The conditions of existence—the always unfathomable mysteries of our nature—our capacities and moods of mind, the “thoughts that wander through eternity”—our relations (as men have universally agreed in believing) to Divinity and a spiritual world—the half recognized elements of inferior creatures—the immense system of absolute truths—the great circle of probabilities almost as persuasive—the shadows that are *not* shadows, the dreams that all have conspired in dreaming, the imaginings all have been constrained to imagine, lying far off in that thrice-veiled Future, from whose portals no shining feet have come back to us of those whose entrance we have seemed to behold—these things are in a distinct realm by themselves, and equally with all other qualities and influences that can affect our minds are ordained by Him who “sees the end from the beginning.”

Now as the greatness of Nature consists in her embracing at once all that we have enumerated as lying beneath the on-look of Deity—all entities, that are, aside from the Uncreated—whether material or spiritual, bound together in this great whole by certain ties not the less real and eternal, that they are subtil and unseen—so the greatest of poets is he who not only most deeply reads and feels the physical universe, but who penetrates as it were, and compasses with a quick vision that inhabiting co-extended universe of spiritual life, of intelligent existences without which the former, with its infinitude of sights, sounds and odors, were but a vast dumb pageantry, utterly unintelligible and idle, because having neither use nor interpreter. The fine words indeed which Coleridge

\* The Poems of Alfred B. Street. Complete Edition. New York: published by Clark & Austin.



applies to universal Love are alike applicable to the spirit of poetry :—

“ All thoughts, all passions, all desires,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,  
All are but ministers of ”

Poesy, and conspire equally to “ feed the flame ” of a creative genius.

But as Nature is not less herself in a part than she is in the whole of her sovereignty, so the poet is not less truly such, who—from original temperament and cast of intellect, or early associations, or subsequent habitudes of mind—may have been led to familiarize himself with but one of the three great departments which she opens to the exercise of human thought. It is here that a very great error in taste, appreciation and criticism has arisen. Following a partial bent of mental or even physical constitution, often from the mere force of circumstances in the first years of life, one person of finely-strung intellect and a delicate subtilness of sense is rendered keenly alive to the presence of external Nature. He continues conversant with that presence, till love for her forms, aspects, influences, becomes with him a passion. If he happens—as is oftener the case with true poetic minds, we imagine, than is usually supposed—to have been too rudely educated to know anything of “ rhythmic fashions,” he will show his unrhymed devotion, by hating the “ places where men do congregate,” clinging always to some unvisited home, where a wild mountain-range, the dedication of a river to its sweet valley, or the distant marriage of sky and ocean, is sufficient to bind him to it; or he lives as a hunter, or solemn-minded trapper, an irreclaimable life with Nature in the solitudes of forest and prairie. If, on the other hand, he has entered, though but a little way, the avenues of letters—framing measures deftly, and as one who cannot help it—he seeks only to reproduce, like a landscape-painter, and with the colors which Nature herself lends him, the features of loveliness, and the thrilling delight which have made him a worshiper.

Another is found gifted with an acute sensitiveness to the joys and sufferings of men—the vicissitudes of the human heart. What is more rare, he may possess, besides, that intense fusion of feeling with imagination, which enables him to invest himself with the passions of others, placing himself at will in fre-

quent situations of happiness, sorrow, love, hate, seraphic rapture, unutterable crime and anguish, to which his own experience is entirely a stranger. In addition to this natural cast of intellect and temperament, his course of life may have thrown him much more into connection with man than with physical Nature. In accordance with those circumstances is the character of his thoughts and writings. The valley-loving streams, and foaming currents seen among wild mountain passes, are of less thrilling interest to him than the rivers of passion that rush through the hearts of men. The crags that beetle above them, visited only by the birds of strongest wing, seem less sublime than those vast spiritual heights, from which the eagles of the mind survey their dominions. Nor is the sea filled with storm and motion, or its tranquil immensity with a clear sky bending above, so mighty to him as the tempestuous depths of the human soul, or its calm boundlessness when the Deity has looked upon it. Even the mere forms and relations of social life, the shell-like fabric of society, engages his intensest interest, gives rise to some of his most powerful strains, because through them the action of humanity makes itself manifest.

Still a third, together with some sensibility to physical influences, some sympathy with the present conditions of human existence, has by nature a contemplative turn, an excursive, acute and philosophical mind. Had he these qualities alone, or to the mastery of his currents of thought, he would be merely a philosopher, a metaphysician. But if he possesses also the former to some degree sufficient to color his moods of mind—if, especially, he has imagination enough to add wings and brightness to the wide excursions of his intellect—he becomes, not the port of outward Nature, not the plaintive or scornful versifier of the joys and sufferings of humanity, but the daring and powerful inquirer, treading ever on the brink of speculation. He is too clear-sighted to stop satisfied with admiring the universe of things external and material, too strong-souled to be absorbed by the changes of human life. Nature, so called, is to him but a vast hieroglyphic tabernacle; the present lives of men with their griefs and joys, but the playing of puzzled children among its mighty niches and columns. He sees, or thinks that he sees, the world



and the existence beyond—themes that attract him the more because lying in doubt. Continually, as with Young, his “Thoughts start up and o’er Life’s narrow verge

Look down—on what?”

Like Milton’s Lucifer, gazing, from the threshold of Hell, into the “waste void”—Space, Blackness and Chaos—he

“Stands on the brink and looks awhile,  
Pondering his voyage;”

but, while the mere Reasoner shrinks back appalled from the “inane gulf” and the “darkness unutterable,” his imagination seems to project a light before him, down into the abyss, and he launches fearlessly out over the shoreless night, because of his

“Murmuring bark of Verse.”

Thus it is seen, that the three great departments of Nature—that is, of the subjects of human thought—may furnish each a true poet on its own peculiar field. There is yet another sphere which a single faculty of the mind creates, as it were, for itself. It forms no part of Nature, since, by a process the most subtil in our being, it is caught, evolved and combined from all possible subjects of thought and the spirit that “rolls through all things”—in other words from the entire realm, at once, of whatever, material or spiritual, we have represented Nature as possessing. But as the imagination in some degree is necessary to the poet working in any capacity, so that greatest of faculties may so preponderate, overpowering all other qualities of mind and heart, as to make for itself a kind of separate world—a realm of forms and formless shadows, impossible visions, cold and glittering images—that shall be like, yet strangely unlike, all those things, familiar to our thought and sense, of which they are combined. Carried to its height, indeed, this state of the mind becomes insanity—which cannot be judged to be a condition of Nature, or at least only of Nature distorted. Still, to this sphere of *unrealities* short of insaneness, the poet may so surrender himself as to belong rather to it than to any recognized part of the universe of thought or matter.

Now it is among the strangest of the many strange things in letters, that poets working in these separate spheres, each under the bent of his own genius and way of life, should not only have no liking or appreciation for their compeers,

but should often deny to each other the name of poet. What the authors do, their respective admirers among critics are usually found adopting—denying all attributes of the true poet to any except the school of their favorites. The latter is not altogether to be wondered at, since partisans commonly go farther than their leaders. And yet that those pretending to be *critics* should not have a broader appreciation, a deeper insight into the elements of all excellence in all the fields of human effort—especially that, where their feeling, if not their knowledge, should be as universal as the air, the field of poetry! The world has produced but one man, who, as a poet, has trod all the departments of Nature, of which we have spoken, with an equal step and an eye catching equally all appearances and relations whatever. The name of Shakspeare has been connected too often with this assertion to be dwelt upon here. His was the heart, the mind, the soul. He is not more a poet in one aspect than in any other. A few, as Homer, Æschylus, Dante, Milton, Göthe, with, perhaps, two or three more, have in some qualities achieved the highest possible triumphs, without greatly failing in any one. All the rest will be found to have mainly united some two of the departments of Nature, or (more rarely) to have confined themselves exclusively to one. Wordsworth is a remarkable example of the union of the most profound love and appreciation of external Nature with an elevated, calm, and tender philosophy, at times approaching to the Platonic eloquence, and sounding with an extraordinary feeling of wisdom the mysteries of humanity. But he had, with these, an imagination heavy and inert—circling on a level, rarely soaring—and a most diluted perception of the power of human passions. Is Lord Byron, then, who in imagination has four times his energy of wing, an appreciation of Nature more absorbingly vivid, though hardly as wide or minute, and a power, both of passion in himself and of its representation in others, to which no one of his great contemporaries, unless Shelley, could make any approach—is he and his admirers to ridicule a

“Clumsy frowsy poem, ‘The Excursion,’”  
or set down its author merely as one who

“Shows  
That prose is verse and verse is only prose.”

His lordship, on the other hand, exhib-



its in all his writings no reach or compass of philosophy that goes much beyond eloquently doubting; and the misanthropical tone—that rises throughout, like the constant note of the bittern, at sundown, in desolate places—makes us turn from his pages with a sense of weariness and pain which the dark splendor of his verse can never overcome. Shall, therefore, the sacred disciples of Wordsworth, or those who for many good reasons adore Shelley on the mountain-tops, declare that Byron was no poet? Young, again, had a confined, laborious imagination, too uniformly solemn to be various, with but a dull sense among the passions of men, and a limited susceptibility to the beauty of Nature. He confined himself, almost exclusively, to the shadowy region of poetical metaphysics, treading always—slowly, and like one who find himself walking alone at night in an empty space—along the “void darkness” that separates two states of existence; and the sustained sombreness of power with which he walks there has never been surpassed out of the prophets. Was Young no poet? Will the voluptuous lovers of Moore’s graceful fancies shut him out from the circle of inspired men? With nearly equal exclusiveness does Thomson in his Seasons confine himself to the one field of describing Nature. Would Thomson, if he had never written “the Castle of Indolence,” be considered no poet? Or can Cowper be denied the name, who in the “The Task” never leaves the same field, except when he relapses into sober moralizing? Or is Crabbe nothing, who confines himself as entirely to his single sphere of the humble vicissitudes of humanity, the passions and affections of lowly life, as ever

a mechanic did to his trade? We protest against such partial criticism—such narrowing down of the empire of taste and feeling.

We have made these remarks at such length for an ultimate purpose. We have thought of making, as occasion may offer—for we do not propose any particular period for their execution—a series of observations on American Poets; and we wish to show the grounds on which it may not be impossible to give each some credit, without *offending the friends of the rest!*

We begin with Mr. Alfred B. Street—not that we consider him the first of our poets, but because he has confined himself with a singular exclusiveness and fidelity to one province alone of all poetry, and that the most obvious and first to be treated of—material Nature. It is an additional consideration, that Mr. Street’s Poems have just been published, in a volume quite satisfactory to typographical eyes. We shall endeavor to do Mr. Street *justice*—whether in praise or censure—though we regret to feel, that it must be in contradiction to certain venerable ex-cathedra decisions from another quarter.

There is, in Mr. Street’s poems, at least, something to take hold of. They are not a dead level of no-qualities. We make choice, first, of a piece by means of which we may unload ourselves as soon as possible of censure; for we think it is right, that one should *end*, at least, gratuitous remarks on a fellow-being in a good humor. It has been considered, besides, one of his most striking pieces, and contains several of his peculiar characteristics.

With storm-daring pinion and sun-gazing eye,  
The Gray Forest Eagle is king of the sky!  
Oh, little he loves the green valley of flowers,  
Where sunshine and storm cheer the bright summer hours,  
For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees  
But rippling of waters and waving of trees;  
There the red-robin warbles, the honey-bee hums,  
The timid quail whistles, the shy partridge drums;  
And if those proud pinions, perchance, sweep along,  
There’s a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song;  
The sunlight falls stilly on leaf and on moss,  
And there’s nought but his shadow black gliding across;  
But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam  
Of the fierce, rocky torrent, he claims as his home:  
There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,  
And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood;  
From the fir’s lofty summit, where morn hangs its wreath,  
He views the mad waters white writhing beneath;  
On a limb of that moss-bearded hemlock far down,  
With bright azure mantle, and gay mottled crown,

The kingfisher watches, while o'er him his foe  
 The fierce hawk, sails circling, each moment more low ;  
 Now poised are those pinions and pointed that beak,  
 His dread swoop is ready, when hark! with a shriek  
 His eyeballs red-blazing, high bristling his crest,  
 His snake-like neck arched talons drawn to his breast,  
 With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light,  
 The Gray Forest Eagle shoots down in his flight:  
 One blow of those talons, one plunge of that neck,  
 The strong hawk hangs lifeless, a blood-dripping wreck ;  
 And as dives the free kingfisher, dart-like on high,  
 With his prey soars the Eagle, and melts in the sky.

\* \* \* \* \*

The lightning darts zigzag and forked through the gloom,  
 And the bolt launches o'er with crash, rattle and boom ;  
 The Gray Forest Eagle, where, where has he sped ?  
 Does he shrink to his eyrie, and shiver with dread ?  
 Does the glare blind his eye ? Has the terrible blast  
 On the wing of the Sky-King a fear-fetter cast ?  
 No no, the brave Eagle ! he thinks not of fright ;  
 The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight ;  
 To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,  
 To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,  
 And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,  
 And a clapping of pinions he's up and away !

\* \* \* \* \*

The tempest glides o'er with its terrible train,  
 And the splendor of sunshine is glowing again ;  
 Again smiles the soft, tender blue of the sky,  
 Waked bird-voices warble, fanned leaf-voices sigh ;  
 On the green grass dance shadows, streams sparkle and run,  
 The breeze bears the odor its flower-kiss has won,  
 And full on the form of the Demon in flight  
 The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight !  
 The Gray Forest Eagle ! oh, where is he now,  
 While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow ?  
 There's a dark, floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,  
 With the speed of the arrow 'tis shooting beneath ;  
 Down, nearer and nearer it draws to the gaze,  
 Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze,  
 To a shape it expands, still it plunges through air,  
 A proud crest, a fierce eye, a broad wing are there ;  
 'Tis the Eagle—the Gray Forest Eagle—once more  
 He sweeps to his eyrie : his journey is o'er !

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,  
 But the Gray Forest Eagle minds little his sway ;  
 The child spurns its buds for Youth's thorn-hidden bloom,  
 Seeks Manhood's bright phantoms, finds Age and a tomb ;  
 But the Eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,  
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud !

The green tiny pine-shrub points up from the moss,  
 The wren's foot would cover it, tripping across ;  
 The beech-nut, down dropping, would crush it beneath,  
 But 'tis warmed with heaven's sunshine, and fanned by its breath ;  
 The seasons fly past it, its head is on high,  
 Its thick branches challenge each mood of the sky ;  
 On its rough bark the moss a green mantle creates,  
 And the deer from his antlers the velvet-down grates ;  
 Time withers its roots, it lifts sadly in air  
 A trunk dry and wasted, a top jagged and bare,  
 Till it rocks in the soft breeze, and crashes to earth,  
 Its brown fragments strewing the place of its birth.



The Eagle has seen it up-struggling to sight,  
 He has seen it defying the storm in its might,  
 Then prostrate, soil-blended, with plants sprouting o'er,  
 But the Gray Forest Eagle is still as of yore.  
 His flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,  
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!

He has seen from his eyrie the forest below  
 In bud and in leaf, robed with crimson and snow,  
 The thickets, deep wolf-lairs, the high crag his throne,  
 And the shriek of the panther has answered his own.  
 He has seen the wild red man the lord of the shades,  
 And the smokes of his wigwams curled thick in the glades;  
 He has seen the proud forest melt breath-like, away,  
 And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day;  
 He sees the green meadow-grass hiding the lair,  
 And his crag-throne spread naked to sun and to air;  
 And his shriek is now answered, while sweeping along,  
 By the low of the herd and the husbandman's song;  
 He has seen the wild red man swept off by his foes,  
 And he sees dome and roof where those smokes once arose;  
 But his flaming eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,  
 Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud!

An emblem of Freedom, stern, haughty, and high,  
 Is the Gray Forest Eagle, that king of the sky!  
 It scorns the bright scenes, the gay places of earth—  
 By the mountain and torrent it springs into birth;  
 There rocked by the wild wind, baptized in the foam,  
 It is guarded and cherished, and there is its home!  
 When its shadow steals black o'er the empires of kings,  
 Deep terror, deep heart-shaking terror it brings;  
 Where wicked oppression is armed for the weak,  
 There rustles its pinion, there echoes its shriek;  
 It's eye flames with vengeance, it sweeps on its way,  
 And its talons are bathed in the blood of its prey.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, that Eagle of Freedom! age dims not his eye,  
 He has seen Earth's mortality spring, bloom and die!  
 He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish and fall,  
 He mocks at Time's changes, he triumphs o'er all;  
 He has seen our own land with wild forests o'erspread,  
 He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head;  
 And his presence will bless this his own chosen clime,  
 Till the Archangel's fiat is set upon Time.

The American Eagle has been the subject of a vast deal of cloudy declamation, of frothy and turgid writing, both in prose and verse, and emblemized ridiculousness, in sculptorial, pictured and every other species of screaming representation. Still, he is none the less a noble bird, that he has been so bragged of and "shown up." There is something left of him, notwithstanding that windy patriots have—metaphorically speaking—tied a string to his leg, fed him with fowl meat, and turning the heart-sick, rumpled and drooping "sky-king," as Mr. Street calls him, around on a stick, have bid the gaping crowd of home-admirers near by, and the somewhat reserved outer-cir-

cle of foreign nations, "observe the keen *irish* of his eye." He is still able to shoot from some "skiey peak," and hush the singing of smaller birds with the "black gliding" of his shadow across the valley. His scream will always be eminent, we imagine, among

"The many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood."

We have a high regard for the British lion. We think it somewhat perilous to pound him on the back, or make too free with the "strange horror stirring in his mane." Crouching or rampant, there is some force in his countenance. He has a strong claim to be called king of

beasts:—we really know of no more sublime dismay than a solitary Yankee would find it, to hear him suddenly roar, with a mighty bound, in the vast heart of a desert. But the Eagle snuffs a better atmosphere. He lives somewhat nearer heaven, and knows more of the stars than of the wide wastes of herbless sand. Equally, too, with the desert-monarch, he knows his nature and position, and has no fear of being left to himself!

"Proud bird!—above the boundless mountain-woods

He builds his eyrie where the storms have birth—

He tears his prey mid ancient solitudes—  
And when his gaze grows dim, too near the earth,

Soaring through tempests to the old calm sky,

Rekindles at the sun his glorious eye!"

[As that was written with the quill of an eagle, which we picked up in the rocky gorge of Niagara, we thought it "na far awa'" to illustrate the old fellow by a little of the inspiration from his own plumage.]

The two chieftains of the tribes of earth and air!—Both are rather ravenous types—*totems*, as the Indians would call them—and seem to have been chosen by the two greatest nations, with a prescient feeling of the fitness of things. If they could have been followed as closely in other qualities!—Yes! the Gray Forest Eagle, or that proudest of winged creatures, the Golden Eagle of Washington! stretching his "continent-girdling flight" over leagues of wilderness and solitude, from where the icebergs of the Northern Oceans crash upon the rocks of Labrador, far south, till he sees the white surf trample the low reefs of Florida, or cleaving steadily the "illimitable evening," till the bald, gray summits of the Rocky Mountains freeze in the thin air, and the vast waters of the Pacific sweep the long shores of California—he is ever a noble emblem for the strong and swift nature of a nation which *might be* as noble! When we shall have less of bragging self-importance, of querulous sensitiveness, of the spirit of sordid (far worse than ambitious) acquisition, we shall have done something towards it, and may consider our emblazonry legitimate.

We are thankful to Mr. Street for redeeming the bird, to some degree, from the excessive beplastering and gross feeding that have made him no better than Swift's barn-yard goose,

"That singing soars, and soaring sings."

The poem is undoubtedly a fine one in its way. The conception of the execution, amid so much bombast constantly squandered upon the subject of it, is original and striking. The comparison, especially, of the Spirit of Freedom to the unfettered will, the airy dominion, the stern and century-scorning mountain-life of the Eagle, that fears neither the storm nor the blinding light of the sun, is altogether picturesque and ennobling: it has, also, the effect of newness, though so often dragged into use before, from the variety of spirited illustrations made to cluster around it. In the execution itself, there is a noble and sustained energy quite worthy of the subject. The writer studied effectiveness, rather than finished strength—and he has attained it. The rush of swift images and vivid epithets carries the reader along with an equal impression to the end—which is really; in all composition, the chief thing to be aimed at. As one of the finest, in short, of the objects to be seen in Nature, the picture is well drawn.

We must add, however, that the piece has defects, and that they are almost as marked as its merits. The versification is, on the whole, decidedly faulty. It professes to be anapæstic, a measure consisting, as all students of poetry know, strictly of three syllables in a foot—the first and second short, the third long, like a Latin dactyl reversed—but admitting, in the first foot, and there only, one long syllable instead of the two short ones, thus making that foot usually consist of two syllables. Every long syllable, therefore, except the first, has an accent, making, in fact, the beat of the measure. Now it would seem hardly possible for one paying any attention at all to the natural pulses of accentuation in our language, to fail of getting the movement of this measure right, for the accents of all English words are the same in verse as in prose. It is not so, however, with Mr. Street, or with ninety-nine out of a hundred of the anapæstic versifiers in the language. There is scarcely one who does not often, or occasionally, contrive to crowd a long syllable into the place of a short one, like the delicate-lipped young lady whom we once heard poutingly declare, that "immortality" was no longer than "mortality," which she undertook to demonstrate by pronouncing them both in equal breaths—puckering the one into a quick



slide, and drawling out the other by a "lingering death." It was delightful to hear her exposition, but the proof was not quite legitimate.

We are glad to see, indeed, that Mr. Street has, in his whole volume, but one true specimen of what we call *bastard anapæstic*—the hop-skip-and-jump versification in which about nineteen-twentieths of American metre-mongers grind out their effusions. These melody-dealers have persuaded themselves that Apollo and the Muses "go by the ear." They are especially aware that Mr. Coleridge produced some fine effects by neglecting certain old rules, trusting rather

to the subtil beating of cadences at the gates of the brain. They have endeavored to follow the same method:—their success has been great. They have thrown not only anapæsts and iambics, but dactyls, spondees, trochees, and every other foot known "to Greek or Roman fame," into a delectable jumble, that goes off like a dance of three-legged stools. We do not keep these perennial poets on our table—such of them as have inspiration enough to burn being generally used to light our visitors' pipes. We cannot, then, illustrate by examples, but the limber melody commonly runs somewhat in this way:

A.rüb | ä.rüb.düb | rüb.tě.tüb | tē.düb,  
Düb.tüb.rüb | rüb.a.tüb | snüb.tē | düb.rüb;  
Scrüb.tě.tüb | rüb.ānd | düb.ä.scrüb | lübb'ry.scrüb,  
Et.kick | üp.ä.bōb | bery.scrüb | ä.tüb!

Why one "dub" should be shorter than another "dub," one "tub" broader than another, or why "rüb" should express a longer operation than "scrüb," is best known to those who saw out this kind of Parnassian lumber. We have merely put them as they do. It is their notion of "going by the ear." As the last syllable in every foot must be long, the last two short, they thrust on the accent heavy or light, according to the necessity of the case; for what have rules of prose to do with poetry? Prose takes care of itself—poetry scorns it! We believe we were nearly right in saying that about nineteen-twentieths of our verse is written in this order of rhythm,

"If *rhythm* it can be called that *rhythm*  
has none,  
Nor *measure* distinguishable in joint or  
limb."

Certainly, five pieces out of six to be seen in our papers are so constructed, and a vast deal in the writings of our best poets. Bryant has produced some wretched specimens; and Mr. Longfellow, who has paid more attention to mere versification than any other among us, will find, if he looks at "The Be-leaguered City," and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," that he has suffered several bad lines to stand among many good ones. The reason of the overwhelming amount that we are obliged to run away from, is plain enough. Poetasters find it quite convenient, if not necessary, to use words on the principle of "first come first served;" and as our language is confessedly loose in its accentuation and

general rules of prosody, they buddle long and short together in a manner which their grossness of ear, or their heedlessness, fails to detect as unbearable in even so unmodulated a tongue. They think it so amazingly easy to versify by the ear—counting feet by accents not syllables. There never was a greater mistake. They ought to know it to be the most difficult kind, since even Coleridge's "Christabel," constructed on this principle, and mainly of a most beautiful melody—as belonged to one who had as fine an ear as any poet from Chaucer down—has yet some lines altogether indefensible. We have said that the bastard anapæstic seems to have overcome Mr. Street but once. The specimen is called "The Hunter's flight," and is bad enough to make us thankful that there is no more. Take the first four lines.

"Sultry and close was the noontide air  
In the August heats—thät wère bēam | ing  
there;  
No cloud | sēnt its shade | and no wind its  
sigh,  
To the thirsty earth | thrōugh thē brās | sy  
sky."

Of these the first line only is good; the other three have a heavy, difficult movement. "Sent" and "through" are both long syllables, made short for the occasion. So of other lines:

"But a red haze mant | līng eāch ōb | ject  
around—"  
"To the brink of the lake | yāwns thērēd |  
abyss—"  
"In thick gray slēets | pōured hē  
drēnch | ing rain—"

“With a fitful start | tō sĭnk dōwn | and  
die —”  
“Still more fierce and more fast | dāshed  
thē rāin.”

“Mant | lĭng ěach ōb | ject” is very hard; and what business have “yawns,” “poured,” “sinks,” “dashed,” doing the service of short syllables? They are “as long as long can be.” The versification of “The Gray Forest Eagle” is happily not like this, being full and regular anapæstic. But it has many of the same defects of forced accentuation which we have indicated in the passages above.

One of the best of the earlier specimens of this kind of measure is Beattie’s “Hermit,” beginning:

“The Assyrian cāme down like the wolf on the fold  
With his cohorts all gleaming in purple and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea  
When the blue wāve rōlls nightly on deep Galilee.”

“O! fair as the sea-flower, close to thee growing,  
How light was thy heart till love’s witchery came,  
Like the wind of the South o’er a summer-lute blowing,  
And hushed all its music and withered its frame!”

“Ha! laugh’st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?  
Proud bird of the mountain thy plume shall be torn!  
Say, rushed the bōld eagle exultingly forth  
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North?  
Lo! the death-shot of foeman outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!  
Ah! home let him speed for the spoiler is nigh!  
Why flames the fār summit? Why shoot to the blast  
Those embers, like stars to the firmament cast?  
’Tis the fire-shōwer of ruin all dreadfully driven  
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.”

It will not, perhaps, be expected that Mr. Street’s anapæsts should altogether compare with these extracts from the best versifiers of the last century. But the difference is too great. There are enough such fine lines as—

“For he hears in those haunts only music, and sees  
But rippling of waters and waving of trees—”  
“There’s a shrouding of plumage, a hushing of song—”  
“And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood—”  
“With the rush of the wind-gust, the glancing of light—”  
“Does he shrink to his eyrie, and shiver with dread—”  
“And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray—”  
“Now over the rainbow, now blent with its blaze—”  
“He has seen the proud forest melt, breath-like, away,  
And the breast of the earth lying bare to the day.”

These lines, and some others, though but a few out of the whole, are yet enough to show that the author can write in this measure with a melody equal to his vigor. The more is he to blame for versifying the rest so poorly. In the very first line there are two long syllables

“At the close of the day when the hamlet  
is still,  
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness  
prove,”

through the whole of which every syllable is accented nearly in strict accordance with the accepted pronunciation of the words in prose, making it one of the most melodious pieces in the language. The same may be said of Byron’s “Destruction of Sennacherib,” and Moore’s “Farewell to thee, Araby’s daughter!” both of which are fine examples of this measure, constructed to the ear with great skill. The “Lochiel’s warning” of Campbell is still better: it is, in fact, the most studied and vigorous in English Poetry. For the sake of comparison we quote a few lines from each.

forced into “shortness”—in the third, one—in the fourth one, if not two—in the ninth two—in the eleventh, one—in the thirteenth two, if not three—and so on through the entire poem. By turning back the reader will easily note all such victims of Procrustes



That method of adaptation to circumstances has been applied, it will be seen, to about 100 out of 142 lines. Some of them are just admissible, and would even be an advantage, were there not so many, because in this measure, as in the common heroic and in blank verse, the introduction of occasional *discords* breaks the monotony and adds to the effect. But most of them are decidedly bad; and here and there a line smells strongly of that bastard anapæstic, spoken of above, in which—

“With a moon-shiny haze and a sun-  
shiny flash,  
And a hop, skip and jump, right ‘for’ards’  
we dash—”

except that no iambic slugs are wedged in—such lines, for instance, as

“The dark | gloomy gōrge | whēre dōwn  
plūnged the foam—”  
“The fierce | hāwk sāils circ | ling—”  
“His eye- | bālls rēd blāz | ing, hīgh  
brīst | ling his crest—”  
“The strong | hāwk hāngs līfe | less—”  
And especially—

“A fit | ful rēd glar | ing, a low | rūmb-  
ling jar,  
Proclaim | thē Stōrm De | mon!”

which has the smooth progressiveness of an Irish jumble-cart. How is it possible Mr. Street should have thought to slide so cleverly over such stubborn syllables as we have marked? But enough of this. Mr. Street does not stand alone in his anapæstic sins. In the verse quoted from Byron, which, however, is the least flowing in the piece—there are no less than three long words shortened *per force*. Two of them, “wave” and “rolls” are used most unwarrantably, in point of measure; though it is worthy of remark that they wonderfully convey the long heavy motion of the water; and it was this effect, probably, that caught Byron’s quick, imaginative ear. In the second line of Moore’s, a long accent unquestionably belongs to “love’s,” and two or three other such errors occur in the course of that exquisite lyric. In the ten lines of Campbell, we noted only three. Two of those, “bold” and “far,” are allowable as discords, and the effect is not bad. The third, where he forces “shower,” which virtually has two syllables into one, and that a short one—coming, too, after the similarly sounding word “fire”—is a “cluttering up” of sound quite inadmissible.

There is, however, in “The Gray For-

est Eagle,” another fault more serious than the bad versification, since it characterizes all Mr. Street’s poetry. We refer to the excessive use of compound words. The nature of the metre in this piece, requiring more short syllables than our language justly affords, thus inducing to the use, first of all appellatives having such syllables, and then to the coining of new ones, undoubtedly led, in this case, to the adoption of a greater number. But he employs them plentifully everywhere. What is worse, where he cannot find them legitimized, he makes them up. In the single poem quoted, there are no less than twenty-six of these Siamese unities, from “storm-daring” and “sun-gazing,” in the first line, to “heart-shaking” near the end—including such ingenious creations as “blast-smitten,” “moss-bearded,” “red-blazing,” “high-bristling,” “blood-dripping,” “sky-king,” “leaf-voices,” with two or three particularly clever, as “fear-fetter,” “up-struggling,” “soil-blended,” and “crag-throne.” Now we make no hesitation in saying that we detest such compounds, whether in prose or poetry. The Greeks and the Germans could use them to any extent, for those languages are rich in powers of combination. But such forms are not native to the English tongue, and never can be made so. A few, in poetry, can occasionally be used to advantage, adding both picturesqueness and force. But they must be selected with great nicety, and coined, if that be hazarded, for their simplicity as well as beauty, and usually when they involve a new poetical idea. In the volume, there are several which we think quite elegant, as “foam-jeweled,” “air-bells,” “wine-bead,” “foot-lifting music;” perhaps such as “star-gems,” “leaf-harps,” “leaf-voices,” occurring at wide intervals, would not be objected to; but what are we to think of others, coming on nearly every page, like “warm-basking,” “skin-garbed,” “talon-grasped,” “flag-on-strewed,” “sweet-filled,” “eddy-gurgle,” “sun-bask,” “blast-hymn?” Mr. Street has another way of making compounds, by transposing adjectives, adverbs and prepositions, in strange ways, as “on-rolling,” “out-darting,” “out-launches,” “stars out-tremble,” “the wolf fierce snarling,” “back we safe glide,” which cannot be called anything else but abominable. No one can look through Mr. Street’s poems, without feeling that this feature is a very unplea-



sant defect. We have also noticed—with no great surprise, considering the above specimens of ingenious perversion—several grammatical blunders, words awry, and new discoveries in construction, as awkward (to use one of Coleridge's pet forms of phrase,) as awkward can be.

Besides the "Gray Forest Eagle," there are but six or seven pieces in that measure, among the hundred and two, which the volume contains. One is a "Song for Independence," more patriotic than poetical. It has but two good lines, the rest turgid and declamatory. But "Bright is the beautiful land of our birth, The home of the homeless all over the earth,"

is nearly enough to redeem the remaining sixteen. Most of the others—"Forest Sports," "The Walk and the Pic-nic," "Visit to the Mongaup Falls," "Angling," "Deer Shooting," "Fowling," "Spearing"—were not intended, we suppose, to be poetry. At least they are not. They are simply rambling, pleasant sketches of pleasant ramblings, gone through, we presume, with a hilarious hop here and a jump there, in very much the same way as the anapæstic verse in which they are narrated is suffered to run loose. The bulk of the volume, then, is in other measures; and we are ready to say, with the same positiveness we assumed in our censures above, that they have few defects, and very many merits. The rhymed pieces are of different degrees of excellence in this respect. There are quite too many careless lines, and here and there is an accent misplaced, or a heavy word forced into light service; but the rhythm, in general, runs with an equable and easy strength, the more worthy of regard because so evidently unartificial; and there is often—not in the simply narrative pieces, like "The Frontier Inroad," or "Morannah," but in the frequent minute pictures of Nature—a heedless but delicate movement of the measure, a lingering of expression corresponding with some dreamy abandonment of thought to the objects dwelt upon, or a rippling lapse of language where the author's mind seemed conscious of playing with them—caught, as it were, from the flitting of birds among leafy boughs, from the subtil wanderings of the bee, and the quiet brawling of woodland brooks over leaves and pebbles.

Some liquid lines from "The Wille-

wemoc in Summer," are an example, at once, of Mr. Street's sweetness of versification, in any of the usual rhyming measures, and still more of his minute picturing of Nature.

"Bubbling within some basin green  
So fringed with fern, the woodcock's bill  
Scarce penetrates the leafy screen,  
Leaps into life the infant rill.  
Oozing along, a winding streak,  
O'er moss and grass it whispers meek,  
Then swelling o'er some barrier root  
The tiny ripples onward shoot,  
Then the clear sparkling waters spread  
And deepen down their sloping bed,  
Until a streamlet bright and strong,  
The Willewemoc glides along,  
Through its wild forest depth, to bear  
Its homage to the Delaware.  
Now pebbly shallows, where the deer  
Just bathes his crossing hoof, and now  
Broad hollow'd creeks that deep and clear,  
Would whelm him to his antlered brow;  
Here, the smooth silver sleeps so still,  
The ear might catch the faintest trill—  
The bee's low hum—the whirr of wings,  
And the sweet songs of grass-hid things.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blue sky, pearl cloud, and golden beam  
Beguile my steps this summer day,  
Beside the lone and lovely stream,  
And mid its sylvan scenes to stray:  
The moss, too delicate and soft  
To bear the tripping bird aloft,  
Slopes its green velvet to the sedge,  
Tufting the mirrored water's edge,  
Where the slow eddies wrinkling creep  
Mid swaying grass in stillness deep—  
The sweet wind scarce has breath to turn  
The edges of the leaves, or stir  
The fragile breath of gossamer  
Embroidered on yon clump of fern.

\* \* \* \* \*

The aspen shakes, the hemlock hums—  
Damp with the shower the west wind  
comes;  
Rustling in heaps the quivering grass,  
It darkening dots the streamlet's glass,  
And rises with the herald-breeze  
The cloud's dark umber o'er the trees;  
A veil of gauze-like mist it flings,  
Dimples the stream with transient rings,  
And soon beneath this tent-like tree  
The swift bright glancing streaks I see,  
And hear around in murmuring strain  
The gentle music of the rain.  
Then bursts the sunshine warm and gay,  
The misty curtain melts away.  
The cloud in fragments breaks, and through  
Trembles in spots the smiling blue;  
A fresh, damp sweetness fills the scene,  
From drooping leaf and moisten'd earth,  
The odor of the winter-green  
Floats on the airs that now have birth;



Plashes and air-bells all about,  
Proclaim the gambols of the trout,  
And calling bush and answering tree  
Echo with woodland melody."

Still more exquisite—exquisite in every sense of the word—unquestionable *poetry*—is "The Callicoon in Autumn." The last verse, in particular, is of the finest order.

"Far in the forest's heart, unknown,  
Except to sun and breeze,  
Where solitude her dreaming throne  
Has held for centuries ;  
Chronicled by the rings and moss  
That tell the flight of years across  
The seamed and columned trees,  
This lovely streamlet glides along  
With tribute of eternal song !

Now, stealing through in thickets deep  
In which the wood-duck hides ;  
Now, picturing in its basin-sleep  
Its green pool-hollow'd sides ;  
Here, through the pebbles slow it creeps ;  
There, mid some wild abyss it sweeps,  
And foaming, hoarsely chides ;  
Then slides so still, its gentle swell  
Scarce ripples round the lily's bell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sleep-like the silence, by the lapse  
Of waters only broke,  
And the woodpecker's fitful taps  
Upon the hollow oak ;  
And, mingling with the insect hum,  
The beatings of the partridge drum,  
With now and then a croak  
As, on his flapping wing, the crow  
O'er passes, heavily and slow.

\* \* \* \* \*

All steeped in that delicious charm  
Peculiar to our land,  
That comes, ere Winter's frosty arm  
Knits Nature's icy band ;  
The purple, rich, and glimmering smoke,  
That forms the Indian Summer's cloak,  
When, by soft breezes fanned,  
For a few precious days he broods  
Amidst the gladdened fields and woods.

\* \* \* \* \*

See ! on this edge of forest lawn,  
Where sleeps the clouded beam,  
A doe has led her spotted fawn  
To gambol by the stream ;  
Beside yon mullein's braided stalk  
They hear the gurgling voices talk ;  
While, like a wandering gleam,  
The yellow-bird dives here and there,  
A feathered vessel of the air."

So, also, of a short piece, called "Midsummer;"—if an ethereal and dreamy "landscape" by Cole or Durand, is a *painting*, why not this a *poem*?

"An August day ! a dreamy haze  
Films air, and mingles with the skies,

Sweetly the rich dark sunshine plays,  
Bronzing each object where it lies.  
Outlines are melted in the gauze  
That Nature veils ; the fitful breeze  
From the thick pine, low murmuring  
draws ;  
Then dies in flutterings 'midst the trees.  
The bee is slumbering in the thistle,  
And, now and then, a broken whistle—  
A tread—a hum—a tap—is heard  
Through the dry leaves, in grass and  
bush,

As insect, animal, and bird  
Rouse, brief from their lethargic hush.  
Then, e'en those pleasant sounds would  
cease,

And a dead stillness all things lock,  
The aspen seem like sculptured rock,  
And not a tassel-thread be shaken  
The monarch-pine's deep trance to  
waken,

And Nature settle prone in drowsy peace.  
The misty blue—the distant masses,

The air, in woven purple glimmering,  
The shiver transiently that passes  
Over the leaves, as though each tree  
Gave one brief sigh—the slumberous  
shimmering

Of the red light—invested seem  
With some sweet charm, that soft,  
serene,

Mellows the gold—the blue—the green  
Into mild tempered harmony,

And melts the sounds that intervene,  
As scarce to break the quiet, till we deem  
Nature herself transform'd to that of Fancy's  
dream."

Another piece of a different style, but equally vivid and felicitous, is the prelude to a scene of "Skating." It is impossible not to admire it in every line. It is, by the way, an example which we overlooked, and almost faultless, of measuring the melody by accents, not by syllables, on which we commented, in speaking of the "Gray Forest Eagle." It is too good to be styled "bastard anapaestic."

"The thaw came on with its southern wind  
And misty drizzly rain ;

The hill-side showed its russet dress,  
Dark runnels seamed the plain ;  
The snowdrifts melted off like breath,  
The forest dropped its load,  
The lake, instead of its mantle white,  
A liquid mirror showed ;

It seemed—so soft was the brooding fog,  
So fanning was the breeze—  
You'd meet with violets in the grass  
And blossoms on the trees.

But shortly before the sundown,  
The gray and spongy clouds  
Began to break above the head  
And hurry away in crowds ;



The bland wind shifted to the west,  
 Where a stripe of brassy light  
 Glowed like the flame of a furnace,  
 When the sun had passed from sight;  
 And, in the fleeting twilight, cold  
 And colder waxed the air,  
 Till 'twas felt on the brow like the touch  
 of ice,  
 As the still night darkened there.

Oh, bitter were the hours! and those  
 Who, wakeful, marked them pass,  
 Could hear the snap of table and chair,  
 And ring of breaking glass;  
 Without, though the wind was quiet,  
 Crack, crack, went the maple and oak,  
 As if some mighty trampling power  
 Those huge stems downward broke;  
 The very wolf, the fierce gaunt wolf,  
 Though famishing, to his cave  
 Crept shivering back, nor sought again  
 The deadly cold to brave.

And morning glowed with a heartless sun  
 And a heaven of harshest blue,  
 And an air that pricked and stung the skin,  
 As if darts invisible flew;  
 But oh, the sight, the radiant sight,  
 That broke upon the eye!  
 Millions of sparkles danced around  
 Of every varied dye;  
 The boughs were steel, the roofs were steel,  
 With icicles hanging down,  
 Steel gave a helmet to the hill—  
 To the mountain-top a crown.

The lake, far, far, it stretched, no gem  
 More pure, more clear and bright;  
 Solid as iron, and smooth as glass,  
 It froze in a single night;  
 When sunk the sun, 'twas a watery waste  
 With ripples upon its gloss;  
 When rose the sun, 'twas a polished plain  
 That a steed might safely cross."

Mr. Street's rhythmic *forte*, however, as well as his best efforts in description and style, lies in his blank verse, of which the larger part of his volume is composed. He has not, indeed, made himself a master in this most difficult of English measures. He, by no means, knows all its capacities—its pauses, slides, slow and swift movements, and the various other sources of its immense power. He evidently has not used, as he might, the knowledge which he does possess. He is often needlessly awkward, sometimes mistakes abruptness for strength, and seldom sustains himself from the beginning to the end of any piece—a thing more necessary to a favorable impression in blank verse, than it is in rhyme. In short, he has not studied its elements, though where he

seems to have labored the most, he has been the least successful. We must judge, however, not only of a man's capacity, but also what of achievement he has attained to, by the better half of what he has done, not by the worse. The best part of Mr. Street's blank verse will compare favorably, in the movement of its language, with that of any American poet, and, as well, with any English effusions written upon similar subjects. It has not the pomp of motion—stately, but somewhat cumbered—of Thomson's *Seasons*; nor the measured force, the quiet sustained progress, of Cowper's *Task*; nor the long, wavelike and majestic advance of Wordsworth's descriptive style. Among writers at home, he has not the easy but guarded dignity, the elegant monotony, the tranquil attention to rules of pausing, balancing, compensation, by which the blank verse of Bryant is always characterized; still less has he adopted the delicate and dainty step—elastic as air, but afraid of treading on stones—with which Willis's *Scripture* measures float through the mind of the reader. He differs from them all; in fact the best thing about him is, that his style, as well as his thoughts, throughout his writings, are very much his own. In the tone of his blank verse, and in its general construction, he may have borrowed something from all the writers spoken of. He does, indeed, in its apparently careless simplicity of movement, approach the style of Cowper; and in other respects—as, usually, in his forcible, single-hearted English—he is quite like that most purely native of England's rural poets. Still, it is easy to see that he is not Cowper. He is terser, more abrupt at times, and treads in sentences very differently balanced. In short, his style, diction, movement of verse, have evidently sprung up within himself. They are native to his mind, as to one familiar with forest-winds, with the courses of clouds, the flow of great rivers, the changing of sunshine and shadows over broad fields, and all those gentle and majestic motions, and solemn sounds, with which nature is able to impress us.

In the use of language, more especially in his blank verse, Mr. Street is simple yet rich, and usually very felicitous. This is peculiarly the case in his choice of appellatives, which he selects and applies with an aptness of descriptive beauty not surpassed, if equaled, by any poet among us—certainly by none except Bryant.



What is more remarkable—quite worthy of note amid the deluge of diluted phraseology bestowed on us by most modern writers—is the almost exclusive use, in his poems, of Saxon words. We make, by no means, that loud objection to Latinisms, which many feel called upon to set forth. In some kinds of verse, and in many kinds of prose, they are of great advantage, mellowing the diction, enlarging and enriching the power of expression. Unquestionably, they have added much to the compass of the English language. This is more, however, for the wants of philosophy than of poetry—unless it be philosophical poetry. For, in our language, nearly all the strongest and most picturesque words, verbs, nouns, adjectives, are of one and two syllables only; but, also, nearly all such words are of Saxon origin. Descriptive poetry, therefore, to be of any force or felicity, must employ them; and it was this, no doubt, that led Mr. Street—unconsciously, it may be—to choose them so exclusively. For the same reason, Byron, who in power of description is hardly equaled by any other English poet, used them to a greater extent, we believe, than any other “moulder of verse,” since Chaucer, unless we may except Scott in his narrative verse; Wordsworth, on the other hand, whose most descriptive passages have always a philosophic cast, makes constant draft on Latinized words, losing as much in vigor as he gains in melody and compass. In all Mr. Street’s poems, the reader will be surprised to find scarcely a single page with more than three or four words of other than Saxon derivation. This extraordinary keeping to one only of the three sources of our language—for the Norman French forms a third—is owing in great part to the fact that his poetry is almost purely descriptive; yet not wholly to this, for any page of Thomson’s “Seasons,” or Cowper’s “Task,” will be found to have four times as many. It is certain, at least, that the use of such language has added immensely to the simplicity, strength and picturesque effectiveness of Mr. Street’s blank verse; and, as a general consideration of style, we recommend the point to the attention of all writers, whose diction is yet unformed, though we hold it a matter of far less importance in prose than in poetry.

It will not be difficult to make good all we have said, by choice extracts, except for the difficulty of choosing. What,

for example, could be finer in its way than some passages from “A September Stroll.”

The day seems to have been one of those sober-bright days in the early Autumn, when the earth, forgetting the dust and heat of August, puts on a russet freshness; but here and there is a sign of change in the woods—and the light is of a stillness that is not still—and the wind only knows itself how it can blow so dreamily—and the hale sun, seemingly older, and shining with a kind of subdued consciousness, keeps always bright the fragments of fleecy clouds that move happily away—happy because of their brightness and their motion!—and one would hardly be surprised to see an angel’s face look out from the fine blue of the sky, it would so accord with the strange influences around—in which the strangeness itself seems yet familiar, as when one views a long-known landscape weirdly reflected in a mirror.—Do not *we*, too, remember such a day, a September day, wandering—with two only, very dear to us—some leagues along the most noble lake in the world, clear, delightful Ontario? Did we not leave the sinful highway, keeping always—through fields, and stretches of wood as wild as when the Indian roamed through them—always, with a movement that could hardly be called progress, within sound of the quietly-beating surf? Was there not a strange freshness over all things? Was not the wind ever around us like a spirit—softly uncertain—“blowing where it listed?” Was it to be accounted for, that everywhere “The soul of happy sound was spread?” And then—always before us—the far stretching of the great Lake—blue, blue, and swelling in the sunlight; and above it the clear heavens, very ancient and immovable, as if they had never been otherwise over those waters; and the white sails that stole up to sight in the distance, and crept along the horizon, and disappeared again—all unknown, and as if even *they* knew not why they should come or why they went; and, with like silentness, the sail-like clouds—as it were, their duplicates, or accompanying shadows—that would suddenly rise up, float along for a time, and melt away again—as if the lake and sky were each a reflection of the other! And we had books with us—the far-off Chaucer, and the History of Robinson Crusoe and his solitary island—“wondrous suitable” to the scene and time!—But we did not read



them much, though often lying upon the cool bank, just above the rippling billows—gazing, rather, away from their pages, towards the sunken horizon, creating, in our imaginations—far beyond—a world yet more strange and dreamy than that which lay around us! And then, at last, the mighty-meeting of Lake and River! and the old Fort, built so long ago, by people—foreign people—that so long ago were dead!—and the view from the breezy battlements, clear and limitless—the light, the shadow, the shores of two empires commingling, the sailing ships that went away into the distance—lessening, lessening—as if they never could come back again, bound for some haven of spirits! *That*, too, was a day to be told of in verse!

We were rhapsodizing:—we knew it! But the tears came as we wrote:—so sweet a thing is Memory! And to have the recollection of a few such days—is it not an inheritance?—the only heritage that some have in a long life, looking always back to a few gleams of sunshine that fell *once* across their path!

Mr. Street, as we might expect, has no great liking for—

“The hum of busy men  
On the city's beaten ground.”

“Let us leave the walls  
Of the close city, and with wandering feet  
Seek the sweet haunts of Nature. O'er the  
dust  
Of the great thoroughfare, with rapid  
wheels  
And trampling hoofs vexed ever, where the  
gay  
And flaunting motes sport thick in Fashion's beam,  
Idle and worthless, quick we tread, and  
turn  
Gladly aside, where a green narrow lane  
Leads to a wild ravine amid the hills.  
The dry bed of a streamlet, lures our steps.  
The varied aster-tribes are cluster'd round;  
The gnarled thorn shows its yellow-crimson fruit,  
Studding its boughs] and scattered thick  
beneath;  
And from the brinks the soligado bends  
Its golden feather: mingling with the sweet  
And peaceful quiet, low monotonous sounds  
Stream from the insects, varied with the  
swell  
Of the near locust's peevish clarion,  
And chirrup of the cricket.”

“The thread-like gossamer is waving past,  
Borne on the wind's light wing, and to yon  
branch  
Tangled and trembling, clings like snowy  
silk.

The thistle-down, high lifted through the  
rich  
Bright blue, quick float, like gliding stars,  
and then  
Touching the sunshine flash, and seem to  
melt  
Within the dazzling brilliance. Yon tall  
oak  
Standing from out the straggling skirt of  
wood  
Touched by the frost, that wondrous chem-  
ist, shows  
Spottings of gorgeous crimson through its  
green,  
Like a proud monarch, towering still erect,  
Though sprinkled with his life-blood.  
Close beside,  
That aspen, to the wind's soft fingered  
touch,  
Flutters with all its dangling leaves, as  
though  
Beating with myriad pulses. Misty shade  
Films the deep hollows, misty sunshine  
glows  
On the round hills.”

In the forty-three lines here quoted there are but four or five words of foreign origin—of which two came through the Norman French, the primarily from the Greek, only one from the Latin.

Besides this observation, keen as the Indian hunter's, of all Nature's slight and simple effects in quiet places, Mr. Street has a most gentle and contemplative eye for the changes which she silently throws over the traces where men have once been. Thus, in “The Old Bridge” and “The Forsaken Road,” he notes and muses like one who seems half to remember, that he himself helped to build the forgotten objects of which he speaks. So of a passage in “The Ambush,” which sinks into the mind like the falling of twilight over an old ruin.

Old winding roads are frequent in the  
woods,  
By the surveyor opened years ago,  
When through the depths he led his tramp-  
ling band  
Startling the crouched deer from the un-  
derbrush,  
With unknown shouts and axe-blows.  
Left again  
To solitude, soon Nature touches in  
Picturesque graces. Hiding, here, in moss  
The wheel-truck—blocking up the vista,  
there,  
With bushes—darkening with her soft cool  
tints  
The notches on the trees and hatchet-cuts  
Upon the stooping limbs—across the trail  
Twisting, in wreaths, the pine's enormous  
roots,  
And twining, like a bower, the leaves  
above.



Now skirts she the faint path with fringes  
 deep  
 Of thicket, where the checkered partridge  
 hides  
 Its downy brood, and whence with droop-  
 ing wing  
 It limps to lure away the hunter's foot  
 Approaching its low cradle; now she  
 coats  
 The hollow, stripped by the surveyor's  
 band  
 To pitch their tents at night, with pleasant  
 grass,  
 So that the doe, its slim fawn by its side,  
 Amidst the fire-flies in the twilight feeds;  
 And now she hurls some hemlock o'er the  
 track,  
 Splitting the trunk that in the frost and  
 rain  
 Asunder falls and melts into a line  
 Of umber dust.

In what we have given it is easy to see the nature of Mr. Street's mind. It is idle to deny—though some critics, whose pretensions should be founded on a better judgment, have denied—that the writer of such passages is a poet. They have a great contempt for descriptive poetry! Why do they not despise landscape painting? Why do they not, in fact, despise Nature herself? But the Imagination! the Imagination! the etherealizing, the glorious—Well, we grant it. That is, with some prelude of explanations as to the nature of that divine faculty, we should be willing to say, that no person destitute of imagination can be a poet. But then, does it demand no power of this faculty to reproduce Nature to the mind, faithfully and fully, with all her minutest lights and shadows—yet without overloading the picture? Beyond question it does. Memory alone cannot effect it. She must be surrounded, as she works, with the vivid atmosphere of imagination. Without it, the poet and painter, alike, would produce pictures confused and utterly void of the light, motion and immortal grace, that make the scenes of external Nature so beautiful to us. Indeed, we believe there can be no vivid memory without imagination.

As the painter of landscapes, however, can never rank among the greatest of painters, so the merely descriptive poet can never stand with the highest in his art. It needs a higher power of the mind—the transforming, the creative. Mr. Street endeavors only to produce the pictures of external things. He rarely or never idealizes Nature; but Nature unidealized never brings a man into the

loftier regions of poetry. For the greatest and highest use of material Nature, to the poet, is that she be made an exhaustless store-house of imagery; that through her multitude of objects, aspects, influences, subtle sources of contrast and comparison, he should illustrate the universe of the unseen and spiritual. This is to be ποιητής—*Maker*—*CREATOR*. It is that strange power of

“—Imagination bodying forth  
 The forms of things unknown.”

It is to interpret, “*idealize*,” Nature.

This is what Mr. Street never attempts. He never gives wing to his imagination. He presents to us only what Nature shows to him—nothing further. Or, if he makes the attempt, striking out into broader and sublimer fields, he is not successful. He is not at home, indeed, when describing the grander features of Nature herself, but only as he is picturing her more minute and delicate lineaments. He can give the tracery of a leaf, or the gauze wings of a droning beetle, better than the breaking up of a world in the Deluge, or the majesty of great Mountains—

“Throning Eternity in icy halls.”

A remarkable example of this is the first piece, “Nature.” Though the first part, where he is describing the Creation, the Deluge, the sublime scenery in parts of the world with which his senses are not actually familiar, his imagination does not sustain itself, and his verse is comparatively lame and infelicitous. But when he comes to the quiet scenes in America, which he has seen and felt, he has such passages as these—passages which, in their way, Cowper, Thomson, Wordsworth or Bryant never excelled.

Thus of Spring:—

In the moist hollows and by streamlet-sides  
 The grass stands thickly. Sunny banks  
 have burst  
 Into blue sheets of scented violets.  
 The woodland warbles, and the noisy  
 swamp  
 Has deepened in its tones.”  
 and of Summer:—

“O'er the branch-sheltered stream, the  
 laurel hangs  
 Its gorgeous clusters, and the bass-wood  
 breathes  
 From its pearl-blossoms, fragrance. Swing-  
 ing light  
 Upon the hemlock-top, the thrasher sounds  
 His three-toned flute. From her cool  
 shadowy nook  
 The doe has led her dappled fawn, to  
 taste

The low sweet glade-grass with its clover-spots.  
 Bees waft their lyres—clouds wreath and melt above,  
 And sunshine smiles in golden gloss below.  
 But now the wind stirs fresher ; darting round  
 The spider tightens his frail web ; dead leaves  
 Whirl in quick eddies from the mounds ; the snail  
 Creeps to his twisted fortress, and the bird  
 Crouches amid its feathers. Wafted up,  
 The stealing cloud with soft gray blinds the sky,  
 And in its vapory mantle, onward steps  
 The summer shower ; over the shivering grass  
 It merrily dances, rings its tinkling bells  
 Upon the dimpling stream, and moving on  
 It treads upon the leaves with pattering feet  
 And softly murmured music.”

Again in Autumn :

“ The beech-nut falling from its opened burr,  
 Gives a sharp rattle, and the locust’s song  
 Rising and swelling shrill, then pausing short,  
 Rings like a trumpet. Distant woods and hills  
 Are full of echoes, and all sounds that strike  
 Upon the hollow air, let loose their tongues.  
 The ripples, creeping through the matted grass,  
 Drip on the ear, and the far partridge-drum  
 Rolls like low thunder. The last butterfly,  
 Like a winged violet, floating in the meek  
 Pink-colored sunshine, sinks his velvet feet  
 Within the pillared mullen’s delicate down,  
 And shuts and opens his unruffled fans.  
 Lazily wings the crow with solemn croak  
 From tree-top on to tree-top. Feebly chirps  
 The grasshopper, and the spider’s tiny clock  
 Ticks from his crevice.”

How exquisite are those pictures ! with what an appreciation, like the minute stealing in of light among leaves, does he touch upon every delicate feature ! And, then, in how subtle an alembic of the mind must such language have been chrystallized ! The “ *curiosa felicitas* ” cannot be so exhibited except by genius. We are not sure, moreover, that Mr. Street has not higher powers of imagination, and a greater variety of the pulses of poetry, than he has yet

manifested. In his beautifully brief and modest preface, he says :

“ The early life of the author was spent in a wild and picturesque region in the southwestern part of New York—his native state. Apart from the busy haunts of mankind, his eye was caught by the strongly marked and beautiful scenes by which he was surrounded ; and to the first impressions thus made ; may be attributed the fact, that his subjects relate so much to Nature and so little to man. Instead, therefore, of aiming to depict the human heart, he has endeavored to sketch (however rudely and imperfectly) the features of that with which he was most familiar.”

Now, though we believe if he had possessed *great* power of imagination or knowledge of human nature, he could not have failed of working more in those fields, yet we think we see in his volume evidences of far greater power in those directions than he has yet shown. There is hardly a gleam of true invention ; but there are some touches of pathos, and very many fine *liftings* of imagination. Such passages are frequent, as—

“ Within the broad rich west  
 One orb—Night’s first—was beating like a pulse,  
 Splendid and large.”

“ The moon,  
 Late, cold and blind, was filling rich with light.”

“ The little violet,  
 —laying its slight and delicate ear to earth,  
 Listened for Spring’s approach.”

“ My heart  
 Is brightened with thine image, as the sky  
 Is kindled by the moonlight.”

Mr. Street has published too much : he should have taken a lesson from Mr. Bryant. He constantly repeats himself, too, both in subjects and expression. His volume, therefore, appears monotonous and tiresome to the reader ; without retrenchment, it can hardly become popular. But we shall watch with much interest to see what he can do in other and higher spheres. Meanwhile, however, we give him the right hand of fellowship and gentle regard, for he has filled a part, at least, of one great department of the field of poetry, with as exquisite a sense, with as fine a touch, with as loving and faithful an eye, heart and pen, as any one to whom Nature has ever whispered familiar words in solitary places.

EARLDEN.



## MORNING.

OCTOBER AMONG THE CATSKILLS.

LOUIS L. NOBLE.

GIVE me the mountains—the dark multitude  
 Of mountains that uplift the bending sky  
 From snowy Corway to the grassy Roan!\*  
 When by the deep majestic stream I pause,  
 Stilled by the silence of its solemn march  
 Seaward through groves, through fields and green defiles,  
 Swift, like the wood-dove, homeward down the wind  
 Speeds to the mountain foam my Spirit free.  
 Whether I watch the prairie's distant line  
 Flame in the sunset, and await its vast  
 Illimitable evening—or alone,  
 Where breaks the loud wave on the yellow sand,  
 See the far billows kindle in the dawn—  
 Still, with a clear-toned memory, my heart  
 Is in the mountains ever. The dry paths  
 Of meadow-brooks once merry take me where  
 Streams fling their whiteness down the slippery rocks;  
 Yea, the rent waters of the ragged chasm  
 Come when I burn the silent light, and make  
 Murmurs among my thoughts. Oh, give me then  
 The dark uncounted mountains!—give me these  
 Rising around me through the early mists.  
 All hail! ye venerable Summits. Health  
 To your green hemlocks! Calmly still ye smile  
 Upon the morning in your silvery robes.  
 Oh, I am joy, all joy to come again  
 And be your child. Some welcome have ye not  
 For one whose love hath prompted this return?  
 Ye *have* a welcome—List! along the height  
 Softly a wandering zephyr winds the woods;  
 Sings in its mossy cell that sweet recluse  
 Of rocky solitudes, the waterfall:  
 These are your *vocal* “welcome-home.” I come  
 To give ye shout for shout and smile for smile.  
 But, O ye friends of storm and the blue sky,  
 Before I share your loftier wilderness,  
 Commence we here upon this jutting crag,  
 Touched by the living gold of yonder sun.

I cannot now recall those lively thoughts  
 Which memory, busy with your image, waked  
 In my long absence: that you rise before me  
 With a magnificence outreaching fancy  
 Doth them extinguish as the radiant east  
 Quenches the sparkling stars. But well I know

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\* Corway, or Chocorhua peak is perhaps the most picturesque of the mountains of New Hampshire. The Roan mountain is in Yancy Co. North Carolina. Its grassy summit, some nine miles in extent, is a fine rolling prairie. From its heights, nearly six thousand feet above the ocean, are seen the last peaks of the Alleghanies, fading in the skies of Georgia.

Ye were a dear remembrance ; dreams of you  
 Have made me happy ; hopes of a return  
 Still happier : now, arrayed in the bright pomp  
 Of many-hued October, ye amaze  
 Mine eyes, and touch me in my deepmost heart.  
 But for one grief, and I could feel a joy  
 Finer than when delight first winged my feet  
 Along your summery caps. Oh, can you not,  
 Ye mountains, with your cliffs and wooded slopes,  
 Tell me the new-born sorrow that will go  
 Not all unwelcome with me these lone hours ?  
 Upon whose footsteps in your pathless moss  
 Beside mine own now lie the mouldering leaves ?  
 Whose faces do your pools and glassy springs  
 Image no more after the rugged meal ?  
 Beloved ones, will ye not miss them when  
 I steal, half-timorous, where the fierce white torrent  
 Searches the sullen chasm ? Will ye not miss  
 Their gladness, when my solitary shout  
 Hunts the faint echo in the far ravine ?  
 Loud was the din of voices when we scaled  
 The perilous crag ; merry the music when,  
 Footing the pathless brink, old melodies  
 We sung. Fresh is the verse as yesterday,  
 Repeated while apart we picked our ways  
 Upward, and upward still, through darkening firs.  
 Thine was the strain full oft, O wondrous Bard  
 Of Avon ; yet more often his who sang  
 Of " Sylvan Wye," or his who framed the wild  
 Melodious lay of " lovely Christabel."

But these, though sweet, are saddening thoughts, and lead  
 My feelings from the present. Let the heart  
 Fill, for the future, from the mighty fount  
 Around whose border bounteous Nature flings  
 Profusion bright and rich. Mid-mountain here,  
 I breathe the odor of the frosted balm,  
 Rising, like incense, through the countless tops  
 Of the far-sloping forest. Hark ! aloft  
 Wails in the passing mist the plaintive pine.  
 Before me, lo ! the solemn garniture  
 Of ages and the seasons ; scowling cliffs,  
 Forms everlasting, universal rest,  
 The snowy cloud and glittering cataract,  
 The tinted forests—gorgeous draperies  
 Crimson and gold, and everlasting green ;  
 But chiefly thee, O kingly peak, enthron'd  
 Among the summits. Through the misty bars  
 Of thy pale visor earliest dost thou see  
 The orient blush : now lifting it, thou tak'st  
 On thy majestic countenance the morn  
 Like one that does her rosy coming love.  
 And helmed with thine eternal firs, thou hail'st  
 From out thy solitude the peopled earth ;—  
 Towns in the purple dimness—cot and tilth  
 Couched in thy droppings—coming the white sail  
 On the blue Hudson's line. Imperial height,  
 Primeval grandeur hangs in thy repose.  
 But thou dost throw thy shadow o'er a race  
 Equal to thy destruction. Didst thou hide  
 Within thy bosom treasure, they would pierce



Thy deepest vein, thy black foundations dig,  
 Burst thy firm heart, or through thy solid brain  
 Send the hot car. Alas! the day is nigh  
 When havoc will steal up with glistening axe,  
 And dash thine ancient honors from thy brow.

How beautiful thy dark-green summit! Spring  
 Hath her unfading bower upon thee: clouds  
 Come to thy beauty with their softest showers.  
 How glorious now their parting! touching thee  
 A moment with their silvery skirts, they leave  
 Thee naked in thine own magnificence,  
 Themselves to vanish in the spotless heavens.

Oh, might I plead for thee! Thou hast a right  
 To stand among us: none may fell a fir,  
 And say he hath not wronged thee—wronged the land  
 That looks to thee and loves thee. Thou didst see,  
 Watching the mighty vale, the red man's smoke—  
 For ages climbing through the voiceless air:  
 Thou art a witness of the woes that crushed  
 And scattered him. But yesterday thou sawest  
 The daring sail of Hendric—heard'st the roar  
 Of thunders in the strife of liberty.  
 And none hath smitten thee: and none *may* smite.  
 Forever live! live till the poets come,  
 Whose souls, sublimer than the mountains, shall  
 Breathe thoughts of free Columbia's greatness with  
 A power of sweetness that will move the vales—  
 The thousand vales from Corway to the Roan,  
 From Hampshire's fettered torrents to the peaks  
 That hear Talula\* thunder in his caves.

## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE somewhat unsettled condition of the great money market of the world—London—at the latest dates, and the uncertainty in all the walks of business occasioned by the new policy of Sir Robert Peel respecting the Corn-laws, of which the decision is not accurately foreseen, have not failed measurably to exercise an influence upon the state both of our money and produce markets.

A scarcity of money in England is very soon felt in this country—so intimate are the relations, and so rapid the communication between the two. The great sums locked up in deposits on railroad schemes naturally deranged for a time the ordinary flow of money. The possibility of so radical a change in the commercial policy of the country as that aimed at by the

proposed reduction of the Tariff and the virtual abolition of the Corn-laws, as naturally induce a panic in all commercial transactions, and an unwillingness especially to operate in grain and flour. If to this it be added that when the steamers of which we received the news on 19th ult. left England, the latest dates from this country were contemporaneous with the rejection by this government of all arbitration, it will be readily understood that political apprehension falling upon a market before disturbed, produced a state of things not at all fitted to inspire confidence. Hence the general complexion of the intelligence by the *Hibernia* was disappointing—and our affairs have ever since felt the effect of it. There has been, since that arrival, a con-

\* Talula, a wild cataract in the mountains of Georgia.

stant and steady decline of prices of stocks. Political causes have, undoubtedly, a large share in this decline, but the apprehension of the effect of the general money concerns of England, of the large investments in railroads, is not without its influence; and therefore we propose to say a few words upon this topic. The assumption that the millions upon millions subscribed to railroads must operate to the derangement of the circulating medium, and consequently to the embarrassment of general business, seems to us unfounded. While, indeed, the preliminary deposits are locked up, and until active operations are commenced, there might be some little pressure occasioned, because the amount was very considerable; but even that pressure seems to us to have been overrated—for the Accountant-General, into whose hands these deposits are paid, invested them in the public stocks, and of course liberated therefrom an amount of capital to become disposable for general purposes, equal to that invested.

As to the capital of these enterprises, when once commenced it is paid out almost as fast as paid in, and returned to general circulation—so that no derangement is thereby occasioned; and then, as a matter of fact, the investments in English railroads having thus far proved so profitable as to yield, upon an average, considerably over 4 per cent. per annum—the usual rate of interest—they must be looked upon as adding to, rather than abstracting from, the active commercial capital of the country.

On another point misapprehension prevails, as to the proportion between the real wealth of the country, and what is usually considered its circulating medium. Let us take the example of England. It is estimated, by statistical writers, that the “fee simple of the resources of the British empire is worth six thousand millions sterling—while the circulation of the Bank of England amounts to only twenty millions; so that the real and personal property held by British subjects is to the amount of Bank of England notes, as *three hundred to one*. In other words, for every five pounds represented by a Bank of England note, there are fourteen hundred and ninety-five pounds not so represented of *bona fide* property, consisting of lands, houses, ships, agricultural produce, and manufacturing stock belonging to the people of that realm.” In this view, the

panic which occasionally arises because of a few millions variation in the supply of gold, or the amount of Bank note issues, will seem remarkably disproportioned to the relation existing between such sums and the whole property of the kingdom.

From these and like considerations, it seems to us that the apprehension which did undoubtedly weigh over the London market at the last dates—though in a less degree than before—of the bad effects of the railroad investments, was unfounded, and soon will be ascertained so to be; and, as a consequence, we think any distrust here that money is to be any more scarce in London, is equally without foundation.

In our opinion, therefore, there is no reason to believe that difficulties in our money market are to be occasioned by scarcity or tightness of money in England; nor do we see—except in so far as uncertainty always operates unfavorably—anything in the present aspect of the political questions in agitation between the two countries, to cause sad difficulties. The recent message of the President in answer to a call of the Senate, does not vary our position, nor in any degree abate our confidence in an eventual peaceful arrangement. The utmost that can be made of that message is, that the President now avows openly what before was inculcated underhandedly and irresponsibly, but still publicly—that there is enough of doubt about our position, with respect both to England and Mexico, to authorize some precautionary measures of self-defence. If this had been as frankly said in the message at the commencement of the session, all would have approved it; as, indeed, all who knew anything of the defenceless state of the country, expected it. The right of thing is not altered by delay, nor is the expediency of the course recommended less obvious now than before—but yet the moment chosen is inopportune. Still we apprehend no evil from the message, and trust that the Committees of the Senate to which is intrusted the charge of military and naval affairs, will soon make a report, so that it may be seen what amount of appropriations, and what extent of armament, are contemplated. The revenues now accruing are insufficient for any considerable increase of expenditure, and if such increase is to be encountered, loans or direct taxes must at once be resorted to for the means. The latter



will not be selected at first—and borrowing, therefore, will be the preferred alternative. How far this could be accomplished upon reasonable terms, would depend, in a great degree, upon the amount of money required, and in a still greater degree upon the opinion that might obtain, as to whether there probably would be occasion for other and larger loans. Hence the interest naturally felt among monied men to know the details of the proposed appropriations.

The condition of Commercial and Financial affairs has undergone little or no change; certainly no improvement, since last month. There is, if anything, somewhat more of discouragement, owing to the prolonged uncertainty of our political relations. No one admits the possibility of war with England, and yet all in some degree act as if it were possible. The tone of the British Press at the last dates, absorbed as public attention in England seemed to be by the great Corn-law discussion, and by the bloody war in India, was so unanimous in condemnation of the ground upon which arbitration was rejected by this government as to leave the impression that the government of that country may hesitate about any new attempt at an amicable arrangement, leaving this government to take its course in the premises; and meantime preparing for any event that the course taken by us may bring about. As the main hope of the friends of peace is, that Great Britain may renew the offer of the 49th parallel, or something analogous thereto, and as it seems to be settled that the American government will not make the first move towards resuming negotiation, both countries will be placed in a very dangerous dilemma, on the hypothesis that neither will make the requisite advance; the recommendation by the President in the message communicated to the Senate on the 25th ult., that appropriations in addition to those heretofore suggested by him, be made to put the country in a state of defence, gives strength to this view of the case, and unless by the Steamer from England of the 4th April some definitive information be received of the purpose of Great Britain to try negotiation again, we shall feel very great solicitude about the possibility of maintaining peace. But for this, all would be well, in all departments of business: the currency of the country is on a sound footing, its circulation not excessive, the supply of the

precious metals adequate, and the current of affairs healthy and regular; exchanges between different parts of the Republic are conducted with safety, certainty and economy; and the moment our political difficulties with England and Mexico shall be settled, the country will spring forward in a career of sure and growing prosperity. But until *that* moment, there is, and will be a pause.

The possible effect of the repeal of the English Corn-laws upon our agriculture, as well as upon our general trade, is occupying a good deal of attention; and Mr. Hudson, of Massachusetts, one of the most intelligent members of Congress, has made it the subject of a speech in which he insists, with great force, that expectation of benefit to us from this measure, if carried out, must be greatly disappointed. He fortifies his reasoning by *data*, which it seems difficult to resist. As, for instance:

From Parliamentary reports, Mr. Hudson establishes that, for a series of fourteen years—from 1829 to 1843—the annual average importation of wheat and wheat flour by Great Britain, was about 11,000,000 bushels; the heaviest importation during that time being 23,000,000, in 1842, and the lightest, 228,000, in 1835. Of the importation of 1842, the United States and the North American Colonies, together, furnished about 5,000,000 bushels, of which nearly four-fifths went from the Colonies.

Mr. Hudson then gives these tables:

The following table will show the prices of wheat per bushel, in the principal marts of trade on the Continent, from 1830 to 1843, inclusive:

	Dantzic.	Hamburg.	Amsterdam.	Antwerp.	Odessa.
1830,	\$1 07	93	1 13	95	68
1831,	1 18	1 19	1 15	1 07	71
1832,	93	90	1 10	90	62
1833,	83	70	89	55	61
1834,	70	67	66	50	77
1835,	61	65	76	68	57
1836,	70	79	76	70	52
1837,	73	76	81	99	50
1838,	94	79	1 20	1 48	65
1839,	96	1 15	1 33	1 37	79
1840,	1 07	1 30	1 11	1 48	71
1841,	1 23	99	1 09	1 45	74
1842,	1 10	1 11	1 11	95	65
1843,	76	82	78	76	48
Aver'ge	91	90	99	98	64

Here we have the prices of wheat, at five great marts of the wheat trade, for fourteen years, showing a general average of 83 cents per bushel.

The prices at our seaports, during the same period, run as follows:

In 1830, . . . \$1 15	In 1837, . . . \$1 83
1831, . . . 1 18	1838, . . . 1 54
1832, . . . 1 15	1839, . . . 1 42
1833, . . . 1 13	1840, . . . 1 10
1834, . . . 1 03	1841, . . . 1 03
1835, . . . 1 19	1842, . . . 1 16
1836, . . . 1 44	1843, . . . 1 00

The general average of the aforementioned prices is \$1 25; being 37 cents more than the average per bushel at the aforementioned ports on the Black Sea and Baltic. This shows demonstratively, that, in the first cost of the grain, we are not able to come into fair competition with our trans-Atlantic wheat growers.

This seems very conclusive, and the disadvantage would be still greater for us if the higher freights between this country and England were brought into the account.

The uncertainty of the fate of Sir R. Peel's *quasi* free-trade policy, kept everything at a stand in England; and the intimate relations between the markets of that country and our own cause a like inactivity here. The stocks of bread-stuffs in this country are considerable, but any large foreign demand would run prices up rapidly. If no such demand should occur, they will with difficulty be maintained where they are, in the face of the supply on hand, and the general good appearance of the very large growing crops. Heavy snows lying long and late on the ground, as has been the case very generally this season, are great helps to the grain.

The opening of the North river is pouring into our market the accumulation of the winter on its shores, in the way of provisions, bread-stuffs, &c., and a cheerful activity is thereby imparted to the portions of the city where this trade is

carried on. The canals, it is feared, will not be opened till near the end of this month (April), considerable damage having been occasioned by the heavy Spring freshets.

Our money market is somewhat stiff, but not pinched. The rising of the rates of foreign exchanges, which so surely admonishes the banks of any excess of circulation, will prompt these institutions to some additional restriction of discounts; and we are, therefore, prepared to think that, for some weeks to come, there will be a more general demand for money. The Exchange on England may be quoted at  $9\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{1}{4}$  premium; on France at 5f.

Stocks, in general, have fallen during the past months—the gambling stocks varying with the phases of luck. But the regular and substantial State stocks have also undergone a slight decline, indicating, undoubtedly, an increasing uneasiness about our political condition. The fall in Pennsylvania, indeed, is to be accounted for differently, being occasioned mainly by the damage which some of the public works have sustained from the floods, and the cost of repairing which will trench considerably upon the funds for paying the interest of the debt, while the delay occasioned by these injuries will cause the loss of an early Spring month, which is usually of great consequence to the tolls.

We do not think it worth while to quote the whole stock list, and content ourselves with the comparative statement annexed, of prices on 1st ult. and on 27th:

	1st March.	27th March.
New York fives, $99\frac{1}{2}$ . . .		none sold.
Ohio, $94\frac{1}{4}$ . . .		same.
Pennsylvania, $71\frac{1}{4}$ . . .		70
Harlaem, $52\frac{1}{2}$ . . .		$54\frac{1}{2}$
Norwich & Wor. $64\frac{3}{4}$ . . .		61
Reading, $75\frac{3}{4}$ . . .		73
Long Island, 46 . . .		$44\frac{1}{2}$

## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

Πολλῶν δ' ἀνθρώπων ἶδεν ἄστρα, καὶ νοῦν ἔγνω.

“He beheld the cities of many nations, and became acquainted with the opinions of men.—ODYSSEY.

THE steam packet of the 4th ult., brought intelligence of the triumph of Sir Robert Peel and his commercial policy, in the House of Commons. After a long, ve-

hement and very able discussion of twelve consecutive nights, during which the new policy of the Prime Minister was subjected to the most rigid and exacting scrutiny, the



House divided, and resolved, by a vote of three hundred and thirty-seven against two hundred and forty, to go into committee on the Customs and Corn Importation Act at once, rather than postpone its consideration for six months, as proposed by the rejected amendment of Mr. Miles. This vote settles the question, so far as the Commons are concerned, and will not be without its influence on the House of Lords. The truth is, the time has come, when the abolition of protective duties on articles of food, which the people of Great Britain require for their sustenance, must be abolished. In the course he has pursued, the Premier has only obeyed the dictates of that substantial and sovereign public sentiment which no statesman, in a country which has in its constitution so many popular elements as England, can safely disregard. Had he not preferred to lead it, he must inevitably have been crushed by it. The policy he has pursued will almost certainly be adopted by Parliament, and approved by the people. At a subsequent setting, a motion of Mr. Villiers, to make the abolition of duties *immediate*, instead of gradual, was rejected by a still larger majority—the vote standing, Ayes 78, Noes 265.

The most stirring news comes from INDIA. The British arms, in their career of indefinite Asiatic conquest, apparently as limitless as Alexander's ambition, have achieved a victory over the Seikhs, the inhabitants of the Punjab, remarkable at once for its brilliancy, importance, and the blood which it cost. For several months a very large British force has been concentrated upon the frontier of the territory of the Seikhs, for the alleged purpose of checking any anarchy, by which the peace of the British dominions might be threatened. The army of the Seikhs likewise moved toward the Sutlej, and from the 11th to the 14th of December last, made the passage of that river, and threatened the advanced posts of the British army, with some 80,000 fighting-men and about one hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, "of the largest calibre movable in the field, and exquisitely finished—an artillery immeasurably more powerful than was ever brought into the field by Wellington or Napoleon." Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General, and Sir Hugh Gough, Commander-in-chief, immediately hastened to repel them. By forced marches, a part of their force came up in time, and the men, parched with thirst and sinking with fatigue, were led, at once, against the foe. A doubtful success on the 18th, was followed by a suspension of hostilities until the 21st and 22d, when was waged a most severe and remarkable contest. The force of the Seikhs is stated at 60,000, with a hundred guns, and strongly intrenched.

The British had about one-third that number, with few guns, and those light. They attacked the enemy, forced them from their guns, with immense carnage, and finally, after a protracted and most bloody struggle, drove them entirely from the field. Even according to the British official reports, they lost about 4,000 of their soldiers in this engagement, and many of their ablest and most gallant officers, of whom Sir Robert Sale was one.

This is undoubtedly but the opening of the campaign; and if the British troops meet so firm and so fatal a resistance at each step of their progress as that which marked the commencement of the war, the conquest of the Punjab, and its annexation to the British dominions, will not be speedily or cheaply accomplished. That it has been resolved upon, is officially declared, in a proclamation recently issued by the Governor-General.

No action or debate has been had in Parliament on American affairs, nor do the public journals contain anything of especial interest to this country. The proposition, to which we have before alluded, of transmuting the Republic of Mexico into a Monarchy, and seating upon the throne a Bourbon prince, of the Spanish branch, is actively canvassed by the semi-official papers of London, Paris and Madrid. All agree upon the feasibility of the scheme, and upon its importance, as affording the only means of checking the rapid and threatening aggrandizement of the American Union. Whether the Governments of England, France and Spain are in any way connected with this intrigue, can, of course, only be a matter of conjecture. But the favor with which the project is received, the zeal with which it is urged, and the peculiar motive which is avowed by its leading advocates, are well calculated to attract the attention, and excite the curiosity of the people of this country. The first step towards its accomplishment must, of course, be to secure the acquiescence of the Mexicans themselves, as without that nothing can be done; and in connection with this point, the fact is not unimportant, that a new paper has been recently established in Mexico, for the express purpose of advocating such a change. Thus far, however, it has not been received with any indications of public favor.

In the literary world we hear of no startling novelties. Publishers are enforced to suspend operations until the intense political excitement shall have passed away, and the public shall be again at liberty to read. A very good collection of the Miscellanies of SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH has been made by one of his sons, and is issued in three octavo volumes. The first part of Bell's Life of CANNING has been published. Without being a biography of any extraor-



dinary merit, it is still well-written, and will be read with interest. The important political events of the age in which he lived, the great characters with whom he acted, and the distinguished part which he himself bore in the doings of his time, will always impart to Canning's life attraction seldom exhibited in similar works. MONTHOLON's *Memoirs of Bonaparte* create but a feeble sensation. They lack precisely that quality for which every one had looked—*piquancy* and personal reminiscence. The two volumes which comprise all thus far issued, are mainly made up of comments and explanations upon the leading events of his life, dictated by Napoleon himself. The *Memoirs* are far less readable than those of Las Casas or O'Meara.

A work of a good deal of interest to the scientific world has just been commenced in London. It is an account of the numerous fossil animals which have recently been discovered in the north of INDIA. Naturalists, for some twelve years past, have very diligently prosecuted their inquiries in this region of the earth, and it is said to have proved more abundant in fossil animals than any other region yet explored. The first part, which is all yet published, commences with the elephant group, and is very elegantly illustrated with plates done on stone.

MR. COLTON's "Life and Times of Henry Clay" is rather roughly handled by the *Athenæum*, in which it is characterized as "a party pamphlet in two ponderous volumes." When the *Athenæum* says, as it does in the notice of the book, that Mr. Clay's advocacy of a protective tariff was the chief cause of his defeat at the late election, it betrays an ignorance of facts upon the subject, which, under the circumstances, must be deemed disgraceful. Englishmen, of course, are not required to make themselves acquainted with American politics; but unless they do, they should not attempt such sweeping comments upon them. The same journal says they would have been "glad to investigate the career of a statesman, who, like Mr. Clay, has won his way to fame and distinction from a humble condition by his own honorable exertions; such a picture, faithfully sketched, would be a valuable illustration of political life in the United States; but in these volumes the lineaments are so distorted, and the incidents so obviously falsified, that every inference which they suggest is in direct contradiction to truth and nature."

A new argument upon the Oregon question, by Dr. TRAVERS TWISS, has excited some attention. The author is Professor of Political Economy at Oxford, and is a civilian of decided ability. The work of Greenhow is very cleverly examined—the points of international law involved are very fully discussed—and suggestions of some weight

are made as to the best method of arranging the controversy. He advises that "the ports in Admiralty Inlet and Puget's Sound be declared free ports, with a given radius of free territory." Some of the most influential journals regard this proposition as quite inadequate. The book, probably, will not be found of sufficiently general interest to warrant a reprint, but it is well worth reading.

Mr. Melville's account of a residence of Four Years in the Marquesas Islands, recently published in this city, was simultaneously issued in London, and is quite widely and very favorably noticed. Its racy style merits all that may be said of it, and it is certainly among the most readable books recently published. But we marvel somewhat that its palpable Munchausenisms have been treated so tenderly. The *Athenæum* has a review of POE's *Poems*, which are condemned as filled with a borrowed mysticism, and as giving back, like all American poetry, English coin, "thinned and deteriorated by the transit." The Raven is quoted as "a strange specimen of the author's mannerisms—yet involving a poetical feeling, of which the mannerisms themselves seem almost to make a part."

Several new volumes of *Poems* have made their appearance. "Ballad Romances," by R. H. HORNE, is commended as possessing very many beauties, with some faults. The "Pleasures of Poesy," is the title of a Poem, by H. W. HAYNES, of which little praise is uttered; and the "Flight of Armida," by an anonymous author, is said to promise considerably more than is performed. "Gaetano and other Poems," by Mr. G. Mayfield, possesses merit yet falls short of good poetry: the minor poems, some lyrical, and others didactic, show, it is said, more logic than fancy; and though mechanically correct, have little melody. "Lays of the Sea, and other Poems, by Personne," is very summarily dismissed by the *Athenæum*, with this brief criticism: "These poems, it seems, were written by nobody, and nobody, we imagine, can afford to read them. They have the true no-character of their parentage." Thomas Cooper, the chartist, has published a Christmas Rhyme, called the "Baron's Yule Feast," which is warmly praised, not less for its matter than its manner. The "Festival of Fancy," by Robert Rose, is published, according to the Preface, by reason of the favor with which his former works have been received. The London journals protest, each for itself, against being reproached with any share of the offence which is thus made answerable for this new volume.

Mr. J. P. COLLIER announces a volume of the Lives of the Players enumerated, by Heminge and Condell, before the first folio edition of Shakespeare's Plays. It is to be issued among the publications of the



Shakspeare Society for the present year. It is said to contain matter of a good deal of interest.

According to a letter in the Angsburg Journal, a political censorship of the press exists in France of extreme severity. There is an office under that of the minister for foreign affairs, where all packets of books are to be examined: and other offices exist for the same purpose, at various points along the frontier. *Punch*, the well-known London journal, though once admitted freely, is now, it is said, excluded for having caricatured some of the Princes of France.

A book of some interest, entitled "Trade and Travel in the Far East," has just been published in London. It is the production of a Mr. DAVIDSON, a man of a roving and adventurous disposition, and who has spent over twenty years in China, Australia, and other regions of the East, in miscellaneous adventures as servant, master, merchant and settler. The book is written racy, often carelessly, but always amusingly. It probably has less value as an authority, than interest as a book of adventure. It certainly contains much matter which is highly attractive.

A "Workingman's Recollections of America," is the title of a little volume recently issued by Knight, of London, which gives, in a very homely but very plain and effective manner, much information of interest and importance to the European laborers who are about to seek new homes in America. It corrects the manifold misapprehensions on the subject, which have done so much injury, and still does full justice to the vast advantages offered by the United States to those who seek relief from the severe taxation, the unrewarded drudgery and the general degradation, of the too densely peopled countries of the Old World.

In a Lecture delivered before the London Institution, at one of its recent meetings, Professor Grove gave a brief sketch of the principal scientific discoveries of the past year. Prof. Faraday has succeeded in liquifying six gases which have previously resisted all efforts, and in solidifying five which have by other philosophers been reduced to the liquid state. These effects were produced by pressure and intense cold. Mr. Donne, a Continental chemist, has discovered that when water was deprived of all the air on solution, it did not boil, although subjected to a degree of heat far above that which, under ordinary circumstances, was required for ebullition: and that further, when deprived of its air, it may be raised or supported by the pressure of the atmosphere fully three times higher than under ordinary circumstances. The researches of Professor Scheenbein with regard to azote, and the various theories concerning it, were sketched: and the experiment of Bontigny, illustrative of the repellant power of heat radiating from bodies at a high temperature, was also described.

The electrization of plants was also considered, and the experiments of Mr. Solly, who has made no less than 140, were said to have shown clearly that it has no effect upon their growth. Prof. Faraday's discoveries of the relation between light and magnetism, Lord Rosse's large telescope, and the discovery of the new planet *Astræa*, formed the other topics of the discourse.

The Paris Academy of Sciences, and many English Astronomers, are speculating upon the comet recently observed in our planetary system—which had either become double, or had found another comet on its way, with which it was gravitating. It is announced that M. Vaiz, of Marseilles, first made the discovery, which had since been verified in different observatories of Europe. Our impression is very decided, that Lieut. Maury, of the Washington Observatory, first announced the discovery of this double comet. His statement concerning it certainly bears date earlier than that of any other we have seen. At the session of the Academy held on the 9th of February, a communication was made of some very singular experiments with the Electro-Galvanic light, said to have been obtained by Bunsen's apparatus: we find this account of it in the scientific report:—

"The writer states that he causes this light to enter a dark room through an opening in a screen or shutter, and then, with the aid of powerful reflectors, is able to distinguish the internal parts of the human body. The veins, the arteries, the circulation of the blood, and the action of the nerves, are, he says, seen by him with perfect distinctness; and, if the light be directed towards the region of the heart, he is enabled to study all the mechanism of that important organ as if it were placed before him under a glass. The author even asserts that he has ascertained the existence of tubercles in the lungs of a consumptive patient, and gives a drawing of them as they appeared. On rubbing the skin with a little olive oil, the transparency was augmented, and he was enabled to follow the process of digestion (!)"

A book has recently been published in Paris, in the German language, and by a German author, which asserts, with great vehemence, and urges with intense bitterness, that *Caspar Hauser*, whose release from an imprisonment which he had been forced to sustain from early childhood at Nuremberg, some years since, created so deep and general an excitement, was the son of Charles Louis Frederic, son of the hereditary Prince of Baden, and the Princess Louise Napoleone de Beauharnais, the adopted daughter of Napoleon. According to the representations of this author, the political interests of the Grand Duke of Baden led to the announcement, soon after its birth, that the child was dead: but it is said that he was sent to a Catholic Curate on the Rhine, who kept him in wretched confinement apart from everything which could improve his mind, and finally transferred him



to Nuremberg, where he became known to the world. A Brussels correspondent of Graham's Magazine, gives a very copious summary of the circumstances of this transaction. He says that Prussia, Austria, and even Russia were concerned in it, and that Lord Stanhope was also connected with it. The Prime Minister of the Duke of Baden, by whom it was done, is still living, and the author names throughout, the persons who bore a part in this stupendous crime. The priests who took part in it have all risen rapidly to rank and fortune, and the murderer of Caspar Hanser became, from a simple clerk in a retail shop, the confidant, brother-in-law and prime minister of the Grand Duke Ludwig. This must certainly be a work of startling interest.

A work on the political aspect of BRAZIL by the Count de Sugannet, has just been published in Paris. It is said to present the prospects of that most richly-endowed country in a very gloomy and unpromising light, and predicts a revolution which shall swallow up the dominant hereditary monarchy of the country. The fifth volume of THIERS' Consulate and Empire, which relates to the French policy pursued in Germany, has called forth a perfect thunderstorm of criticism from the German press. The Abbe Cormenin is about to publish his *Philosophy of Religion*. The *Tabula Amalfitana*, forming the oldest code of maritime laws on record, has recently been published at Vienna, from a MS. in the Imperial Library. A compilation of all the Memoirs relating to the history of French Society in the eighteenth century, has been commenced in Paris:—M. Francois Barrière, Editor of the *Journal des Debats*, has undertaken to edit the work.

A Paris correspondent of the *Athenæum* gives an interesting account of the newspaper press of that Capital. He says there are twenty-six daily papers published in the city, with an aggregate subscription of about 140,000, in which number the *Journal des Debats*, *Le Constitutionnel*, *La Presse* and *La Siecle* figure for 100,000, and *L'Epoque* for 20,000. The remaining twenty-one have only 20,000 among them, or about 950 each. Although the aggregate circulation is greater than that of the English papers, the writer does not think that they have as many readers. Nearly all of them, moreover, are read quite as much for their *feuilletons* as for their political or general news.

The Paris *Savans* are very much interested in a most remarkable case of animal electricity exhibited in a young girl about thirteen years of age, named Angelique Cotton. As we do not remember ever to have seen a similar case, we think the following account of it from Galignani's Messenger will be read with interest:

"Angelique Cotton is thirteen, a native of the department of the Finistere, where she was employed in a thread-glove manufactory

as a winder. One day, whilst at work with her companions, the reel on which she was winding thread was suddenly projected from her. The circumstance excited surprise, the reel was replaced, when the same effect was renewed. It was then evident that Angelique herself was the cause. The affair made a noise in the village, and the cure was called in. It was supposed by them that she was possessed, and an exorcism was had recourse to, but no devil came out. After the priest, the doctor was applied to, but he was as unable to effect a cure as the curate had been. Another doctor then visited her, and witnessed the same effects as the other had seen, but being a sensible man, he made no attempt to cure an affection which he did not understand. This gentleman induced the mother of Angelique to send her to Paris and accompanied her. A few days ago she was taken to the Observatory, where Messrs. Arago, Mathieu, Laugier, and Goujon, witnessed the following experiments;—A piece of paper, placed upon the edge of a table, was immediately attracted by the left hand of the girl. She then, holding her apron in her hand approached a gueridon, which was pushed back, although the apron scarcely touched it. The next experiment was to place her in a chair with her feet on the ground. The chair was projected with violence against the wall, while the girl was thrown the other way. This experiment was repeated several times, and with the same results. M. Arago laid his hand upon the chair to prevent its moving, but the force was too great for his resistance, and M. Goujon, having seated himself on part of the chair was thrown off as soon as Angelique had also taken her seat. Such, said M. Arago, were the facts witnessed, and he had seen nothing to justify an opinion that any deception had been practised. Since then other experiments have been performed by Dr. Tauchon. This gentleman had the chair in which Angelique was seated held by two powerful men. In this instance it was not driven away, but broke in their hands. A table, a gueridon, and a heavy sofa were projected by the mere contact of the girl's clothes. Dr. Tauchon ascertained that the chair in which she sits is first attracted, and next repulsed. When Angelique is isolated from the ground by a glass stool, oiled silk, or any other non-conductor of electricity, the projections do not take place. A loadstone being placed near the left hand, which alone is magnetic, she experienced different sensations, according as the north and south poles were applied, and could tell with which pole she was in contact. She is repulsed by the north pole. She experiences violent commotions, when the electric discharges take place, and suffers greatly from them. It is in the evening, between seven and nine, about an hour after she has dined, that her electrical power is most strongly developed. Her pulse then beats from 105 to 120 per minute.

The data thus far within our reach, do not warrant us in forming any opinion upon the case: but nothing except the names of the eminent French Savans, which are given in connection with the narrative of these experiments, induces us to lay them before our readers.



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Farmers' Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture.* Edited by JOHN S. SKINNER. New York: Greeley & McElrath. Terms—\$5 per annum.

The progress of scientific and practical Agriculture in our widely diversified country within the last few years, though by no means commensurate with its acknowledged importance as compared with other topics affecting the interests and the happiness of the people, has yet been such as may well excite the hope that, at no distant day, the subject will take its legitimate place in the circle of the sciences and in the popular estimation. The indications of this progress are to be seen in the generally improved appearance of farms—especially in some of the older States; in the readiness to invest capital in agricultural operations; in the constantly increasing interest manifested in the proceedings of Agricultural Societies; in the rapid multiplication of Agricultural periodicals; and, above all, in the elevated aims and scientific character exhibited in the pages of some of these publications. We cannot but place foremost of these "*The Farmers' Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture.*" We hope a brief notice of its merits will have the effect to induce such of our readers as are interested in agricultural pursuits to examine for themselves.

It is little more than a quarter of a century since Mr. Skinner commenced the publication, at Baltimore, of the "*American Farmer*," the first periodical in this country devoted to Agriculture. The scheme was pronounced chimerical by many heads revered for sagacity and wisdom; it is worth the while to mark how the result has more than justified all the enthusiastic hopes of the rash experimenter. Instead of one agricultural periodical struggling for a precarious subsistence, and casting a dim light upon the ignorance which rested on this more than over any other of the great interests of the country, we now have a large number of well supported journals devoted to the discussion and development of this exclusive subject, and adapted to the peculiar local wants of the different portions of our country. The effect of these has been to promote a taste for reading, a spirit of investigation, and an eagerness for a thorough knowledge of Agriculture in all its practical and scientific relations, which cannot be fully met by any publication less elevated in its aims than that now before us. We regard "*The Farmers' Library*," therefore, as the natural growth of past efforts in the field of agricultural

science, and as making a new era in the progress of this important branch of our national literature. It fills a place not occupied by any previous publication, and being of a national and not a local character, it can be commended to general circulation on grounds which need not excite the jealousy of older journals.

The plan of the work is peculiar. It is divided into two parts; and though both look to the same general object, each is yet distinct from the other. The part embraced by the title of "*Farmers' Library*," is separately paged, and intended to form a distinct volume at the close of the year. It will embrace the best works from the agricultural literature of foreign countries, essays on the Natural Sciences, such as Botany, Entomology, Horticulture, Arboriculture, &c. The first work selected for this department was PETZOLDT'S "*Lectures to Farmers on Agricultural Chemistry*," which was completed in two consecutive numbers. This was followed by THAER'S "*Principles of Agriculture*," which is not yet completed. These works alone are worth double the yearly subscription to the whole Magazine, being of the highest practical value to every American Farmer. They will be followed by others of equal interest and importance, and thus the Farmers of the country will have placed before them the very choicest works relating to their occupation, on terms which will leave them without reasonable excuse for remaining in ignorance of their valuable contents.

The other portion of the work, embraced under the title of "*Monthly Journal of Agriculture*," is filled with briefer but scarcely less valuable articles. It embraces choice selections from foreign Agricultural Journals, and to a limited extent, from similar works in our own country, and brief original essays from the Editor and his correspondents on all the various topics interesting to the scientific and practical Farmer.

The first number of the work appeared in July last, and we now have before us the numbers for eight consecutive months. In looking them over we see no indication that the Editor is likely to exhaust the rich materials gathered in the course of a long life, during which he has fostered a deep love for rural pursuits, and kept a watchful eye upon every occurrence having even the remotest bearing upon the subject which, more than any other, has tasked the powers of his vigorous intellect. As a writer he is both amusing and instructive, though his

style, it must be confessed, is often careless and inelegant. Probably few men in our country combine in themselves more of the necessary qualifications for conducting such a work, and as he is fortunately well known in all parts of the United States, we are not surprised at the large circulation which it has already acquired under his management. Appreciating very highly the various other Agricultural periodicals in our country, and wishing them all the success they deserve in the fields which they respectively occupy, we still look with superior interest to "The Farmers' Library and Monthly Journal of Agriculture," as a national work, filling its own peculiar niche, and adapted to confer honor as well upon the country as upon the cause it advocates.

The Publishers have spared no expense in giving the work an appropriate dress. They have already embellished it with portraits of the late Hon. Stephen Van Rensselaer, Judge Peters, and Professor Liebig; also with engravings of domestic animals, vegetables, plants, &c. The work will form, at the end of the year, two distinct volumes of more than 600 pages each, filled with matter of permanent interest, and in a style which will render them ornaments to any library in the land. It is deserving of the support of every one who cares for this greatest of our national interests.

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*Vision of Dante*; Translated by the Rev. HENRY F. CARY, A. M. New York: Appleton & Co.

This is now "established," perhaps because the only entire English version of the most untranslatable of all poems. We have a vague impression of having seen, several months ago, noticed in English periodicals, some specimens of a new effort, published in London. They consisted of a few cantos of (if we remember well) the *Inferno*; and seemed of commendable execution—to judge from the extracts of the reviewer.

This translator would have a general, and in our mind, essential, advantage over Cary, in his employing rhyme. He, moreover, retained the measure and stanza of the original; both as well adapted to the English as to the Italian language, as we may see in (for example) "*Don Juan*," which owes half of what is esteemed its poetry to the undulating cadence of the *terza rima*. The importance of rhyme as an element of poetry in the modern languages is, we think, far too much underrated (perhaps misconceived, rather) by English critics; although they consider it, when national jealousy is to be subserved, as the sole constituent of French poetry. Rhyme is, in fact, a powerful means of

acting physically or through the senses—as music acts—upon even the cultivated reader. Nowhere is its aid more requisite than in a translation of Dante; both to lull and ravish the soul into the sublime region of his conceptions, and to smother certain aspirations of his style, resulting as well from his fullness of thought, as the fact of having written, ere yet the Tuscan was the "syren tongue." Mr. Cary has not only renounced this advantage, but retains, it would seem sedulously, many of the ruggednesses alluded to, in his frequent involutions, (scarcely pardonable in "blank verse,") and the use of antiquated words.

This is visible on every page. We have naturally turned to the exquisite episode of "Francesca;" which Leigh Hunt has rendered so familiar (in more senses than one) in his *Rimini*. We think any who have read the original and will try to recognize it here, may conceive something of what we have been able scarce to intimate in these few remarks. For instance:

"Francesca! your sad fate  
Even to tears my grief and pity moves.  
But tell me; in the time of your sweet sighs,  
By what, and how Love granted, that ye  
knew," &c.

This is translation neither of a poet, nor by a poet. The last line as far as intelligible, is ambiguous. The word "even," in the second, is feeble and occasions a hiatus; its position, immediately after the closing pause of the preceding line, not only warrants, but requires an anapæst, as "even unto, &c. Cary seems not to have been aware that Prosody is so accommodating to Poetry.

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*North's Specimens of the British Critics.* By CHRISTOPHER NORTH, (John Wilson), Philadelphia: Carey and Hart.

We are glad to see this volume of Prof. Wilson's latest criticisms. They are not among the more brilliant of his varied and brilliant writings. To the Magazine reader they have, by no means, the attractiveness of his earlier rambling, rhapsodical, episodic critiques, especially those remarkable productions which may be said in a great measure to have made his reputation—the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. Yet they are really among the most able and valuable of his critical essays. They are more sober, condensed—written in more of an English style—than most of his writings, and exceedingly full of information, not only about the immediate subject, but touching innumerable collateral points in the empire of Letters. It is, also, scarcely less rich in illustrations, than his former more diffuse productions.



*Journey to Ararat.* By Dr. FRIEDRICH PARROT, Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Dorpat, Russian Imperial Counsellor of State, etc., with map and wood cuts. Translated by W. D. COOLEY. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.

The work before us appears to be an abridgment of the very profound and extensive journal of the author; but embracing in a condensed form the most valuable of his scientific observations. The object of his journey appears to have been entirely connected with scientific investigations, yet nothing escaped his notice; and we accordingly find, intermingled with geographical descriptions, chemical analysis and geological researches, full and interesting descriptions of men, manners and governments. In one chapter the reader will find a description of the King of Persia's family—remarks upon the turbulence of the natives—an account of the Plague—experiments with the pendulum, and of the hot springs and their chemical analysis, etc. The author obtained wide celebrity for his daring feat of ascending Mt. Ararat; and he is supposed to be the first person who was successful in the experiment, though it has since been accomplished by others. A very full account of this enterprise is contained in the volume. The author's style is rather heavy, especially in passages which he endeavors to work up into something fine. In the main, however, it is sufficiently well fitted for a vehicle of scientific information. To those, at least, engaged in geological studies, the work will be found quite useful. Those who read for simple amusement will unquestionably find more congenial materials in the "yellow-covered, cheap literature" of this prolific age.

*Arnold's First and Second Latin Book.*

Edited by REV. J. A. SPENCER, A. M.  
New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is the title of a new Latin Grammar, now first published in this country. It is a long time since any first book of Latin has been given to the public, claiming superiority to those used for twenty years past; many attempts have been made to simplify the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages, but without any marked success. We were somewhat taken by surprise, on examining this work, to find all the most difficult points so fully and satisfactorily explained. The arrangement is somewhat different from the ordinary grammars of the language, being divided into lessons and exercises, assuming the principle of "imitation and frequent repetition." The roots of the verbs and the gerund, the con-

struction of the Genitive case, the rules and cautions in translation, the terminations of different parts of speech, together with the sketch of Latin Accidence, and distinction of Synonymes form an acquisition that will enable the student to acquire a very thorough knowledge of the language, and facilitate the labor of the teacher. Beside the Latin and English Vocabulary, there are three Appendices, containing matter that the student seldom meets with either in the preparatory school or college. We cannot enter into the merits of this work in detail. The work is conducted on the much admired system of Ollendorff, which is recommendation sufficient, to those who are acquainted with it. If it is possible to acquire a knowledge of the language without a teacher, this is the only work we have seen that is at all suitable for the study. Being the first of a classical series of school books on the system above spoken of—and we hope soon to see more—we have no doubt it will supersede others now in use; and although designated as a school book, we recommend all students and professors to possess a copy. The name of one of the most distinguished of the modern scholars of England, Dr. Arnold, is sufficient to draw towards this series the attention of the scholars of this country.

*Voltaire and Rousseau against the Atheist.*

This is a selection of passages from these two celebrated writers, in favor of the being of a God. Their force and earnestness will astonish many good people, (we have no doubt,) who do not reflect that diamonds are sometimes picked up from dunghills; whilst those who persist in seeing and feeling only with their senses, may be induced to open their other eyes, when they find themselves so rudely shaken by their own nurses.

The extract from Rousseau we can commend as a most exquisite piece of reasoning, in a most excellent spirit.

*A Practical Treatise on Healthy Skin.*

By ERASMUS WILSON.

The anatomical, physiological, and hygienic facts contained in this volume, are of immense importance, setting aside the medical prescriptions, which will doubtless mostly be set aside as soon as the rest of the book is properly studied, digested and acted on. There is no knowledge more needed than that contained in Dr. Wilson's book; and we very devoutly tender him our thanks for it, on behalf of ourselves, and the "great unwashed."

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No. V.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.\*

NOTHING is farther from our intention than to enter into a formal review, either of the matter or the style of the work, the title of which is subjoined below. As far as the compiler and his production are concerned, our opinion may be expressed in the briefest possible terms. Of the morality of the transactions in which the publication of this collection of letters had its origin, we will not permit ourselves to entertain any, even the least, discussion. The very idea of an argumentative parley in this matter is degrading and injurious to the moral sense. No sophistry employed by the writer or compiler, in defence of his course, ought to have the least weight, in his justification, with any sound mind. It is of no consequence whether the box containing these letters was put into his hands by one who had the legal charge of the Custom House, or not. It is of no consequence whether he opened them alone, or in the presence of some third person or persons. It matters not by whose connivance the deed was done. It is of no importance who possessed the legal or delegated ownership of the chest, the papers, the inclosures, or the apartment in which this correspondence was deposited. It is enough, for any sound and honorable mind, that they were letters writ-

ten in *privacy and confidence*, and of such a nature, that those who wrote them, and those to whom they were addressed, never can be supposed, under any circumstances, to have consented to their publication, had they been consulted in the affair. To touch the seal under such circumstances, or to misplace a folding, or even to cast a glance at the interior, was morally wrong and dishonorable: to publish their contents to the world, was a most heinous offence. To do all this with a deliberate design, as it appears to us, to accomplish a revengeful purpose, by lacerating the feelings of those whose confidential epistolary intercourse is thus laid bare to the public gaze, was the act of an unprincipled man.

Private correspondence, unless under very peculiar circumstances to which we shall advert, is *sacred*. The term is well chosen, and admirably adapted to express that religious regard to faith, or confidence, of man in man—that feeling of true honor, which, next to religion itself, is most conservative of all social and political virtues. We hazard the proposition, in which, we think, every sound conscience will agree with us, that when Mackenzie thus *purloined* the private thoughts of others against their will, and gave them to the public, he committed a

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\* Life and Times of Martin Van Buren: the Correspondence of his Friends, Family and Pupils; together with brief notices, sketches, anecdotes, &c., &c. By William L. Mackenzie. Boston: Cooke & Co. .



greater crime than if he had picked the lock of Mr. Hoyt's private drawer, for the purpose of stealing his cash. In the one case, little confidence is reposed, and, therefore, little is violated—it is mainly a *breach of the peace*; the other involves that higher criminality, a *breach of trust*. All crime may be said, to some extent, to involve this peculiar species of guilt, but especially is this the case with injuries to that kind of *property*, or, rather, *propriety*, (to use an obsolete yet most expressive form of the word,) whose great security is in this sacred confidence, or feeling of honor, among mankind.

The question may arise—Can there possibly be circumstances under which this may be rightly, and, if rightly, honorably done? Even when thus stated, a truly upright and conscientious person would not answer rashly in the affirmative. The negative position is surely safe, until the other is most indubitably shown to be right. If it be said that great good may come from disclosures thus procured, or that great evils may be prevented by them, still the question returns—Can there be a greater good to society than the cultivation of this sacred feeling of confidence, even when carried to what may seem extreme bounds; and can there be a greater evil than that universal sentiment of suspicion and mistrust, which must be the result of hazarding, without great caution, exceptions to so conservative and religious a principle? Let us admit, however, that there might be two most extreme cases in which the rule would bear to be relaxed: namely, when the object is to discover and prevent a suspected and atrocious conspiracy for the injury of a fellow-citizen, or to defeat a plot of treason against the State. These cases, however, have a peculiar feature, which would seem to justify the exception. The atrociousness, secrecy, and treachery of such conspiracies may be said to negative the very idea of confidence. So also in case of war, no trust is reposed or promised, either expressly or by implication. There is, on all sides, a mutual consciousness of this, and therefore that same injury is not done to the moral sense; there is not that universal, fear-inspiring feeling of distrust, the tendency of which is to dissolve society to its very elements, and to produce a social condition, the very opposite of that in which consists the true life of the State.

From a glance at Mackenzie's introduction, we should judge that his own

conscience, obtuse as it must be, is not satisfied, unless he can bring his own offence, seemingly at least, under these or similar exceptions. He appears to labor hard to show that he has been actuated by a great desire to promote the public good. He even claims to be a champion of *truth* and fair-dealing. He blasphemously quotes Scripture in proof of the righteousness of “exposing hidden wickedness,”—“when rulers rule ill, and the people love to have it so.” “*Truth*”—indignantly exclaims this most honorable and conscientious man—“*Truth* is opposed, and there is not any that pleads for it—not any that has the *conscience* and *courage* to appear in defence of an *honest* cause, and confront a prosperous *fraud* and *wrong*.” How little trust this man has in *himself*, or in the correctness of his own reasoning, appears from the fact that, after all his appeals to perverted passages of Scripture, and to the purity of his motives, he rests finally on a miserable *argumentum ad hominem*, thereby making this most suspicious of all positions his stronghold, and, in fact, the only defence in which he has, or can have, any real confidence. Some of those whose confidential letters he is thus basely giving to the public, had expressed themselves lightly in regard to the sacredness of the private correspondence of others, and this our martyr to truth and fair-dealing regards as his conclusive justification, with all conscientious men, for the same disgraceful offence, avowed and carried out on a scale of far greater magnitude.

These pleas, however, do not avail in the present case. Let those whose correspondence is thus disclosed be regarded, if you please, as most corrupt men. Admit that they are selfish, unpatriotic, governed by a base ambition, that seeks to obtain its ends by ignoble means; still they cannot be charged with a conspiracy to commit atrocious crimes against individuals, or treason, in any ordinary sense of the term, against the State. To justify on the ground of suspected evils of a less degree, or because the revealer allows himself to fancy that the disclosures would justly render them unworthy of the public confidence, and, therefore, place them in a condition of less power for mischief, would be so to relax a most salutary rule of morals, as to render it entirely nugatory. It would be, in fact, the complete adoption of the maxim, to “do evil, that good may come:”—besides,



leaving it to every individual to apply this dangerous principle according to his own private judgment of utility, free from any control of an established rule of social morality arising from the steady exercise of a sound public conscience.

We do not believe, however, that Mr. Mackenzie had any such motives. From his own account of himself and his connection with the men whom he seeks to injure, he appears, to us, governed by some of the lowest considerations that can influence a human being. Revenge for real or fancied injuries evidently prompted him to a course which he never would have taken, had those who once had his utmost confidence, continued to gratify his avarice or his ambition. These disclosures will, doubtless, be productive of essential service to the community, if it can overbalance the injury to its moral sense, which might arise from a general approval of the manner in which they were obtained; but might not their benefits and their injuries alike have remained unknown, had our martyr for truth been allowed to continue his official connection with those at whose corruption he manifests such a pious horror?

The book has been laid on our table, and we have endeavored to discharge our duty towards it as faithful reviewers. The justifying introduction we have carefully examined, and the above is the only opinion we can form of its merits. The conclusion and some parts of the connecting statements contain valuable political information, in the main correct, and although previously known to intelligent men, yet so arranged and presented as to set the turpitude of the principal actors in the most striking light. With these parts of the book we find no fault, whatever may have been the author's motives. They are fair matters of history, and for such a compilation, the author, if he could wipe out the stigma which attaches to him from other parts, would be entitled to great credit, both on the score of utility, and for the evident ability with which it is made.

Of the letters themselves, we cannot say that we have read them, or intend to read them. We can only confess to a mere glance. Even in this there was a misgiving that it could hardly be reconciled with honor or correct principles, and that even our position and duty as public reviewers of already public matter, could scarcely justify the proceeding, did

not disgust at their sickening contents, of itself, interfere to prevent a continued perusal. Our knowledge of them is mostly derived from what has been forced upon our notice in the public prints. We shall make no extracts, nor exercise any instrumentality in giving them a wider publication than they already possess.

That the actual facts, however, which have been so thrust before the public eye, relating to the real character of political men and measures, may be hereafter properly adverted to, as historical data, is undoubtedly true enough; just as the facts which transpire in a case of slander, where the "greater the *truth* the greater is the *libel*," may be treated afterwards as matters of general credit. The public are not called upon to forget knowledge, however obtained; nor will they refuse to form their opinion of conduct and character on such evidence. The authenticity of the letters is, we believe, conceded. The book bids fair to become at some time a political classic, if it can outlive the odor of its baptism. This it will probably do on account of the still stronger qualities of its contents. Like Stackhouse's *Body of Divinity*, or Paley's *Moral Philosophy*, it is a text and commentary, and seems to contain a very full code of the ethics of the party. We shall deal at present with only that general odor which it sends forth, of—POLITICAL CORRUPTION,

With regard to the principal characters who figure in this correspondence, we believe that most intelligent men had just about the same opinion before the publication of these letters, as they have entertained since. The correspondence is probably just such a one as would have been expected from just such characters. It reveals, as far as we can learn, no enormous crimes, no very wicked conspiracies aimed directly against the State, or any secret malignant plottings against the lives and property of individuals. It does not rise to the diabolical dignity of a Cataline, a Guy Fawkes, or of the plotters and inventors of infernal machines in the French revolution. It is something meaner and more groveling, if not more wicked, than all this. It reveals no direct blows aimed designedly at the welfare of the State; but any one may see, without going into its nauseous details, that it does exhibit a gross and all-controlling selfishness, an utter recklessness of the public good in comparison with the at-



tainment of political and party spoil—a continued course of corruption which is probably worse, in the long run and when it has thoroughly imbued any large party in the State, than the effects of the direst treason. The latter may be cured by prompt surgical operations, and the political constitution may be restored to even firmer vigor than it enjoyed before; the former becomes an ulcerating disease in the very marrow of the bones, “*a fretting leprosy*,” spreading through both warp and woof, and which, when it becomes inveterate, can only be removed by taking to pieces the entire fabric into which the contagion has penetrated. As lovers of law and order, we utterly abominate the maxim of Jefferson, that it is for the benefit of a popular government to have an insurrection once in fifty years; and yet we have no hesitation in avowing the opinion, that Arnold’s treason, and Armstrong’s seditious letters, and Shay’s rebellion, and the whiskey insurrection, and Hartford conventions, and South Carolina nullification, and the Dorr rebellion, and abolitionism, and anti-rentism, and even General Jackson’s open and repeated stabs upon the very vitals of the constitution; yea, all these combined have not produced so deadly an injury to the true life of the body politic, as that most corrupt system introduced and sustained for so many years by Martin Van Buren, and of which these letters are the legitimate exponents. Direct, open, and violent attacks upon the law, have a tendency to rouse a conservative feeling, although this, alas, is often too inefficiently exhibited, and sometimes expires in the mere show of asserting its supremacy. At other times, however, such events are productive of great good, by turning the minds of men to a deeper investigation of the very foundations of government; but this gradual, secret, corrupt and corrupting substitution of party usages and spoil-precedents and the so-called principles of the democracy, for the constitution and the laws, may, in time, and unless arrested, work an entire change in our political system. The foundation may have been removed; the State may have undergone a complete revolution in its character; it may have passed from a well-constructed, constitutional, representative republic, through the stages of a most corrupt party-ocracy (if we may be allowed to coin such a mongrel word for such a base idea) into the most unchecked democracy; and yet all the forms may remain, and little alarm be excited, because

the external appearance continues much the same, although all is crumbling and rotten within.

Such are the thoughts which are most naturally suggested by the book before us. Of just such a system it furnishes the evidence to those who have not sufficient intelligence to infer, from other sources of knowledge, the miserable wire pulling which has been taking place behind the scenes. We do not think that the founder of this system, or his followers, cared nothing for their country. We are not so uncharitable, or so foolish, as to suppose that they had any malignant hatred against its welfare, or that they ever deliberately planned schemes for its injury. It may doubtless be conceded, that, other things being equal, or other considerations of a personal kind being out of the way, they on the whole preferred its prosperity, and would have chosen their measures so as to promote it. They may have desired to be patriotic, but they had not the moral ability. A supreme selfishness controlled all their movements. They belonged to a class of minds for whom lesser and nearer ideas ever possess more power than the larger and apparently more remote. Hence the love of *country* had to give way to self-instituted *party* obligations; party yielded to caucus management; the caucus bowed to the influence of the secret circular or the confidential epistle from the prime manager to his chief; and thus, whilst to the world their language was ever “the people,”—“the people,”—“the democracy,”—“the free and untrammelled public sentiment of the masses,” which they so humbly professed to follow,—it was ever in secret—“*Whom shall WE offer to the convention? “Who will best answer OUR purpose?” “Whom shall WE present to the caucus and through them to the electors?”* Amid all this, where are we refreshed by finding one pure and elevated sentiment, one single exhibition of unselfish devotion to the interests of the country when in conflict with the interests of party? Cases, too, are not wanting when even the claims of party were trampled under foot, and faithful partisans (faithful, at least, as far as so sacred a term could be predicated of so vile a subject) were sacrificed for the interests, and at the bidding, of those who were initiated into the more secret degrees of these abominable mysteries.

Such a system, almost entirely unknown to our previous history, was many



years ago commenced by Martin Van Buren, and carried on to its consummation.\* Time has yet to show whether or not the days of its decline have come, although the wand of that original magician who laid its foundations may be broken.

A careful examination of the history of our country will present to the mind three distinct periods. The first may be said to embrace our heroic age. From this, more than from any other source, do we derive our peculiar nationality. History would seem to teach, that some such period is essential to every national existence. It must have a beginning, in some of its features, akin to the ideal and the romantic, presenting a treasure of glorious reminiscences to feed the national life in subsequent ages, when there is a necessary decay of that high excitement in which it had its origin—to infuse some degree of purity when selfishness and corruption come flooding in, and to keep alive the flame of patriotism by that reverence for history and ancestral glory, of which, (such has been the good provision of God,) even the most selfish and self-lauding ages cannot wholly divest themselves. So important is such a commencement to the national life, that there might almost be justified a resort to mythical fictions, if reality had failed to furnish it.

Such an age seldom if ever comes more than once to any people. There may be real progress after it, although to those whose minds are filled with the glorious original it may seem to be a degeneracy. There may be less of the heroic, of the self-sacrificing, of trust in Divinity. There may be fewer of those who overtop their fellow-men, and who, we cannot help feeling, were raised up for special times and special purposes, and yet there may be a true advance in those great interests for which the State is designed and organized.

There may be also a real degeneracy, and one of its surest signs will be, when this heroic period is laid away in history and not brought forward as a constant and ever present example—when a subsequent age, and subsequent men, who have more of the demagogue, are suffered to intervene and become the watchwords

of party, whilst their self-sacrificing predecessors are consigned to comparative oblivion. In other words, the nation may most surely be regarded as degenerating, when Jefferson and Jackson, whatever may have been their virtues or their vices, are the theme of resolutions in almost every political party meeting, and are toasted on almost every political festival, whilst Washington is seldom mentioned, his example seldom referred to, and his name seldom invoked as the popular symbol, either of the radical party, or of those who assume to be their more conservative opponents.

But not to anticipate the course of our subsequent remarks—we may say, that we also have had our heroic age. We are all, as yet, familiar with it. Neither the men nor the time need be more particularly specified. It may be regarded as ending with the administration of Washington. The second marked period in our history may be reckoned from the commencement of Jefferson's administration to the close of Monroe's in 1824. During this time the nation had doubtless advanced, not only in numbers but in *character*. There had, on the whole, been progress, although in the midst of many most appalling difficulties, and attended by occasional partial retrogradations. Parties had arisen and contended fiercely. One assumed to be more democratic than the other, and its leaders were more inclined to play the demagogue for the popular favor; the other was charged, and it may have been with some justice, of being too distrustful of popular institutions. The main subjects of dispute, however, arose out of opposing views respecting our foreign policy, during the most critical period of the European wars. The acrimony of the contest was finally increased by the second war, in which we became involved with the parent nation. It is not our intention to justify or condemn the foreign or domestic policy of either of these parties. It is sufficient for our present purpose to affirm that, although one assumed the more popular name of Republicans, and the other was sometimes charged with aristocratic tendencies, the violent strife, which lasted for many years, did not, in the main, or in any considerable degree,

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\* Examples of this may be found in the treatment of Young by Van Buren in 1824, of Rochester in 1826, and of Root and many others during the war on the U. S. Bank.



owe its origin or continuance to such distinctions, but to differences of opinion in regard to our foreign relations. We want no better proof of this than may be derived from the question of suffrage, which now the more radical part of both of our present political divisions are so zealously striving to press into their service, in the race for popular favor. During that time, there was, on this subject, no difference of opinion between Republican and Federalist. Both would have scouted the idea of making it universal, or of wholly taking away the basis of property. Both would have been alarmed at the proposition to invite foreigners to our shores, by giving them the right of citizenship without a long progress of naturalization.

The termination of the war destroyed both these old parties, by causing the utter defeat of the one, and thereby taking away the ground of the existence of the other.

To one who reads history aright, the administration of Mr. Monroe was the second glorious epoch in our national existence. We mean not so much in reference to what some style prosperity, as in regard to national *character*. Although we were oppressed with a heavy debt, and in the midst of other embarrassments, still, in all the higher elements of national character, it was a period of which every American might justly be proud. It was, in truth, the era of good feelings. Party animosities had died for want of fuel. Measures were judged upon their merits. Mistakes may have been made, but even the errors of such times confer more dignity on human nature, than the successes of more corrupt periods. Public sentiment was then worth something, because it was not then the result of any party machinery. Every part of the government worked in harmonious co-operation, for there was no corrupt party influence to distort their relative action, to infuse a suspicion of the Judiciary, and, in the name of democracy, elevate the power of the Executive to an undue degree over the other departments. Grave questions could be discussed irrespective of their bearings upon the next State or general election. Appointments to office could be made without a continual and slavish reference to the next presidential canvass. The doctrine of "the spoils" was unknown. The most important measures of national policy were not decided by Baltimore Con-

ventions, or Kitchen Cabinets, or any other bodies of men unknown to the Constitution. The Supreme Court was regarded as the true appointed interpreter of the nation's fundamental law, subject in its decisions to the correction of lawfully-procured amendments. There was no other national will aside from the national law and constitution, as set forth in the proper action of the various departments of government. We were a rational, a dignified, and a contented people. It was a dull time for the demagogue, for men could not easily be persuaded to be unhappy, or to suffer under a continual dread that their liberties were going to be devoured by monsters. Elections were free from tumult, and although there was not that eternal strife and jealous vigilance, which, as some will have it, is "the only price of liberty," yet still liberty was not destroyed; the rich and the poor were not incited to bitter enmity; good men were chosen to office; no one attempted to bring in monarchy, or aristocracy, or church and state, or any of those horrible things of which we have since been in danger at almost every election. In those days even Federalists were appointed to office without any serious peril to human rights; Federalists, however, of a much better kind than now figure in the Cabinet and sustain the administration in the legislative halls. General Jackson felt the influence of this most genial period—when it had really become a fact, and not a hypocritical assertion, that "we were all Federalists, all Republicans"—and in the exercise of a nobler feeling than he ever afterwards exhibited, advised Mr. Monroe to compose his cabinet from both the old parties, and thus "destroy the monster party spirit."

But we have dwelt at some length on this period and the times which soon followed, in the opening article of the first number of this Review. As we have there stated—during these halcyon days of national character, peace and dignity, there was a small man, then first beginning to be known, and who, as an illustrious contemporary once said of him, was then playing the game of the "mousing politician" in the State of New York.

About this time may be discovered the first marked traces of that evil genius, who has produced such a disastrous change in the spirit of our institutions, and the political morality of the country.



As we have said, his circumstances were peculiar. The times were not adapted to him. Great men on all sides overshadowed him. Clay, Clinton, and others, were known as the patrons of great measures of national improvement—measures, which in those times were thought of more importance than “regular nominations and the usages of the party.” He had no reputation, and he had no grounds for ever expecting any reputation, such as Clinton possessed, in the world of letters and philosophy. He had no name like Clay and Adams, associated with legislative and diplomatic eminence in the hours of national peril. But he must do something; and he saw no other way before him but to get up again a democratic party, and, for that purpose, raise again the ghost of slain and buried Federalism. This was the only state of things in which such a man could figure. The old party war must in some way be renewed. Antagonists must be found, and they must be styled Federalists, of course, whatever may have been their previous relations, whilst some of the most bitter and ultra-adherents of that party were transformed into sound and sterling Democrats.

But we have already gone so fully into these matters in the article to which we have referred, that it would be but repetition to introduce them again in this place. Suffice it to say, that here commenced the third marked period in our national history. It may be styled the age of brass, the period of corruption, and of mere party rule. Parties, it is true, had existed before, but they were secondary to measures and principles. When these, or the occasions of them, had ceased, the parties built on them ceased also. In the succeeding period, principles were secondary to party. This must be kept from dying at all events, and therefore, measures must be contrived for it, suited to its ever-varying circumstances. Hence the long series of blundering after-thoughts which marked the course of that most consistent and immutable thing—modern Democracy. Hence that train of experiments, some accidentally successful, and some most disastrous, yet all made to suit the exigencies of the party, instead of the party being formed to take sides for or against them, according as they arise out of the natural progress and natural conditions of the country.

Here in this third era too commenced

the reign of corruption. It began at first on a small scale in the State of New York, until, by the most persevering efforts, it was finally introduced into the national politics. We allude more particularly to the infamous and abominable doctrine of “the spoils.” In reference to this we may most confidently affirm, that it was unknown to our previous history. The Scripture gives us a wise caution against rashly “saying that the former days were better than these,” but there are some signs of degeneracy and corruption too manifest to be mistaken. Surely no one will pretend that this abominable system was either avowed or practiced, during the administration of Washington, to the same extent as in the times of Jackson and Van Buren. It may be said that the administrations of Madison and Monroe acted upon the corrupt principle, although they did not avow it. It is the argument of those, who, conscious of their guilt, are endeavoring to escape censure by involving others in the same charge. The assertion may most safely be denied, but there is one new feature which, according to their own showing, presents the case in an entirely different aspect. It is admitted that former administrations did not *avow* it. They never openly gloried in the doctrine, that “*to the victors belong the spoils of the enemy.*” There was a redeeming shame, or a redeeming hypocrisy, if any prefer the more paradoxical term, which prevented their making the shameless declaration. Surely, then, there was this progress made during the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren. Under Madison, Monroe and Adams, the public mind was not prepared for the light which was subsequently cast upon this famous “democratic principle” and “party usage.” Former administrations, even if they did practice it, could not do so without making apologies, and assigning some other than mere party reasons. The glory of this higher advance was reserved for Van Buren and his followers.

In regard to the doctrine itself, we cannot well conceive of anything more odious and every way abominable. View it in what light we may, it presents the same disgusting features. No truly honest mind could regard even the discussion of any question respecting it, otherwise than as a defilement of the conscience. We care not by whom it has been taught, and by what parties practiced; it is utterly indefensible on any grounds that



would not wholly subvert all the foundations of political morality. It involves a *breach of trust* of the very highest and most heinous degree. It is a most unrighteous prostitution of national funds, and national offices, and national interests, to the lowest and most selfish purposes. The President, or Governor, who acts upon it, is guilty of a flagrant violation of a most solemn oath. In the presence of the Ever-living God he lifts his hand and swears—faithfully and conscientiously to execute the laws. He is guilty of a most blasphemous mockery, or he must be supposed to make this promise according to the fair intent of the laws and executive powers to which it has reference. Now, no man will for a moment maintain, that the original framers of the Constitution, or the nation that ratified it, ever thought of sanctioning the doctrine, that the public offices were intended to reward political friends and punish political enemies.

It is indeed most wonderful, that the public mind could have ever, to any considerable degree, been blinded to the enormity of this practice. We see, clearly enough, the wickedness of proceedings which certainly are involved in far less criminality. An employer turns away his workmen because they do not vote as he wishes. It is at once condemned and justly condemned. It is a negative *breach of trust*. No such thing was expressed or implied in the contract. A bank, or some other corporation, is said to have hired editors to lend their columns for the advancement of its private interests. Whether the charge be true or false, the public indignation is aroused. It is a *breach of trust*. The conductors of the press are rightly supposed to be under an implied contract with the community, to act from no other motives than a true regard to the public good. They are not like the lawyer, whose known profession it is to advocate private interests. There is, however, in these latter cases, a palliating feature which cannot, in any way, be brought in defence of the "spoils doctrine." The employer may be said to exercise free control over his *own property*. The bank subsidizes editors with *its own money*. In the other case, however, it is not their own, but the nation's money, and the nation's offices, and the nation's interests, which these casuistical embezzlers most basely use to advance their own personal schemes, or, in other words, to reward those who vote

for them, and to punish those who refuse. In this view of the matter, there is a meanness in the transaction, which, if possible, exceeds its guilt. It is a most wicked fraud, an enormous *breach of trust*, and that, too, by those to whom the most sacred deposit has been committed, and in whom the very highest confidence may be regarded as having been reposed. We prefer thus considering it as a wicked breach of trust, rather than as *proscriptive injustice*—the view that is often taken. The principle, fully carried out, must exclude from responsible offices, not only the best men of the community, but also of the very party in which it is exercised—thus, by gathering to its support all the vile, ever deepening and perpetuating its own moral turpitude.

No doubt it may, in this manner, be rightly regarded as a gross act of *injustice*, not only towards a portion, but also the most virtuous portion of the State. This view, however, is apt to bring in the false idea of abstract right to the possession of office on the part of any, and, when wrongly started, seems to favor the demagogue cry of "rotation." The other ground is the one on which the doctrine and practice must meet the condemnation of all pure minds. It is, we repeat it, nothing more nor less than a *felonious breach of trust* in regard to one of the most sacred of all deposits.

If we are not mistaken, credit is claimed for Mr. Van Buren for having, when Governor of this State, recommended a law to preserve the purity of elections, to punish bribery, treating for votes, &c. But what a petty business is this, to affect so much severity against the bribe of a glass of rum, which one poor wretch offers to another, neither of whom have any true idea of the value of the elective franchise! The convict under this law might say, too, that the rum was bought with his own money; and how does its moral turpitude dwindle in comparison with that immense scheme of bribery, that wholesale buying up of editors and others, which has so long been carried on, not with the briber's own means, but with the highest property of the nation, committed, as a most sacred deposit, to the care of those who thus basely squander it for the vilest of purposes. To punish their enemies and reward their friends! as though it were not a profanation of the holy name of friendship, to use it in connection with such men and such measures.



In reference, too, to such a system of corruption as has been introduced and practiced by this school for so many years, what a farce does the elective franchise become. The physical tyranny endured by the Russian serf is not so degrading, as that most abject mental vassalage into which men are brought by that doctrine of "regular nominations and the usages of the party," which, next to the spoils principle, has been the chief glory of Mr. Van Buren's scheme. The people are most assiduously told, that they are the only fountain of all power. With an abjectness only equaled by its hollow hypocrisy, the chief repeats the declaration, that he covets no higher honor than to be their most humble and obedient servant. The poor party dupes are made to believe that they really are freemen, because they have the glorious privilege of depositing a piece of paper in a ballot-box. They are wheedled with the cry of Democracy, and told of the great power they have in dictating measures, whilst everything has been prepared for them in that manufactory of public sentiment which some of their leaders have been so skillful in conducting. They are flattered with the idea, that from their primary assemblies really comes the influence by which candidates are nominated. How innocently do they assemble in their town caucuses, to send their delegates to county and State conventions, utterly unconscious that in all this they are the merest automata moved by the wire-pullers behind the scenes, and that, whilst they are performing their puppet movements, those who are initiated into the greater mysteries are gravely inquiring of each other, "*Whom shall we send to the convention? What man ought we to offer to the caucus, and through them to the electors?*"

But we must bring these remarks to a close. Such has been the system first introduced into this country by Martin Van Buren and his school. The national morality has suffered from it a deterioration from which it may not recover for many years. It has introduced a lax political conscience into all departments of our government. War, pestilence, and famine, combined, could not have produced so deadly an injury. We refer now to the national character and the national morals. The enormous evils it has produced in regard to the currency and business of the country, and which came from the blundering afterthoughts of this reckless clique, would form a proper subject of examination by itself.

As we have said,—to all who have carefully watched the movements of this school for many years past, these disclosures were entirely unnecessary. Its utter want of all principle, was as well known before as since. It needed no such villainy as Mackenzie has practiced, to convince the intelligent, that those who had so long avowed and acted upon the spoils doctrine, must be as supremely selfish, heartless, and unprincipled, as any private correspondence of theirs, even in its worst aspects, could possibly be expected to disclose. If it is of any service, it will chiefly be in showing the democracy, especially some sections of the party, what shameful dupes they have been for so many years, and in teaching them what confidence to repose in any who hereafter may attempt to play the demagogue in the same or a similar style.

It may, perhaps, be a long time before the deep wound which this most corrupt system has inflicted on the country can be cured. We do not believe that the remedy can be found in any particular course of measures. These may relieve evils affecting what may be styled the external prosperity of a nation, but the moral injury we have received lies beyond their reach. "*Measures not Men,*" has ever been the cry of the most heartless demagogues. The most unprincipled ever profess to be in favor of the best of measures. Every scoundrel is ever in favor of what is good and useful in the abstract. The maxim may be right enough in itself, but we have conceived a dislike, and perhaps a prejudice against it, from the fact, that it has been so often used by the worst of men, in support of those after-thoughts and popular hobbies, which were invented only to give countenance to their own course of selfishness and corruption. We are not afraid, at present, to reverse this maxim, and to advance the seeming paradox, that we now need the right kind of *men*, more than any kind of *measures* that can be devised. Give us such, and we will trust them for their measures. We want the healing, moral influence, which would come over the country, from there once being firmly placed at the head of affairs statesmen in all respects the opposite of Van Buren, and Polk, and Marcy, and that whole school which has for so long a time demoralized and degraded our nation. Let the great object be to elevate such to power. A cabinet, together with legislative bodies of kindred character, would naturally re-



sult from this new and healthy impulse imparted to the national life. We repeat it then—More than any particular measures of national economy, more than anything else beside, do we *now* want the moral power of honest, honorable, highminded, conscientious men—men of open, frank, and manly characters—men elevated far above all that petty fraud, intrigue, and meanness, which has so long characterized the famous, or rather infamous, school, whose whole political creed was “party usages and regular nominations,” and whose sole governing principle was the ineffably abominable doctrine of “*the spoils*.”

### THE ENCHANTED CITY.

In a fair and verdant valley by the borders of the sea,  
Stands a love-enchanted city, none of all so fair to me ;  
Memories of love and beauty haunt its every street and square,  
As the never-ceasing music of its river haunts the air.

When discordant bells were tolling at the summer sunset-hour,  
I beheld the day departing from the city's loftiest tower ;  
Silently the night ascended o'er the landscape of the town,  
And with raven wings extended threw its mighty shadow down.

Soon beyond the level meadows, fragrant with the dews of June,  
Clad in chaste and queenly splendor rose the melancholy moon ;  
And above the pine-clad mountains in the northern skies afar,  
O'er the snows of endless winter shone the steadfast polar star.

One by one the stars ascended. Ever shifting with the hours,  
Many-numbered on the pavements fell the shadows of the towers.  
At my feet the river glided, tremulous with the light of stars,  
And above me, red with slaughter, hung the fiery shield of Mars.

From the market-place beneath me, from the populous streets afar,  
I could hear an angry murmur like the sullen voice of war :  
And behold a throng, like phantoms, in the misty shades of night  
Pass alarmedly beneath me like an army in its flight.

Then the midnight chimes proceeded from the gray, gigantic tower,  
And the watchmen, through the city, told the tidings of the hour.  
Listening I heard no longer voices in the city's mart,  
Nor the sound of nightly labor like the beating of its heart.

I beheld within the city gardens filled with flowers in bloom,  
And beyond its beauteous borders many a grave-encircled tomb,  
From the waterfall and fountain, from the star-illumined stream,  
Strains of soft incessant music lulled the city in its dream.

I forgot the household legends—how along the valley here  
Once in undisturbed dominion roamed the hunters of the deer ;  
Here in rude fantastic dances, chorus of the chase they sung,  
And the fierce and fearful war-whoop in the awakened valley rung.

Where beside the winding river rise the city's gilded spires,  
Oft those rude and tawny sachems burned, of old, their council-fires ;  
Now their memories have departed, and their numbers are no more,  
Like the foliage of the forest, like the sand upon the shore.

History was all forgotten—only memories of love  
Seemed to haunt the winds around me, waves below and skies above ;  
All the squares with fragrant lindens overshadowed evermore,  
They were haunted and enchanted with *thy* memory, Isadore !

*South Attleboro, Mass. 1845.*

## THE INDEPENDENT TREASURY.

DAY after day have the oracles, official and otherwise, of the party now unhappily dominant, congratulated the country on the prospective reestablishment of that "great measure of deliverance and safety" devised by Van Buren, twice rejected but ultimately ratified by a Congress of his partisans, which, though speedily overthrown by the resulting Whig ascendancy, has been ever since, at least nominally, adhered to by "the party" through good and through evil report. This measure, the people have been assured, would secure the public treasure against embezzlement, (despite the experience in the cases of Swartwout, Hoyt, Price, etc.,) give stability to the currency, and everywhere preserve the business and industry of the nation from those ruinous fluctuations growing out of contractions and expansions of the circulating medium which have proved so baneful to legitimate enterprise and patient toil. Brave words these and specious, such as have heralded all the gunboat experiments ever made upon popular credulity and party tenacity since the world began. The scheme, so plausibly commended, has secured a sort of public sanction by the votes of those who never examined the arguments in favor of, much less those against it, and to whom it was ample recommendation that it was unpalatable to the Whigs and seemed calculated to harass and cripple the banks. The Independent or Sub-Treasury project has triumphed, so far as is implied in the election of a President and Congress avowedly favorable to its reenactment. The argument is exhausted, or rather forestalled; the jury empaneled to try the issue, are already pledged to render a verdict for the scheme; and the House has put it through without ceremony, very reasonably acting on the presumption that where but one result is possible, the consumption of weeks in debate, where there can be no deliberation, is a sheer waste of precious time. So the bill has gone to the Senate, by a vote of nearly two to one in the more popular branch, and in its legitimate shape. It is in truth a bill to "divorce" the Government from Banks, if faithfully executed; providing that all payments to the United States, after the 30th of June next, whether for customs,

lands, postages, or otherwise, shall be made in solid coin, and of course all payments from the Government must soon be made likewise—that is, as soon as the eleven millions of public money now held in deposit by the banks shall have been exhausted. The measure seems to be unexceptionable in its details, wrong only in its principle and inevitable consequences. There can be no rational doubt that the Senate will pass it, probably without material alteration.

But now there rises to view what would be an anomaly in the history of any but Loco-foco policy and legislation. The *advocates* of the measure are alarmed and appalled at the prospect of its success, while a large proportion of its *opponents* regard that result with undissembled satisfaction. These say to the "divorce" men—"You have talked about this measure long enough—let us see it work! You once before carried it through Congress by prodigious efforts, and turned square around to contriving and managing how to render it, as nearly as possible, a nullity and a farce. Now pass it as you mean to have it stand, and set it in motion as you mean to have it work, and we will gladly abide the issue. One of two things we are confident it must prove, either an expensive and hazardous juggle, or a ruinous mischief. But if we are so grossly deceived with regard to it as you assume, a thorough, practical trial will undeceive us, and the country will reap all the benefits. If the measure work as we say, the people will soon put a stop to it. At all events, it is high time this protracted controversy were brought to a close. Put on your screws!"

But the very sturdiest champions of the "hard" policy now betray misgivings, while the summer-flies who flutter and buzz in their wake do not even attempt to conceal their reluctance and forebodings. The portents of instant calamity to result from the Sub-Treasury revolution are too clear to be denied or mistaken. Credit and confidence wither, and the Circulating Medium shrinks in volume irresistibly, as the doors of the Sub-Treasuries yawn to engulf several millions of specie. The banks have no more power to resist in the premises than the sun has to shine through a raging storm.



Their directors may resolutely shut their eyes and ears, and go on discounting the same as ever. But this cannot last. If prudence does not teach them, bankruptcy soon will. The power of banks in a convulsion is like that of ships in a storm; they can at best but avert and overcome its perils, but must not presume to still or even direct the warring elements. Should they do so, the rebuke of their temerity is speedy and signal. No vulgar error is more gross than the supposition that banks may combine to increase or diminish essentially the volume of the currency, and thus to raise or depress the money value of property. As well might the frailest bark undertake to reverse the tides.

The Sub-Treasury project is to pass, for we assume that the dominant party is not quite ready to enter a *cognovit* on all the hobbies which it rode in the canvass which gave it power. "The whole of Oregon" is virtually given up by the action of the present Congress, while Mr. Walker's thoroughly free-trade report, and partially corresponding bill, must stand back for the substitute of the House Committee of Ways and Means, giving a higher range of duties on Woolens, Cottons, &c., and diverging as plainly if not as widely from free-trade principles, as does the present tariff. On no grounds but those of Protection can this bill be sustained; it is in truth simply a weaker and worse, a more timid and diluted Protective Tariff than that of 1842. We cannot see how a well-informed and earnest free-trader can commit himself to the support of such a measure. And now if the Sub-Treasury were to be thrown overboard, either openly or by an obliteration of its essential features, the party which elected Mr. Polk might as well confess its positions and doctrines of 1844 a stupendous fabric of imposture, resign the seals, and go into liquidation. But this, pride, interest and ambition will not permit, and therefore we cannot doubt the passage of the Sub-Treasury, "in spite of lamentations here or elsewhere."

And, since it is to pass, why not in the shape it is to wear to the end? That it is to produce contraction, convulsion, suffering, is conceded in every attempt to give it a modified, graduated operation. No sincere advocate of the measure could vote for such a glaring violation of its essential principle as is involved in the collection and retention of two-thirds of the Revenue in bank notes, if he did not

believe that the collection forthwith of the whole in specie would prove disastrous. But to make such a revolution as this bill proposes take effect by degrees, can never modify the essential character of that revolution, nor even its essential consequences; it can only serve to blind the less observing millions to the *causes* of their sufferings. And this is in truth the main object of the gradualists. They fear the public will not swallow the whole quart of their nostrum, so they present it in four half-pint doses. If they asked us but to take one as a sample, there would be some difference in favor of gradualism; but, since the same act binds us to take the whole, there really is none.

But mark the difference against it. The currency is now mainly sound and yet sufficient; the banks solvent, yet actively benefiting their customers and the public. But pass the Sub-Treasury in the graduated form, and the power of the banks to facilitate business will be diminished, while they will be forced to the unpleasant and unpopular resort of curtailment and collection. In the agony of contraction, some of the weaker institutions will go to the wall, creating a panic and a run upon the whole. Soon the inevitable stringency and occasional ruin of a bank will be appealed to as reasons for an entire divorce from banks and paper money, because of their fluctuations and insecurity; and thus the consequences of the Loco-foco nostrum will be brazenly adduced as its *causes*. The Government will be held by its advocates to have cut loose from banks because they were unsafe and useless, when in fact it has made them so by its predetermination to do this very thing. Every consideration of justice, business, policy, combines to urge that the measure should take the shape at first that it is to wear to the end; and we cannot believe that Whigs will lend their aid to any scheme of which the design is to mystify and delude.

That the practical evil of the Sub-Treasury, honestly and faithfully enforced, will be far greater than many even of its adversaries anticipate, we have long considered inevitable. The real point of danger is rarely touched in the popular discussions on this subject. Whether the Government shall see fit to keep its deposits with banks or elsewhere, and to make its transfers of funds by means of drafts or guarded wagon-loads of specie,



is a question which derives far greater importance from considerations which do not strike the general mind. That the Government should see fit to keep its own funds, and to that end should withdraw them from banks, even though it were to hoard them inflexibly in specie, is not enough in itself to convulse the business and paralyze the industry of a nation so energetic and so prosperous as ours. The use of the five to ten millions per annum which constitute the aggregate balance in the Treasury might be lost either to business or banks, and hardly be felt. But when the Government openly, ostentatiously determines to withdraw its deposits from and cease all dealings with or trust in banks, the moral influence of such a resolve cannot fail to be great, and to be felt in every corner of the Union. The *example* appeals forcibly to the ignorant and the timid, especially among those who justify and sustain it, for imitation, and imitated it will be. We know that already individuals who had hoarded sums in bank notes, have, since the Sub-Treasury passed the House, taken them to the banks and drawn the specie thereon, in order to be secure against apprehended danger, who would not have thought of so doing but for the action in Congress. This process must go on and become general when the act goes into operation. Guardians, trustees, treasurers and individual depositors, will be impelled to convert their funds into coin, and place them beyond the reach of whatever consequences may result from so vital a change of national policy. The banks will thus be driven, by a perpetual drain of specie, to contractions far beyond their present anticipations.

But when to this moral influence of the Sub-Treasury is added the practical, inevitable effect of the Government's denying avowedly, uniformly, inflexibly, to all bank notes the character of money, or its legitimate and honest representative, no apprehension can magnify the reality of the desolation which must ensue. Bank issues now form nearly the entire circulating medium of the country; they are universally accepted without hesitation or doubt as money, and pass from hand to hand with a celerity which defies calculation. The six hundred millions of dollars of specie in France do not, and could not, perform the service which is here done by less than one hundred millions of coin and a

bank circulation resting thereon averaging something like one hundred and fifty millions. A tiny slip of paper, prepared in five minutes and sent by mail at an expense of ten cents, effects a transfer of a million or more from New York or Boston to St. Louis or New Orleans, without agitation or remark, when that same transfer, if made in coin, as of old, would have cost thousands, and required the labor of several persons for weeks. A contraction of even fifty millions in the bank note circulation of the country necessarily involves a contraction of credits, of operations and of money values, to ten times that amount.

Now let us suppose the Sub-Treasury established as the law of the land, in that shape which all agree that it must ultimately assume if it is to be a reality, and not a pestilent, profligate sham, and that its requisitions are faithfully enforced. Does any man, *can* any man, believe that the present system of bank credits and circulation will not be violently affected? When the Government has written glaringly over the doors of all its custom-houses, land-offices, post-offices, &c., "No Bank Notes taken—nothing received or known here as money but the hard coin itself," can any one think that everybody else but the Government is to go on receiving and regarding bank notes as heretofore? Will not the citizen who has twice or thrice been repulsed from the post office, where important advices awaited him, because he happened to have nothing but good bank notes in his pocket, be careful to have something else another time, and to that end convert his notes into specie? Will not the prudent merchant, daily required to make payments at the Custom-House, take care to have a supply of the only money there recognized, stowed away against the possible event of a suspension caused by this very exaction? Will not the emigrant going westward, the land speculator, the capitalist seeking profitable investment, &c., all take with them that medium which will alone pay for lands, instead of that which is most convenient? The notes or certificates of a New York or Boston bank will no longer be worth more in the West than the specie they promise, because no longer accepted at the land-office, or used by it in remitting its funds. In short, bank notes, no longer answering all the purposes of money, must cease to be regarded as the equivalent of coin, because no longer



such in reality. The great mass of persons not personally interested in banks, will, whenever the alternative of taking bills or coin is presented to them, reason thus:—"The bills will answer certain purposes of money, but not others; the coin will answer all; let me have it in specie." Who can blame them, or expect a contrary course? Rely on it, there is, there can be permanently, no such thing as a different currency for the Government from that used by the people. The one or the other must give way and conform. Either the banks must stop issuing notes, or the Government must cease exacting coin; the two processes cannot go on together. If the currency of the Government is to be one of specie exclusively, that of the people must soon come to be specie also, unless the inevitable tendency is arrested by the impassable gulf of Suspension.

The advocates of the Sub-Treasury, habitually betray the grossest inconsistency in their representations of its practical effects. To hard-money men it is recommended as a measure which must inevitably cripple if not destroy the banks—as a measure of searching reform, which must put an end to the abuses, fluctuations and general imposture of paper money, &c. &c. But to business men they hold an irreconcilably different lan-

guage, to them it is presented as a very light matter indeed—a mere question of expediency as to the keeping of a few millions in banks or otherwise—a matter which, however decided, ought not to create more than the slightest ripple on the surface of affairs. Those who trust to this song of the syren will awaken too late to find themselves beguiled and deluded to their own and the country's undoing.

We have thus hurriedly glanced at some of the practical aspects of the "Independent Treasury"—aspects which must more and more engage the attention of the community, if the measure should take effect in the form deliberately given it by the House. And should different counsels prevail in the Senate, as is now reported, and the measure be recast so as to deprive it in good part of its *immediate* vitality, the evil will be the greater, because not so easily traceable by the many to its sources, and therefore not so likely to be promptly remedied. Let the specie exaction take full effect at once, and the country will not endure it beyond the term of the present Congress. Will it be wise in the Whigs of the Senate to aid in giving it a shape calculated to purchase a little present relaxation in the money market, at the expense, probably, of years of national calamity?

### TO A YOUNG PIANIST.

My Bessie! teach your small right hand to glide  
 Swift as a swallow o'er the ivory keys;  
 And educate your left, that if you please,  
 Faster than thought the thund'rous bass may slide;  
 Spread your white fingers o'er the octaves wide,  
 Shunning no chord with harmony agrees,—  
 Nimble as sprites, industrious as bees,  
 Train them to fly from sounding side to side!  
 So conqueress and queen of it, you'll sway  
 The disciplin'd piano; so express  
 Whate'er of dark, or light, or grave, or gay,  
 Its honored tongues me I fluent possess:  
 For they alone shall sing, but through their art,  
 (What I like best) your own melodious heart!

## PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF A MEDICAL ECLECTIC.

## NO. II.

THE labor of the Physician, however much he may love his kind, is often from necessity rather than choice. He has to deal with so many debasing appetites, and diseasing habits, that his heart fails him. He loses his hope and his faith in humanity. It is unfortunate that the work that needs most to be done is the very kind that is least attractive. But every true worker must say, "necessity is upon, and wo is me" if I do not labor earnestly, amid the loathsome and dreadful, for the True and the Beautiful. A physician is expected to cure his patients, however impossible they may render it by their habits. A man steeps his system in tobacco, till every nerve is as restless as if it were burning—till he has palsy, neuralgia, or some other horror fastened on him, and then he calls a physician to cure him. He, by no means, contemplates giving up the use of tobacco. If the physician brings him an acre of statistics demonstrating the deadly nature of the weed, he laughs in his face, and tells him that all his ancestors used tobacco, and lived to a very great age.

But Truth is never lost, and however hopeless may seem the labor of Love which gives Truth to the world, it is not in vain. The faithful physician will continue to present facts like the following respecting tobacco, though they may seem to fall unheeded by the way-side of Life.

*Effects of Tobacco on Animal Life.*

"Dr. Franklin ascertained that the oily matter that floats on water after a stream of tobacco smoke has been passed into it, will destroy the life of a cat in a few minutes if applied to her tongue.

"Mr. Brodie killed a cat with two drops of the oil of tobacco.

"Orfila says, 'a woman applied to the heads of three children, for a disease of the scalp, an ointment prepared with the oil of tobacco and butter; soon after they experienced dizziness, violent vomitings and faintings, accompanied with profuse sweats.'

"The celebrated French poet, Santeuil, came to his death through horrible pains and convulsions, from having taken a glass of wine with which snuff had been mixed.

"The tea of twenty or thirty grains of tobacco, introduced into the human body,

for the purpose of relieving spasm, has been known repeatedly to destroy life.

"The same tea applied to parts affected with itch has been followed by vomiting and convulsions.

"The same article applied to the skin on the pit of the stomach, occasions faintness, vomiting and cold sweats."

We see from these facts that when this poison is introduced into the system, either by the absorbent vessels, or by the stomach, nature revolts against it, and strives with all her power to dislodge the offence. The reaction is so great, that faintness and death ensue at times. If the quantity is not large enough to produce death, vomitings and deathly perspiration throw off the poison, and the patient recovers. If the quantity taken at first be very small, the reaction is not so distinct, and by very gradually debauching the system, the results are only perceptible in a stimulation, which, if carried far enough, would result in the death of the individual, or the expulsion of the poison. But now it remains in the system, diseasing the body, clouding the mind, causing weakness, trembling, at times deathly sickness, and a craving for more, more, with an appetite insatiable as the grave.

The German Physiologists tell us hard things of the effects of smoking in their country. It is computed that of twenty deaths of men between the age of eighteen and thirty-five years, ten originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking. In Hatsburg, alone, the consumption of cigars amount to £16,000, sterling. It is the national sin of Germany to poison the whole being with this narcotic. We have a German friend who has inherited a narcotized constitution, and who manages to keep his inheritance undiminished, and though he is a lovely man, and one of the most accomplished scholars in our country, many a time and oft have his friends had to hold him, to watch him, to reason with him (though, on the authority of Marryatt, we aver that you cannot reason with nerves), for many hours to keep him from suicide. When will this wholesale poisoning, that destroys the blessing of existence, cease?

People will tell you that they use snuff, or they smoke, or chew tobacco, and yet enjoy *perfect* health. Pretty soon they define perfect health. In their dictionary, it means having headache, dizziness, dyspepsia, low spirits, and a great many troubles that they feel obliged to resort to tobacco, or the



doctor, to cure. If the physician tells them to leave tobacco, they at once conclude, *that he does not understand their case*. Like the drunkard they feel better for taking tobacco, and shall they not take what makes them feel better? They can trust their own *experience*, and that is decidedly in favor of the much loved stimulus.

The Rev. Mr. Fowler, from much attention to the statistics of tobacco consumption in the United States, estimates the annual cost at . . . \$10,000,000  
The time lost by the use of it 12,000,000  
The pauper tax which it occasions . . . 3,000,000

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25,000,000

This estimate is believed to be below the truth.

The consumption of tobacco in this country is eight times as great as in France, and three times as great as in England, in proportion to the population.

From the habitual use of tobacco, in either of its forms," says Dr. Mussey, "the following symptoms may arise: a sense of weakness, sinking, or pain at the pit of the stomach; dizziness or pain in the head; occasional dimness and temporary loss of sight; paleness and sallowness of the countenance, and sometimes swelling of the feet; an enfeebled state of the voluntary muscles, manifesting itself sometimes

by tremors of the hands, sometimes by weakness, tremulousness, squeaking or hoarseness of the voice, rarely a loss of the voice; disturbed sleep, starting from the early slumbers with a sense of suffocation, or the feeling of alarm; nightmare, epileptic, or convulsion fits; confusion, or weakness of the mental faculties; peevishness, or irritability of temper; instability of purpose; seasons of great depression of the spirits; long fits of unbroken melancholy and despondency, and in some cases entire and permanent mental derangement."

People think because they do not feel very ill directly after taking anything inimical to the vital economy, that it cannot be hurtful. This is a great mistake. We do not always get our 'pay down,' as the Yankees say, for good or evil deeds.

I was, this morning, looking over the Past, and endeavoring to decide what portion of my experience to select for the "profit and edification" of my readers, when an old friend called on me. We had a long and interesting talk, during which, he gave me many particulars of his history. As he is a Poet, a man of wit and worth, I am sure of exciting deep interest by giving his story as nearly as possible in his own words.

#### THE CONFESSIONS OF A TOBACCO USER.

I have lived many years, and I have made up my mind that there is very little genuine pride in the world, and that what there is will never comfortably sustain a man in isolation. No one can live alone. The proud man, who scorns his fellows, can no more live alone than the gentle, confiding, receptive woman, who looks to him all unconsciously as to a God. The isolation of such a man is terrible. He cages himself from his kind, but he beats fiercely against the walls of his prison. His stagnant soul grows sick, and in the absence of the genial magnetism of his fellow-men, he gets drunk, or stupefies himself with tobacco. And the man who does all this might as well not be proud, for he is really quite mean. I know what I say. I have been a tobacco user in my day, and I intend, now I am a seceder, to reveal some of the secrets of the worshippers of the weed. Yes, I have been powerless—paralyzed by the poison of tobacco. Now there has been any quantity of pseudo poetry written in praise of a poison that only three creatures have ever taken the liberty to touch, viz., a goat, a man, and another

worm. I have a word to say to some would-be poet, who fancies he is alive, and dreams of power. He only dreams, if he is a moody tobacco user, hating his fellows because he has not health to love them; and, barring out the influx of heaven, stopping the circulation of the life spirit of humanity, because he hates. He may think, with the preacher at the camp meeting, that he shall burn his bigness through the world, but the old, solid world will not wake in his day to find a hole through it. I would speak kindly to him, because I know the worth of kindness. Kind words have made a ladder from earth to heaven for many a miserable one. The lost and saved know their worth, and wisely and well such can use them. When I was twenty years old I chewed tobacco, and had the blues of course.

I had fits of hating myself worse than I could ever hate another. I got in love, as young men of genius generally do, and half of them throw themselves away in their first insanity. I did not succeed in achieving my stultification at this wise age, but it was no merit of mine. My



adorable Polly, or Dolly, (I am really so ungallant that I have forgotten her name,) was good enough, by accident, to refuse to make me count ten by putting her cypher self at my right hand. Her refusal went hard with me. I chewed a vast deal of tobacco, and became very bitter in temper; or, as Dr. Flowery would say, I became deeply absynthiated. I frightened all the dogs and children by my sour looks, and soon found myself essentially alone. I hated everybody, and everybody seemed willing to pay the debt to me with interest. I grew ill. I had a bad fever. Hate is very unwholesome. My brain seemed like molten lead; such a brain is of very little use to a man. I did not wish to get well. This was some comfort; but really I did not wish to die, for I was sure that the realm of darkness was full of women. I never wished to see another. Oh, how I wished I could not dream of them! But some daughter of Eve always intruded into my dreams with decayed teeth, piercing eyes and snaky hair, and brought to my mind those truly poetical lines:

“Just think, old Eve  
Made her man grieve,  
And spoiled his happy state.”

I came to hate home. I left my friends, and went to that homeless place—a boarding-house. The true punishment for sinners is to send them to a boarding-house—never to the Penitentiary.

One day I had thrown myself on a sofa in the common parlor, more alone than I could have been in the desert of Zahara. The day was hot, dry and dusty. The room was close and choking. You might write your name deep in dust on everything in the room. The windows were curtained with it. It was not the decent dust of to-day, but patriarchal dirt and dust together. All my senses were offended at once as I lay there. Everybody in the room looked sick, or mean, or unhappy. How true it is that the spirit darkens or brightens all that we look upon. I was ill and alone; I was a tobacco chewer. No wonder that no diamond shone amid the dust and dirt of my boarding-house. My heart was full of canker, my brain was full of fire; my blood seemed stagnating in all my veins and arteries. I was very uncomfortable. I was debating the propriety of going to rest with the fishes. I am sure they never would have eaten such a hateful fellow. But my misery was real, though

I can't bring myself to be miserable in describing it.

For a week I had done nothing but consume tobacco. I chewed because I was miserable, and I was miserable because I chewed. I smoked, and was wretched in the same logical way. My brain whirled, and seemed to be *going out*, and a deathly sickness and weakness ran thrilling along all my nerves. My mind was like the leaves of a poet's first article, taken up by a whirlwind, and confused a great deal worse than he had made it, just in that condition so admirably expressed by the phrase “confusion worse confounded.” I knew just what made me ill, and wretched, and ill-natured. I perfectly understood my own case, but the Demon had me fast. I could do nothing but make excuses for my bad habits. And the fallacy of my excuses, and my reasoning on the subject was only equaled by their pomposity. I fancied myself a genius. I will not say that it was all fancy, for a man who has the material for a fiend, as I took care to demonstrate that I had, has the stuff in him that angels are made of. And what are men of genius but angels with their wings hid, tucked away under their hearts, rustling and impatient to rise and return to the regions of glory whence they came. My excuses were such as these: “I have a purpose in life. I would dazzle and astonish, and that soon. I can't do it at once without the stimulus of tobacco.” Not that I had any very definite idea of what I was to achieve, and certainly, just now, achievement of any sort was the last thing that I had any right to think of. Still I had a blind consciousness of power, and a sort of prophecy in my being which would make itself felt, stupid, and benumbed, and insane as I was. I shall never attempt to unravel the tangled skein of my thoughts and feelings. But I reasoned as if I were really of some use in the world, and averred that I had no time to spend to go through the torture of being cured of tobacco, and that, too, when I was too ill to finish any one of the “immortal poems” I had begun in the plenitude of “my purpose to dazzle and astonish the world.”

I believe, reader, that you left me some time since on a sofa in the parlor of my boarding-house. As I lay there, sick, weak and stupid, I tried to remember some pleasant thing. But nothing of the kind would come back to me. My evil deeds lay like half-festered scars on my



soul, but I am sure I could not have thought of a flower or a sweet smile if my life had depended on it.

As I lay there in my misery, it seemed to me that the last cord that bound me to my kind was broken. I felt that I could take the advice of Job's wife, and thank her for it. I could "curse God and die." Just at this point in my meditations, a slight form bent over me. It was that of a young man I had often observed at table opposite me. His dark hair veiled his eyes and his face, but I felt the invisible aroma of kindness that surrounded him. As the mystics say, I came within his sphere. A blissing influence seemed to radiate from him. It came upon me like the cooling wind upon the fevered cheek—like the holy moonlight, or the rich breath of flowers in June. I did not know, till then, that we could never divorce ourselves from the angels. I have never thought of that moment without deep sympathy with those dreamers who say that bright birds and beautiful flowers are created by the beautiful and bird-like in man's nature. "If there were no pure thoughts, there would be no white lilies."

That young man spoke to me so kindly, that my dead, cold heart leaped in my bosom. And yet his words were common words. "You are ill," said he. "The heat is very oppressive to-day." He laid his hand on my hot head, "Come with me to the river," said he, "'tis the hour for bathing, and you need the blessing of water." It was not a minute since he first stood by my side, but I could have gone through the fire with him if he had asked it. Long years have passed since he went up higher, but at this moment I feel his hand upon my head, even as I did more than thirty years since.

"All things once are things forever."

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"Love once felt, though soon forgot,  
Moulds the heart to good forever."

How happy I was as I lay in the cooling wave that night. I felt myself a part of the grand Man which we call Humanity. The quickening spirit flowed into me through my friend. I dreaded to lose sight of him, lest with him should depart my new found happiness. At first my love gave me great pleasure, and then it became a constant source of misery to me. I came to regard my friend with the most intense jealousy. I wanted to absorb him. I wanted the constant assurance that he was mine—mine only.

I had not yet learned the meaning of that sublime paradox, "Nothing is ours till we give it away." And the world has not yet learned this greatest of life's lessons—this sublime, central truth of Christianity. The spirit of love, acting universally, that leads us to withhold nothing from our brethren, makes all truly our own. We may know truth, and live it as fully as we can; but if our brother knows it not, we must suffer for his ignorance and falsehood. Take the air we breathe as an illustration. We may know that impure air causes disease and death. Our friends, or those about us, may not know this truth. We can do our part toward breathing pure air, but if they do not theirs, we breathe, of necessity, in society the impurities that they in their ignorance scatter about them. If we give them the truth, we make it truly our own, and not else; and so of every moral and material good.

My hate for my kind changed its form, and became selfish love for my new friend. It is a terrible thought that we can nourish a fiend with the life of an angel. But so it is. A truth in heaven becomes always a lie in hell. How sad that my beautiful love for my new friend should have become selfishness and jealousy. I could not be saved. My time was not yet come. But my friend persuaded me to return home. I went "chewing the cud of bitter fancy." My mother, my sainted mother, received me so gently, so kindly, that the fiend in me seemed to be charmed into rest for a little time. Had all the world been like my mother I should never have chewed tobacco, for the noxious weed could not have grown. We "can't think of pure women, clothed in white garments, living, walking, and working in a field of tobacco. No, we naturally and instinctively imagine such women amid flowers, or a pure and healthful vegetation. Who ever thought of setting apart a corner of Eden for a tobacco patch?

My gentle mother! how her star-like beauty beams upon me even now. A silver radiance floats through the long vista of years, which have sped since she died into life. It is a heavenly halo beaming from her love. I feel the touch of her soft hand as she held mine, or as she smoothed the dark masses of my tangled hair. Everybody said my hair was beautiful, and cloud-like, so I gratified my spite in having it snarled. My mother brushed it smooth, and wound it



about her pearly fingers, and then it curled to her heart's content. And then I would go to my room and walk about as if the fiends were hurrying me, and run my hands through my hair, and make myself look like "a panther glowering out of an ivy tod." My mother's faith and love never failed. I was the child of her prayers and tears. She believed that I had a mission in the world and that it must and would be fulfilled.

My father had neither faith nor hope for me, or of me. He was quite sure that I was a graceless fellow destined to be poor. He was a reasonable man, and his conclusions were always rational deductions from given premises. He found one day a fragment of one of my poems, and he sent me word by my mother that poets were always poor. (The world has read that poem since, and what is more it has been paid for.) My father was not a prophet, he was a logician. At last he roused me thoroughly—stung me to the very quick—by saying very quietly, that he thought I would be much more excusable for chewing any quantity of tobacco if I earned it. My mother had no magnetism that could quell the storm now. I said and did every unreasonable and horrid thing that I could think of, and finished by leaving my father's roof the same evening. I would sooner have slept in Pandemonium, than my father's house. I returned to my friend, I was boiling with rage. Hell and hate possessed my heart. My friend received me quietly. He listened patiently to all my wild projects.

I was determined to leave the civilized world, and take to the woods. I did not wish to look on human faces again, unless they were those who scowled the hate they felt. I was tired of the schooled features, and the words which concealed men's thoughts. I was determined to go to Canada line and look out for smugglers. In those broken mountainous regions between Vermont and Canada I was sure I would find scenes and adventures suited to my sick, mad state. Valuable property, often to a very large amount, was smuggled across the line during the last war, (may it always be the last,) and to ferret out some nests of smugglers was a pet project with me. Before we parted young Howard said to me, "now is a good time to rid yourself of a habit which I cannot but think is the cause of

your ill health and misery." And then he went on to beg me to disuse tobacco. I laughed at him, told him that I could leave it at any time—but that it was not doing me the injury he suspected, (I believed, it was, nevertheless,) and that I had a purpose to be fulfilled by the aid of tobacco. However, to show the power of my will, I immediately left the use of tobacco. I was somewhat uneasy, and a good deal stupid during the day. The night was not over pleasant, but the war really begun the next day. I had most indefinable and indescribable cravings and yearnings for the "palpable obscure," created by the beautiful blue smoke of a prime Havana, and I longed most ardently to treat my mouth to a "huge quid." However, my will triumphed, and I retired to rest at an early hour, having taken no tobacco. I slept about two hours, and then awoke with a most suffocating sensation. My throat was constricted, my heart was acting spasmodically, and a faintness like death, and a sense of awful weight resting on my breast, were the symptoms which I remember now. I rose as quickly as possible, and attempted to go towards the window for fresh air. I fell in a fainting fit. As I fell my open mouth rested on a plug of tobacco, that lay on a stand by my bed. The contact with the tobacco revived me at once. I opened the window and sat down. I did not think that the tobacco revived me—I did not give any thought to the subject. The next day, with more than Roman firmness, I lived without tobacco. Again I awoke at the same hour in the night with the same painful suffocating faintness. I fell upon the floor, and how long I remained in my fainting fit I do not know. When I came to consciousness I put some tobacco in my mouth and directly I was myself again. I had now a very proper excuse for using tobacco. The fact that like the drunkard I had debauched myself so that extreme suffering must be my portion till the poison was in some degree eradicated from my system, was presented me by Howard, but I would not contemplate it. I was ill and wretched without tobacco. "When I take the bit in my teeth no bridle can stop me." This I did very firmly on the present occasion. Howard saw the folly of remonstrating. O, the delicate wisdom of leaving a sinner to his sin till he is sick of it! There is often no les-



son so effectual as that of silent forbearance. But only the most elevated souls are equal to such a course as this. Howard left me to my evils, but it was evident that his whole life was a prayer for me. I begged him to accompany me in my expedition to Canada line. He consented. Our journey by ordinary conveyance to the north of Vermont was sufficiently monotonous, and commonplace. But when we arrived at a little village some twenty miles from "the line," and were informed that the stage would not go over the mountain till the next week, there was some little prospect of adventure. We were just ten minutes too late for this week's stage. The village where we stopped was on an elevated plain, situated between the Green Mountains where they form a sort of double range. It boasted a meeting-house, a town-house, and a doctor, besides some very pretty girls. A week was sufficient to make me acquainted with all these, and at the end of it I found myself desperately in love with one of the girls. I had no wish to hunt smugglers. It seemed to me a very vulgar business. Howard endeavored, unwisely enough, to bring me to my senses, and to make me think once more of the expedition I had entered upon with so much enthusiasm. But a tallow candle that has melted from the wick, and run down into the pan of the candlestick, is as capable of enlightening the good people who sit in darkness, as I was of any useful, or energetic exertion. I was melted down at the feet of my mountain enchantress. I forgot the world without me, I even almost forgot to take tobacco. Howard waited a most unreasonable time for some sort of *dénouement*, and finally told me that he had made up his mind to leave the next morning. I had no intention of going with him. I should as soon have thought of "carrying myself in a basket" as doing any such thing.

But happily I did not tell him so; I wished to see what an agony my divine Caroline would be thrown into by the announcement of our departure. So I made my way with Howard to the parlor, and announced our intentions. The fair girl was netting very busily, and I looked to see her faint, or at least turn very pale; and drop her work, but she did neither. She looked up with the most earnest manner, and exclaimed, "you must not go to-morrow, for Will-

iam is coming to-morrow evening, and you must see him."

"I should be very happy to see your brother, or friend, whichever Martin William may be," said I—— She stopped me with a merry laugh, "My brother!" said she, and she clapped her little white hands in most gleeful style. "He is my husband, sir." Here was a *dénouement* with a vengeance! I had not been formally introduced to her. She looked younger than her sisters, and they all called her Caroline. I could have bit my tongue off with a relish. How I ever got out of that scrape, and found myself mounted on a ragged thistle-eating French horse, with his mane, tail and ears most unmercifully cropped by some brutal Canadian, his legs like posts, and his gait like the slow motion of a fulling mill, I cannot tell. One thing I know, at an early hour next morning all this had happened to me. Howard was enraptured with the scenery; I could not conceive how anything could look pleasant to anybody. Even the glowing flush of acres of pink ayalia, looked bloody to me, and the pure white blossoms of the same shrub seemed to mock me; my spirit was not white, why should the flowers be. I hated the ayalia. When a man hates flowers and children, he may as well love tobacco. The fiends have a mortgage of him, and ten to one they will foreclose, and take possession. Slowly and moodily we toiled up the mountain, without seeing any person till late in the afternoon. We were now weary and hungry, and began to look for some signs of humanity, with a very hungry interest. At last we met a boy, and inquired for a tavern. The little fellow hesitated, as though there really were no such place within the bounds of his knowledge, and then said, "Right down in the *hol-lur* there is Mr. *Poorzes*, where they kind o' entertains folks."

We rode on and soon found ourselves before a log house. An ugly fellow, with a fox-skin cap that looked as though it grew into the shape which it had taken by the aid of some rude manufacturer, a wolf-skin coat, and a person that corresponded exceedingly well with its outward adornings, took our horses. We entered the public room of the inn. It had a bar—this was indispensable; several men and dogs lay about on chairs, benches and the floor. The prospect for the night looked any-



thing but encouraging, and we were disposed at first to go on; but the thought struck me that these men were probably smugglers, and the adventurous spirit was revived in me again. But I looked around the room most discontentedly. The landlord observed the look, and evidently fearing that I might determine to "go farther and fare worse," he asked us to go into the next room. This room contained two beds, and a "trundle bed," six children and a wan, wretched-looking woman with a babe in her arms, which she said was three weeks old. If I was inclined to go on before, I was decided now. "Will you have supper?" said the landlord? "sure you don't mean to put on?"

"Give my horse some oats, and a half baiting of hay," said I, harshly, "I shall go on."

"Mr.," said the man, "I would not turn a dog out of doors *sich* a night as this will be, hardly if he was mad." I did not even look inquiringly at the fellow, so sure was I that he had only selfish motives in striving to detain us. But he said, "Look o' there Mr.," pointing to a dim haze or cloud in the northeast. "That will be a roarer and no mistake."

"Yes," said a man who joined us at the door; "we'll get rid of our sins, if they ain't like Jo Carny's calico, warranted not to wash out. A thunder-storm is a brewing, sir, that'll wake you up, if you are poorly sound asleep."

I did not believe the fellow; I considered them all in league together. I turned to Howard and said, "I shall go on." He merely said, "After supper." We waited an intolerable half hour for some leathery ham and eggs, and sour bread, and by that time the sky was a good deal darkened. I had no intention, however, of giving up my own opinion—so I mounted quickly, and Howard silently accompanied me. In a few minutes large, dark masses of clouds rolled themselves over the clear sky, and the whole heavens were darkened; the lightning encircled the whole sky—the woods became dense, for we soon left the opening. We looked in vain for another habitation. The thunder rolled and the lightning set everything in a blaze. The rain began to fall in great drops, and then in a moment it came down like the wrath of the Just, *sans peur*.

"Let us return," said Howard, in his

usual gentle manner, at the same time turning his horse's head towards the house we had just left. I had a principle in those days against doing everything that I ought, or that I was asked to do. I peremptorily refused to return, and urged my horse forward into the darkness. Howard probably thought I would soon tire of my folly; so I did, but to tire of wrong, and escape from it, are not always equally easy. I was drenched utterly. The darkness might be felt, still I rode on, till a broad flash of light revealed to me that my horse was cautiously stepping on the trunk of a tree which was thrown across a rapid and swollen stream. I involuntarily closed my eyes and giving a loose rein clung to my horse's neck. Another flash shortly showed me that my horse stood safely on *terra firma*. I now breathed freely, though I knew not but some more terrible danger would beset me the next instant. At length I came to an "opening," and the lightning revealed a "board house." I turned my horse loose, and sought entrance to the dwelling. I was kindly received by the master of the house, a fine-looking young man. He made a fire in "the best room," gave me dry clothes and a good bed. I was a little uneasy about Howard, but comforted myself with the assurance, that Heaven will always take care of its angels, and besides I was too tired to think much of anything. I soon fell into a deep sleep from which I did not awake till very late the next morning. I heard Howard's voice in the next room, and felt very grateful for his safety. I now attempted to rise. To my great surprise one side of me refused to move. Again and again, I made the effort; again and again I found it utterly impossible to move one half of me. I could not open my right eye, and when I had pulled it open with my left hand, I could not shut it again; my right limbs were powerless, and one side of my tongue was numb and without feeling. In this pitiful state I lay till Howard ventured to disturb me. He had followed me the night previous, after waiting to see that my infernal will would be likely to carry me—where such a will really belonged. He had found himself on the trunk of the tree, as I was before him, and had saved himself by like presence of mind. He had reached the open space, but did not descry the light of the house. He turned his horse loose, and lay down on the



grass, and in his thoroughly drenched state, slept till the sun was high in the heavens. A bath and thorough friction left him bright and well; whilst I, who was naturally much stronger, and had been in bed with a good fire, was prostrate with hemiplegia. We were twenty miles from a doctor, and Howard had some knowledge of disease and remedies. I was nearly as weak in mind as in body. Howard immediately set about constructing a shower bath, which should rival the flood of the night before. He succeeded admirably, and in the afternoon I found myself taking "the hair of the same dog to cure the bite." It was happy for us that we had accidentally, or providentially found ourselves in the only civilized household there was within many miles. Mr. Hanson was a young schoolmaster, from an adjoining town, and his pretty wife had been several "quarters" to the Academy. They made our stay as happy as possible, and looked with somewhat of wonder and anxiety upon Howard's novel mode of curing paralysis. I had to be disciplined now; and, to do myself justice, I submitted with an excellent grace to be drenched, and rubbed three times a day for nearly two hours at each season. I would not, however, resign my tobacco entirely. In four weeks I was myself again, and began to think of the smugglers. Howard tried to get me to give up my project, and return home. A very good reason why I would not do it. I walked a good deal alone in the woods, hoping to get some clue to my object. One afternoon I was out amusing myself with starting game, botanizing, and luxuriating amid the dark old woods, not forgetting the smugglers meanwhile. Night closed in upon me with no moon, and the starlight was insufficient to guide me in the dense forest—still I kept on, too much excited to think of sleeping, or a place to sleep. Towards midnight, weary with traveling, I came to a hill, the side of which was covered with a huge ledge. I had been kept up all the evening by a sure confidence, from information that I had received, that the smugglers were in this vicinity. When I reached the ledge I bethought me that I might find some cave, or sheltered place, where I could sleep till morning. I had a rifle in my hand, and a knife and pistol in my belt, and I was too tired to be afraid. I clambered along to the edge of a pro-

jecting mass of rocks, and swung myself down, intending to land on the smooth grass below. Just as I did this a broad blaze of light shone out below me, and a man caught me by the feet, exclaiming, "by thunder, Jim, you're drunk again!"

In a moment more I was inside the smugglers' cave, and the man had discovered his mistake. I confess I was not ambitious of such luck as this. However, I appeared bold and careless, said I had been hunting and had lost my way. I looked about me with no slight interest—trunks, barrels, boxes, sacks, and every kind of package were piled and strewn about. Lights were stuck around the cave, and every man but one was smoking—decanters of brandy, and jugs of rum were very plenty. I singled out the man who was not smoking, for their leader. He was a fine-looking fellow, and had evidently been bred to better business. He looked very restless and uneasy, as he glanced at his party, who were glowering at me trying to satisfy themselves who, or what I might be. Suddenly he turned his keen black eyes on me.

"So you have been hunting and have got lost," said he; "for your sake I hope your story is true, for we gentlemen of the free-trade dislike spies—for my own part, the devil and present company excepted, there is no creature that I hate worse than a revenue officer."

"Shall we throw him over the cliff, or make crow bait of him?" roared a huge fellow with great shaggy eyebrows and a club foot, the only two features which remain in my memory at this day, "or shall we keep him for a scarecrow next year, Captain?"

"Stop Farucer," said the leader, "*you*, certainly, are the last man to be uncivil to strangers."

This compliment had the desired effect.

"I don't want to use anybody bad, but I don't want to be plagued with buzzards," said the fellow in a somewhat surly tone.

The smugglers now began to tell stories of the tricks they had served the revenue officers. According to their account they always had the best of it. These tales were no doubt dressed up for my particular benefit, and they seemed to me to be inexhaustible. It is said that all things have an end, and at last the smugglers had finished pipes, cigars and stories, and sunk to sleep; the Cap-



tain alone remained awake. He looked around on the men.

"This is a miserable business," said he; "every one of these fellows, myself excepted, thinks he shall go to the devil for his work, and I don't feel just right, and yet we all keep on, and excitement and risk keep us at the work. But really, sir, if you are a revenue officer will you tell me what right government has to these duties any more than we have? True, they are a majority, but might cannot make right. And then they carry on war with this money, and legalize murder, and make it respectable. But the majority vote for these things—of course they are right. And they have a chaplain to pray for them when they go to war. Faith, I think we had better get a chaplain."

The man spoke bitterly, discontentedly. He was evidently dissatisfied with himself and his business. I saw at once that I had better not touch upon the morality of the trade. Men do not like to be convinced that they are scoundrels. So I said—

"It is very unpleasant to be proscribed for one's manners, morals, or business. It is useless to quarrel with the majority. Right, or wrong, they are too many for us. If we wish to be comfortable we may as well submit. Those who stand out against the world may have the consciousness of doing right, but begging pardon of all moralists, this hardly pays for being an outlaw."

I saw I had made a lucky hit. I had drawn no trenchant distinction between right and wrong. If I had condemned the man I had flattered him, too, and a wise man will always do this if he wishes to sway his fellow-creatures.

"Let us go into the fresh air," said he, "I feel as if I were choking in this den."

We walked out. He took his gun with him.

After we had walked some distance in the soft, dewy air, he said, "I have half a mind to pilot you to the road. You will not be too safe when our men wake."

We walked on, making almost innumerable turnings and windings. At last he turned abruptly, and said, "Do you think you could find our place?"

I felt rather crest-fallen, yet really glad, as I answered, "Certainly not."

"I agree with you in opinion," said he, with a slight laugh. "I knew you were a revenue officer, but I don't want blood on my conscience."

I assured him I should make no use of the knowledge I had gained.

"When next we meet I shall be more honorably employed," said he.

In the morning I rejoined Howard, and related my adventure.

"Thus ends my pursuit of smugglers," said I. "You will go home," said Howard.

"I will do no such thing," said I. "I shall get into the market and sell myself to 'do the state some service.' Every man has his church and his minister. The market-place is the most thronged church, and he who can make three five is the most esteemed minister. I have knowledge. I shall seek to sell it after the manner of my kind—

"All things are sold, the very light of heaven

Is venal."

"It would probably be your worship to pour out for the young, the treasures you have gathered from without, and evoked from within. But I am not a lover, and my church is the market-place." I parted with Howard amid the green woods of Vermont. I never saw him afterwards. But he has been with me. I have felt his warm breath on my cheek in many a bitter hour. He is more truly mine now, than he was then.

I found myself in a school—a moody, bitter man. What pity that the young are compelled to such companionship. I have dwelt enough upon the discords of my unhappy nature. If any of my readers were condemned, in youth's bright morning, to spend six hours a day with a dark-browed, scowling, "nervous" tyrant, with a ferule in his hand, and a quid of tobacco, as large as a green frog, in his mouth, they can in some measure sympathize with my pupils.

In district parlance I was "an excellent master." I kept the "best order." Whisperers, laughers, truants, caricaturists, delinquents in lessons, all were duly whipped. I had no heart. The few throbs that my heart gave when I found a friend were now stilled. But they were not lost. Love and Truth are never lost. They are Divine, and therefore Eternal. Let not the Sage or the Lover despair, though Love may be everywhere spoken against, and though Truth may seem to fall powerless on human hearts. Truth is the small seed hid in the earth. It is slowly, surely germinating. Love is the blessed sunshine that shall inevitably cause it to grow to strength and beauty. The lessons of



Socrates fell, at one time, unheeded amongst the giddy Athenians. But his name and his precepts are graven on the hearts of the wise and good of this late day. A cross and a crown of thorns were the allotment of Him of Nazareth, but His truth and love have steadily wrought in men's hearts, till they say, "Behold our God."

I had two beautiful sisters in my school. One of them was eight, the other ten years of age. Emma, the youngest, evidently loved me very dearly. Ellen, the eldest, made sport of me, but in such a way that I could not avenge myself. Emma was a fairy-like creature; she seemed to float around me like a white cloud in a blue summer's sky. Her golden hair fell in wavy curls like a shower of sunshine all over her shoulders; her eyes were deep, clear and blue as heaven; her cheeks were like a rose, and her lips like a rose-bud; her forehead was high, and white as pearl; she had the prettiest foot in the world, and the poetry of motion in all her movements. She seemed always to be looking at me, and yet she always had her lessons. I could not put her in a class, for no one learned half as quickly as she; and so she came and stood by me and repeated her lessons, and looked into my evil face with her soft, dove-like eyes, and put her little hand in mine. That hand! shall I ever forget it? It looked lucid, and white like crystal to me. I came unconsciously to love Emma, and my love made me better before I knew it. I became sensible that I loved Emma, because she brought the holiest influence of my life continually to my mind.

One day I observed Emma and Ellen very busy with a slate. They kept up a constant succession of glances at me. Ellen was something of an artist, particularly in the line of caricature. I conjectured that she was trying her skill upon a drawing of me. I waited till the work seemed finished, and then crossed over to the culprits, for I allowed no such recreations in my school. I found upon the slate a drawing of myself, executed with cruel fidelity. "Corrections," "punishment," *vengeance*, really was my first thought. But before the wicked thought formed its body in deed, the deep, clear, pleading eye of Emma was raised to mine. "Punish me, dear Mr. Weymouth; she made it for me."

This was too much. I thought I should

have fainted. I reeled into my chair, and buried my face in my hands. In a moment I felt Emma's soft, little hand laid on mine.

"Are you sick, Mr. Weymouth?"

I answered truly, that I was ill. I immediately dismissed school, and betook myself to the solitude of my room. I walked about in a tumult of thought; I felt that little hand on mine; I saw those pleading eyes all night. I began truly to love, and truly to worship.

The next day Emma was not at school. The second day I missed Ellen also. I could have spared her very well, but that she could be a link between me and Emma. I wanted to see her, to inquire for Emma. Those two days were very weary days to me. The hours dragged their slow length along. It seemed to me, in the morning, that it would never be noon; and at noon, that it would never be night. I struck no blow. If I thought of the ferule, I felt that little hand clasping mine so softly, so imploringly, that I could do no deed of violence. The second day I inquired for Emma. She was ill. She had *Scarlatina*, and it was rife and malignant in the town. I had never had the disorder, but I hurried to the bedside of the child. Selfishness and hate seemed forever banished from my heart, the moment that I heard of that angel child's illness. She was my minister, and my church was the heart. She lay burning up with fever, amid the white drapery of her bed. She raised her languid eyes to mine, and a gleam of light came into them. How precious was the thought that I was precious to her. Suffering as she was, her spirit shone as through a transparent medium. With what intensity of prayer and pain I watched her. I was an Atheist till I breathed the prayer from the deepest depth of my being—

"God, do not let my loved one die!"

I had no thought, or wish, or prayer, but was centered in the child. She could not die. I verily believe that I took hold on her spirit with a grasp of steel. Day and night I watched her, and for a week I never closed my eyes in sleep. She had but one wish, and I alone dared yield to it. She prayed for water, even as I asked for her life. I bathed her hot flesh during every hour. I gave her drink, fresh and sparkling from the living-spring.

In a week she was saved. Oh, what

an overwhelming joy was mine! The very air rested down upon me a heaven. I heard the glad music of the angels. She was my diamond, and the light of heaven came flashing gloriously through her upon my rapt vision. God! how I loved that child. I breathed continually the thought of the Poet:

“The soil is ever fresh and fragrant as a  
rose;  
The skies, like one wide rainbow, stand on  
gold;  
The clouds are light as rose leaves, and the  
dew,  
’Tis of the tears that stars weep, sweet  
with joy;  
The air is softer than a loved one’s sigh;  
The ground is glowing with all priceless  
ore,  
And glistening with gems like a bride’s  
bosom;  
The trees have silver stems, and emerald  
leaves;  
The fountains bubble nectar, and the hills  
Are half alive with light.”

With such a pure love in my heart, I found it impossible to be a tobacco user, especially when that blessed child turned

from it with a loathing too deep for words. One day I was holding her little hand in mine, and I breathed in her face. She turned from me as one oppressed with a deathly sickness. I inwardly swore, at that moment, that I would never touch the weed again. The moment the firm resolve was made, the work was done. My mind became calm and clear, just in proportion as I became free from the poison. I remembered Howard’s treatment when I was laboring under paralysis. I built a shower bath, and was greatly benefited by it. The purgatory of privation was soon safely passed, and I began to feel myself a man, and to be thankful for the boon of existence.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years passed. That sweet bud of heaven, young Emma, blossomed into womanhood, and became the cherished wife of my heart’s only love. Our daughter, Ellen; is a transcript of what her mother was at eighteen. Few wives are happy enough to be beautiful at fifty-eight, but my Emma is beautiful. She is the ripe, sunny peach—Ellen is the graceful peach blossom.

## THE SLEEPER.

A BALLAD,

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

Clouds, like drifts of snow, are taking  
Their swift flight along the sky;  
Morn’s glad spirit now is waking  
The proud Lady Everly.  
As a wave her breast is swelling  
And her lips unconscious move;  
List! in dreams her heart is telling  
All her sadness, all her love.

Once within that breast a passion,  
Strengthened by her name and pride,  
Grew to life;—in tears and sorrow,  
Now she lives for nought beside;  
But the lowly heart that won it,  
Fled forever from her scorn;—  
Why did she forget her Saviour  
In a stable manger born?

Love is the true heart’s religion!  
Let us not its power deny,  
But love on, as flowers love sunshine,  
Or the happy birds the sky.  
Lady, had such faith but led thee  
From thy soul’s apostacy,



God had not an Angel purer,  
In the choir of Heaven than thee.

Winds are hushed that late repeated,  
In their intervals of grief,  
Nights' sad story, and entreated  
Like a suppliant for relief:  
Golden, now, the day-light dawning  
Spreads its woof upon the wall,  
And in crimson waves the curtains,  
Clasped by zephyrs, rise and fall.

Wake her not ! the rays of morning,  
Plundered from the early skies,  
Find no welcome, while adorning  
The cold splendor of her eyes :  
Morn and grateful eve returning,  
To their graves unheeded go  
But to lengthen the tall phantoms  
Closing round her sad and slow.

Fancies, bright as flowers of Eden,  
Often to her spirit come,  
Winging through the mind's brief sunlight  
Glad as swallows flying home ;  
But the spring-time of her beauty  
Withered in the blight of pride ;  
In her sense of birth and duty,  
All love's earliest blossoms died.

Flowers, in festival around her,  
Fold their lids like nuns in prayer :  
Fair as these, the morning found her  
Breathing incense to the air.  
All wealth gives an erring creature,  
Be it joy or grief, is hers ;  
But go read in every feature  
All the madness it confers.

Over life's remotest longing  
Hangs a sullen sense of gloom ;  
In the aisles of thought are thronging  
The dread messengers of doom ;  
There the frost of age is falling—  
On the heart's green desert falls,  
And a voice is slowly calling  
Death and darkness to her halls.

'Tis his spirit now commanding  
Thine from peaceful Earth away ;  
Breathe one whispered *adieu* heavenward,  
For that call thou must obey :—  
Leave behind thy lands and title,  
Leave to Earth thy pride and Gold ;  
Wealth has now no power to save thee  
From his arms so deathly cold !

Hark, that voice approaches nearer !  
Night and day the wail is heard  
Growing louder, higher, clearer,  
Still the Lady sleeps unstirred :  
From her halls her vassals flying,  
Met the wild cry at the door,  
And the couch where she lay dying  
Holds her lifeless form no more.

## THE GENIUS OF THOMAS HOOD.\*

IN the catalogue of the dead for the past year, many will look back, with affectionate regret, upon the name of THOMAS HOOD. It would be ungrateful not to remember an author who has done so much to captivate our silent hours, and, from the very ills of his own life, to inculcate the lessons of cheerfulness and love. When with the continual coruscations of his wit, there came also the melancholy token, that it hovered over decay—and in the midst of sympathetic smiles the light went out—the tears which followed him vindicated in his last hour, that he had equal power over both. In some of his latest poetical compositions, he may be said to have woven a proper garland for his own grave, and the interest of those who watched his departure, even from this distance over the water, is well represented in those exquisite lines written in the death chamber of a young woman.† Thomas Hood is no more. The periodic visitings of his welcome face shall never come again to enhance the pleasures of the winter fireside; and, alas! the legacy of his winnowed works, rich as it is, testifies rather what he might have been. There was the inherent power to do better things when the occasion should be granted. No man could hold the rank of a professed humorist—which, if force must be applied, is for the most part a melancholy calling—and so well adhere to the legitimate. Not that he always did or could under such circumstances; for a compulsory smile will exaggerate itself into something broader; and his best compositions are not the ones which have been the most industriously spread before us. Yet his wit was nearly perennial. In the absence, too, of any grand epic or laborious rhyme, we are prepared to assert that he was a true poet. We mean in the application of the broadest sense. For it is a degraded sense which transfers the title from the original of some grand idea to the mere mechanic of some regular structure. The outward form will indeed be apt to harmonize with the inward grace. There is a subtle and mysterious union none can define. The idea stands forth in its embodiment. The thought is born together with the music, of which it is the vehicle. The poet speaks in numbers, but these last

are the smallest part of his creation. The *conception* must be new and acknowledged, and such as will place the poet in point of fact, and in the admiration of men as its god or creator. Expression is thus necessary to the proof, if not to the fact of a poet; and unless it were in a subtle meaning, and we consider thoughts themselves to have a spiritual body, we might question the conclusion in Gray's exquisite elegy. The "mute inglorious Milton" of his churchyard could not have found his poverty more urgent than blindness and neglect, yet he was dumb. His Cromwell was guiltless of greatness as of his country's blood. Give but the power to express, and the conception may take what form you will, yet it shall be called a poem. It may have the shape of an epic or be written in lowliest prose; be carved in marble, painted on the canvas, touch the heart with the simplicity of a ballad, or with the inwoven harmony of deeper schools. The Greek word implies something god-like. In the Poet creation is continual; though it be only one, it is yet many; though it be accomplished, it is forever accomplishing, fertile and prolific as the family of Saturn. Its glory is, that it is suggestive. From its own perfection a thousand images of the pure and beautiful are begotten. You shall gaze at a statue, and your own mind appears creative. Is the delight which works of art inspire but the reflection of one cold image? It is rather the revelation of a world of images—the very opening of the portals of thought. Such, then, is the notion which we have attached to Poet; that it is to conceive, to express, and prodigally to create some semblance of the Sublime or Beautiful. The title is deserved, whether the work be small and unique, or complicate and of grand proportion: Gray's Elegy, or Paradise Lost.

Hood has several times, within a few years, been called great—a phrase used not inconsiderately or in vain, though in a sense quite aside from the common. He had *humanity* which might be considered a first requisite. The finest fancies are not so much from the contrast of intellect as the congeniality of *hearts*. Love is always the best creation. Though the bleak vista convey to it no image, it

\* Wiley and Putnam's Library of Choice Reading, prose and verse. By Thomas Hood.

† "We watched her breathing through the night."



fashions for itself a new heaven and a new earth. Hood's genius began to open and develop itself in the warmth of an affectionate nature. It was all the cherishing which he received. He was not a "spoiled child." His hardy flowers struggled upward through the snows. The object of his noblest developments were the sufferings of the needy. If his song ever became fervent, or his reputation sure, it was when he depicted wretchedness in such guise that luxury must blush for shame. A man must first have a *heart* to be a true Poet. Like the Chourineur, in Sue's great Romance, he is prepared for the exercise of his faculties, and his first offerings will be given to the benefactor who assured him of the fact. It is the secret of Wordsworth's slow and glorious triumph, that he considered nothing mean—nothing contemptible, if it were linked with Humanity. What lies at the bottom of the reputation of that distinguished poet who wrote *Nicholas Nickleby*? These men have known how to estimate the unnoticed tear at a costly value, even as the representative of a weight of grief. With a sympathy which drew him in like manner into communion with his fellow-men, Hood's inventive genius began to work. His mind was already full of images and combinations. It was of the nature of a spring, which giving cannot impoverish, but adds a fiercer zest and a peculiar flavor. To be forced or predetermined is death to most men's efforts; for inspiration comes rarely, and arises out of junctures which are occasional, and cannot be contrived of a man's providence. But out of the ever-present occasion he snatched his hints with marvelous quickness. Every individual point of time was as good as an era. Such a one can with difficulty be hackneyed. He could write for his bread and his genius not be discouraged. Its very bread was the want of it. This quickness of conception and abundance, is a mark of genius, as a tropical voluptuousness bears witness to the fuller presence of the sun. It was one of the bitternesses of Hood's dying, to be conscious of all the wealth and apparatus of his mind. If utterance were merely a relief from oppression there was a pang in being utterly precluded. But one may also mourn over the noble thoughts to which he never can give a bold and palpable being. To be full of the lights and tints of a noble picture, and never be able

to throw a shadow on the canvas; to be eloquent of heart, yet dumb, and uttered to a sweet accord in every sympathy; to look for the last time on the beautiful universe of God. These fragments of the Imagination are in effect *ruins*. That which has not yet been is mourned over as that which has been lost.

The writings of this author bear witness to a great invention. No man ever said so many "good things;" which being his by parentage, resemblance and affection, might in all propriety be entitled "*Hood's Own*." Others have been employed a life-time in collecting the sayings of many which have not equaled the diversified exuberance of one. His works literally sparkle all over like frostwork in the sun. Nor is the general splendor greater than the beauty of the individual gems. Some, it is true, have an inferior or false light, but serve to set off those of an undisputed value. His thoughts were, like Horace's, curiously happy; and their curiosity consisted in their being the *ipsa verba* correspondent with the idea. The thought itself being fetched from a far distance, as if by a charm, the seldom-called-for, overjoyed word left its place in the vocabulary, and hastened to a happy union. The right elements must have been present, for the contagion of happiness spread. The broad tokens of appropriation were too immediate to be other than the spontaneous tribute of intrinsic worth. You could not bear the good things to pass away with the subsidence of the first smile, but caused them to reappear, and pass in review, as a boy permits sweet morsels to linger and loiter on his tongue. "*Hood's Own*" were not for an Areopagite judgment, to be held off and scrutinized with a calm, implacable mind, and pronounced upon in due season. Your judge leaped the barrier of all principles; the statement and verdict went together. No more difference than between the hit and flash. It is to deny wit or pathos with slow arguments, if smiles and tears have broke out already in advance. It is a mistake to suppose that the greater part of Hood's merit consists in verbal quibbles and happiness of that nature. These served *his* turn; never *he* theirs. What came in his way he leveled at with a keen eye, but he did not thrash the bushes. Hood made puns, but puns did not make Hood. Indeed he redeemed this Art, the history of which, with those who have acquired infamy by it, might fill a new



paper in the next edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Cicero set forth some bad pretensions. Horace could not prostitute the Latin language to anything so *infra dig.* Ovid's attempt as he set forward to the town of Tomi was so bad that it is good, and so good that it evanesced in utterance, and cannot be now told. Nero began by amusing himself in this way, and at last became hardened to what bloody work! It is said that a subject of Queen Zenobia was charged with perpetrating a thing of this kind, and she consulted her prime minister Longinus, who deemed him worthy of death. This is nearly the history of the art down to *Quid rides*. Then it took a new start, and by force of that very sneer set everybody riding it (some few *deriding*) as a hobby. Then the great Dr. Johnson, by a single burst of dogmatism, overwhelmed it with contempt. A few stragglers kept up the succession; the Prince, Beau Brummel, and his surrounding wits brought to light a few novelties, and the last Apollo, Canning, in this way sometimes relaxed his bow. The Latin *punio*, and English *punish*, are similarly derived; and another *Punicum bellum* we hope the world will never again witness. A mere verbal pun, like the above is the boldest invention. It only lies in the coincidence of sound. A better kind is that which arises out of a coincidence in thought or comparison. Hood's worst perpetrations (if any can be called even bad) are but the wayside talk by which he beguiles the time, until he conducts you to something beautiful. Mark his words in that somewhat melancholy "Inaugural" written in his last illness, wherein he recommends a cheerful philosophy. "How else could I have converted a serious illness into a comic wellness—by what other agency could I have transported myself, as a cockney would say, from *Dullage* to *Grinage*? It was far from a practical joke to be laid up in ordinary in a foreign land, under the care of physicians quite as much abroad as myself with the case; indeed, the shades of the gloaming were stealing over my prospect; but I resolved that, like the sun, so long as my day lasted, I would look on the bright side of everything. The raven croaked, but I persuaded myself that it was the nightingale; *there was the smell of the mould, but I remembered that it nourished the violets.*" And what says he of his own person? "The very fingers so

aristocratically slender that now hold the pen, hint plainly of the *ills* that *flesh* is heir to. My coats have become great-coats, my pantaloons are turned into trowsers, and by a worse bargain than Peter Schlemil's, I seem to have retained my shadow and sold my substance. In short, as happens to prematurely old port wine, I am of a bad color, with very little body." "But the best fence against care is a ha! ha! Let your 'lungs crow like Chanticleer,' and as like a GAME-cock as possible. Smiles are tolerated by the very pinks of politeness; and a *laugh is but the full-blown flower of which a smile is the bud.*" Grotesqueness, for the most part, is looked on by a Janus-face; outward plaudits are in proportion to the inward silence and contempt. But here are trifles which lead you not to turn away from the harlequin, but to come up and grasp the hand of the *man*. What the cynic would sneer at is the irrepressible freshness of a heart glad as a child, who leaps and laughs on his way to those hard tasks which he will presently turn into a pleasure. Better is the luxury which bears trimming, than the beggary which cannot be supplied. The great Shakspeare, when he has accomplished the triumph of some of his noblest parts, sports through a variety of scenes with a careless assurance, as if he had the right. We say that the *beautiful* is expressed by the general action as well as by the set phrase. True Genius shows in this way the symptoms of its perpetual youth—

νῆα γὰρ φροντίς οὐκ ἀλγεῖν φιλεῖ.

Thus much may be said of the Comic Annual, and those many "good things," trifles, which are not trifles, since they arise out of and are sure to reach the kindly heart. We put stress on something beside this. Our author has wrought out some creations of small bulk, but of grand conception. We speak of them as fraught with the same expression as the "dying Gladiator" at Rome. He has represented the PEOPLE, as one body, in the throes of that suffering which has so long racked the frame, the big muscle of English labor swelled to the utmost tension, a picture of gigantic agony. We have not the work at hand, nor have we seen it for a year but carry a distinct impression of its energy, with scarce the remembrance of a word. We know that it was the picture of a



man, a something gaunt and terrible in the boldness of outline, asserting in sepulchral monotone a right to live by virtue of hard labor, betwixt "the day-light and dark." To conceive a clear image of man's distress is to put one in another's stead, and to follow afar off the grandest example on record; but it is noble to work out this conception, and to be the creator of an Image out of the terrible negation of want. The poor cannot speak; or, could he, there would be nothing so convincing as the coldness of his hearth-side, and the silent eloquence of his despair. That would present only an instance. But the Poet can embody an universal suffering, and excite an active pity over the whole realm. The majesty of art is proudly vindicated, and no theme has grander elements than the convulsive struggling of the Poor. If all who have a reputation to gain in literature would do as much for this class as Thomas Hood! His very smiles are nothing but the light of Heaven beautifully shining through his tears. There is no antagonism. Dew and sunshine sparkle together on the same leaf. It is the union of nature. A beam shed on a globule reflects a little world of gorgeous scenery, and a heart must be brim-full to mirror the more perfect images of joy. Does not Hood's "Song of the Shirt," with his other writings, illustrate this? Can one chirrup like the grasshopper, to which Anacreon has written his Ode, without being similarly fed? We find that the realms of mirth and pathos are, for the most part, ruled over by the same potentates. He who could go into so fantastic a discourse upon "buttons," indited Le Fevre's tender story, and that tale of a Prisoner, of which the burden is: "Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery, still thou art a bitter draught: and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee thou art no less bitter on that account." An "Ode to Melancholy" is before us, which, had the author written nothing else, would have entitled him to the name of Poet. It is a masterpiece of artful contrivance, whereby the rhyme and rhythm are so arranged by an inflection of exquisite melody as to accord with the fitful changing, sighs, and whimpering of a half-sick-heart. The rise and falling are beautiful as a wind-harp's; the vibrations of the dying note almost impalpably fine. Rather we might compare the effect of it to a day in April. First a gleam of sun-

shine driven away by hurrying clouds! then a short gusty sobbing, with a few rain-drops; then a wrestling of opposite winds, and eddying of the dry leaves; and without any great violence, fickle and changeful throughout.

"Oh clasp me, sweet, whilst thou art mine,  
And do not take my tears amiss,  
For tears must flow to wash away  
A thought that shows so stern as this!  
Forgive, if sometime I forget,  
In wo to come the present bliss.  
As frightened Proserpine let fall  
Her flowers at the sight of Dis,  
Even so the dark and bright will kiss.  
The sunniest things throw sternest shade,  
*And there is even a happiness  
That makes the heart afraid!*

Now let us with a spell invoke  
The full orb'd moon to grieve our eyes;  
Not bright, not bright, but with a cloud  
Lapped all about her, let her rise  
All pale and dim, as if from rest  
The ghost of the late buried sun  
Had crept into the skies.  
The moon! She is the source of sighs,  
The very face to make us sad;  
If but to think in other times  
The same calm quiet look she had,  
As if the world held nothing base  
Of vile and mean, of fierce and bad;  
The same fair light that shone in streams,  
The fairy lamp that charmed the lad;  
For so it is with spent delights,  
She taunts men's brains, and makes them mad.

All things are touched with melancholy,  
Born of the secret soul's mistrust,  
To feel her fair ethereal wings  
Weighed down with vile degraded dust;  
Even the bright extremes of joy  
Bring in conclusions of disgust,  
Like the sweet blossoms of the May  
Whose fragrance ends in must.  
Oh, give her then her tribute just,  
Her sighs and tears, and musings holy!  
There is no music in the life  
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;  
There's not a string attuned to mirth,  
But has its chords of Melancholy."

The distinguishing trait of Hood's mind was *fancy*. He has not imagination to any great degree—that is, what we understand by imagination in such men as Shakspeare and Milton, and, since them, in Byron and Shelley. This faculty is one which flies with a strong wing, finds out new worlds for itself, and invents its own creatures to people them with. But Hood's fancy was remarkably rich; and what made it peculiarly effective—it never

rested. It was, perhaps, the most restless in English Literature, since Shakespeare's—who had as much fancy as imagination. It was, in fact, so singularly subtle, vivacious and varied—caught so quickly at strange combinations without making them appear unnatural—as to be entitled to the quality of *inventive*, *creative*—thus trenching upon the province of the higher faculty. This is seen in many of his poems, but especially in three or four of those more elaborately conceived and executed. The "Haunted House" is a singular instance. It is not the work of Imagination, but almost purely of Fancy. The conception is a kind of conceit—though a fine one—and the execution is but a string of exquisite conceits, the "gentil children of Fantasie," from the first verse to the last. The poem is indeed remarkable for this, yet for being, at the same time, highly artistic—since each fancy is sprung upon us naturally and heightens the effect. We cannot resist quoting a few verses from one of the most curious and original pieces in the language. The idea sought to be set forth is that of a strange spirit of utter desolation, which has spread itself through and around a noble old mansion, because of a horrible murder committed there, the memory of which lingered in every nook and chamber, and over the deserted garden.

\* \* \* \*

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,  
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,  
The place is haunted !

No dog was at the threshold, great or small—  
No pigeon on the roof—no household creature—  
No cat demurely dozing on the wall—  
Not one domestic feature.

No human figure stirred, to go or come—  
No face looked forth from shut or open casement—  
No chimney smoked—there was no sign of home  
From parapet to basement.

The wren had built within the porch, she found  
Its quiet loneliness so sure and thorough ;  
And on the lawn—within its turfy mound—  
The rabbit made his burrow.

The rabbit wild and gray, that flitted thro'  
The shrubby clumps, and frisked, and sat,  
and vanished,

But leisurely and bold, as if he knew  
His enemy was banished.

The coot was swimming in the reedy pond,  
Beside the water hen, so soon affrighted ;  
And in the weedy moat the heron, fond  
Of solitude, alighted.

The moping heron, motionless and stiff,  
That on a stone, as silently and stilly,  
Stood, an apparent sentinel, as if  
To guard the water-lily.

\* \* \* \*

The vine unpruned, and the neglected peach,  
Dropped from the wall with which they  
used to grapple ;  
And on the cankered tree, in easy reach,  
Rotted the golden apple.

But awfully the truant shunned the ground,  
The vagrant kept aloof, and daring poacher ;  
In spite of gaps that thro' the fences round  
Invited the encroacher.

The marigold amidst the nettles blew,  
The gourd embraced the rose-bush in its  
ramble,  
The thistle and the stock together grew,  
The holly-hock and bramble.

The statue, fallen from its marble base,  
Amidst the refuse leaves, and herbage rotten,  
Lay like the idol of some by-gone race,  
Its name and rites forgotten.

\* \* \* \*

The centipede along the threshold crept,  
The cobweb hung across the mazy tangle,  
And in its winding-sheet the maggot slept,  
At every nook and angle.

\* \* \* \*

Howbeit, the door I pushed—or so I dreamed—  
Which slowly, slowly gaped—the hinges creaking  
With such a rusty eloquence, it seemed  
That Time himself was speaking.

But Time was dumb within that mansion old,  
Or left his tale to the heraldic banners  
That hung from the corroded walls, and told  
Of former men and manners.

Those tattered flags, that with the opened door,  
Seemed the old wave of battle to remember,  
While fallen fragments danced upon the floor  
Like dead leaves in December.

The startled bats flew out—bird after bird—  
The screech-owl overhead began to flutter,



And seemed to mock the *cry that she had heard*  
Some dying victim utter.

*A shriek that echoed from the joisted roof,  
And up the stair, and further still and further,  
Till in some ringing chamber far aloof  
It ceased its tale of murder.*

Meanwhile the rusty armor rattled round,  
The banner shuddered, and the rugged streamer;  
All things the horrid tenor of the sound  
Acknowledged with a tremor.

The subtle spider, that from overhead  
Hung like a spy on human guilt and error,  
Suddenly turned, and up its slender thread  
Ran with a nimble terror.

The very stains and fractures on the wall,  
Assuming features solemn and terrific,  
Hinted some tragedy of that old hall,  
Locked up in hieroglyphic.

Some tale that might, perchance, have solved the doubt,  
Wherefore amongst those flags so dull and livid,  
The banner of the BLOODY HAND shone out  
So ominously vivid.

\* \* \* \*

If but a rat had lingered in the house,  
To lure the thought into a social channel!  
But not a rat remained, or tiny mouse,  
To speak behind the pannel.

\* \* \* \*

The floor was redolent of mould and must,  
The fungus in the rotten seams had quickened;  
While on the oaken table coats of dust  
Perennially had thickened.

There was so foul a rumor in the air,  
The shadow of a presence so atrocious;  
No human creature could have feasted there,  
Even the most atrocious!

\* \* \* \*

'Tis hard for human actions to account,  
Whether from reason or from impulse only;  
But some internal prompting bade me mount  
The gloomy stairs and lonely.

Those dreary stairs, where with the sounding stress  
Of every step so many echoes blended,  
The mind, with dark misgivings feared to guess  
How many feet ascended.

The air was thick—and in the upper gloom  
The bat—or *something in its shape*—was winging;  
And on the wall, as chilly as a tomb,  
The Death's-head moth was clinging.

The mystic moth, which, with a sense profound  
Of all unholy presence, augurs truly;  
And with a dim magnificence flits round  
The taper burning bluely.

Yet no portentous shape the sight amazed;  
Each object plain, and tangible, and valid;  
But from their tarnished frames dark figures gazed,  
And faces spectre-pallid.

Such earnest woe their features overcast,  
They might have stirred, or sighed, or wept, or spoken;  
But, save the hollow moaning of the blast,  
The stillness was unbroken.

No other sound or stir of life was there,  
Except my steps in solitary chamber,  
From flight to flight, from humid stair to stair,  
From chamber into chamber.

Deserted rooms of luxury and state,  
That old magnificence had richly furnished  
With pictures, cabinet of ancient date,  
And carvings guilt and burnished.

Rich hangings, storied by the needle's art,  
With scripture, history, or classic fable;  
But all had faded, save one ragged part,  
Where Cain was slaying Abel.

The sky was pale; the cloud a thing of doubt;  
Some hues were fresh, and some decayed and duller;  
But still the BLOODY HAND shone strangely out  
With vehemence of color!

The BLOODY HAND significant of crime,  
That glaring on the old heraldic banner,  
Had kept its crimson unimpaired by time,  
In such a wondrous manner!

\* \* \* \*

And yet no gory stain was on the quilt—  
The pillow in its place had slowly rotted:  
The floor alone retained the trace of guilt,  
Those boards obscurely spotted.

Obscurely spotted to the door, and thence  
With mazy doubles to the grated casement—  
Oh, what a tale they told of fear intense,  
Of horror and amazement!

What human creature in the dead of night  
Had coursed like hunted hare that cruel distance?  
Had sought the door, the window in his flight,  
Striving for dear existence?

What shrieking spirit in that bloody room  
Its mortal frame had violently quitted?—  
Across the sunbeam, with a sudden gloom,  
A ghostly shadow flitted!"

\* \* \* \*

The "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," a poem that ought to be much better known than it is, will live as the fullest example of the sweet union of affection and fancy in Hood's nature. Thus, not only by the similarity of subject, are we reminded of the great author of "Midsummer Night's Dream," but as well by that beautiful disposition—that kind of fancy in the heart—which appears everywhere in Shakspeare's writings, and which more than anything else made Ben Jonson call him so fondly, "My gentle Shakspeare." "The Plea of the Fairies" is full of genial felicities, sparkles throughout with a quaint and pleasant richness. The glittering fancies are not cold, but flushed and imbued always with the glow of humanity, making us think rather of the man than of the author. The Fays and Fairies, and all the other little moonlight people of Titania and Queen Mab, to whose tiny appeals he gives utterance,

"Peri and Pixy, and quaint Puck the Antic."

are, with him, no creatures of the ice-born Northern Lights; they are "of the earth," though not "earthly"—a kind of terrene-lunar race, with whom mortals may have sympathy, because they have sympathy with mortals. The idea and conduct of these airy and capricious beings was, of course, taken from Shakspeare; but the affectionate quaintness with which they are treated is of Hood's own nature. The conception of the poem is very happy. The Fairy creations of which Shakspeare has written are represented as "based upon the fickle faith of man." Time, in the shape of ancient Saturn, stalks in upon their wild-wood revels, and

"Leaning his back against an antique oak,"

begins to threaten them with destruction, as having lived long enough for such useless folk. The Queen and her frightened Fairies make their little trembling tearful entreaties, urging every sort of curious plea, why they ought to live; but the "old Mower" only stamps his heel on the ground, puffs at them, and is just about making a dainty swath of the whole crew, when the bright-eyed shade of Shakspeare steps before him, and the puller down of old monuments is obliged to take himself off without harming them. We commend the "Plea" to all lovers of delicate fancies.

We need not speak of Hood's other poems: several of them are as familiar to every one as the Bible Stories. The

"Song of the Shirt," and "The Lady's Dream," are popular, not because they are very poetical, but because of their piercing with so touching an earnestness the heart of humanity. The "Bridge of Sighs," however, is not only pathetic, to the verge of pain, but wonderfully striking in construction, and powerful in expression. It is a poem that will live a great many years. "The Dream of Eugene Aram," also, is one of the finest ballads in the language. In the new collection, made by his wife, many of the minor pieces, as is usual in such cases, are of no particular value, and had better not been published. "Hero and Leander," however—though quite too long, we think, in an artistic point of view—is a beautiful poem, and "The Two Swans" is delicate and graceful in the highest degree.

Much as our author has written, he has perhaps suggested more, and so fulfilled the idea which we had conceived of a high creative faculty. There is no end of the lights and reflections of a true work; with the first inspiration breathed into it, there is the inherent principle of a new life. Everything grand in Art is a conception begotten from something previously grand: If we see bridges, battlements and gorgeous scenery among the accidental coals of a winter's hearth, each according to his degree of fancy, what a temple of Beauty may be built, like magic, by intenser scrutiny into the fires of Genius? That is after all a dead work which does not so expand the mind of the beholder as to carry it somewhat beyond the circumference of itself. In how small a compass may be clasped the works of Shakspeare, yet how illimitably does he carry us beyond the sphere to which his scenes are restricted? What "spirits" does he conjure from the "vast deep?" Every great man is his debtor; and this forms part of Immortality. The parent lives in his latest progeny. In conclusion, we believe that the writings of Hood are not doomed to perish; they are too nearly allied to the spirit of that humanity which he loved. We may say of him, in his own words at the grave of Elia: "However much of him has departed, there is still more of him that cannot die; for as long as Humanity endures and man holds fellowship with man, his spirit will still be extant." We will add that he has left behind him a name transcending even that of a Poet—THE FRIEND OF THE POOR.



## THREE CHAPTERS ON THE HISTORY OF POLAND.

## CHAPTER I.

POLAND has become linked by association and sympathy with the cause of Freedom the world over. Her heroic struggles and her cruel fate, while they have rejoiced the despotisms that surround her as another victory of Tyranny over Liberty, have bound her to the heart of the patriot in every land. Poland is now a corpse dismembered and divided to her conquerors, and all that her children can do is to see that her grave is not dishonored, nor her name covered with undeserved obloquy. She struggled while she could, and when hope in her own arm had departed, she leaned on her broken spear, and turned with pleading look to the world, but in vain, and she fell. Not content with her ruin, her enemies attempt to blacken her history, and destroy the moral effect of her example.

We propose to devote here three chapters to the affairs of Poland, with a view of giving a concise sketch of its history, so that one can form a more definite and correct opinion of that nation than from the meagre and prejudiced sources furnished by English historians. There is so little written on Poland in the English language, and most of that either in prejudice or ignorance of Polish authorities, that a correct and comprehensive history of Poland is yet a desideratum in English literature. We never were so forcibly reminded of this fact as when reading Alison's History of Europe—that libel on all history. Mr. Alison set out with fair professions of candor and impartiality, but he has not made those professions good in any part of his work; and every nation he has taken up has suffered at his hands; England alone—the immaculate England—is glorified. In speaking of Poland, he discovers there too much of republicanism, and his sensibilities are at once offended. Instead of taking up the thread of history at the beginning, and following it to the end, he takes it up at the most unfavorable point, and from the circumstances which then exist, he judges of the whole nation and her entire history. In history, as in painting, the outline may be correct but the coloring may be false, not true to nature. The historian may dip his brush only in black, and thus,

while faithful to dates and names, he may give an unnatural complexion to the subjects he paints. This is precisely the case with Mr. Alison when sketching the history of Poland. On this account it is more difficult to refute him, without going all over the ground, as every feature in this subject must be retouched with its appropriate color, that the whole picture be faithful to nature. To do this, neither time nor space would allow us; but we will attempt such a sketch as will present Poland in her proper light, and serve as a partial vindication of her so much misunderstood or misrepresented cause.

The inhabitants of the great plain, now unrighteously partitioned, bounded by the Baltic, the Dwina, the Dnieper on one side, and by the Oder, the Carpathian Mountains and the Black Sea on the other, according to the belief of some, had the Scythians for their ancestors. The Poles were also called by the Greeks and Romans *Sarmatæ*, and hence the name of *Sarmatia* was given to the country they inhabited. *Sarmatia* is but a contraction of *Saurommotos*, and means lizard-eyed, being derived from the two Greek words *saura* lizard and *ommotos* the eye.

These lizard-eyed people bore also the name of *Slavonians*, which appellation is derived from the word *slava*, meaning fame or glory. Slavonian, therefore, means famous or glorious. Of late the Slavic writers prefer this to another equally authentic generic name of the Slavic race, we mean *Slovianie* (read Slo-viah-nieh.) *Slovianie* is derived from *slovo* word. *Slovianin*, the singular of *Slovianie*, means rich, full in words. This latter appellation is used to this day by a small tribe of the race calling themselves *Slovacy* (Slo-vah-tsy) the singular of which is *Slovak*. It follows that the proper appellation of the race is *Slavianic*, or *Slovianic*; *Slovacy* being reserved for the tribe alluded to. In English we should say *Slavonian* or *Slovian*, or if it should please better, *Slovianian*, *Slavic* or *Slovic* race, and never *Sclavonian*, *Sclavonic*, or *Sclavic* race.

The Germans, who were mortal enemies to the Slavonians, were in the habit



of selling their prisoners of war taken among that nation; and they adopted, impudently, if we may be allowed the expression, *DER SCLAVE* as synonymous with *Slavonian* and *slave*. The Germans, who have contributed so largely to the barbarous Latinity of the middle ages, have also introduced into modern Latin the *sclavi*: the Romans did not know the Slavonians under that name at all. From the same source the French word *esclave* is derived; but the French for a Slavonian is *un slave*. English writers, for want of correct information upon the subject, follow the Germans in this respect, and write *Sclavonians*. The impropriety of using the word in that sense, which is forced upon it either by the ignorance or malice of the enemies of the Slavic race, is evident.

The more prominent branches of the Slavic race are the Poles, the Russians, the Bohemians, the Servians; and the remaining few are scattered and incorporated with other nations, some of whom inhabit the eastern coast of the Adriatic. The whole family of the Slavonians amounts to 85 millions. The Poles derive their present name from their word *pole* (po-leh) field. Their ancestors dwelt in tents pitched in open fields, and hence they were at first called *Polanie*, (Po-la-nieh) inhabitants of fields, subsequently *Polacy*, the singular of which is *Polak*, Pole; and hence their country in their own language is *Polska*, (Pols-kah) Poland.

The authentic history of the Poles begins with the accession to the throne of the family of Piast, who was chosen their duke in the year 830, A. D. His will and the fear of his barons was the only limitation of his power, which he did not abuse through a long reign of nearly thirty-one years. He was succeeded by Ziemovit, his son, in 860, who, after having reigned happily over his people, and laid the foundation of a strong empire, died 891. More critical historians date the commencement of the authentic era of Polish history from Ziemovit, while his father's reign is looked upon as veiled in uncertainty.

For five centuries and a half, (from 830 to 1386,) the throne was in possession of the family of Piast, some of whose successors fulfilled the common destiny of princes—of being obscure in high places; while others left their names behind them with their deeds. Mieczyslas I., who ascended the throne in the

year 964, became enamored of Dombrowka, (Dom-brov-kah,) the daughter of the Duke of Bohemia. But the price of Dombrowka's hand was to be his conversion to Christianity, which he willingly paid; and thus his happiness was consummated, and the light of the Gospel brought to his Pagan subjects. We may judge of his zeal for his new faith from the edict which he issued, which required that when any part of the Gospel was read, the hearers should half-draw their swords, in testimony of their readiness to defend its truth. This custom prevailed till the wearing of swords at the side was given up, at the end of the last century.

On the death of Mieczyslas, in 992, the throne devolved on his son, Boleslas, who won laurels in many a battle-field, and whose valor even his enemies acknowledged by styling him *Chrobry*, the Valiant.

In Boleslas III., who succeeded to the throne in 1102, on the death of his father, Wladislas, we see no less a hero than in his namesake and ancestor above mentioned. Even the most happy of mortals expect, and sometimes meet, with reverses; but the conqueror of forty battles could ill bear them. Through the treachery of a Hungarian, and cowardice of one of his generals, he was at length put to flight by the Russians, and his glory of thirty-seven years' victory tarnished in a single day. Grief, at the faded laurels that fell at his feet, laid him in his grave in 1139, A. D.

While we recall the memory of the brave, we must not overlook the claims that the mild and benevolent have upon us. Such are the claims of Casimir II., the *Just*, who ascended the throne in 1179. Though he waged successful wars with his country's foes, yet it is by his clemency and benevolence that he made himself conspicuous. He protected the weak against the strong and cruel, and left to posterity the character of the most amiable monarch that ever held the Polish sceptre. Never swerving from equity, he tempered justice with mercy, and thus gained from his grateful subjects the enviable appellation of the *Just*.

It was destined that the last of the family of Piast should be no less illustrious than his ancestors, and Casimir, the Great, was the Polish Alfred. This dynasty is so much endeared to the Polish nation that, to commemorate their memory, the appellation of Piast became the distinction of the Kings of the Polish de-



scent. In the year 1333, Casimir took possession of the throne of his father, Wladislas, who, on his death-bed, gave him this remarkable advice: "If you have any regard for your honor or your reputation, take care to yield nothing to the Knights of the Teutonic order, and the Marquis of Brandenburg. Resolve to bury yourself under the ruins of your throne, rather than abandon to them the portion of your heritage which they possess, and for which you are responsible to your people and your children. Do not leave your successors such an example of cowardice, which would be sufficient to tarnish all your virtues, and the splendor of the finest reign. Punish the traitors, and, happier than your father, drive them from a kingdom where pity opened an asylum for them, for they are stained with the blackest ingratitude." The succeeding history warrants the justice of this animadversion against the Knights. Had his successors borne it in mind sufficiently, the Prussians would not now be the masters of Poland.

Casimir gave, for the first time, a code of laws to Poland, and saw justice impartially administered; the condition of the peasantry was improved by him, for which he received the title of King of the Peasants. He encouraged learning, and was the founder of the University of Cracow, in 1347, which rose to such an eminence that Pope Urban V. considered it, in 1364, as equal to any of the Universities of Europe.

During the reign of the family of Piast, the Poles frequently had to fight their battles with their neighbors; but with the introduction of the Teutonic Knights into Pomerania—a Polish province—in the beginning of the thirteenth century, greater demands were made upon their vigilance and valor. The Knights were offered this abode, with the view that they should defend the northern frontier of Poland from its pagan neighbors, among whom they should propagate Christianity. But no sooner had they established themselves, than they threw aside the ostensible purpose of the mission; and in the end, verified the story of the man and a frozen adder, which, on being warmed by the fire, sprung upon his benefactor.

Casimir leaving no immediate heirs, his sister's son, Louis, King of Hungary, was called to the throne in 1370. This period is remarkable on account of the King's being made by the nobles to sign

the *Pacta Conventa*, curtailing royal prerogatives, before ascending the throne. But here we approach a more eventful epoch. Hedwiga, succeeding to her father, Louis, in 1384, took for her husband Yagellon, Duke of Lithuania. Thus the fortunes of the two nations, once enemies, were forever united by the bond of conjugal love. The family of Yagellon swayed the Polish sceptre happily for nearly two centuries. At this time, Poland was on the ascent to her highest glory.

After we have taken notice of our new acquaintances, the Lithuanians, we shall put on seven-leagued boots, and will pass quickly through the space of time that separates us from more interesting though awful events in the life of the Polish nation.

The Lithuanians and Samogitians are different clans of common origin, who are believed not to have sprung from the Slavonic stem. They were Pagans; believed in a Supreme God, whom they called the All-wise-Spirit, and they worshiped other gods besides. Their language resembles none of the Slavonic dialects, but approaches Greek and Latin, not only in words, but in its construction. The common people speak the language to this day, while the nobility have adopted the Polish. A perfect harmony subsists between the Poles and Lithuanians, as among children of one mother, of which they have given abundant evidence in the last struggle for independence.

But to return to the Yagellons. Casimir IV., who ascended the throne after the death of his brother, in 1444, reigned happily nearly forty-five years, (1492,) extending the territory of his kingdom, framing its constitution, and fostering arts and learning.

Under the last of the Yagellons, Sigismund Augustus, Poland reached the pinnacle of her glory; she took the first rank among the nations of Europe in power and learning. A galaxy of great names shone in Polish literature in the reign of the two Sigismunds, father and son.

After the demise of Sigismund Augustus in 1572, the Polish nation maintained its elevated position for half a century longer, for the seeds of her ruin were slowly sown. The elective system of monarchy was introduced after the death of that king, and the inglorious Henry de Valois was its first fruit. Fortunately



for the country, after the reign of a few months, he fled to his native land, and Stephen Batory, elected in 1575, succeeded to the Polish crown. The short reign of ten years was long enough for Batory to endear himself to his people; for his talent, courage, probity, and love for learning, were conspicuous. Yet, his otherwise glorious reign cannot be looked upon by the historian but with sorrow, for he had the misfortune of planting seed, whose nature neither he nor the world as yet knew anything about, till it germinated and reached the season of its fruition. Anxious to contribute to the encouragement of learning, he introduced into Poland the Order of the Jesuits, whose real character was to be displayed in subsequent reigns.

Sigismund III., of the family De Wasa, and son of the Swedish king John, was next elected to the Polish throne in 1587, and died 1632. His long reign of 45 years was a source of calamities to the Polish nation, yet it was not entirely devoid of brilliancy. His reign was graced by many distinguished men, among whom stands foremost Zolkiewski, (Zolkiev-sky) who brought the captive Czar and his brothers in the train of his triumphal entry to Warsaw, and laid the Russian crown at the feet of his royal master. It was Sigismund who brought upon Poland the Swedish wars for succession, which for many years exhausted her. It was also under his sway that the Society of Jesus, in less than half a century from its introduction, struck deep roots into the Polish soil, and was spreading its baneful influence through the land. The Jesuits were fast engrossing the public education of the nation, and consequent imbecility, and bigotry, never failing concomitants of their system of instruction, gave a greater impetus to the detrimental causes acting upon the country from without. It is a singular fact that the Jesuit colleges have never produced a single great man in the history of Poland.

When under the confluence of such circumstances, Poland was convulsed with intestine commotions, fomented and kept up by wily neighbors, who, like hungry wolves, were waiting the dissolution of her political body, there appeared a man who could heal her wounds and prolong her life yet a while—that man was John Sobieski.

When all Christian Europe trembled at the sight of the crescent unfurled before

the walls of Vienna, Sobieski alone, who frequently drove the Turks and Tartars before him, defied it. The blast of his victory (the 12th of September, 1683,) was heard all over Europe, and filled with extatic joy the hitherto frightened Austrians, but not their Emperor, Leopold, whose heart was possessed by envy at the sight of his benefactor's glory. For this victory, Pope Innocent II. received the honor of a statue as the liberator of Christendom! What a hero! and what a gratitude!

Splendid as the reign of Sobieski was, yet it had blemishes; and great as the man was, he had his weaknesses. He could govern thousands of men on the field of battle, but at home he found himself unequal to the intrigues of his wife. But he is not the first who could not fight with woman; Samson himself was a pigmy in such matters. Remembering his deeds, we must be less severe upon his foibles.

The 17th of June 1696, closed the eyes of our hoary warrior. Some time before his death, the crows, birds ominous of storms, had passed over the political horizon of Poland, but when he died, it grew dark; clouds gathered from all quarters, and the demon of discord was busy in preparing thunder-bolts. The storm burst, and the frail bark of Poland was tossed about by the raging elements, while the Swedes, the Saxons, the Prussians, the Russians, and the Austrians, stood ready to receive the wreck and divide the spoils. What hideous crimes were perpetrated! what superhuman virtues exhibited! just as if heaven and hell were challenged to show their best and their worst!

Poland was now doomed to receive her kings at her neighbors' hands, even though they had not the baseness to proclaim themselves her masters. An opportunity soon presented itself to satisfy their lust for acquisition. Through the influence of the intriguing Jesuits, the political rights of the Protestants were encroached upon in 1717, rights which they had enjoyed for upwards of a century and a half. Animosity arose at home, and Prussia, Russia, and Austria, were glad to offer themselves as protectors of Protestant rights. They soon showed their real intention. The archfiend, Frederic II., proposed the partition of Poland, to which Russia and Austria readily acceded, and the 2d of September, 1772, saw that infamous act perpetrated,



not, however, without previous unheard-of insults and cruelties.

The country was overrun by the Prussians, Russians and Austrians; the halls of council were invested with Russian soldiers; and thus the three foreign ambassadors dictated the proceedings of the diet, and made them, at the point of the bayonet, approve of their nefarious deeds. Some of the patriots who dared to resist, were sent to Siberia. The names of Reyten, Samuel Korsak, Dunin, Yerzmanowski, Kozuchowski, Bohuszewicz, (Bo-hoo-shev-itch) and Penczkowski, (Penchkov-sky) will be handed down as fearless defenders of their country. When the session of the diet was unlawfully adjourned, Reyten, finding his exertions useless, threw himself along the doorway, and with determined though wearied voice exclaimed: "Go, go, and seal your own eternal ruin; but first trample on the breast which will only beat for honor and liberty." When Stackelberg, the Austrian minister, threatened the patriots with confiscation of their estates, if they should not submit to his demands, Korsak rose and put into his hands a list of all his property, adding, "This is all I have to sacrifice to the avarice of the enemies of my country. I know that they can also dispose of my life; but I do not know of any despot on earth rich enough to corrupt, or powerful enough to intimidate me." Thus nobly he fulfilled the parting injunction of his father. "My son," said the aged parent, "I send you to Warsaw accompanied by my oldest domestics; I charge them to bring me your head, if you do not oppose with all your might what is now plotting against your country." Can ancient Rome, can Greece boast of a better father or a better son? May their names be forever the emblem of patriotism and the guide for noble youths!

Emboldened by their former success, the enemy proposed another partition of the rest of the Polish territory, and carried their plans into effect in 1793. They saw that the Poles began to organize themselves so as to be able to resist their farther encroachments. The constitution which they had produced and which was proclaimed by the Diet on the 3d of May, 1791, would give them new life and strength. This the enemy prevented by inundating Poland with soldiery, and effecting the second partition after a brave but unsuccessful resistance of the Poles. New scenes of insult, horror, and cruel-

ty were enacted; dungeons were filled, and Siberia peopled with thousands of patriots. All humanity, but the black crew of despots, rejoiced at the blessings which the new constitution promised. Fox thus speaks of it: "It is a work in which every friend to reasonable liberty must be sincerely interested." And Kant, the celebrated German philosopher, said, "I should believe it divine, did I not know it to be a human work." Yet the blessings of this divine work were withheld; the arms of the brutal Russians, Prussians, and Austrians, wrested it from the hands of exhausted Poland.

The pusillanimous king Stanislas was left merely nominal governor of the remaining small portion of the kingdom, while the Russian ambassador was absolute master at Warsaw. Such was the lot of the constitution of the third of May.

Notwithstanding these reverses and continual persecutions, the patriots determined to make one more effort to save the country. Kosciuszko, (Ko-stew-shko,) of whom the nation conceived high hopes from his exploits of 1792, just then returned from abroad, and on the 23d of March, 1794, appeared at Cracow, where he was the following day proclaimed generalissimo and dictator; so great was the confidence of the nation in this great and good man. The sequel proved he was worthy of it. The first battle Kosciuszko fought this year was near Raclawice, (Rats-lav-itsch) on the 4th of April, at the head of about four thousand men against three times as many of the enemy. The result of it left three thousand Russians on the field, and many prisoners were taken. This glorious beginning revived the spirit of the nation and all Poland was in arms once more. On the 17th of April Warsaw rose, and the work of retribution began. For two days horror reigned without any intermission; young and old, men and women, all fought. Women from their houses threw stones and all sorts of missiles, and poured boiling water on the enemy in the streets, and fountains of blood washed the pavement of Warsaw.

To the 10th of October fortune favored the Poles, but on that day a battle was fought near Maciejowice (Mah-tsich-yovitsch) and she declared herself for the Russians. Kosciuszko charging the enemy fell covered with wounds, losing all his companions who were either killed or taken prisoners. He was found still



breathing, among the dead, by the Cossacks, who made a litter with their lances and carried him to their general. As soon as he was able to travel he was conveyed to Petersburg, where Catharine doomed the hero to prison.

The consternation at these sad tidings was unspeakable; men and women were seen in the streets wringing their hands, beating their heads against the walls, and exclaiming in tones of despair, "Kosciusko is no more, the country is lost."

Sad but true was the prophecy. Paralyzed by this disaster, the Poles were driven into the entrenchments thrown up before Praga. When on the 4th of November, 1794, Suwarow made an assault, the earth groaned under more than a hundred cannon vomiting fire from the batteries of Praga. The flower of the Polish army that made the garrison, fought bravely, as if in defiance of fortune; a few hours of carnage, however, decided the day against them, and the fortifications were carried. How much noble blood was sacrificed to implacable fate! Eight thousand Poles fell sword in hand; and Suwarow, the monster, having given orders to set fire to the bridge joining Warsaw to prevent the inhabitants from retreating, let loose his Russian bloodhounds upon the devoted city. What scenes of horror followed! Human nature shudders at the very mention of them. Above twelve thousand townspeople, old men, women and children, were butchered in cold blood; the Cossacks in exultation, carried little children on the point of their lances about the streets, brandishing them in the air. The measure of iniquity was not yet full. The Russians set fire to the place in four different parts, and in a few hours the whole of Praga, inhabitants and their houses, presented but a heap of ashes!

On the 6th of November Warsaw had to capitulate, and the Russians, Prussians and Austrians began to fill their dungeons with the most distinguished names of Poland. On the 24th of October, 1795, the treaty for the third and complete partition of Poland was agreed upon by Russia, Prussia and Austria. Thus the Polish nation of more than twenty-four millions of inhabitants, was struck out from political existence; her king, Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski, was made to abdicate and retire on a pension to St. Petersburg, where he died. Of these enormities all Europe stood a listless spectator, forget-

ful of once the fosterer and protector of her civilization!

"Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of time, Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime!"

It is common for the historians in the interest of kings, to ascribe the fall of Poland to the political vices of the Poles; but it is a mistake. The causes that produced the ruin of the country lie more in the vices of European society than in the want of virtue in the Poles themselves. When the religious enthusiasm that once animated Europe subsided, and the guards on the watch-towers of Christianity fell asleep, or turned traitors to their holy calling, universal scepticism seized upon society, and laxity in morals and despotism in politics followed as natural consequences. Kings succeeded in absorbing all the power of feudal Barons; and thus a monarch became the state. "*L'état, c'est moi*," said Louis XIV. of France. But Poland alone stood as the representative of the principles of freedom, amidst daily strengthening despotism around her.

At this time Prussia had struggled into a feeble existence, and acquired territory. Austria losing ground in the west, turned her attention eastward; and Russia having collected her heterogeneous tribes into one hideous mass, was ambitious of taking a place among the European powers.

Surrounded by such moral influences, and by such neighbors, stood Poland—dangerous to kings from the freedom of her people, and coveted equally by the three royal scoundrels as offering each what he most desired. Her republican government was, of necessity, too weak to resist the combined power of despots. But while kings stood over the dismembered body of Poland, enjoying their fiendish triumph, they were sounding the death-knell of despotism. This event was the last triumph of crowned heads over the people; and history, when it will be written for the people, shall call it the culminating point of the glory of kings. But from this time also, she will date the increasing strength of the down-trodden masses. The time is not far distant when the people will rise in their majesty, and recover their rights at the cost of the heads of kings—their enemies.

And here let us add a few words about the hero who took such a prominent part in the last events of his struggling country, and whose virtues rendered him the



boast of mankind, we mean Tadeus Kosciuszko, (read Ko-stew-shko) whom we left pining from wounds and sorrow in prison at St. Petersburg.

Born on the 12th of February, 1756, he was educated in the military school at Warsaw, where he acquired a taste for mathematics and history, which continued his favorite studies through life. Disappointed in his love for the daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania, Sosnowski, (Sos-nov-skey) who would not permit this connexion, because the suitor's family, though equally noble, was not powerful as his, Kosciuszko determined to devote his life to the cause of liberty, while his inamorata was married to Prince Lubomirski. As at that time the war of Independence broke out between this country and England, he had an opportunity to fulfil his vow, and accordingly embarked for America, where he served with distinction in the army of the confederate States. He was appointed aide-de-camp to the immortal Washington, afterward made general, and was one of the only two foreigners (Lafayette the other,) who received the Order Cincinnati, as an acknowledgment of his great services rendered to this country. On his return to Poland, in 1786, he likewise found a glorious field for his talents. The Diet raised him to the rank of major-general under Prince Joseph Poniatowski in the campaign of 1792. We have already seen him sway the supreme power of his country in 1794. On the accession of the emperor Paul to the Russian throne, he was liberated, and received signal marks of the autocrat's esteem. The emperor presented him with his own sword, but he declined accepting it, adding, "I no longer need a sword, since I have no longer a country."

Paul gave him 1,500 serfs and 12,000 roubles, after he had declined a high military post, but he returned the presents, and determined to go to America. The emperor began his reign by generosity and clemency. He set at liberty all the Poles who were sent to Siberia by Catharine, amounting to nearly 12,000; and also those who were imprisoned were liberated. But he was too generous to live long.

Having arrived in America, Kosciuszko spent some time among his old comrades, and then went to France, where he settled on an estate he bought near Fontainebleau; thence he retired to Switzerland, and resided at Soleure, where, hav-

ing met with a fall from a horse, he ended his glorious career, on the 16th of October, 1817.

After his Russian captivity he never fought, although Napoleon endeavored to engage his services. He saw through this crafty military despot. Kosciuszko's remains are deposited in the tombs of kings at Cracow, where, as a monument to his memory, his grateful nation raised him an artificial mountain, Bronislawa, (Bro-nis-láh-vah.)

It was a heart-rending scene to see people of all ages, high and low, men, women and children, carry some earth to build up the mound, all too happy to be able to pay this tribute of gratitude to their beloved chief.

The admirers of romantic constancy will find in Kosciuszko the chivalrous virtue of faithfulness to his first love, for he never was married. He was simple and natural, as is becoming a great man, and of warm feelings. After his captivity he touched at Bristol, England, while on his way to America. Even at that time he had not yet got well of his wounds, which made great inroads upon his once robust constitution. While he thus lay stretched upon his couch, one of his visitors, by way of consoling him, spoke of more propitious days yet in store. To this, faintly smiling, he answered, with feeble voice, "Ah! sir, he who devotes himself for his country, must not look for his reward on this side the grave."

After these words of his, we are not able to add anything more of him but what would be faint, since here he is portrayed as true as life. His generous, disinterested soul is here shadowed forth as the bay-tree in limpid waters; his past, his present, and his future are all here mirrored at one stroke.

To estimate properly the calamity that befel Poland, we must understand the soul of the nation, as it manifests itself in her laws and institutions. It is not only Poland herself that suffered, but through her disasters the cause of freedom suffered also; for her mission was to uphold liberty, and foster civilization.

Poland, through five successive centuries, at the cost of her own blood, protected Europe from the tide of Asiatic barbarism. When all Europe, except some cities of Italy, was suffering under the feudal system, or enveloped in profound obscurity, Poland was rich and powerful, enjoying the benefits of such written laws and popular education as



the spirit of the age admitted. Her Code of Wislica, given her by Casimir the Great, in 1347, anticipated the famous code of the German emperor by 13 years. By this constitution the king's power was limited, and personal freedom guaranteed to all classes. At the same time schools were established throughout the country for the children of both the nobility and the peasantry, who, on graduating, if they were not before, became nobles *de jure*, and as such were entitled to all the rights of free citizens.

Already under Casimir Jagellon we find that Poland possessed a national representation. The law published in 1454 limiting the king's power, runs thus: "We (meaning the king) promise not to declare war or to make any law without the consent of the Diet," &c., &c. A law of 1468 ordained that every district should send to the Diet two representatives. Although the *Magna Charta* was granted four hundred years before the *Habeas Corpus* act was passed, yet the latter, the corner stone of British liberties, dates its existence from the 31st year of the reign of Charles II. Poland, however, enjoyed her law "*Neminem captivabimus nisi jure victum, aut in crimine deprehensum*," none shall be arrested unless legally indicted for crime, or taken in the act, as early as the beginning of the fifteenth century (1413).

The freedom of her institutions is still farther illustrated by the fact that in the sixteenth century, when her population did not exceed fifteen millions, she numbered four hundred and eighty thousand voters; while France, at this period, after all the blood she had shed for liberty, with a population of thirty-five millions, numbers scarcely two hundred thousand electors.

That the mild precepts of Christianity bore their fruit early in Poland, we learn from the fact that in 1100 a charitable association was established at Cracow. In 1303 another institution, called *Mons Pietatis* was established, whose object was to lend money to the poor at three per cent. interest. Towards the close of the fourteenth century a school for indigent children was organized, where they received assistance. And in 1773 Poland was the first to establish an administrative department of education, having appropriated for the benefit of her people all the confiscated estates of the Jesuits after their expulsion.

The Poles never enacted the horrors of

a night of St. Bartholomew, of a Thirty Years' War, or a Holy Inquisition, but have always protected the persecuted for conscience sake.

When the Jews were persecuted elsewhere, they found an asylum in Poland, and received important privileges as early as the thirteenth century (1264). When in England the fires of Smithfield were blazing, when Germany was gorged with the blood of Lutherans, and when in France rivers of Huguenot blood flowed, Poland protected the sacredness of the human conscience, and for greater security, the Diet in 1573 passed a law guaranteeing forever freedom of worship to all religious denominations; and enacted that the Polish people, both Catholics and Protestants, should mutually be considered as Dissenters in matters of faith: thus anticipating in religious toleration not only the rest of Europe but even the founders of Rhode Island and of Maryland.

When Henry de Valois was called to the Polish throne, before he could be crowned he was forced to intercede with his brother in favor of the French Protestants. When Sigismund III. sent to Ferdinand II. of Germany eight thousand Cossacks against the Protestants, the Diet unanimously passed an act, declaring all the Cossacks who should remain with the Emperor, traitors to their country. And be it remembered that the Diet passing such laws consisted of a large majority of Catholics, several Bishops among the number.

When the crowned heads of Europe were crouching before the Pope, and Gregory VII. presumed to excommunicate the Poles for dethroning their King; the clergy spurned the edict, and refused to publish the excommunication, giving His Holiness to understand that the church has no right to meddle with affairs of state: and when the German armies invaded Poland to enforce the excommunication, they paid dearly for their hardihood.

We shall see that Poland, not only in political institutions but also in literature, was in advance of her neighbors. Before the sun of English literature reached its meridian; before the era of Louis XIV. had dawned upon France; before Germany could enjoy the privilege of reading the Bible in her vernacular tongue, Polish literature had reached already its Augustan age under the reign of the Sigismunds—father and son.



Vitelio Ciolek was the first to point out the laws of light as early as the thirteenth century, (1230.) Copernicus, in 1530 revealed to the incredulous world the courses of the earth and stars. Zaluzianski, long before Linnæus was born, demonstrated the sexual organization of plants in his "*Methodus Herbaria*," published at Prague in the seventeenth century.

The names of John Ostrorog, Fred. Modrzewski, Cardinal Hosius, Bishop Kromer—the Polish Livy, Rey, Janicki, Kochanowski, Gornicki, Simonowicz, Sarbiewski—poets and philosophers, are known to the learned world as the ornaments of Polish literature. John Glogowczyk, (Glo-gov-chick,) who lived in the latter part of the fifteenth century (b. 1440, d. 1507), has the merit of having written on Craniology, now known as Phrenology. Lord Bacon will waive his claims to priority in the path of inductive philosophy to Gregory of Sanok, who died towards the end of the fifteenth century (b. 1400, d. 1477), as a Professor at Cracow. History must render justice to the memory of the master of Copernicus, the celebrated mathematician, Albert Brudzewski (Broo-dzevsky) the author of the Gregorian calendar, and who was the first to expunge the astrological nonsense from the almanac.

Such was the nation that was sacrificed to the rapacity of infamous kings.

After the third partition of Poland, the three political vultures enjoyed the blood of their prey quietly for a time. Poland was too much exhausted to struggle any longer, but her limbs ceased not to quiver, though in the grasp of this hideous trio. The Poles that were obliged to flee their country under the wings of the French eagle then soaring in Italy, made a nucleus of future Polish legions at Milan, on the 7th of January, 1797, and they adopted the beautiful motto "*Gli nomini liberi sono fratelli*." Freemen are brothers. Their commander was the brave General Dombrowski (Dom-brov-sky). These legions were the only representatives of the Polish nation abroad. After this time they became inseparable companions of Napoleon's fortunes; faithful to him even in his reverses. They fought with him in Italy, Egypt, Spain, Germany, Russia; even some of them were sent to St. Do-

mingo by the French, to quell the insurrection of the famous Toussaint.

The Poles fought in the cause of the French, for they believed it to be that of freedom, and because by the success of the French arms they hoped to deliver their own country. Sensible of their service, Napoleon encouraged their hopes; they, however, found out, though too late, that they were deceived. After he had humbled Prussia, by the battle of Jena, and Russia by that of Friedland, and made the Treaty of Tilsit, (7th of July, 1807,) he raised a part of Poland, containing about 4,000,000 of inhabitants, into the Duchy of Warsaw. This the Poles thought to be a prelude to the complete restoration of Poland, and they embraced the French interest with more ardor. Seventy thousand Poles, headed by Prince Poniatowski, marched in the colossal army led by Bonaparte against Russia in 1812. The battles of Mir, Smolensko, Borodino, Kaluga, attested their valor, and they shared honorably in the horrors of the passage of the Beresina. The survivors in this memorable campaign followed Napoleon in his disastrous retreat, to fight desperately the battle of Leipzig, (Oct. 19, 1813.) And here they lost their brave chieftain Poniatowski, who by his valor and patriotism washed out the stain of his family. He met his death in the river Elster, which, after being twice wounded, he attempted to cross. The Poles followed Napoleon to France, and saw their enemies enter Paris in 1814.

The number of sons Poland lost in all Napoleon's wars, amounts to 200,000 men; added to this, the sufferings the country itself experienced since Germany and Russia were made battle-grounds, and it will make the amount contributed to the French interest, for which the Poles received in return the appellation of *brave Polonais*. May this teach the Poles wisdom for the future! Their independence must be the work of their own hands; kings will be always ready to take advantage of their criminal credulity by fine promises. It is high time that they, as well as the world at large, should remember that kings are natural enemies of the people. They are the visible vice-gerents of Satan, impeding the development of that divine idea of progress which every nation received from God at its birthday.



## EDUCATION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.\*

THE misfortune of those deprived of hearing and speech requires no reflection to awaken sympathy. There has even been, in times past, a tendency to exaggerate the depth and the hopelessness of their calamity. Within a comparatively recent period, and through the successful accomplishment of their education, the prejudice which long consigned them to neglect, has given place to a more genial sympathy, to an interest higher than mere compassion, and pleasing rather than painful. The condition of the deaf mute uneducated, needs not the aid of exaggeration to make it appear indeed deplorable. It is not, that he is cut off from the pleasures proper to the sense of hearing—that nature with her thousand voices is silent to him—that for him there is no voice of man or woman, no sound in childhood's mirth, none of those expressive tones which awaken responding vibrations upon the chords of emotion; that he knows nothing of the melody of song or the harmony of verse—nor even, that he is to such a degree, debarred the mere enjoyment of social intercourse. His calamity strikes deeper, as affecting his intellectual and moral being. Having capacities of soul, not inferior to those of other men, but deprived of the instrument of communication which they employ, he is, as a consequence of this isolation, bound to a condition of perpetual infancy—with the germs of intellect and elevated feeling unquickened; with no share of the inheritance we receive in the history and the accumulated wisdom of the past, in the results of ages of mental progress, handed down in a language of words; without the assistance which a cultivated language renders in aiding and developing thought; with knowledge limited to the range of his vision, and confined to the visible surface of what he sees; science and religion having for him no existence; the rites of worship

and many customs and institutions of society to him a mystery; not merely the revelations of Christian truth, but the existence of God, of the soul, and of a future beyond the grave, absolutely unknown—a heathen in a Christian land, and in the bosom, it may be, of a Christian family!

The education of deaf mutes is a subject, of the first importance to at least *one* in every two *thousand*† of the population of these United States; of deep concern to their friends, and to every friend of humanity. It is also full of interest for the curious and the philosophic inquirer. It is highly important in its relations to the science of mind, the philosophy of language, and the subject of education in general.

The means are not wanting for an experimental basis of inquiry. Since the opening of the school at Paris by the Abbé de l'Épée, in 1760, the foundation of the institution at Leipsic, under Heinicke, in 1778, and the commencement of instruction, in Edinburgh, by Braidwood, in 1764, which led to the establishment of the London Institution in 1792, there have sprung from these beginnings, more than *one hundred and sixty* schools and institutions now existing in Europe, and *ten* in the United States. The earliest established in this country, was the American Asylum at Hartford, through the agency and under the direction of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, opened in 1817. During the two centuries preceding this period, several pioneers in this work appeared, in different countries and at different times, who taught a few deaf mutes with success. The most noted are, Peter Ponce, a Spanish Benedictine monk who died in 1584, and who has the credit of being the earliest successful educator of deaf mutes; John Paul Bonet, who flourished in Spain not many years later; Dr. John Wallis, of Oxford, in England; and John Conrad Amman, a

\* The Twenty-Ninth Report of the Directors of the American Asylum, at Hartford, for the Education and Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb; and Mr. Weld's Report, &c.

† The census of 1840 makes the proportion 1 to 2,123. That the returns fall far short of the actual number is unquestionable. See the Eighteenth and the Twenty-Third Annual Reports of the New York Institution. In the latter the proportion is estimated at about 1 to 1,650.



physician, in Holland, who died in 1724. Bonet, Wallis and Amman, left treatises on the art. In later times, the subject has employed able pens, and given birth to many and voluminous productions, particularly in France and Germany. It engaged the earnest and long-continued attention, and the profoundest study, of such a mind as that of the late Baron Degerando, whose work in two octavo volumes, entitled *De l'Education des Sourd-muets de Naissance*, will probably long retain its place, as the great repository of facts and principles in relation to the subject.

The voluminous pamphlets named at the head of this article, comprise documents, which form an addition, not only of especial immediate interest, but of great permanent value, to the literature of this subject. The Hon. Horace Mann, Secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education, in his Seventh Annual Report, embracing the results of his examination of European educational institutions, represented the schools for deaf mutes in Prussia, Saxony and Holland, as "decidedly superior to those in the United States;" because there, "incredible as it may seem, they are taught to *speak* with the lips and tongue," while here, the deaf mute, "as soon as he passes out of the circle of those who understand the language of signs, is as helpless and hopeless as ever."!! Mr. Mann had been well known as an able, eloquent and efficient promoter of common school education, and his opinion, thus put forth and zealously defended, could not be without influence. The ignorance of the general subject, and particularly of the mode of instruction here prevailing, apparent upon the face of these statements, and the manifest marks of hasty and superficial observation, of an unquestioning, eager credulity, and of an exaggerating imagination, were indeed such as could be easily exposed; as was immediately and effectually done, in an article in the *North American Review* of Nov., 1844. The two modes of instruction had also been in practice, and been the subject of ardent controversy, from the earliest establishment of schools for deaf mutes. The one introduced here from France, by Mr. Gallaudet, had been preferred, only after thorough inquiry into the merits of the other. Yet it was desirable, for the general advancement of the cause, as well as for the satisfaction of the public mind, that an extensive personal examination

of European schools for deaf mutes, should be made by one or more competent persons. This has now been done, by two gentlemen—Lewis Weld, Esq., Principal of the American Asylum at Hartford, and the Rev. George E. Day, once a Professor in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb—under commissions from these institutions respectively; and their reports occupy the greater portion of the pamphlets named above. In addition to the indispensable qualifications of an acquaintance with deaf mutes, with their mental and physical characteristics, their natural language of signs, and with the subject of their education, possessed by both, Mr. Day had also a familiar knowledge of the German tongue, and Mr. Weld enjoyed the best assistance to make up for the want of this advantage. They each devoted several months wholly to the object; proceeding separately, and thus giving to the results greater value; and favored, with scarcely an exception, with every desirable facility at the schools they visited. The attention of both was directed particularly to the German schools. Mr. Day's observations were mostly confined to these. Mr. Weld visited also Belgium and Holland, and took time for a thorough examination of the principal schools in Great Britain and France. Mr. Day has produced a complete, well-digested, and most able view of the subject of deaf mute instruction in Germany, derived from published writings as well as his own observations. An excellent guide to the various points of inquiry, had been furnished him in the Letter of Instructions by Mr. Peet, then Principal, now President, of the New York Institution. Mr. Weld, following more of the journalizing method, has given with scrupulous fidelity and in an interesting manner, the results of his judicious inquiries; his conclusions deriving weight from his high character and long experience as an instructor. Both made it their aim to report facts bearing upon the general subject, and especially upon the question in relation to articulation, sufficient in number and variety, and in particularity of detail, to enable the reader to draw conclusions for himself. In this they have fully succeeded, and with such evidence of careful and thorough observation, skillful experiment, and candid and fair inquiry on their part, as is in the highest degree satisfactory. We propose to direct our



attention to the question which chiefly engaged their investigations, viz.: What is the method to be preferred in the education of deaf mutes?

This question involves the choice of an instrument, or instruments, of communication, as a substitute for hearing and speech acquired through hearing. Those which have hitherto been devised or employed, are the following:

1. *Natural signs*; by which we mean the language of imitative action, which the deaf mute instinctively adopts, and is naturally led by gradual steps to improve. In those schools in which it receives cultivation, it is found in a degree of perfection very far removed from the primitive rudeness it exhibits among uneducated mutes. As improved, it becomes in a degree conventional, chiefly by processes of abbreviation and of symbolical usage, and by the introduction of a very few purely arbitrary signs; without, however, losing its essential character as a natural language significant in itself.

2. *Methodical*, also called *systematic signs*; an instrument artificially constructed upon the basis of natural signs, to be used for dictating and also for translating written language *verbatim*. In its elements, it consists chiefly of natural signs, with grammatical signs for the different modifications of words radically the same, and is designed to correspond throughout, both in terminology and construction, with the language which the deaf mute is to be taught by its aid, each word being denoted either by a single sign, or an appropriate combination of signs. This method originated with De l'Epée, and was carried further towards perfection by his successor, Sicard.

3. *Written language*; to give a knowledge of which must obviously be, in every system of deaf mute education, an object of primary importance.

4. *The manual alphabet, the finger alphabet, or dactylology*, as it is variously called; consisting of alphabetic characters, formed by different positions of the hand and fingers, by which words are represented according to the usual orthography. Of this there are two varieties: the two-handed alphabet, used in Great Britain, and that made with one hand, generally adopted elsewhere.

5. *Reading on the lips*; a method of understanding the speech of others, through motions of the lips and other vocal organs, perceived by sight. These

visible motions are called, by Degerando, *the labial alphabet*.

6. *Articulation*; or speech mechanically acquired, by having the attention of the learner directed to motions, positions and vibrations of the vocal organs, and to peculiar impulses of certain sounds upon the air. These motions, &c., are named by Degerando, *the oral alphabet*, as embracing elements which have no place at all in the labial alphabet, and as being recognized by the deaf mute through the sense of feeling, while the other is addressed to the eye.

In addition to these six distinct means of communication, more or less use is generally made of *pictures* and *models* in elementary instruction; in the system adopted in some schools, they hold a prominent place. Three other instruments are to be named, which have been favorite projects with some teachers; neither, however, has been found generally useful in any shape yet devised. They are *syllabic dactylology*, or a short-hand manual alphabet, for the end of rapid communication; a system of *stenography* for the deaf and dumb, which should correspond to a syllabic dactylology; and *mimography*, a method of hieroglyphic or picture writing, for reducing to writing the language of natural signs.

Of these instruments, articulation and reading on the lips have been the first to suggest themselves as the means of imparting to the deaf mute a knowledge of the language of words. In the earlier period of the art they were invariably employed. They were adopted as a fundamental means, and indeed, as the chief aim of instruction, by Heinicke, who had derived from Amman the most absurd and exaggerated notions of the absolute dependence of thought itself upon the living voice; and their use has remained to the present time a characteristic of the German schools. In Great Britain, the same method was adopted by Braidwood; but for the last thirty years has been gradually falling into disuse. At the London Institution alone, articulation and reading on the lips are taught, professedly that is, to all the pupils; in some other schools to a portion only, and in others are wholly discarded.

In France, a system fundamentally different was introduced by De l'Epée. It started in his mind with the philosophical principle, that to no one class of signs is confined the privilege of immediately representing thought, that the connection



between words and ideas is wholly conventional, and might as well be established directly with written as with spoken words. In the vernacular pantomime of the deaf and dumb, he found already provided a medium for explaining or translating written language. This language of action he undertook to cultivate and to methodize, so as to fit it more perfectly for this use. His error in depending too much upon his artificial system of methodical signs, has been since corrected. Natural signs, used for the development of mind, the communication of knowledge, and for the explanation of written language, and cultivated so as to be adequate to these ends, form the essential characteristic of the method derived from De l'Épée, and now in use in all the schools in France and many in other parts of Europe, and all in the United States. Methodical signs have even been formally discarded at the Royal Institution, where the system originated, but the advantage of their judicious use is insisted on by eminent teachers in this country and elsewhere.

There is no institution for deaf mutes, not even in Germany, in which natural signs are not used more or less as a means of instruction, but they exist in various states of development, and everywhere imperfect in comparison with schools on the French system. In some of the latter, on the other hand, articulation is a collateral branch of instruction for a portion of the pupils, and was even taught successfully by the Abbé de l'Épée himself.

The manual alphabet is discarded in the German schools, with two or three exceptions, as interfering with the use of oral language. Elsewhere it is in universal use.

The variety of actual, and the still greater variety of possible, combinations of these instruments, each admitting different modes of use, and in some instances, one presenting advantages incompatible in a greater or less degree with those offered by another, makes it impossible to determine by actual trial, and difficult to determine without trial, the precise mode of instruction which is preferable to every other, rendering the question, in short, not a little complicated. In considering them separately, the point to be settled at the outset is, their actual *availability* as instruments of communication. To what extent, then, are *articulation* and *reading on the lips* attainable

by deaf mutes, so as to be *available* in use?

It is absolutely necessary here to distinguish the different classes of those ranked as deaf mutes, determined by the *degree* of their deafness, and also the *period* of its commencement. It is not generally understood that a degree of deafness, which, occurring in adult life, is regarded as no more than a quite serious inconvenience—requiring that the voice of a person speaking be somewhat louder than usual, in order to be understood—would, if existing from birth or early infancy, interfere essentially with the acquisition of language, and without great pains on the part of friends, leave the child to fall into the class of those regarded as deaf mutes, with a knowledge of language limited to a few words and short phrases, and the ability to articulate these but imperfectly. This will not appear wonderful when we consider, that to adults thus partially deaf, most of the common conversation in their presence is unintelligible, and much of it absolutely inaudible, and even when understood, is often imperfectly and but partially heard. From this to absolute deafness, there is, among deaf mutes, every intermediate grade. There are also cases in which the sensibility of the auditory nerve is wholly or nearly unimpaired, and the deafness is the result of something out of order in the apparatus for conveying vibrations of the air to the nerve. The individual can hear his own voice, or any sound—as that of a tuning-fork, for instance, or the tick of a watch—conveyed by contact with the bones of the head, with, it may be, perfect distinctness, while external sounds are yet for the most part inaudible; and has an essential advantage for regulating the voice, and gaining a correct and an agreeable articulation, and especially for retaining purity and propriety of speech when once acquired. Hearing of this description may exist without being easily detected.

Again, deafness—with constant deprivation of speech, total or partial, so as to place the individual in the class of deaf mutes—occurs at various ages, from birth to as late in some cases as *eight* years. Even when total deafness occurs at a much later period, the speech will be greatly impaired, without diligent cultivation, and in a degree, even with the utmost pains to preserve it, may, in some instances, be almost wholly lost. It is obvious that, where speech is



still retained in part, there is a foundation for its further improvement; and so far as lost, the revival of a power once possessed is a different task from newly imparting the same. Of instances favorable in these respects, there are more or less in all institutions for deaf mutes, and enough for the purpose of exhibition where articulation is taught. In any apparent case of success in the acquisition of spoken language by a deaf mute, the ascertainment of the fact on these points is absolutely essential to the formation of any conclusion of value.

From information derived from carefully prepared statistical tables,\* it will be sufficiently correct for our purpose to state, that as many as *one-half* of the whole number of deaf mutes are such from birth; half of the remainder, or *three-quarters* of the whole, from a period under two years of age, and *eleven-twelfths* under five years. Of three-quarters of the whole, then, few could have made a beginning, and none more than barely a beginning in learning to speak; of the others, deaf from under the age of five years, a large part would be in the same predicament. Few of these do, in fact, retain any considerable knowledge of speech. The same is true, even, of a considerable portion of the remaining *twelfth* of the whole. We have thus only a small fraction retaining much knowledge of speech. Of the different degrees of partial deafness, we have no statistical statements; but we know, that the proportion of those who can distinguish articulate sounds at all by the ear is very small. Besides those having an advantage in these respects, there are rare instances of those, deaf from birth, possessing extraordinary quickness of perception, and superior discrimination and force of mind, combined with uncommon command over the muscular organs, which will enable them to pass far beyond the limits of possibility for their companions of only average powers.

In reviewing the facts in evidence, let us take first those rare instances in which a degree of success is reached, far transcending that ordinarily realized, even by the best portion of those instructed in oral language.

Mr. Weld mentions (p. 42) the case of a gentleman in London, "of superior talents, who had been a teacher for six

years, and had previously had the advantage of the best instruction for ten years," besides the constant and devoted attention of an intelligent female relative. Mr. W. says:

"He spoke more agreeably than any congenitally deaf person I had before seen, though still his voice was not a pleasant one. I could understand more than half he said, in common conversation, readily; but the other half was often unintelligible. He could also understand me, when speaking deliberately, and with special care, to perhaps a greater extent; yet there was frequent need of resorting to signs, dactylology, or writing, and we soon by tacit consent used one or the other of these means of communication, more than speech."

He met in London, also, a lady, deaf likewise from birth, but who had enjoyed still greater advantages—all indeed that abundant wealth and parental affection could furnish—who used only articulation and reading on the lips in her ordinary intercourse with others. Her voice, however, was very unnatural and disagreeable. "These two," he says, "were by far the best examples of the use and the understanding of articulation, among the really deaf and dumb from birth, that I met with where the English language was spoken." Mr. Day gives much the same account of the first of these cases, (p. 92,† note); and says also, (p. 177), that he met in Germany with "a few instances in which pupils born deaf, so far as was known, articulated better than would be expected," but in every such case, it appeared, on inquiry, that extraordinary advantages had been enjoyed, as in the examples above mentioned.

Such advantages are, however, not always attended with even this degree of success. Mr. Weld met a gentleman, who had been fourteen years a pupil of the London Institution, one of the most celebrated articulating schools in the world, and had enjoyed the best advantages at home. He was a barrister by profession, being employed as chamber counsel, and in the management and settlement of estates, and had made extraordinary attainments in general knowledge, having more or less acquaintance with sixteen languages. Yet his ability to articulate was so imperfect, that he spoke but little in his interviews with Mr. Weld, the attempt being evidently

\* See particularly the Twenty-Eighth Report of the American Asylum.

† We use the New York edition, and not the one printed for the Assembly.



embarrassing; and they both preferred to conduct the conversation by writing, or the manual alphabet.

Of those not born deaf, Mr. Weld mentions (p. 91) a person, who lost hearing at the age of a year and a half, and who had been for twenty years connected, as pupil and teacher, with the institution at Leipsic.

"In this case there was an ability to articulate and to read on the lips, which was valuable to the possessor, in an unusual degree, and an amount of general knowledge which fitted him for agreeable intercourse with society, and made him a useful and happy man.

"Another case of this general kind, was that of a young lady, an assistant teacher at Cologne, who spoke, wrote, read and taught well, as I understood. But she lost hearing at six years of age, and therefore did not owe all her knowledge of language, or of other things, by any means, to the instructions of the institution. These were extraordinary and very interesting cases, the only ones I recollect, of deaf mutes being employed as teachers in the German schools. I met with several others who were superior in their acquisitions, and almost always so, I think, in the circumstances under which they had been enabled to make them, especially some one or two among the pupils of almost every school."

The case of Habermaas, so often mentioned, was of this kind. He became deaf at the age of *four* or *five* years, and had previously learned to speak well.

Mr. Weld also saw a gentleman at Paris, and a lady at Geneva, of whom he gives the following account (p. 70):

"Neither was a deaf mute from birth. The one became so between four and five years of age, and the other at six. Both were educated in Paris; both had enjoyed the advantages of much private instruction; both were highly intelligent, and in their intercourse with their familiar friends and daily associates, used oral language principally; resorting, however, to dactylogy, signs or writing, to a greater or less extent, when holding intercourse with others. Still, these were favorable examples of the success of teaching those to articulate and to read on the lips of others, who became deaf in childhood."

Mr. Weld was introduced to several individuals, who had been educated at a British school in which articulation is taught to a portion of the pupils. Three of these were able to articulate well; they could read on the lips but little. One had lost hearing at *twelve* years of age, another at *five*, and the third was born with imperfect hearing which he

still retained. Two of these, at least, had enjoyed more than usual advantages of instruction.

What is the average success in acquiring articulation, realized by the more successful portion of the pupils in the German schools, we learn from the following statements of Mr. Day.

"A considerable number of those who lost the power of hearing after three years of age, so far as they have fallen under my own observation, are able to a good degree, to make themselves understood. Their articulation, indeed, is not that of other men; it is imperfect, and more or less unnatural; it is necessary for them to make considerable use of pantomimic signs, and now and then to resort to writing, but still the power of speaking they actually possess, provided it can be retained, must be admitted to possess a certain degree of value." (p. 173.)

"On the whole, then, it may be said, that those pupils in the German schools who succeed to any considerable degree in speaking, were either already to some extent in possession of spoken language before they lost the power of hearing, or are only partially deaf, or in addition to extraordinary aptitude for learning, have received a degree of attention, very far beyond what it is possible to devote to most of the deaf and dumb. Without affirming that all the pupils who belong to these classes, are favorable specimens of what can be done in articulation, I feel safe in expressing the opinion, that a considerable number would be able to make themselves understood by their friends and those with whom they daily associate. In a very few instances, the attainment might be somewhat greater; but as a general rule, this is the farthest limit ever reached, in return for the time employed, and effort expended, in teaching articulation, in the German institutions for the deaf and dumb." (p. 177.)

What proportion do those thus successful bear to the whole? Says Mr. Day (p. 178): "Of those, to whom, in consequence of peculiarly favorable circumstances, articulation promises to be of use, and of whom success, in the modified sense just explained, can be predicated, the proportion may be *one-fifth*." Of the London Institution, he says (p. 92): "According to a very intelligent gentleman who had been ten years connected with that institution, not *one-fourth* can be taught to speak." Of another school in Great Britain, "whose present venerable head has held that situation more than thirty years," says Mr. Weld (p. 39): "Out of *seventy* pupils, not more than *ten* now receive any instruction of this kind. Formerly, articulation was



taught, or attempted to be taught, to all the pupils of the school. \*\*\* But though his success was fair, he considered that he could spend his time to much greater profit in 'giving them knowledge,' and therefore made the change above mentioned. He said also, that though a portion of them retained articulation tolerably after leaving him, many do not. Their friends often cannot understand them well, if at all, and hence their attempts are relinquished."

From the description, we infer that the school at Edinburgh is here referred to, and that Mr. Kinniburgh is the gentleman whose testimony is given.

How far can the great majority of the deaf and dumb succeed in acquiring articulation? In the German schools, according to Mr. Day, (p. 178,) "about *one-tenth* of the whole can make no proficiency whatever," and deducting the *one-fifth*, or *two-tenths*, already mentioned as more successful, there remain "*seven-tenths*, or the great mass, though differing somewhat in their attainments, yet only able, as a general thing, to make themselves understood in the articulation of frequently repeated sentences, and single words, and to whom this limited acquisition can be of very little worth." A German teacher made to Mr. Day the following admission, (p. 168,) "The deaf mute will and must, after his dismissal from school, communicate with those about him, in a great measure, by means of signs; now, if we can furnish him with words which he can drop in to explain his meaning, all is accomplished which we can reasonably expect." Says Mr. Weld (p. 53):

"The time and labor spent on the subject of articulation in certain of the schools, are productive of little real benefit. Though I met with many who had been trained to attempt it, I scarcely found one, except those under peculiar circumstances, as previously mentioned, to whom it was of special value, and hardly met with an intelligent individual, not connected with some school, who looked upon the subject with favor. By such persons it was considered as almost worthless, if not disgusting."

To read well on the lips, requires such a rare power of rapid and accurate perception, and depends so much upon uncommon quickness of apprehension,

joined to a thorough and familiar acquaintance with language, in order to guess the whole from a part; \* that it is absolutely beyond the reach of most. In the words of an eminent German teacher, "As for reading on the lips, it is for the most part an affair of good luck." The teachers of the German schools, in addressing their pupils orally, find it necessary to keep up a running accompaniment of pantomimic signs. The following is from Mr. Day (p. 182):

"On an average, about one-third of the most advanced class, with the aid of the signs employed by the teacher, and the frequent repetition made use of, appear to understand the most of what the instructor says; another third appear to lose a considerable part; while the remainder only seize the most common words, and are obviously much of the time at a loss as to what is going on. It will be remembered that this is a general estimate, and in some cases would not be sufficiently favorable."

If the results in some of the schools on the German plan, seem more favorable than this, it is to be ascribed to the fact that those schools are to a great extent select—pupils being chosen for admission, with reference to their aptness for the peculiar kind of instruction to be given them, or afterwards dismissed for the want of it. Thus, as appears from Mr. Weld's Report, (p. 88,) at the institution at Zurich, from one-fourth to one-third only of the applicants are selected, while one-fifth of all admitted, and of late years one-third, have been dismissed for incapacity. From the school at Riehen, near Basle, almost one-third, and from that at Pfortsheim, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, more than one-fifth have been dismissed on the same ground. Something like this is true, says Mr. Weld, of many of the German schools, and to an extent, of the London Institution, while in the school at Paris and those in this country, not over one in fifty is dismissed as incapable.

That the Germans, with their skill and science, should succeed in enabling some of their pupils who became deaf at six, eight, or twelve years of age, to articulate passably and to read well on the lips, certainly need not surprise us, when we have among ourselves persons

\* The motions of speech are to such an extent invisible, or else similar to each other, differing also in different persons, that deaf mutes never become able, in ordinary discourse, to do more than make out a few of the words and guess at the remainder. "This" says Mr. Day, (p. 137,) "was distinctly told me by the most accomplished reader on the lips, whom I saw in Prussia."



deaf from childhood, who by their own private efforts, assisted only by members of their families, have made equal, or superior, attainments in these accomplishments, as well as in general knowledge. We could name a lady in Connecticut, totally deaf from the age of twelve years, who retains her speech almost perfectly, with some unpleasantness of tone, and rarely, if ever fails, to understand what is spoken to her in a somewhat slow and distinct manner, and has a knowledge of language and an extent of general information superior to the majority of well-educated women. She can even do what, Mr. Day says, is not pretended of any deaf mute in Germany, that is, understand a discourse from the pulpit. This, a few years since, she could always do in the case of her own pastor, and give a correct and full account of the discourse afterwards. We may name also, John R. Burnet of New Jersey, entirely deaf from the age of eight years, self-educated, who presented himself to the public in 1835, as the author of "Tales of the Deaf and Dumb, with Miscellaneous Poems," and has contributed able articles to some of our leading Reviews; and whose abilities as a writer of prose or verse are of a superior order. He can also speak, indistinctly indeed, but so as to be readily intelligible to his familiar acquaintances; without, however, any power of reading on the lips. James Nack, of New York, deaf from about the same age, produced a volume of well written poetry\* in 1827, and retains, if we are not mistaken, the power of speech in a similar degree. We know a young lady, deaf from the

age of five years, who has a good education, obtained partly at one of our institutions and partly at home; and has retained articulation and acquired the power of reading on the lips, so as to converse, with some of her friends, chiefly in this way.

The reader is, by this time, ready to understand, how it is, that transient visitors at the German schools are led to favor us with such exaggerated reports.† An eminent Prussian instructor remarks, in a note to Mr. Weld, (p. 71,) "There are certain teachers who do not protest against the illusions of visitors, unacquainted with the subject, who judge only in consequence of the presentation of some excelling pupils." Such visitors also mistake certain common expressions easily learned, and set exercises familiar to the pupils, for fair specimens of their general attainments. Their excited imaginations deceive them. "I can hardly forbear smiling," said a distinguished German teacher to Mr. Day, (p. 164,) "when hearing the remarks of the visitors to the school, especially if they have witnessed nothing of the kind before. It is not uncommon for them to exclaim, 'Why! he speaks! I hear him myself!' and to be so far carried away by the novelty of the thing, as to form the most exaggerated notions." To persist in setting up the testimony of casual visitors against such evidence as we have now before us, must be deemed an affront to the understanding of the public.

An incident took place at the meeting of the American Institute of Instruction last summer, at Hartford, which shows how liable even educated and scientific

\* That persons in this condition should be able to write poetry, as well as prose, is not surprising. The notions of accent, quantity and rhythm remain, after all reminiscences of sound are lost; they may attach themselves to the mere movement of the organs of speech, and other characteristics of verse be perceived by the same means. The articulation of persons born deaf is never so perfect as to be adequate to any thing of the kind. In France there have appeared one or two good writers of poetry, deaf from childhood, but educated as deaf mutes. We have, however, in New York, a writer of poetry profoundly deaf from birth—an absolutely solitary instance of the kind, as we believe. We refer to John Carlin, a young artist of genius, and highly successful in his line as a miniature painter—two or three of whose poetical lucubrations have appeared in the New York Commercial Advertiser. He knows nothing even of articulation, and has no perception whatever of the effect of rhythm or rhyme, yet can construct both correctly. His verse is wholly a mechanical and artificial work, as respects the production of the external form, though informed with the genuine spirit of poetry, and not deficient in smoothness to the ear. He has acquired this talent as the result of some instruction and much study.

† Some of these stories were happily hit off, in a paragraph in the "Radii"—a highly respectable newspaper, printed and edited by a deaf mute, at Fort Plain, in this State—by alluding to the wonderful *cork leg*, celebrated in song, made by an artist in Rotterdam, whose powers so far outstripped those of the natural member, that it could never be stopped or overtaken. Nothing could be more exactly parallel.

A remark made by Dugald Stewart, who gave a decided preference to the method of Siccard, is here not altogether out of place: "To teach the dumb to speak, (although, in fact, entitled to rank only a little higher than the art of training starlings and parrots,) will always appear to the multitude a far more wonderful feat of ingenuity, than to unfold silently the latent capacities of the understanding."



men are to pass without inquiry the most essential points in cases submitted for their investigation. A boy was introduced by Mr. Mann, represented as a deaf mute who had been instructed by his father. And, truly, he could articulate well, and had also an uncommon ability to read on the lips. Certainly, there may be something in Mr. Mann's assertions respecting the German schools—was the general conviction. At the afternoon session, however, a gentleman connected with the American Asylum begged leave to call up the lad again; when it was demonstrated that the boy *could hear*, and understand perfectly, with no aid from the eyes, what was spoken in a full tone of voice, at a short distance. How much better he could once hear, we are not informed, but he had unquestionably obtained his knowledge of speech and of language by the ear.

How far and how easily *is the language of action available*, as a means of communication for deaf mutes?

Many persons are sceptical as to the capabilities of such a language for expressing more than what is palpable to sense, or what pertains to the most common uses of life. But the most refined and artificial tongues grow from beginnings like this; the most purely intellectual ideas ever formed by the mind of man, or that have even floated in the dreams of the transcendentalist, find their expression in terms which, in their origin, denoted a purely physical phenomenon. Why then may not a language of action, having the same ground, be inherently capable of a similar development?

The lowest stage in which the language of action may be viewed, embraces the pointing out of objects in sight, the natural expression of real emotion, and the indication of wants by means of the most common and familiar actions. In these forms no one can be at a loss how to make use of it.

A step higher is taken by personating an individual and describing his actions

by imitative signs. In doing this, other persons and things also to which these acts bear a relation, will at the same time be indicated, and may thus, by mere implication, be set before the imagination with as much distinctness as if portrayed with the minutest accuracy. You cannot represent a person as milking a cow, or driving a yoke of oxen, without calling to mind these animals. By the simple action of casting a fishing-line, you present to view the rod, the line and the water; and by other acts, you may picture the bait, the hook, the fish, the bank, or the boat; the more extended and minute the pantomime, the more in number and the more specific will be the objects implied. By skillfully imitating a coachman on his box, as he manages the reins and flourishes the whip, you may not only raise the idea of the reins, the whip, the coach and the horses, but you may show whether he has four or two in hand, and even the rate at which he travels, the kind of road he passes over, and the freaks of the animals. In such imitative action, periods of time may be indicated, by the skillful introduction of actions appropriate to particular times, as night, morning, noon, evening, the Sabbath, winter or summer. By proceeding from a known starting point, the actual time of real occurrences may be communicated. A person returning from an excursion, would commence with his departure, and mark the subsequent intervals of time. Animals may also, to an extent, be personated in pantomime. In this shape the language of action has been cultivated as a fine art, and used for popular amusement, and is universally and readily intelligible.\* The deaf mute not only makes abundant use of such pantomimic action, which is pantomime, properly so called, but he imitates the motions of inanimate things, and pictures objects by other means.

The sign-language of deaf mutes exhibits, however, a wide departure from pure pantomime or mere pictorial representation. In addition to their direct

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\* The art of pantomime, it is well known, was carried to great perfection by the ancients. We have it on the authority of Lucian, that a king from the borders of the Euxine, seeing a pantomime perform at Rome, begged him of Nero, to be used as an interpreter with the nations in his neighborhood at home. As every schoolboy knows, it was a matter of strife between Roscius and Cicero, which could best express an idea, the one by gestures or the other in words.

The language of signs has been much used by many tribes of American Indians. Parties from some of these tribes have found themselves quite at home, when visiting a school of deaf mutes. Not mere pantomime, but even symbolical signs, strikingly similar, and in some instances the same with those employed by deaf mutes, have been found in use among the Indians.



use, it establishes from these as elements, distinct signs appropriated to particular objects, qualities and phenomena, and thus becomes a language of terms combined in propositions—is not merely capable of representing a succession of scenes to the imagination, but becomes an instrument adequate to the expression of ideas in various forms, as in the artificial languages of speech. Such it is, in different degrees of perfection, even as originated and used by the uneducated deaf mute. We shall describe it as it exists in institutions in this country.

Of sensible qualities and attributes, form, size and position are either marked or pointed out in the air; or the arms, hands and fingers, one or all, are so adjusted, as themselves to represent the form, position, and sometimes also the size of the objects described. Motions of various kinds are represented through the same means. In a similar manner are denoted the relations of objects, in respect to situation, if at rest, or relative motion, if in motion; thus, by the two hands, or a finger or a thumb of each, are expressed the ideas denoted by such words as *on*, *in*, *with*, *near*, *between*, *around*, *under*, *together*, *meet*, *separate*, *follow*, *approach*. Number, definite or indefinite, is represented by the fingers; and with one hand alone, by a simple method of distinguishing units, tens, hundreds, &c., sums to any amount may be expressed with ease and rapidity. Colors are denoted by referring to some object, (as the lip for *red*,) or by signs somewhat arbitrary. Weight, hardness and softness, fineness and coarseness of particles or of fabric, roughness and smoothness, degrees of consistency, viscosity, &c., are expressed by peculiarity of action in handling a body having any of these qualities; fluidity by the action of pouring, or by representing the flowing or waving motion of fluids.

An individual of a species or class is designated, either by a detailed enumeration of distinguishing traits, or by one or two prominent characteristics simply. The latter is the method natural even to the uninstructed deaf mute, and as the language becomes improved and fixed, is adopted for all common objects; detail being still admissible as occasion or fancy may demand, and much used in the early stages of instruction. The various sorts of external objects, animate or inanimate, the productions of nature or art, are described, not only by peculiarities of form, motion, and other sensible properties, but

by the most common actions connected with their production or use, or otherwise related to, and implying them. Animals are in most cases personated; the individual who makes the sign, representing their peculiarities of form or appendage—as horns, ears, neck, whiskers, beard, wings, bill, mane, claws, tusk trunk &c.—upon the corresponding part of his own person; he also generally imitating, to a greater or less extent, the peculiar actions of the animal. The sign for a *dog*, however, is made by patting the thigh and snapping the fingers as if calling one; the act of catching a *fly* denotes this species. *Bread* is indicated by the action of cutting a loaf, and *butter* by that of spreading upon the bread; *milk* by that of milking, and *hay* of mowing; an *egg* by showing how one is opened, and a *watch* by seeming to apply one to the ear. The manner in which a cluster of *currants* is taken into the mouth, that of projecting the stone of a *cherry*, and that of snapping a *watermelon*, denote these fruits. The fingers are so moved as to imitate the flickering of *flame*; or again, they picture falling drops of *rain*, or flakes of *snow*. The two hands are united in the shape of a *boat*, and moved in imitation of its motion; or they are applied to each other and opened and shut like a *book*. If there is occasion to guard against a mistake of the object intended, for the quality, act or appendage, by which it is mainly denoted, or to distinguish it from other objects equally implied by the action made use of—this is easily done by some rude representation of its form or size, or the addition of some other distinctive sign.

In passing from the external world to the world of consciousness, we find the language of action equally, and to some extent peculiarly, natural, rich and expressive.

The most expressive language of emotion is visible in action, attitude, and play of feature, in the agitation of the frame and the changing hue of the countenance. What volumes does the eye speak? The lips, though mute, may be eloquent. The minutest shade of emotion may be pictured forth to the eye, beyond the power of words, and even tones of voice, to express. The capabilities of the language of action here, will be questioned by none. Rightly to appreciate the indirect service rendered by this element, in every part of the sign-language, requires not only a familiar knowledge, but a careful study of the language itself. Emotions



and passions are, however, indicated, not only by their natural expressions and actions characteristic, but also by other signs, descriptive of their physical concomitants—as the quick beating of the heart in joy, the stirring up of the blood in anger, the suffusion of the face from shame. Conventional signs are established by selecting some striking point of one or the other kind.

The capacity of this language for representing the operations of the intellect, in great variety and with great distinctness and expressiveness, will not be so obvious. It may best be shown, by describing, however inadequately, a few signs for ideas of this class. *To learn* is, in the sign language, to gather up something and put it into the forehead; *to remember*, is to hold something there; *to forget*, is to let something fall out of the same receptacle of thought; *to invent*, or originate mentally, is expressed by pushing the finger upward upon the forehead, signifying that the thought springs up there; *to understand*, by striking or pressing the point of the finger upon the forehead, with a lighting up of the countenance; *to know*, by gently touching and pressing the forehead with a confident air; *to intend*, to aim at, to refer to, embracing also the idea of the word *for*, by projecting the point of the finger from the forehead, as if toward an object; for *fixed thought*, the finger is held upon the forehead with an appropriate air and attitude; It is moved about the forehead to denote *thinking about* something, or thinking somewhat discursively. The general sign for *judge*, is made by representing the scales of a balance, by circles formed with the thumb and forefinger of each hand; and is of extensive use in expressing modifications of this general idea, as *compare*, *deliberate*, *determine*, *criticise*, &c.—in deliberation, there is a hesitating air and a wavering of the scale; in judgment positive, the scales are fixed and the air confident; in determination, the judging is finished, (cut off,) and there is an air of will and decision.

*Hope*, embracing both thought and emotion, is represented by reaching forward with an air of pleased expectation; *trust*, by grasping one hand and resting on it with the other; *trouble* of every sort, objective or subjective, by a sign descriptive of confusion and entanglement before one, or in the mind.

As thought and feeling cannot be directly depicted to the eye; they are of

necessity designated, either by their accompanying outward expression, or bodily affection of some sort; the actions connected with them; the occasions which awaken them; or their resemblance, real or imagined, to something external and sensible. The application of words to ideas of this class, is founded on these principles, traceable in their etymology, or apparent in their obviously figurative use. Signs, by attaching themselves more to the outward expression, and by always introducing this as one element, come nearer to an exhibition of the internal state itself, and present it with far more vividness, and often with more definiteness and accuracy; and thus furnish a vehicle for eloquent expression, and an effective instrument for acting, by sympathetic communication, upon the intellectual and moral faculties.

Extensive use is made of figurative or symbolical modes of expression for other ideas. Indeed, the signs for sensible objects bear a close relation to those figures of speech, in which the whole is represented by a part, or an object by something connected with it—as when *sail* stands for ship, or *whip* means coachman. It is chiefly by the use of figures founded on resemblance or analogy, that our languages of words are enriched, and acquire copiousness, and at the same time precision. The sign-language also employs symbols of this description, naturally and abundantly; but to a somewhat less extent, in consequence of its power of more direct expression; it also wants the occasions and facilities for the use of metaphor, which result from the artificial structure of language, the employment of the abstract noun especially.

The following are a few of the signs of frequent use in a metaphorical sense. The sign for *fall*, (made by letting the hands tumble downward over each other,) expresses disappointment, discomfiture, and failure of every kind. The sign for *silence*, (made by pressing the forefinger or the thumb upon the lips,) expresses, as differently modified and combined, stillness and quiet of every kind, peace, humility, meekness, patience, passivity in general, secrecy, &c. Physical *cleanliness* represents moral purity, as it does also neatness, grace, elegance, refinement, and ideal perfection. *Air* or breath denotes spirit, literal *straightness*, moral rectitude. Just and unjust are figured by the even and the uneven *scales*. To pardon is literally to *wipe off*. The sign for *show*, (made by holding up the palm of one



hand, and pointing to it,) has many figurative applications. That for being *bound*, (made by placing the wrists across, as if tied with a cord,) denotes slavery, confinement of every kind, habit, engagement, business, necessity, obligation of every sort; the opposite ideas of freedom, escape, release, &c., are expressed by separating the wrists, as if breaking loose.

In signs, as in words, metaphorical terms become proper by usage. Their figurative origin is, however, not so often lost sight of as in words; yet there is seldom danger of confounding the figurative with the literal meaning. Not only the connection gives the clue, as in words, but there is the aid of a suitable accompanying expression, of combination with other signs, and of variations in the form of the same radical sign; and many signs founded in analogy, differ so widely from any used in a literal sense, that they can hardly in strictness be called metaphorical. Instances of the latter are those for mental operations, which are based upon analogies of motion. The sign for *event*, or *happen*, expresses, as nearly as anything, a sudden upturning, but has a form peculiar to itself. *Truth*, and the opposite, are represented by carrying the finger, with a straight-forward, or a sideways or crooked motion, from the mouth; whereas material straightness and crookedness are expressed by carrying one hand, in a straight or a crooked line, along the open palm of the other. A sign for being *interested*, or pleased with, is made by a single motion, signifying a drawing or leading of the heart. This flexibility of signs—the facility with which they are varied in form, as differently applied, and often in combination blended into one—is a beautiful feature of the language, and is a resource for variety of expression and speciality and definiteness of signification to an unlimited extent.

In the principles already stated lie the methods for denoting the occupations, offices, and relations of mankind, and acts of a general or complex description, which cannot be directly or fully imitated; but for these and other classes of signs our limits forbid detail.

All the usual divisions of *time*, with its different modes and relations, have distinct and established signs; the divisions and the time of day being indicated chiefly by signs having reference to a clock or to the course of the sun; days being counted as so many sleeps, or apparent revolutions of the sun, and weeks, months, and years having other appropriate signs. *Future*

time is indicated by a forward motion of the hand; time *past*, by throwing the hand backward; and *present*, by presenting both hands horizontally in front. The signs for sleep, for one, two, or more, and for past or future time, are so combined as by a single brief motion to express the idea of yesterday, or to-morrow, or of two or more days past or hence. *Before* and *after*, *while*, *since*, *till*, *late*, *quick*, *slow*, *soon*, &c., have signs founded on the idea of motion along the track of time, from behind forward. Repeated circles represent *always*, and with the negation of beginning or end, *eternity*.

Grammatical distinctions cannot be said to have an existence in the natural language of action. There are indeed signs for the different parts of speech and their modifications, which are of use in the explanation of words; they form, as has been stated, an essential part of “methodical signs.” Signs may be divided, according to signification simply, into those for objects, qualities, relations, and acts or events; actions into those necessarily transitive and those not so. There are also signs which correspond in their use to conjunctions and adverbs; but there are no peculiarities of form or inflection to mark these classes, or to distinguish the agent from the act, an action or event from a habit, quality or condition, the subjective from the objective, the abstract from the concrete, &c. Explanatory signs are added, however, for this purpose, when needed, and also to indicate time, mode, and agency or passivity; and present indeed something approaching to auxiliaries and inflections in speech.

The syntax of the sign-language—the principles by which signs are connected in discourse—is wholly unartificial. The general principles which regulate the order are, that those most nearly related be in the closest proximity, and that the subject be followed by the signs which qualify it, and then by those which predicate something of it. The predicate may be accompanied with an air or a sign of affirmation, or of negation, or of uncertainty, which will answer to the copula of a logical proposition. Little use is made of the affirmative expression, however, in continued narration or description; the several particulars being merely represented as if pictured. The sign-language may be considered as nearly in the condition of certain spoken languages, which have no verb *to be*.

When there is an object on which the subject acts, or to which it bears a rela-



tion, the construction varies according to the exigency. Most frequently, the nature or circumstances of the case show which is the subject, and which the object. It is, of course, the cat that devours the mouse; it is the wounded and disabled man who is carried. When the natural relation is reversed, or no clue is found in the nature of the case, it is not difficult to indicate the meaning correctly, by methods which vary according as the scene can be most successfully pictured. One is, to have a strict regard to the relative position and location of subject and object. Or, both the agent and the recipient of an action may be personated in turn. Having represented the stripling in the act of hurling the stone from the sling, we may immediately act the part of the giant receiving the blow on his forehead, and falling to the ground. So, a horse may be shown in the act of kicking, and a man as receiving and feeling the effect of the blow. Another method, like this, but more artificial, yet altogether common, is to use the sign for *give* in the figurative sense of agency or causation, or that for *first*, or both at once; and on the other hand, the sign for *receive*, or some other denoting passivity. These auxiliary signs answer the end of an active and a passive voice. The signs for some actions, however, mark this distinction by a change in their form, the motion being, for the active sense, from the person, and reversed for the passive.

There is nothing in the language of signs corresponding to the tenses of verbs. The time of an action or event is generally indicated at the outset, definitely or indefinitely; it being once fixed, the narration may proceed, events in succession being simply represented, and time reckoned from the starting point. We are not, however, confined to the direct order, but may at any point refer to other events, at any distance of time previous. As the relation of events gives them an actual presence to the imagination, each one of a series narrated becomes in turn present; and the interval between this and the one next succeeding, is hence represented by the sign of futurity. Thus this sign becomes a connective between successive events, when separated by any appreciable interval; the relation between two successive events past, being in fact the same as that between the present and the future. There is here a remarkable cor-

respondence with a peculiar usage of the Hebrew tongue. The commencement of Genesis, literally translated, reads thus: "In beginning created God as to the heavens and the earth. And the earth was formless and waste, and darkness upon face of abyss, and spirit of God moving upon face of the waters. And *will* say God, be light, and *will* be light. And *will* see God as to the light, that good," &c.\* This usage prevails in all the narrative parts of the Hebrew Scriptures. It still forms a *quæstio vexata* for grammarians; one theory that has been advanced for its explanation, is confirmed by the comparison now made. This is only one instance among many, in which this language of nature may throw light upon the studies of the philologist. It is well known to those acquainted with the Hebrew, that it has but two forms of tense, and that the past (so called) is extensively used for future time, as well as the future for past. This also may be explained, by considering the tense called the past as really an aorist, representing the action simply, and without relation to time at all—just as it is pictured by an imitative sign—the relation of time intended being determined by the connection, or by circumstances. Thus the first of Genesis would read: In the beginning *create*, instead of *created*.

Modifications corresponding to the potential, subjunctive, and imperative moods, are indicated, sometimes or partly by an accompanying expression of feeling, and further by auxiliaries consisting of distinctive signs for the modifying ideas. By both these means also, are expressed the relations between the members of conditional, disjunctive and causal propositions. A causal proposition is sometimes put in the form of the question *why?* and the answer *because*. There are also signs for the ideas expressed by the other conjunctions. Indication upon the fingers serves instead of *and*.

Little use is made of anything corresponding to personal pronouns of the third person, or relatives. Yet their end can be answered, by fixing and referring to the location of objects, or by indicating them respectively on the fingers, which may be employed to represent them. The several pronominal adjectives have in general corresponding signs.

A very marked and important differ-

\* It is not uncommon for deaf mutes in their first attempts at composition, to be misled by the idiom of the sign-language into a use of words precisely like the Hebrew, as it reads thus translated, and to write a story throughout in this same style.



ence between signs and a refined language of words, is the want of anything in the former corresponding to the abstract noun. Yet such propositions as these: God gives health and happiness; Idleness leads to poverty; Wisdom is better than strength; Murder is worse than theft; Revenge is wicked; and others may be, and often are of choice, expressed in the abstract form in the colloquial usage of deaf mutes. But *strength* is not distinguished in the form of the sign, from *strong*, or *theft* from *steal*, and so universally. Hence, and from the want of an artificial syntax, but limited use is made of the abstract mode of expression, and with a less variety of metaphorical dress. The tropical use of the prepositions, in connection with this form of speech—without which we rarely move a step in words—has nothing similar in signs.

The advantages of the abstract noun in discourse, are by no means indispensable. They are simply, variety of expression; elevation and grace of style, from the figurative drapery it naturally wears; and especially brevity and neatness, and this partly in consequence of the convenience with which it fits into the framework of artificial language. There are no ideas for the expression of which abstract terms are indispensable. There is nothing existent in nature, or conceivable in thought, but individual objects, and their qualities, phenomena and relations. Every possible proposition in abstract terms, by however many steps their meaning may seem removed from the world of individual things, really expresses something of which individuals are the subject; and so far as the nature of things or the nature of language is concerned, can be expressed in terms descriptive of the individuals. A concrete form of statement may be no less general than the abstract, and will require no less of the mental faculty of generalization or abstraction to comprehend it. The term *man* requires this as much as *manhood*; *good*, as much as *goodness*. The abstract noun is not a product of the reasoning faculty, but rather of the poetical—aside from its mere convenience. It is the result of a tendency to individualize, rather than to analyze; though some analysis necessarily precedes the individualizing of an attribute. "Every language," says Cousin, "is at once an analyst and a poet; it makes abstractions and it realizes them." The abstract noun has its ground in a

figure of thought, which, if not always personification, is yet closely allied to it. Though this form has, through its conciseness, advantages for scientific purposes, yet it often betrays into error. A proposition in the abstract form, can be apprehended at all, only by going back in thought to the concrete reality. A man who neglects this process, may be a poet, or may be a logician, at least a sophist; but can be no philosopher, or sound thinker, or safe reasoner. In the sign-language, general propositions can be expressed in the concrete form as perfectly as particular ones, and sometimes also in the abstract. Also the comparison involved in a metaphor, may in signs be drawn out in detail, as a simile, when it cannot be conveyed in the concise metaphorical form.

We see that this language is by no means confined to the sensible or the special. The difficulty which words present to the deaf mute, results not so frequently from their wide generality of meaning, as from that complexity and speciality by which the general sense is limited. That ideas may be expressed in languages employed and cultivated for ages, by mature and gifted minds, for scientific, imaginative, and a great variety of practical purposes, which cannot be rendered into the sign-language of the deaf and dumb, in its present state, without much circumlocution, and a tedious process of exemplification and analysis, is most true. But it is also true, that if we take any two languages, particularly of nations differing essentially—one, for instance, a commercial, and the other a philosophic people—we shall find a difference and a difficulty of the same general nature. No two languages correspond in all respects. The language of signs has its peculiar advantages. Not only is it picturesque and expressive, but it can indicate shades and niceties of meaning, beyond the power of words. The classical scholar may boast his two particles of negation in Greek; but not only have we signs, distinct in form, corresponding to  $\alpha\upsilon$  and  $\mu\eta$ , but many more varieties, to an extent to which no language of words can make an approach.

*Written language*, supposing the deaf mute to have learned to use and understand it, is of course an available means of communication with all who know how to write legibly and spell correctly. The deaf mute is sorely puzzled by the incorrect orthography he often meets with, as he wants the clue fur-



nished by pronunciation. In written language he has the key to mental treasures, inexhaustible and always accessible, in books; and may find in them an invaluable compensation for those social enjoyments and advantages, of which he is necessarily in a measure deprived. That course of instruction which will put the deaf mute most completely in possession of this instrument, may, without hesitation, be pronounced the best.

*The manual alphabet* is available to the deaf mute, for communication with all who know how to spell correctly, and who will devote an hour or two to the acquisition of the character. It may, by means of practice, be used with great rapidity—greater than that of writing, and exceeding any but the rarest attainments in articulation and reading on the lips. It may, especially the one-handed alphabet, be used in a great variety of circumstances, where writing is impossible or inconvenient. It admits of emphasis and accompanying expression; and is of constant use, intermixed with natural signs. It is perfectly distinct, and may be read at a distance and by a whole company at once; which is not the case with the labial alphabet. It may also be felt in the dark.

We are now to consider these several instruments, as to their use in imparting the knowledge of a language of words; and for the purpose of general mental and moral cultivation, in the hands of the teacher; as instruments of thought and of mental improvement on the part of the deaf mute; and as furnishing him a medium of intercourse with society at large; and then to indicate that combination and use of them, which in our judgment is to be preferred in the education of deaf mutes. The matter is more or less complicated, in reference even to any one of these ends, and becomes still more so when we bring them all into view.

We may lay down three distinct methods, or rather theories of method, for the education of deaf mutes, which will cover the whole ground. One relies upon the language of action, to give a knowledge both of words and of other things, and for general cultivation. Another—rejecting signs of action, or restricting them to the narrowest possible limits—depends upon the constant use of words by writing or the manual alphabet, as the true way to acquire language—as in accordance with the manner in which nature teaches hearing children to learn it in the spoken form—employing, of

course, the aid of definition and of explanation by means of words already acquired, as far as practicable and desirable. A third resorts to articulation and reading on the lips, as still more in accordance with nature; depending, like the preceding, mainly upon use to instill the meaning of language; and aiming to furnish a readier means of communication with the mass of mankind, and a form of language more manageable for the mind of the deaf mute himself. These methods, thus distinct in theory, are, however, in practice nowhere distinct; but exist in every variety of combination, and also with important subordinate modifications in each.

In reference to the acquisition of language, it will aid our inquiry, if we consider the manner in which hearing children learn their mother tongue. They are introduced to it, always through natural signs. Objects are designated by pointing to them. The qualities and acts, which the child first learns to call and to recognize by name, are indicated in great part by gesture and expression of countenance, together with tones of voice. The most important means of all, is however, the observed connection between actions, facts and occurrences, and the language used to express them. After a sufficient foundation has been laid, the meaning of words may be inferred from their connection with others, or be taught by direct explanation. Practice in the use of language must be added, to give the learner a command of it himself.

The method which would rely mainly upon the actual use of words, in the forms of writing and the manual alphabet, depends on principles virtually the same, but employed at great disadvantage. To the success, or even the trial, of this method, it is absolutely essential, that language in these forms should be made the ordinary medium of colloquial intercourse for the pupils of an institution—that words may be caught by new comers from their more advanced companions, so as to be available for the explanations of the school room. But the inferiority would be immense, not only to the living voice, but to signs of action, in rapidity, ease of apprehension, convenience, and expressiveness; and again, and as a consequence, there would be adopted an elliptical and irregular use of language, which would form a peculiar dialect.

It is indeed most true, that nothing but putting language into actual service, will lead to a firm grasp and an effective



wielding of the instrument, and skill in its management. There is nothing like being forced by stern necessity to the constant use of a particular mode of communication, to give it a firm adhesion to the mind. But with instruments slow and cumbrous like these, if command of them is to be acquired by use alone, there must be constant use, and a necessity admitting no alternative. That it is possible to acquire language in this manner, has been demonstrated in the remarkable instance of Laura Bridgman—the deaf, dumb and blind girl at the Perkins Institution for the Blind, at Boston; who has literally felt her way to the new world of ideas, into which she has been introduced through the medium of finger language alone—the manual alphabet of the deaf and dumb, and the raised letters used by the blind. With the increased disabilities consequent on the loss of sight—the necessity which has shut her up to alphabetic language as the only available means of communication, must, on the other hand, be reckoned an important advantage for its acquisition in the mode now in question. Although her attainments reflect deserved credit upon Dr. Howe, under whose direction they have been made, yet it is manifest that, by the favor of a rare mental and physical constitution, she is enabled to fly where others would creep, and she has had for a long course of years, the almost exclusive attention of a competent individual devoted to her instruction. Her case is far from proving that the deaf and dumb, supposing signs of action abandoned, would acquire alphabetic language as rapidly or perfectly as by the methods now in use; while to force them, in a community by themselves, to do without signs, may be safely reckoned an absolute impossibility.

The work of learning a language involves two processes, distinct, though conjoined—the acquisition of the external forms and of their meaning. For a child acquainted with language as spoken, to learn the same in another form, as spelled and written, is usually a work of considerable labor; but it would be a hundred-fold greater, were not the sound of the words a guide to the spelling, and the spelling to the sound. A person who should attempt to learn a foreign language in a strange character—as Hebrew or Arabic—by the eye and the pen alone, giving no sound to the letters or words, would be in a condition to estimate the difficulty presented to the deaf mute in

the mere external form of language; but still without experience of the consequent disadvantage for acquiring its meaning in the mode now in question. Yet, while signs should be subsidized to make amends for this disadvantage, this method should have the fullest scope consistent with realizing their benefits.

The method which relies, for the acquisition of language, upon its use by articulation and labial reading, agrees in a most important respect, as has been observed, with the one just considered. As compared with this, it presents, however, essential disadvantages for which it has nothing to offer in compensation. The form of words, as represented by writing or the manual alphabet, is more easily learned, than as articulated and read on the lips. The latter requires a great expenditure of time in a mere mechanical exercise, to the hindrance of intellectual cultivation and of progress in learning the meaning of language. This mode of communication has, on the whole, no advantage in point of rapidity. Mr. Day says, he could generally spell with the manual alphabet, as rapidly as the most advanced deaf mutes in the German schools could read. It is less certainly and readily intelligible, especially in the intercourse of deaf mutes with each other. Instead of being fitted to aid in acquiring language by observation of its use, a previous knowledge of language is itself necessary to the successful guessing, by which chiefly speech is understood by the deaf mute. The advantage that can be urged with the most semblance of plausibility, is that of being a better means of communication with the speaking world; which, of course, cannot be realized to any great extent by the pupil within the walls of an institution; while the imperfection of the attainment is, in the majority of cases, such as to render the advantage altogether imaginary. Instruction in writing is, of course, combined with this method, and is an auxiliary indispensable, in order to give anything approaching a correct and thorough knowledge of language. Indeed, the fact, that both signs and writing are everywhere, and of necessity, employed, where deaf mutes are instructed in oral language, demonstrates the exceeding imperfection of the latter, as a medium of communication for them. It is to be remarked that the irregular orthography of the English presents peculiar difficulties in the way of acquiring language by this means; such as do



not exist in the German, Italian and some other tongues.

What is the fitness of signs of action, for the purpose of instruction in a language of words? From the simplicity of their form, and their lightness and rapidity of execution, they are easily employed and readily perceived, and remembered without labor; while they are, for the most part, so naturally representative, that their meaning is perceived without explanation at all, or, once understood, is never forgotten. So far as precision in their use is given by instruction, it is done with no loss of time, but in the very act of teaching words. By this medium, the meaning and force of words and the laws of their combination, can be explained at once; and in many cases, if skillfully done, the knowledge thus imparted will be nearly complete and accurate from the outset; whereas, by the mere process of observing the occasions of words and expressions, their meaning would generally not unfold itself, till after many repetitions; would be established correctly only through the repeated relinquishment of mistaken assumptions; sometimes after long groping in the dark, would still elude the grasp; and often would be only partially seized, and be but a dim and uncertain thing in the mind. Signs often shed immediate light upon what would otherwise either remain absolute darkness and chaos, or be long waiting the gradual dawning of day.

Signs are, however, merely a staff to assist along those steps, which the deaf and the hearing must alike take in the acquisition of language; to leap or to fly being as impossible in the case, as to pass from one point of space to another without traversing the interval, or to support the upper part of a structure without the lower. To have a correct translation of a passage in a foreign tongue even, is by no means to have a knowledge of so much of the language as the passage embodies; while the genius of the sign-language differs so essentially from that of a language of words, that the acquisition of the latter, by the help of the former, is altogether a different task from that of learning a foreign language by means of a mother tongue, constructed upon the same general laws. The process must indeed be essentially the same, as in the acquisition by the hearing child of his mother tongue itself. Signs, used as they should be by the instructor, supply the place of the actual presence

of things, by representing them to the imagination; and with two advantages: one, that by the multiplication of examples and illustrations, the experience which, in the use of language in real life, would be scattered over a long period, can be concentrated upon a point; the other, that this method admits of a regular and systematic procedure, in which one acquisition shall prepare the way for another. By proceeding thus, and engaging the pupil constantly in the alternate processes of translating words into signs and signs into words, language may be rapidly and thoroughly inwrought into his mind, in its twofold use, for communication actively, and reception passively. Again, signs are a means of rapidly enlarging the circle of the pupil's ideas, and the bounds of his knowledge; and as there is a sense in which ideas must go before their expression or apprehension in language, the advantage here is immense. They also awaken and give a spring to all the mental faculties; they give that kind of interest to the exercises of the school-room, which the mind of childhood especially needs, making what would otherwise be an intolerable drudgery, a pleasant occupation; by this means, the powers are more energetically and actively employed upon both the mechanical, and the more properly intellectual, labor of the acquisition of language. Cut off, as the deaf mute necessarily is, from the living voice, with the music and the eloquence of its tones, it would seem cruel to deprive him of that agreeable and expressive substitute which nature puts in his power, and to chain him down to a language literally dead to him.

It is true there is a tendency on the part of the pupil to be misled by the peculiar idiom of the sign-language—a point demanding skill and care in the teacher. Signs mislead by intervening between words and their meaning, and often imperfectly representing the latter. There is, again, a tendency for signs to be indulged, when words might be employed more to the advantage of the pupil. They are such a convenient staff, that the support must be judiciously and timely withdrawn, or the learner will never be able to go alone. The use of signs, on the other hand, in their improved condition, accustoms the pupil to the free and familiar use of a real language, embracing terms general and figurative; and thus, as far as it goes, forms an excellent preparation for the



ready apprehension of a language of words.

After what has been said, there can hardly be a question which of these methods is preferable as a means of general mental and moral cultivation. If a medium of communication, which is rapid and full of natural eloquence, is for this purpose preferable to one that is slow and unimpressive; if one which brings the mind of the teacher into close contact and intimate sympathy with that of the pupil, is better than one by which they can communicate only at arm's length, there can be no hesitation in our choice. The "winged words," which, when fully plumed and unimpeded, convey intelligence with such rapidity, can be for the deaf mute but lame and halting couriers; let him enjoy that substitute by which the living thought itself, in its simplicity and freshness, leaps forth from every limb and feature; let him enjoy this means, by which his knowledge can be extended, his mind opened, his heart touched, and his character moulded; by which he can be taught his duties and his destiny, his relations to his fellow-beings, to his God, and to another world; by which the teacher can reach the individual mind to such advantage, or, by well-timed and eloquent strokes, can sway numbers in a body, infuse into them one thought and one feeling, and in religious worship, lead their hearts, in a united, though speechless, offering of devotion to their Maker. These advantages can be realized long before a language of words can by any means be acquired; and also with that portion of the pupils, who from age, or want of the requisite capacity or application, fail of making respectable attainments in artificial language.

The spectator who may witness, while instruction is imparted, the attention, eager though not painful, the kindling eye, the light of intelligence overspreading the features, the answering nod or smile, the shake of the head, or the sudden burst of recognition; and during devotional exercises, the fixed and reverent attention; or in conversation, the rapid and animated interchange of thought, and the keen encounter of wit that may be seen to be going on, though its purport be undiscovered; cannot doubt, that a medium is here employed, by which an easy and unobstructed passage is opened from mind to mind.

In the German schools, which discard signs for instruction in language, and

even discourage their cultivation and their use as a means of communication, pantomimic exercises, having for their object the general development and awakening of the faculties, form, in the early part of the course, a regular branch of school instruction. The benefit is of course realized imperfectly, and at a disadvantage, and with expense of time, while in the French and American schools, it is gained incidentally and constantly, and much more completely.

The influence of language upon thought, has been a subject of much philosophical speculation; its importance can hardly be overrated; and in the present case it deserves careful attention.

The vernacular language of deaf mutes, which is in reality used by them everywhere, and generally more or less through life, cannot but have an important influence on their mode of thinking. The effect will remain, even supposing it superseded by another instrument of thought. Its use, together with their ignorance in early life of the ordinary means of communication, leads to the cultivation and tends to the continued ascendancy of the faculties dependent on ocular perception; promotes quickness and accuracy of observation, distinctness of conception, and strength of memory for particulars. These powers, cultivated as they should be in youth, lay the best foundation for the right use of the reasoning and reflective faculties, whose development in the natural order is subsequent. Again, in the sign-language of the deaf mute, ideas are not distorted from their natural shape by being arrayed in an artificial garb. Words have not the opportunity to mislead--themselves to take the place of ideas, and cheat the mind with a semblance of thought, or to be a vehicle for vague and obscure notions. The medium of exchange which he uses in the commerce of mind, has not its original stamp of thought worn off by use, so that its value is uncertain; nor does it consist of a sometimes worthless representative in place of the genuine metal.

The teacher who pursues such a course as to lead into exercise the reflective faculties, will, before even the merest rudiments of artificial language have been acquired, be often startled with proofs of thought, which will convince him that the cultivated language of signs is quite adequate to the development of these powers. An instructor was explaining to his class the limited extent of the atmosphere, when a young girl, not advanced



beyond a very imperfect knowledge of the simplest style of language, suddenly started the inquiry, how angels could in that case fly to the earth; showing no little reflection thus to understand and apply, and perhaps to have observed for herself, the fact of the agency of air in flying. To satisfy the inquiry, the teacher had not merely to remind her of a truth familiar to her, that angels are spiritual beings, but also to explain that this spiritual nature might, by the power of God, appear in a visible form. All this was readily apprehended; and further inquiries were put, as to the nature of such an assumed appearance, which showed a keen and reflecting mind, and might not be easy to answer even with the help of words. As signs will, at all events, be used to a great extent by deaf mutes, it seems important, as concerns their influence upon thought, that they should be improved and perfected to the fullest extent.

In giving instruction in language, the proper method of explaining the meaning of words and the laws of construction, by means of signs, leads directly to the exercise of generalization and analysis, and to the apprehension and the application of general principles, to the extent of the pupil's capacity; and is far more favorable to mental cultivation, than an irregular or even a somewhat systematic manner of learning language by use alone. The deaf mute is not floated along at ease, upon a stream of audible words, through the regions of thought, but has to trudge on foot; and in following the track of words, such as they are to him, has to go through many turnings and windings, which make him well acquainted with the domain.

Though the deaf mute rarely advances so far as not to associate some sign with nearly or quite every word he uses or reads, yet he may do this, without depending on the sign for the meaning of the word. It is highly desirable, indeed, that his thoughts should be associated as much as possible with words, and run in that channel by which books are accessible, and communication opened with the world.

Words articulated, consisting, for the deaf mute, only of characters seen or felt, have none of the advantages which may belong to a language of sound, for gliding in easily, and adhering firmly in memory, and intertwining itself with processes of thought, and forming a pliant and manageable instrument for the mind. But written language presents some advantages

even over audible speech, for easy, rapid, and correct apprehension. The visible form of words represented to the mind of the deaf mute, may be for him an available instrument of thought.

For the purpose of intercourse with society at large, the attainments of the deaf mute in oral language are not only imperfect at first, but are often lost after leaving school. On this point Mr. Day was at great pains to examine for himself, and gives the particulars at length, (pp. 199-205,) which fully sustain his conclusion, that the deaf mute, as he goes away from the institution, and mixes with the world, "gradually speaks less, and attempts less frequently to understand what others say, becomes more and more discouraged, and after a few years, for want of sufficient practice and corrections, his artificial speaking becomes only the relic of his former acquisition." He gives (pp. 205, 206,) the testimony of Germans of the highest character, including that of eminent teachers of deaf mutes, to the exceeding imperfection and the trifling value of these attainments in most cases, and says, (p. 167,) "While I have met some who maintained the contrary, the more common testimony given by professors, clergymen, and gentlemen in other professions is, "We cannot understand them."

Reading on the lips is possible only within a short distance, generally from *two to five* feet, and with a front view, of course with a good light; and the speaking must be slower and more distinct and open to sight than usual. To understand conversation in a mixed company, or addressed to a third person is for the most part out of the question. The unnatural articulation of deaf mutes is generally so painful, as to be not only an objection to it, but an actual bar to its use.

The deaf mute taught on a different plan will find signs available to a greater or less extent with those with whom he has constant intercourse; while the manual alphabet can be easily acquired, and writing he can use with most persons in this country.

As these different methods of instruction offer advantages in a greater or less degree incompatible, it becomes difficult to decide precisely what combination of them will secure the greatest advantage on the whole. That it is not expedient to instruct the great majority of deaf mutes in articulation and reading on the lips, is beyond question; the advantage to be realized being slight, and the disadvantage



immense in the time consumed, and attention diverted from other things, by a mere mechanical exercise. The considerations we have presented, point to a judicious combination of the two other methods, as best for all the ends of instruction. An improved system of natural signs should be brought into full play, as more serviceable and consuming less time than one more imperfect. To this should be joined constant practice in the use of words. As fast as acquired, words should, to a great extent, supersede signs for almost every purpose. This, with pains on the part of the teacher, may be accomplished; as, notwithstanding the seductions offered by signs, the pupil will feel a pride and a gratification in the ability to use and understand words. Such is the general plan pursued in the French and American Institutions; the defects of the German and English schools being the want of an improved system and proper use of signs, and in all of the former, the waste of much precious time in fruitless attempts to teach oral language. Other objections to the German method are, the greater number of teachers, and the greater length of time required in a course of education, and the necessity of beginning at too early an age to learn a mechanical employment for maintenance in after life, and too early as respects intellectual instruction. The contrast between the German and American schools, in moral and religious training, is most striking, and the deficiency in the former is one for which no other advantage can compensate. The conducting of devotional and religious exercises in the natural language of the deaf mute—introduced by Mr. Gallaudet; whose name, as the father of deaf-mute instruction in this country, should ever be held in grateful remembrance—has been followed by the most happy results. The results in respect to language and general attainments, with the exception of arithmetic, are altogether in our favor.

The method of instruction by signs, has in this country, and also in France, become more practical and direct, and less metaphysical and circuitous, than as employed by the Abbé Sicard. If our instructors have perhaps still depended too much upon signs, and have not sufficiently insisted on putting words into frequent use on real occasions, and for explaining the unknown by the known, yet, in the consequent development of the sign-lan-

guage, a point has been gained which can never be lost. They have never doubted, that there were a few among their pupils, who might be instructed in oral language with benefit; in the institutions at Hartford and New York, the experiment is now making, to ascertain how much can be accomplished in this way, in connection with the ordinary course of instruction, which even for these pupils should by no means be given up. The friends of the deaf mute have the evidence, not only that our system is on the whole the best, but that our instructors will spare no pains to give it every improvement of which it shall appear susceptible, and which the liberality of their patrons shall put within their power. The course of instruction has, heretofore, been in general too much limited as to time. Printed books adapted for the use of deaf mutes under instruction, have been greatly wanted. The work of supplying this deficiency has been ably and successfully commenced by the President of the New York Institution, and its completion will, we trust, not long remain to be desired.

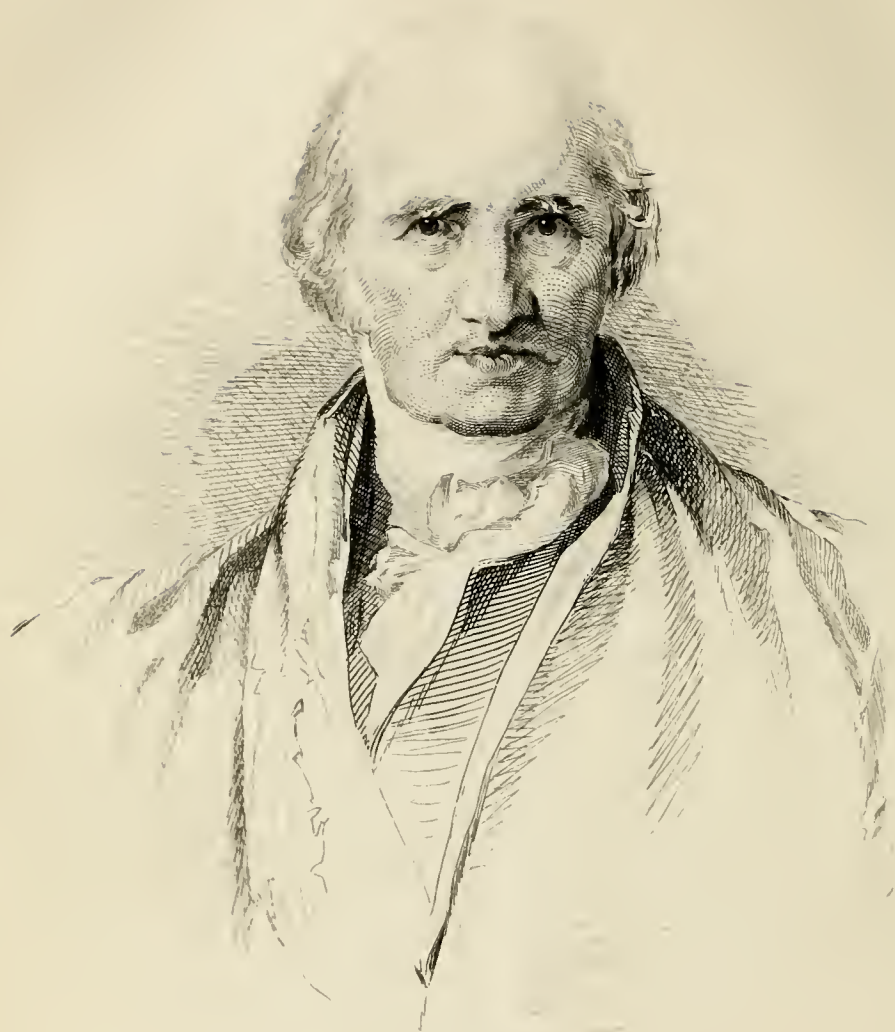
The union of schools for deaf mutes with those for the blind, has been advocated by some in this country. We learn from these Reports, that the experiment has been fully tried in Europe, and with results decidedly unfavorable to the plan.

There are many points of interest in relation to this subject, and embraced in these documents, which we have been obliged to pass by. The reader who desires can easily obtain the pamphlets. The Twenty-Seventh Report of the New York Institution is also just issued, containing some excellent directions upon a matter of great importance,—the training of deaf-mute children at home, before their entrance into an institution.

The friends of the deaf mute, and the public at large, are much indebted to the authors of these Reports and to those who commissioned them. The existence of institutions of benevolence like these, is justly esteemed one of the brightest features of our times. Let no efforts be spared to perfect and extend them. Though the sphere of the instructor of deaf-mutes is limited, the benefits conferred are, to the subjects of them, immeasurable and priceless. His work is arduous; so far as faithful and well-directed, his efforts should be encouraged by the interest and approbation of the public.







WEST.

*From a Painting by Lawrence*

## ARTISTS OF AMERICA.\*

WE might as well look for the expression of Greek Civilization in the athlete of her Olympic Games, as expect to find the type of modern civilization in a nation destitute of Art. However well furnished otherwise with the thews and sinews of commercial and productive strength, it is yet weak in the higher attributes of Power. The best embodiments of purely physical force afford us only comparative pleasure—comparative with the other types of brute force with which we may be familiar, but not with those of a nobler and antagonistic energy—the Soul. The presence of this energy is as much necessary to illuminate the brute, dark masses of muscular tissue—to quicken them with the light of a God's life—as that of the sun is to shine through and reveal the green deeps and mysteries of the sea, or that of Art is to give form and everlasting front to national development and character. Our country is the young Giant of the modern Olympiad, and we do yearn to see its large limbs informed with

“A light diviner than the common sun!”

Too much of the rough work, the blood and dust of the arena, there has been to struggle with until of late years. But even through the clouded trouble there have been glimpses of a better dawn. Through and since its darkest period we have had something of Art and some sort of Artists. From that gray old Patriarch of Art, Benjamin West, down to the Allstons, Powers, &c., we have been progressively represented, though at intervals few and far between. It is more to be regretted than to be marveled at, that we have not accomplished more that is characteristic and distinctive in Art as yet. The arms of our colossal strength have been employed in mowing down forests, ripping up quarries, and piling cities amongst the hills. There has been little leisure for the employment of the chisel and the pencil, and quite as little pleasure and will for the admiration or patronage of the works of either. Now that we have leisure enough for the consciousness of power to have expanded

itself into licentiousness of ambition, it is high time we should give some of it to a consideration of what has been accomplished in Art by us, and of those means by which its glorious mission is to be most nobly defined for our times. How else are our times to be fitly commemorated—our generations signed, and centuries stamped—but by the hand of enlightened Art? How are we to have an enlightened Art, unless a knowledge of what it includes be made popular—the general mind be elevated to something like an appreciation of the sacredness of genius, of the necessity of public patronage to lift it into the unembarrassed air of freedom from mercenary cares, that it may calmly and genially work out its own apotheosis? We can get no legislative action—no public patronage—without enlightening the body of the people upon these points. We must make them feel that our character and rank as a nation is at stake—that the measure of civilization is the patronage of Art. When they have understood this, whether they at first understand or not the unarticulated myths left eloquent upon the moveless lips of its dumb forms, yet will they soon be unconsciously elevated to such appreciation. It is in view of such results that we are disposed to regard with some cordiality the new enterprise of Mr. Lester. He himself has expressed something like this purpose in his preface. He would have “our Artists and their Works better known at home!” He means, of course, to have them more *widely* known; for certainly he does not expect, in the mode and form he has adopted, to make them any *better* known where they were known at all. The series is professedly a popular one, and as such is certainly not to be ruled to the strictest letter of criticism. He says, in his preface:

“I have long believed that the insensibility of the nation to the claims of Art and Artists was more owing to a lack of information on these subjects, than to any, perhaps *all* other causes; and I have long desired to see this want supplied with some work, uniting beauty of execution and

\* The Artists of America: A Series of Biographical Sketches of American Artists; with Portraits and Designs on Steel. By C. Edwards Lester. New York: Baker and Scribner.



cheapness of price, with authenticity of facts, to secure for it general circulation. Artists themselves will not do it, although well qualified for the task; perhaps they could not do it without suffering, however unjustly, unkind imputations. No one else seems inclined to make an attempt, and I have resolved to try it myself."

It was necessary that it should be done, and Mr. Lester was, alike with every other true lover of Art, called upon to meet this necessity. There seems to be a restless, energetic impulsion in his temper, which does not permit his pausing long to count costs upon the threshold of any enterprise. The country will certainly be benefited by this, so far as it goes. So little has been known of our Artists, to the great body of the people, beyond the mere names of the most prominent of them and their works, that any information, however much popularized, is of importance, so that it be thrown into such forms as to render it widely available. This Mr. L. has accomplished. Five numbers of his series have appeared in beautiful style, accompanied with portraits of the Artists, some of which are admirable. The first is a sketch of the poet-painter, Allston. The portrait accompanying it is one of great fidelity, and is highly creditable to the promising young artist who has the series in hand. As for Mr. Lester's part of the work, it is done in his usual hurried, loose-shod manner, with occasional bursts of vehement expression, approaching to eloquence. Far the best portions of it, though, consist in the extracts from the artist's own letters, &c. We have somehow always felt that Allston would have made a greater poet than painter, though the two things are identical, except in the modes of their manifestations. Yet poet is the more universal name, and Allston was a universal man. We cannot say that those specimens of his poetry which have reached us, are at all remarkable as expressions of Poetical Art—for it would have been quite wonderful had this been so, since those years of effort and practice necessary to the accomplishment of Art in any department, were given by him singularly to that of the Painter alone—but we do say that there is a delicacy and graphic propriety united with the most remarkable vigor in such passages of his PROSE as we have seen, which gives us a sort of intuitive assurance that had his life been given professedly to Poetry, he would have

been more remarkable as a *word* Painter than as a Painter in colors. What could be more exquisite than the italicised passages in the extract which we give:

"On quitting College (in 1800) I returned to Charleston. \* \* \* My picture manufactory still went on in Charleston till I embarked for London. Up to this time my favorite subjects, with an occasional comic intermission, were banditti. I well remember one of these, where I thought I had happily succeeded in cutting a throat! The subject of this precious performance was robbers fighting with each other for the spoils, over the body of a murdered traveler—and clever ruffians I thought them. I did not get rid of this banditti mania until I had been over a year in England. It seems that a fondness for subjects of violence is common with young Artists. One might suppose that the youthful mind would delight in scenes of an opposite character. Perhaps the reason of the contrary may be found in this: that the natural condition of youth being one of incessant excitement from the continual influx of novelty—for all about us must *at one time be new*—it must needs have something fierce, terrible or unusual, to force it above its wonted tone. But the time must come to every man who lives beyond the middle age, 'when there is nothing new under the sun.' His novelties then are the *rifacimenti* of his former life. The gentler emotions are then as early friends who revisit him in dreams, and who, recalling the past, give a grace and beauty, nay, a rapture even to what in the hey-day of youth had seemed to him spiritless and flat. And how beautiful is this law of nature—*perfuming as it were our very graves with the unheeded flowers of childhood*. One of my favorite haunts when a child, in Carolina, was a forest spring, *where I used to catch minnows, and I dare say with all the callousness of a fisherman. At this moment I can see that spring; and the pleasant conjuror, memory, has brought again those little creatures before me; but how unlike to what they were! They seem to me like the spirits of the woods, which a flash from their little diamond eyes lights up afresh in all their gorgeous garniture of vases and flowers.*"

There is no attempt at comparative criticism on the part of Mr. L.; he has simply furnished a biographical and eulogistic introduction of the great artist to the popular mind. The second number is devoted to Henry Inman. We regret that we cannot say as much for the portrait in this instance. The delicate and poetical face of this fine Artist has been rudely



sensualized—whether from some error in the burin, or imperfection of the daguerreotype, it matters not, so the mischief is done. The sketch of Inman is about as detailed and just as might be expected so soon after the death of a man so much beloved and admired. A happy versatility, but not a very great depth of genius, characterized this favorite artist.

In the third number we have sketches of Benjamin West and Stewart. The portrait of West is so particularly fine, that we present it to our readers. Apart from other considerations, this is a distinction of precedence to which this venerable Artist is certainly entitled. He was the first, in point of time, our country gave birth to, and unquestionably his painstaking and laborious life was crowned with honors not discreditable to the infancy of Art among any people.

The Life and Character of Benjamin West is a subject which can awaken but little true enthusiasm in men's minds. "Some men achieve greatness—some have it thrust upon them." With all West's order and industry, and his long life of earnest endeavor, we still feel that he was a lucky man—that he was born at a fortunate period, when a small capital of talent went a great way, because there was less competition than at a later day. We feel that, in some sense, "greatness was thrust upon him." He was born of Quaker parents. Absurdity often passes for wit, and oddity is almost universally interesting. There was something novel—something exceedingly *recherché*—in the idea of a Quaker Artist. It was what the learned call a *lusus naturæ*, and the vulgar a white blackbird.

His early efforts make our hearts thrill. We feel a joy at his success in the drawing of his baby sister, which has something in it analogous to the feeling of the mother. Then we take deep interest in his Cherokee instructors, and their teachings in the mysteries of colors, and the art of archery. Then his picking the cat of her fur for brushes, and the trouble of the precise Quaker parents at the altered appearance of the cat, and their rebuking him for his quotations from its fur, "more in affection than anger," are all subjects of interest. And then, when better help came, and the merchant—Pennington—sent his young artist cousin a box of paints and pencils, with canvas prepared for the easel, and six engravings by Grevling, we sympathize deeply with the child in his sleepless joy. And then

the anger of his schoolmaster, because he shut himself up to paint instead of going to school, and the kisses of his mother because of his success in his seclusion, are interesting features in the history of West.

There seems to have been but one event in West's life, which violated his Quaker faith or education. He became a soldier. The Friends had not included this pursuit in their prophecy for the paragon they were persuaded West must become. His only exploit as a soldier appears to have been finding the bones of Sir Peter Halket's father. The sober imagination of West was so much excited by the scene, that he wished to embody it in a picture; but Lord Grosvenor, to whom he described it, discouraged him, and he had not that impetuous genius which carries its possessor, with the force of the avalanche or cataract, over all obstacles, and, easiest of all, over the bubbles of royalty. He returned from his little episode as a soldier, to receive the dying blessing of his mother. His deep and absorbing love for her is truly affecting. His father's house was no longer a pleasant home to him, without the charm of his mother's watchful affection. He soon left for Philadelphia. Here he obtained much patronage. From Philadelphia he went to New York. Here he obtained help to go to Italy. With a present of fifty guineas from Kelly, and letters to leading men in his pocket, he departed for Rome. There he was considered a lion, or rather a sort of savage; and it can hardly be determined at this day whether the people of Rome wished most to exhibit the young savage, or the masterpieces of Art which their City contained. They paid him, however, great attention. An exhausting ambition seems to have been awakened in his mind, and he soon fell ill of a fever. After a lingering illness of eleven months, he was cured.

Those who befriend genius, (says Cunningham in his life of West,) when it is struggling for distinction, befriend the world, and their names should be held in remembrance. There is good sense and right feeling in the reply of Mahomet to the insinuation of the fair Ayesha, that his first wife, Cadijah, was old and unlovely, and that he had now a better in her place. "No, by Allah! there never was a better. She believed in me when men despised me. She relieved my wants when I was poor and persecuted by the world."



The names of Smith, Hamilton, Kelly, Allen, Jackson, Rutherford and Lord Grantham, must be dear to all the admirers of West. They aided him in the infancy of his fame and fortune. They watched over him with the vigilance of true friendship.

In 1763, West went to London. We will not say that, in an evil hour, he became the protégé of royalty. No! It was well. It was in keeping, for West was not above being pinned to the skirts of a royal robe, till what he considered a very hard fortune cut him loose. West's life was regular. Nothing was allowed to break the uniformity, not to say monotony, of his methodical existence. He was never guilty of any of those oddities or absurdities which men of genius take it upon them to enact generally in youth, and often in age. As his wife said, "He was a good man—he never had a vice."

From 1769 to 1801, West received orders from the King in person. The King's sickness, at this last date, suspended all West's work, and threw a dark cloud over his life and prospects. However; from the time of His Majesty's recovery till his final superannuation, West was again the subject of royal patronage.

West's life was long and laborious, and his productions were very numerous. Cunningham says of him: "He wanted fire and imagination, to be the restorer of that grand style which bewildered Barry, and was talked of by Reynolds. Most of his works—cold, formal, bloodless and passionless—may remind the spectator of the sublime vision of the valley of dry bones, when the flesh and skin had come upon the skeletons, before the breath of God had informed them with life and feeling. Though such is the general impression which the works of West make, it cannot be denied that many are distinguished by great excellence. In *Death on the Pale Horse*, and more particularly in the sketch of that picture, he has more than approached the masters and princes of the calling. \* \* \* West was injured by early success. He obtained his fame too easily. It was not purchased by long study and many trials, and he rashly imagined himself capable of anything. But the coldness of his imagination nipped the blossoms of history. It is the province of Art to elevate the subject in the spirit of its nature, and brooding over the whole with the feeling of a

poet, awaken the scene into vivid life and heroic beauty; but such mastery rarely waited upon the ambition of this amiable and upright man."

Fair, honest criticism, in which there is keen analysis and a just award of praise and blame, is not often met with in the market. The material for a genuine Critic is quite as rare and precious as the material for a genuine Poet. It is much better for genius to stand alone than to be bolstered in a clique, paying for praise by glorifying others, whether they always deserve it or not. This tendency of our age to act in masses, societies, cliques, &c., is proof of its exceeding poverty. The man of genius stands alone, and stands out from his time. He does not ask endorsement. He is *sui generis*, and "sets the fashion" for a long line of lesser men. The commonest observer cannot but see that Benjamin West was not such a man. His life and character forcibly remind one of what Cunningham so justly says of his pictures:

"They are well-conceived and prettily drawn, but want soul and substance, and seem the shadows of what is noble and lovely. There is no deception. *They are flat*, and the eye seems to see through both color and canvas."

That West was a man of industry and talent, all will readily concede. He was a most amiable man, too. (We remember a wicked wag who said amiability is a very stupid virtue.)

His biographer says, "The war which broke out between Britain and her colonies was a sore trial to the feelings of West. His early friends and present patrons were involved in a bloody controversy. He was not, according to his own account, silent. He was too much in the palace and alone with his majesty, to avoid some allusion to the strife. The King inquired anxiously respecting the resources of his foes and the talents of their chiefs, and the Artist gave, or imagined he gave, more correct information concerning the American leaders and their objects, than could be acquired through official channels. West had long been away from his native land. His literary talents were not of an order to allure correspondents, and with few if any of the influential insurgents can it be supposed that he was at all acquainted. But not few were the delusions under which this amiable man



lived. How he contrived both to keep his place in the King's opinion, and the respect of the spirits who stirred in the American Revolution, he has not told us; but it is not difficult to guess. He was of a nature cold and unimpassioned. His religion taught him peace. His situation whispered prudence, and the Artist dismissed civil broils from his mind, and addressed himself to more profitable contemplations. He saw his reward in fortune and perhaps in fame for those days of toil and nights of study in which he painted and pored over history, sacred and profane, and he closed his eyes on all else save elaborate outlines and the effect of light and shade."

March 24th, 1792, West took his place as President of the Royal Academy, and "delivered his inaugural address to an audience who much applauded a composition which could have cost him little thought, since it dwelt but on two topics, the excellence of British art and the gracious benevolence of his Majesty." "He had no unstudied felicities of phrase, little vigor of thought or happiness of illustration. He was cold, sensible and instructive, and the student who may learn from his pictures the way to manage a difficult subject, and from his life the art of employing his time, can hardly be expected to re-read his discourses."

When we say that West was not a Genius, we do not say—the cruel damnation of Byron's savage line, "Europe's worst dauber and poor England's best," to the contrary notwithstanding—that he was not something better, more useful and happy, if less brilliant and imposing. He was a good man. "His kindness to young Artists was great. His liberality seriously impaired his income. He never seemed weary of giving advice—intrusion never disturbed his temper, nor could the tediousness of the dull ever render him impatient or peevish. Whatever he knew in Art he readily imparted. He was always happy to think that art was advancing, and no mean jealousy of other men's good fortune ever invaded his repose. His vanity was amusing and amiable, and his belief, prominent in every page of the narrative which he dictated to his friend, Mr. Galt, that preaching and prophecy had predestined him to play a great part before mankind, and be an example to all posterity, did no one any harm and himself some good."

"A thing of Beauty is a joy forever,"

and a true Artist is emphatically "a thing of Beauty." To inquire into the history of such, to trace the circumstances that have contributed to create them, is a work of deep interest and profit. However much the strong of heart may control and modify the conditions in which they are placed, still we cannot but see that the infant, created after a law of which it takes no cognizance, is received into conditions that mould its organization, if not its being, and which have much influence in determining its destiny, for this world at least. It is said that the true man, the beautiful man, will do this or that: so he may, and will. But what makes him a true man? Whence comes his power? Was he born an abortion, nurtured amid damning circumstances, or was the page of his being unrolled farther and fairer, by a law which is unseen by him and others? Does he make and improve conditions, because he was born a condition maker—because he so wills? Still, is not the will bound by a law, and can we change only by a will which is subject to a higher law? But I would write no paper upon free will and necessity. I leave them to those who are under a *necessity*, or have a *free will*, to attend to them. We have a word more to say of this fashion of self-laudation, for it amounts to this in the end, which is becoming so common. We would say, seriously, to any writer who is disposed to parade the greatness, and hide the littleness, of our men of talent or genius—"Do thyself no harm;" for a more suicidal course cannot be pursued than that of giving or selling one's self to puffing the powerful of the present or the past. In reading Mr. Lester's books we are reminded of the Frenchman who exaggerated many thousands in his estimate of those who were sacrificed in the Revolution. When he was corrected, he answered earnestly, "One cannot do too much for one's country." It is well said by Mr. Lester, that "Praise cannot make Artists." This is true in a very wide sense. It is a very convenient way of "growing" present fame to praise everybody; for the majority in the world will not tolerate truthful utterance. We must draw a check on the Bank of Heaven, payable when we are immortal, if we want to be paid for telling the truth.



Men curse those who scream reproaches in their ears, whether these reproaches be uttered in words, or by a practice differing from its received ethics. The world utters its maledictions, (its sick sayings,) till it begins to perceive its need, and then commences a worship little more healthful than its first state. Men forget that some of the faults they alleged against the Prophet are really his—spots on the sun, it may be, but really spots. They make a god of the recent demon, and men always make gods bunglingly.

The man of genius no more acts by permission, than his heart pulsates by enactment. He does not ask of his fellows leave to live. He *lives*—it may be in a garret, or some other very comfortable place. He feels the divine fire within him glowing and burning with a heavenly intensity, and, so sure as God is omnipotent, he will conquer or die, and dying conquer.

The fourth number continues the series. We have in it the heads of Trumbull and De Veaux—both of them executed with spirit. The Biography of Trumbull is an indiscriminating eulogy—though we can make larger allowances for such a tone in this case than in any of the others mentioned. Nobody is in danger of mistaking the rank of Trumbull as an Artist, nor are his claims to our affectionate partiality as the hero, and friend of Washington, in danger of being forgotten. The sketch of the gifted, gallant and unfortunate young genius of South Carolina, De Veaux, is the most pleasing and spirited of the series.

De Veaux was a piquant writer as well as a good Painter. Poor fellow! how it saddens one to think that so much life and truth and daring hope as is displayed in all he left behind, should have been dashed and eternally obscured by a stupid and ferocious decree of the Court of Rome. Under the suspicion that he was some wild, fanatic republican, he was, while on a journey as an Artist, from Parma to Florence, forbidden to pass through the Pope's dominions, and thus

compelled to deviate from his course, and pass one of the worst ranges of the Appenines, during which time he was exposed to terrible storms of hail, snow and rain. Four days of such exposure was enough to have killed a man accustomed to exposure, much more one with the delicate habits of an artist and scholar. Suffice, that it *did* kill De Veaux! and one of the best sentences in tone, purport and language, that we have seen from the somewhat eccentric pen of Mr. Lester, is the concluding paragraph of his sketch of De Veaux:

“Over the resting-place of this gifted and early lost painter, Americans will stand and weep.

“Nor can I forbear to say, that if De Veaux had been a citizen of any other great nation, the Court of Rome would long ago have been summoned before a tribunal which even Infallibility itself must respect, to tell why it was that a young Artist from a distant country must be treated like an Italian bandit, when he is on his way to the shrines of art.”

On the whole, we are very glad that this series has appeared. The sketches do not go quite as deeply into their general subjects, as discriminating accounts of Artists and their works, nor into the great theme of Art in general, as we could wish, and as they ought to have done, notwithstanding their necessary brevity. There is little characterization or criticism. The author, perhaps, writes too little himself, gathering his materials somewhat too readily from the first sources at hand. Thus, in the fifth No., Rembrandt Peale is permitted to write his own life; and though it is certainly done with becoming modesty on his part, yet the fact that it has been published in this form hardly exonerates Mr. L. from the general charge of inconsiderate haste in what he undertook. Still, we are confident the series will be of definite service in making many people in the country as it were personally acquainted with our Artists, and will render the great cause of Art—the high world of ideal beauty—more familiar to the national mind.

## A CHAPTER ABOUT CHURCHES, AND A PEEP INTO COVENTRY.

THE new Trinity Church, in New York city, is now externally completed, and the graceful yet solid spire attracts the eye of all who come or go. Like St. Paul's, in London, it overlooks the most crowded business parts of the city, standing at the intersection of two of its greatest thoroughfares; and it will be long before the daily patroller of Broadway will look with indifference on its delicate fretted work and elaborate finish, or the plodding man of business, as he hurries up Wall street, fail to bestow a silent glance of admiration on the majestic pile.

Its situation has been objected to as being too far from the residences of citizens, and too much exposed to the noise and confusion of Broadway. But it is accessible to the great world for whom it was chiefly intended, the throngs of strangers who will probably form the majority of attendants at the daily prayers and chants. And, to our mind, there seems to be a fitness in rearing at least one temple to the Deity in the public mart—one, too, corresponding in size and magnificence to the costly shrines of mammon which there abound; as if to show that wealth has not employed the architect and sculptor solely upon that which ministers to sordid gain. A church edifice here should bear some proportion to the commercial importance of the section where it stands.

It must be remembered that Trinity, St. Paul's, St. George's, the North Dutch and the time-honored but unsightly "old Brick," are almost the only churches worthy of note for that quarter of the American metropolis, which it formerly required twenty to supply. The numerous elegant and costly erections on upper Broadway, University Place and Fifth Avenue, tell where the congregations have gone. But, as they represent the "up town," so Trinity belongs to what is, *par eminence*, "the city;" and if the noise of the passing throngs are heard within the massive walls, it will be but as a gentle murmur, the "breathing of the city," of which the clock, like that of the London Cathedral, shall beat the pulsations. Of course, it cannot be said that Trinity is free from faults. The spire has been, by some, thought not to be of a height proportional to the size of

the tower; while the same architect has gone to the other extreme on the church in University Place and Tenth street, where he has made a beautiful spire, but destroyed its effect by giving it too small a tower to rest upon. The building should have been placed further back from the street, to give full effect to its front; but the proposed extension of Pine street through its grounds would add greatly to its appearance, as it would then occupy a square by itself. And, whatever criticisms may be made, still, take it all in all, it is the best specimen of Gothic architecture which we have in this country, and will probably retain that preëminence until the wealthy corporation which erected it shall see fit to rear a rival.

The question has been often asked, by those who have never been abroad, how this church compares with those of Europe. There are probably few, if any, modern edifices which are superior, if we except such great national works as the Madelaine at Paris, and St. Paul's in London—which, however, do not well compare, being neither of them Gothic. There are no such influences now at work to move men's zeal as operated in the middle ages. The same importance is no longer attached to the mere house of assembly, the same dimensions are not required by modern congregations. Manufactures, the arts, and the various schemes of improvement, have created new channels for money and public spirit, and new church edifices are made to conform to the useful rather than the ornamental; and, though many of them are elegant, tasteful, and admirably adapted to their purposes, they bear no comparison to the venerable and majestic structures of York, Canterbury, Strasburg, Antwerp, or Rouen. In contemplating these, we are carried back to a period when the splendor of the shrine, the costliness of the decorations, and the pomp and ceremonial, were everything. Then princes, and nobles, and rich devotees lavished freely their thousands upon splendid chapels, where masses might be said for their souls, and monuments commemorate their rank and name. Many sins were atoned for by the erection of a church. Monasteries and convents throughout the land encouraged



this mode of purchasing salvation; wherever there was one of these who felt their gold to be more potent than their faith, churches arose around in numbers and size greatly disproportionate to the population which worshiped in them. The cloisters of a monastery still remain adjoining Westminster Abbey, and most of the cathedrals in England. With respect to the size of these edifices, most persons will form a more correct idea by comparison than by feet and inches. In England, but a very small portion is devoted to Divine service. The choir which is used for this purpose, and is frequently as large as an ordinary church or chapel, is separated from the rest of the floor by an oaken screen, and on each side are three or more rows of oaken stalls, or large arm-chairs, with high straight backs, fantastically carved, furnishing seats for perhaps two or three hundred persons. Here, every day in the week, five or six canons and minor canons, with a choir of ten or twelve boys, chant the whole of the service, before perhaps a dozen persons; except on Sundays, when they have a larger audience. In most of the cathedrals I have mentioned, the choir occupies not more than one-fifth of the building. The rest of the floor is, in England, taken up with monuments to the illustrious dead. One sees here a hundred things, the purposes of which it is difficult to divine, and which excite only curiosity as the relics of a bygone age. But in Catholic countries all parts of the vast edifice are brought into use. There, the choir, which is not screened off, but simply elevated a few feet above the floor, is only occupied by the numerous priesthood, while the remainder is for the people, who stand, kneel, or use small chairs hired from persons in attendance. There, all the niches are filled with statues of saints. The church is surrounded by small chapels, thus numbering twenty or thirty altars. Between all the chapels are confessionals. When the service is going on at the grand high altar, every gaze is bent in that direction, the voices of all the priests are heard in unison, from the choir, to the accompaniment of the organ. In hanging galleries, entered by private staircases from neighboring convents, nuns and monks are seen counting their beads; ceremony does its utmost, and a scene is presented calculated to awe and impress the most careless observer. At other times, masses

are being said at a dozen different altars, the confessionals are filled, and devotees are kneeling before some precious relic preserved in marble, silver or gold. As before remarked, the effect of all this is wanting in England, where most of the building is regarded as we would any other piece of antiquity or monument of the Romish Supremacy. How well they have all been used by those who built them, is evidenced by the fact that where, as in St. Mary's at Warwick, the confessionals are of stone, the steps leading thereto are worn almost to the thinness of paper, by a constant treading of the feet of devotees. At the last-named church there is a small opening in stone about a foot thick, through which the confession was whispered, neither priest nor penitent seeing each other; and this is, on one side, worn to quite a cavity by the pressure of the confessor's head, as he inclined his ear to catch the sounds. The towers vary greatly in their relative positions in different countries. In Italy they are generally separate from the church, as at the cathedral at Florence, and the leaning towers at Pisa and Bologna. At Strasburg and Rouen there are two towers in front, and a spire in the centre; though, at the former, one of the towers is much higher than the other, and at the latter, they are very differently shaped, uniformity in this respect being by no means regarded as essential to good looks. Where there is but one tower in front, it is frequently on one corner and not in the centre. The spire at Strasburg is four hundred and seventy-four feet high. That at Rouen, which has been but recently erected, is of cast iron, four hundred and thirty-six feet high; St. Michael's, at Coventry, two hundred and ninety; that of Trinity Church, in New York, two hundred and sixty-four; Bunker Hill Monument two hundred and twenty.

When we look at the ornamental work on Gothic edifices, the varied and elaborate carving and tracery-work is absolutely bewildering. The Duomo at Milan, which presents the most imposing exterior of any in Europe, has more than one hundred and fifty towers or pinnacles, each of which is composed, as it were, of a series of oblong white marble cages, one above another and diminishing in size. Through the marble slats of each of these are to be seen one or more imprisoned statues, and on the top of each tower is one of gigantic size and



beautiful execution. In niches all over the building, and forming the capitals of the heavy columns which support the interior, are other statues, numbering more than two thousand, all of white marble; among them many of Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria, and others. In front of the cathedrals at Strasburg and Rouen, which are constructed of a darker stone, are numerous statues, (or what once were such, for Time has crumbled many of them,) some of those on the former being equestrians, over all of which a mantle, as it were, of stone-lace appears to have been thrown. Cooper compares that at Rouen to the ivory Chinese work-boxes which were formerly so often imported. The pointed arches forming the doors sometimes recede twenty feet, and the semicircular recesses on the sides, formed by the four or five columnar projections, are filled with statues which are of full-length size at the joints, and diminish to cherubims with clasped hands at the top.

Most of the Gothic cathedrals in Italy have an additional building immediately in front called the baptistery. These are generally of a circular or octagonal form, and in the centre there is a large basin, as if for immersions, surrounded by smaller ones, for infant baptisms. In the modern Roman church the latter only are used, though the larger ones have occasioned much discussion as to the usages of the early church. In many instances the baptistery is more elaborately finished than the cathedral itself, and the exterior cornices present the strangest jumble of saints, angels, and unknown monsters, giving the *tout ensemble* a wild, and not unpleasing effect. But here, where marbles are so abundant, the most beautiful combinations are formed in the shape of Mosaic work. At Sienna, there is a medallion picture over the entrance to the cathedral, and the whole pavement is in this way made to represent Scripture scenes.

The stained glass windows are a feature peculiar to Gothic edifices, being intended by way of relief to the sombre aspect of that kind of architecture. The quantity of glass and devices adopted, vary, of course, in different churches; but there is a certain proportion which generally prevails, regulated by the size and number of the windows, and the color of the stone forming the interior. For instance, where the windows are numerous, it is comparatively seldom that any but the great end windows are com-

pletely filled with it, the smaller side ones only exhibiting a few upper panes, and perhaps a border. Much artistical skill is exhibited in so combining the colors as to blend them in a soft mellow light, without detracting from the solemnity of the building. Where but a small space, such as the point of a window, is to be ornamented in this way, a very simple and beautiful figure may be formed by differently colored or delicately figured panes; but on a large surface it would be difficult so to arrange them as not to give a chequered, showy, or at least trifling appearance. The figures should be proportionably large, and have some signification befitting the purposes of the edifice; consequently whole scenes from Scripture are represented, figures of saints, mementos mori, coats of arms, and other heraldic symbols. A single window is oftentimes a perfect study, and no words can describe the exquisite finish of the pictures and the never-fading brilliancy of the tints.

In Trinity Church a fair proportion, in this respect, has been observed. In the new Grace Church, on Broadway, there is more stained glass, in proportion to size, than in any cathedral in Europe. The numerous windows are almost entirely made up of it, every pane presenting some small device, such as crosses, mitres, vines, &c.; or being arranged in the shape of fantastic images, like the figures upon calico. The eye is merely arrested by their brilliancy, and confused by the multiplicity of the figures, none of them being sufficiently large or devotional in their design to fix the attention or inspire feelings of awe; and there being no contrast between this glass of colors and the perfectly white wall, the whole building presents a showy, rather than an elegant or religious aspect. As we write, we learn that an attempt is being made to remedy this, by inserting in each window a ground-work of dark glass; but we doubt if this will remedy the difficulty. As a writer in one of the public prints has remarked, the building appears to have been made for the glass, rather than the glass for the building.

Another species of interior ornament which commands attention, is the profusion of carving in wood which the choir of almost every Gothic church presents to a greater or less degree. At Anwerp and Brussels it is seen to great perfection. In the church of St. Gudule, at the latter place, the pulpit is a principal object of



attraction, being supported by the tree of knowledge, on either side of which are the figures of Adam and Eve. The serpent is coiled around the trunk, and Eve is reaching her hand to take the fruit, while every possible nook and space in and around the tree is occupied by some of the mute inhabitants of Paradise, conspicuous among which is a monkey, whose comical grin gives a ludicrous effect to the whole. On the old choir of York Cathedral, it is said there was a representation of a blacksmith shoeing a goose. The artists seem in some instances to have tasked their minds to comprehend every object of nature or of fiction, however fantastic. The seats in the stalls are all made with hinges, so as to raise them when their occupants are standing, and when thus raised, on the bottom of each is discovered a different and delicate piece of carving.

But what most astonishes an American, when looking at these buildings, is the beautiful and substantial masonry by which all the parts are knit together. Crypts and cloisters everywhere abound, in which are to be seen every description of arch, from the delicate Gothic groin to the majestic vaulting. In King's College Chapel, at Cambridge, which is nearly as large as Trinity, and in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, at Westminster Abbey, the ceiling is constructed entirely of blocks of stone, covered with embossed carving, most exquisitely fitted to each other; the whole entirely unsupported by columns, and yet presenting from below scarcely any perceptible arch. In Trinity, New York, the ceiling is an imitation of stone. One word with regard to the monuments which meet the eye in every direction, as we wander through these ancient piles. The most general form of those commemorating persons of distinction, is that of an oblong block, upon which reposes a recumbent statue of the deceased, as large as life, representing him in the costume he wore when alive—as a bishop in his mitre and flowing robes, or a knight in his coat of mail—but occasionally in a simple robe or winding-sheet; in all cases presenting, as you approach, the appearance of a corpse laid out for the grave. Frequently the husband and wife are thus represented, side by side. Occasionally old coffins come to light, as at Chester, where is shown one of stone, in which the body of Hugh Lupus was found, wrapped in an ox hide, more than a hundred years ago. In many instances,

as on the tomb of Henry VII., in the Abbey and in Beauchamp Chapel, at Warwick, the figures are of brass, clothed in plate and chain armor. At Milan, the visitor is conducted down a flight of stairs, beneath the pavement, into the Chapel of St. Carlo Borromeo, a room some ten feet square, encased on every side with silver, on which the principal events in the life of the saint are represented in basso-relievo. An altar richly decorated with gold and precious stones, glitters in the reflection of the torches, and from the back, by turning a crank, is raised to view a sarcophagus of rock-crystal, within which are to be seen the withered and ghastly remains of St. Carlo himself, so embalmed for the veneration of the devout. Who has not heard of the church at Cologne, where the walls on all sides, from floor to ceiling, are lined with human bones? But we are trenching upon the subject of relics, rather than of architecture.

In the remarks heretofore made, illustrations have been drawn chiefly from more celebrated fanes; but they by no means include all such features of size and beauty that are to be found. In England, to say nothing of the Continent, many a town of now inconsiderable importance, possesses, in its parish church, an edifice which, but for the changes effected by the winds and rains of centuries, would far surpass anything in the United States. There is one of these places, from the spires of which that of Trinity would seem to have been borrowed, and the memory of which lingers with a peculiarly pleasant impress upon our mind.

Fain would we revisit it again in fancy; and with those two companions with whom but two years ago we looked with feelings of awe and admiration on scenes of antiquity—scenes rendered doubly interesting to us by the freshness and novelty of early travel. One of them, alas, is gone! Even there his step was feeble, and his body worn by disease. He had devoted the best part of a life of nearly threescore years to the laborious exercise of a profession in which all his thoughts and energies were absorbed, and had now taken a respite from the task of healing others, to seek in foreign lands his own restoration. And how wondrously did he revive, for the time being, under the influence of spirit-stirring associations! Youth seemed to have returned again, bringing back the long-forgotten



lore of history and romance which other avocations and cares had driven from his mind. How did he join with us in expressions of kindred enthusiasm as, by a long summer's twilight, we strolled around on the walls of Chester, and from the tower on which King Charles had stood to see his troops defeated, beheld, on one side, bright green fields, with peaceful flocks, and trees and flowers, and, on the other, the moss-grown towers of that ancient church, and the tiled roofs around; or, from the castle's parapet, watched the salmon fishers on the Dee, at the point where the bridge of one symmetrical arch seems to have leaped over the stream, as if with a felicitous thought of its own to complete the beauty of the scene!

From Chester we went to Birmingham, the bustle and business-like aspect of which place ill consorted with the associations we had carried from Chester. So we soon found ourselves seated in the cars with tickets "to Coventry." "To Coventry!" Many a ludicrous recollection did these words call up into the mind. In the ordinary idea connected with them, they have anything but a pleasant signification, visits thereto never being made except upon compulsion. It was here that Henry IV. held his "*parliamentum indoctorum*," so called because no lawyers were allowed to attend it; in consequence of which, says sir Edward Coke, "there was never a good law made thereat," and a "Coventry legislator" became a by-word, inasmuch that any politician who was so unfortunate as to bring himself into public derision, was told to go to Coventry, where he would find his fellows. Here, too, in the reign of the same monarch, was held the "*parliamentum diabolicum*," a title given by the Yorkists for the attainders it passed upon Richard Duke of York, the Earl of March (afterwards Edward IV.) and the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick. Or who has not heard in his school-boy days the legend of the Lady Godiva, who relieved the inhabitants from their tax by riding through the town in a state of nudity, and the penalty which "peeping Tom" had to pay for his curiosity? Coventry has been called the "Chamber of princes," from the many marks of royal favor it received from a long succession of monarchs.

Many a scene in the life of Margaret of Anjou was here enacted, so that it

came to be styled her "sacred harbor." Here have been splendid tournaments, solemn processions and warlike gatherings of the princely retinue. Richard III. went through to Bosworth field, and Henry VII. was received here in triumph after the contest. "Queen Bess," too, often honored its town-hall by her presence. It was from Coventry the players came to salute her on her entry into the neighboring castle of Kenilworth; and in Coventry the most jealous and haughty of masculine Queens confined her unfortunate rival, Mary of Scotland, as she went on her way from one prison to another. Here, too, flourished in former times a famous priory and monastery, wherein divers priors, monks and nuns did good service to the cause of religion. The town took sides with the Parliament against King Charles, and, consequently, when his son succeeded to the throne, he caused its walls to be battered down. But it were needless to weary the reader with an account of all that has rendered Coventry memorable, as detailed in the guide to that city which each in turn glanced over, during that half-hour's rapid ride, until that all spires for which it is now chiefly noted came into full view. Above all St. Michael's; near it and under its shadow, Trinity; and there St. John's—the dwellings of the city clustered, as it were, about their feet, in close compact. An omnibus carried us to the principal inn in the place; and immediately after we sallied forth to see St. Michael's. As at Chester, everything looked as if no change had taken place within some centuries. The narrow streets, paved with huge round stones, without sidewalks, the quaint lath and plaster houses, for aught there was of modern work about them, might have been the identical ones over and by which the Lady Godiva rode, at that legendary distance of time. And what have we here? Peeping Tom himself! There he is, or rather his painted bust, in the window of a house on the site of the one from which he took the fatal look. There he is, to serve as a warning against the indulgence of impertinent curiosity!! Every year this bust is taken down and, after being carried in procession around the city, is freshly painted—so says our book. A short turn brings us to the square, on opposite sides of which, surrounded by burial-grounds, and by the remains of an ancient bishop's palace, stand St. Michael's and Trinity. Look



up ! what an unmeasured grandeur ! How eloquent in beauty ! But we have a good description in an old volume called "The Beauties of England :"

"The most ancient part of the present fine structure is the steeple, which was begun in 1373 and finished in 1395. An elevation more delicate in symmetry, more chastely ornamented, or more striking in general character, was perhaps never designed by the great school of builders, who ranged without restraint of will over all the beauties which genius could combine for the purpose of effect or display. It commences in a square tower, no portion of which remains blank ; though not any superfluity of ornament is introduced. The windows are well-proportioned, and the buttresses eminently light. In various niches are introduced figures of saints, and each division is enriched with a bold but not redundant spread of embroidery-work and embossed carving. This tower is 136 feet 3 inches in height, and on it stands an octagonal prism 32 feet 6 inches high, which is supported by springing arches of graceful and easy character. The octagon is surmounted by a battlement, from which proceeds a spire 130 feet 9 inches in height, and adorned with fluting, and embossed pilaster-wise. The walls of the spire are 17 inches thick at the bottom, and so finely tapered as to recline but  $4\frac{1}{2}$  degrees from the perpendicular. The beauties of the steeple are so evident to the common eye, that they need no aphorism of the scientific to impress them on the attention, but it may be observed that, according to the local tradition, Sir Christopher Wren pronounced the structure a masterpiece of the art of building."

In the Trinity church opposite, the octagonal prism is wanting, and the spire rests directly upon the tower, (as in Trinity, New York, which remarkably resembles it) the effect of which is to detract greatly from its appearance, in contrast with St. Michael's; although, in any other connection, it would have a very imposing effect, being 237 feet high. The same may be said of St. John's. But time has left neither of these edifices unchanged, and the brown stone has peeled off to the depth of two or three inches all over the surface, while continued rains have made tessellated furrows in many parts; some of the saints have fallen from their niches, and the faces of others are "*sans* nose, *sans* eyes," and

every other distinctive feature. Still the spire remains; and, to our eyes, unaccustomed to an antiquity of more than a few score years, the rust of so many centuries adds to their grandeur, as their vast gray needles pierce into the sky, proudly amidst the decay around. An aged matron who came, at our knock, from a little low house in the neighborhood, went before, with her keys in hand, regretting at one moment that her husband was not there to go with us, and, the next, pointing to the changes which had taken place on the exterior during her forty years' sojourn in Coventry, and lamenting that St. Michael's vestry were not as well able as that of Trinity to repair and re-face. We walked into the church, and paused for a few moments to look around. There was a deep solemnity about the silent and deserted building, shaded by the lofty pointed arches, and dark rafters of carved oak, while the mellow light of the setting sun, entering through the stained glass windows, tinged with prismatic rays the long lines of clustered columns, which supported the arches on either side, and, here and there, brought to view, upon some monumental slab, skulls and cross bones, and almost faded epitaphs.

We subsequently stood within the Coliseum by moonlight, and under the proud dome of St. Peter's; and yet I doubt whether in these, or any other scenes, we experienced the same keen sensations of pleasure, which led us, during our journey to London, to examine with such particularity every object which presented itself to view. In the former we expected much; but these old churches were almost unheralded amongst the many objects of attraction in the neighborhood.

St. Michael's is about three hundred feet long; nearly double the length of Trinity in New York. In the half story wings are low galleries and, in or under them, numerous small chantrys or chapels, the names of which, and the period of their foundation, were detailed to us with great volubility by the sexton's wife. In many instances the inscription on the monument of the founder contained a clause from his will, granting a bequest for a priest to say mass in the chapel. In Byeford's chantry provision was made "for the maintenance of six poor men and their wives, once freeholders, now reduced by mis-



fortune;" and, in another, direction was given for the annual expenditure of a certain sum to be distributed in loaves of bread at Christmas time.

From St. Michael's we crossed over to Trinity. This church had been much better cared for than the one we had just left, and they were about refacing it with stone in some parts. "The interior," says the author before quoted, "is marked by that studious cultivation of twilight gloom, so often found in the works of Gothic designers; and modern beautifiers have not imparted any portion either of lightness or elegance by a free bestowal of paint and gold leaf where opportunity would permit.\* We might have remained here a long time in contemplating its many beauties, particularly the exquisite finish of the stained windows; but our anxiety to visit another principal object of attraction in Coventry, while it was yet light, prevented more than a hasty glance. One would suppose that these two large churches, in immediate contiguity, might have supplied the spiritual wants of the good monks who lived in that quarter; but it appears that, between the two, on an eminence a little back, formerly stood a cathedral which, in point of size and

splendor, must have far exceeded St. Michael's. It was razed to the ground by Henry VIII., at the time of the suppression of the monasteries, notwithstanding the earnest entreaties of the inhabitants for its preservation—an act of Vandalism the reason of which it is not easy to perceive, since no other churches were destroyed. South of, and opposite St. Michael's, a noble window, occupying almost the whole front of a stone building, indicated St. Mary's Hall. It is entered by a sort of porch with an arched roofing. On the keystone of the arch is a quaint representation of the Deity on his throne receiving St. Mary, who is sitting with her hands clasped in the attitude of prayer. On a projecting stone, whence the inward arch springs, are two or three mouldering figures of the Virgin and angels, representing the annunciation, and the corresponding abutment is wrought with unmeaning grotesque animals.

St Mary's Hall has been the scene of many a festival and public ceremony, in which kings and nobles have participated, and every part is rich in mementoes of the past. On entering we seemed to have been transported into another world, the world of knight-errantry, of

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\* A specimen of this is to be seen in the Presbyterian Church on University Place, New York, to the tower of which we have before referred. Trinity, Grace Church, and the Church of the Ascension, exhibit the lighter and less sombre style. All four of these have one feature, in common, with most European Cathedrals. We allude to the half story wings, and the rows of clustered columns which support the roof of the main building, on pointed arches. There is this difference, however, that, in the three last, the light comes in directly at the large upper windows, whereas, in the first, it passes previously through trap-doors in the roof, that being extended from the main building, so as to entirely cover the wings, which are much higher in proportion than in the others. Consequently, there is a dim "religious," or artistical light, such as we see in the studios of painters, agreeable to the eye, and amply sufficient in very clear weather, but at other times entirely too dim for convenience—in consequence of the church being hedged in on two sides by private buildings. An improvement might be made in this respect, as well as in the general appearance of the interior, by placing the organ in the gallery over the pulpit, thus filling up what now looks like waste room, and admitting the light from the great front window. There is no particular reason, we imagine, why the choir as well as the clergyman should not be placed in front of the congregation. In this church the oaken rafters are left exposed to view, while in the others the ceilings are stuccoed in imitation of stone work, in groined divisions. Either style is very beautiful; the first, however, is the most simple and the most enduring. It may be questioned whether the pure Gothic, however beautiful to the eye, is best suited to pewed churches, it being almost impossible to arrange the heavy columns so as not to intercept the view from the side aisles. A medium, or chapel style, avoiding the half-stories, is preferable; such as is to be seen in the Dutch Church on Washington Square, where all the beauty of the Gothic is, to some extent, preserved, without its inconveniences, by means of dormant windows on the roof. In the Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue, the half-stories are avoided, but the interior is completed in a style so plain as to be out of keeping with the elaborate Gothic finish of the exterior, and better suited to churches in the more simple, or pointed bow architecture, like the church of the Messiah, on Broadway. In this last church, by the way, the painting in perspective behind the pulpit, being Gothic, is singularly inconsistent with the general style of the building.



romance, superstition and pomp ! The room is sixty-three feet long by thirty in breadth, modest dimensions when compared with the edifices we had just left, or with the halls of modern times. And yet within these walls is preserved something pertaining to almost every age, and so numerous that a mere catalogue would fill quite a book.

In the nine divisions of a splendid semicircular window are painted, in colors brilliant as light itself, figures and armorial bearings of Kings Arthur and Alfred, William the Conqueror, the Emperor Constantine, King Ethelred, Richard I., Edward III., the fourth, fifth and sixth Henries, and the Earls of Chester. The ceiling is carved oak, beautifully paneled with figures of angels playing on musical instruments. At one end is a musical gallery, now filled with suits of armor, some of which belonged to Edward the Black Prince, and which looked at first glance as if they still encased their former owners, and were about to make some movement towards us. Above them are full length portraits of Elizabeth, Charles II., William and Mary, and others—many of them

taken from life. All around the hall, under the cornices, in Gothic compartments, are coats of arms of every shape and color, and under them, in similar settings, portraits of Earls, Countesses, Mayors, Bishops and Priors, each clothed in the richest attire. Here, too, are divers long inscriptions relating to the history,

"Since time that first this ancient towne  
Earl Leoffric feoffed free

At Godiva's suite and merite strange, or  
els it would not bee."

And then that piece of tapestry, thirty feet by ten, which hangs beneath the gallery ! On one side are seen Queen Margaret and her ladies at worship in St. Michael's, on the other King Henry VI. and his court, with patron saints above, angels and what not. There, too, is an ancient chair of state, in which many of royal blood have been seated. Adjoining is a little room, which served as a prison to the Queen of Scotland, and in it hangs her picture. And in a corner upon her charger, taking the famous ride, is her whose story has been told with simple beauty by a modern poet. We cannot resist quoting the description :

The woman of a thousand summers back,  
Godiya, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled  
In Coventry: for when he laid a tax  
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought  
Their children clamoring, "If we pay, we starve ;"  
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode  
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,  
His beard a foot before him, and his hair  
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,  
And prayed him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."  
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,  
"You would not let your little finger ache  
For such as *these*?"—"But I would die," said she.  
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul :  
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear,  
"O, ay, ay, ay, you talk !"—"Alas !" she said,  
"But prove me what it is I would not do."  
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,  
He answered, "Ride you naked through the town,  
And I repeal it ;" and nodding, as in scorn,  
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.  
"So left alone, the passions of her mind,  
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,  
Made war upon each other for an hour,  
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,  
And bad him cry, with sound of trumpet, all  
The hard condition ; but that she would loose  
The people ; therefore, as they loved her well,  
From then till noon no foot should pace the street.  
No eye look down, she passing ; but that all  
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.  
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there  
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,  
The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a breath  
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon

Half-dipt in cloud : anon she shook her head,  
 And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee ;  
 Unclad herself in haste ; adown the stair  
 Stole on ; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid  
 From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd  
 The gateway ; there she found her palfrey trapt  
 In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.  
 Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity ;  
 The deep air listened round her as she rode,  
 And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.  
 The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout  
 Had cunning eyes to see : the barking cur  
 Made her cheek flame : her palfrey's footfall shot  
 Light horrors through her pulses : the blind walls  
 Were full of chinks and holes ; and overhead  
 Fantastic gables, crowding, stared ; but she  
 Not less through all bore up, till last she saw  
 The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field  
 Gleam through the gothic archways in the wall.  
 Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity ;  
 And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,  
 The fatal byword of all years to come,  
 Boring a little auger-hole in fear,  
 Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,  
 Were shriveled into darkness in his head,  
 And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait  
 On noble deeds, canceled a sense misused ;  
 And she, that knew not, passed ; and all at once,  
 With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon  
 Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,  
 One after one ; but even then she gained  
 Her bower ; whence re-issuing, robed and crowned,  
 To meet her lord, she took the tax away,  
 And built herself an everlasting name.

We did not examine all the objects upon this first visit, for the shades of evening warned us that it was time to return.

After having taken tea, I repaired to the coffee-room, where two men were seated together discussing a pot of ale. One of them had just come from Stratford-upon-Avon, and they were discoursing upon the falling off of trade in that town. It seemed odd to hear such talk ; as if there could be any but one absorbing subject in connection with the birth-place of Shakspeare.

"Yes," said the man, "the trade of Stratford bears no comparison to what it was a few years ago, before the railroads were built. Houses that formerly rented for fifty pounds a-year, do not now bring one-half that sum."

I ventured to ask what rent the house of Shakspeare commanded.

"That's the best property in the place. Every other house like it, of which there were formerly many, has been pulled down to make room for better buildings ; but the old lady who occupies 'Old Shake' manages to pay a better interest

to the owner for that old butcher's shop than is given for the best of the new buildings ; and, if she didn't, they daren't to pull it down, for it draws no small number of strangers, which is some benefit to the town. Some people have a singular curiosity about such things."

Some people ! Can there be any whom such things would not interest ? thought I. The question was answered at Stratford itself, some time afterwards ; for when I asked the "old lady" if the people were very proud of their former townsman, she replied, "Oh, yes ! but then ye know they say a poet, as well as a prophet, is not without honor save in his own contree, and it is some little true here, for there be monna living within a stone's throw of this house who never was in it, and there be very monna who never read one of his plays."

"Who keeps the inn at Stratford now ?" asked the other man, who was a fat, good-natured soul.

"The Red Horse ?" The daughter of her as used to keep it."

"They used to keep good wine at that house. There's a fair tap here. Waiter !



tell hostess to send us a pint of that sherry got yesterday. You'll join us, sir."

Then followed a long dissertation on the state of the wine-trade and the quantity of adulterations afloat—winding up with a eulogium on the merits of pure sherry over other productions of the grape, which, coming from the fat man, strongly brought to mind what was said by John Falstaff,

"A good sherris-sack hath a twofold virtue in't," &c.

And by an easy stretch of the imagination, I could almost see that valiant knight as he halted his ragamuffin troops, in sight of the town, and gave order to his factotum, "Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through. Bid my Lieutenant, Reto, meet me at the town's end."

Quoting these words I remarked that it would seem a good judge of wine in former times had laid in his stock at Coventry.

"Oh, yes! true enough; I never thought of that. Ha, ha, ha! I used to read Shakspeare when I was a young man, and I remember to have seen that play once, and now you mention it I recall that scene. Falstaff! ha, ha, ha! And after he had sent off-er-what-ye-call-'em to get his sack, he turned round to look at his company, and got so ashamed of the scarecrows that he changed his mind, and said he, 'I'll not march through Coventry with them—that's flat;' ha, ha, ha! And it may be true; it's possible that some such scene did happen, because, you know, King Henry IV. did come by here to the battle of Shrewsbury, and his son, the prince, had just such a pack of fellows at his heels as Shakspeare described. It may be true—but let's see if Coventry sherry is as good as was Coventry sack. Your health, gentlemen!"

And as the fat man said this, a glass of modern sack disappeared with as much rapidity, and seemed to do his capacious person as much good, as it had done with the individual of whom he had been speaking. And the two, finding I was a stranger, one among "some people," and fond of "such things," entered into the subject of antiquities with much earnestness; and proceeded to describe objects enough in that neighborhood to have occupied me for weeks in the inspection. Here was an old tower that

had formerly supported a spire equal to any of the others, but was of late years used as a tool-house; there was to be seen the ruin of an old cloister: at one place was an old abbey; at another a famous tilting-ground. Some of the city gates were still remaining, &c. They gave a different origin for the saying, "Sent to Coventry," than the one I have started, viz., that, in consequence of the excesses in which the soldiery had indulged, the people, fearing the effect on their wives and daughters, refused to the troops stationed in that vicinity the privileges of the town; and consequently, in the army, to be sent to Coventry was equivalent to being confined in the mess-room.

"But I imagine the young women of Coventry, now-a-days, wouldn't stand such treatment of their best beaux," said one. I thought as much, and did not believe the story.

With such conversation as this we passed away the evening, and, when I came to retire, a confused medley of mail-clad knights and ladies fair—kings and nobles in velvet and gold—Falstaffs and fat men, drinking of sack and sherry—floated through my mind. Whether it be that the glass of sherry had ascended "me into the brain," I know not; but I am sure that the opium-eater never, in the same time, saw a greater variety of visions than passed before me in the dreams of that night. The pictures in St. Mary's hall stepped down from their frames, and the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries seemed to have come again. Godiva gathered a piece of tapestry around her, and, in a mixture of Saxon and Norman French, which an old monk interpreted in Latin, declared that it was a burning shame, that a people, for whose good she had suffered such a trial upon all her feelings of modesty and decorum, should now have so little regard for delicacy, as to expose, in a painting, to public gaze, those charms for looking upon which a poor tailor had formerly been punished so severely. Elizabeth, with head embedded in long sharp-pointed ruffs, looked sternly towards the prisoner Mary, and asked if I really thought she was so very beautiful; but just then the Earl of Leicester approached, and the frowns were changed to smiles. Knights and warriors trod heavily up and down, making the room resound with the clank of their armor, now chatting with a reverend father, and now exchanging a



compliment with some maid of honor. In one corner a number of jolly friars and monks were making merry over their cups, when the appearance of the eighth Henry among them caused a precipitate retreat. Now the scene changed to St. Michael's; newly erected, and perfect in all its parts—radiant with the splendor of its altars and chapels, each of them glittering with hundreds of waxen tapers. Citizens and peasants were crowding into a portion of the church railed off from the rest. The bells chimed, and a gorgeous procession, preceded by bishops, priors and abbots, and followed by Henry VI., Queen Margaret, the young prince and all the court, came in. Rows of priestly vestments surrounded the high altar, a cloud of incense arose, the organ pealed, and a multitude of voices chanted a *Te Deum*. As the last notes died away the scene gradually dissolved, and I saw before me a wood, in which the fugitive queen started back at the sight of a robber with a drawn sword; and then, as if nerved with desperate resolution, held up her boy before him, and bid him protect his future king. Again I was in the streets of Coventry, and people of every grade were running in crowds towards one particular gate, and I heard one tell the other, that the Queen was to be that day entertained at Kenilworth, and there would be cakes and ale for all who chose to come. And lastly, confounding times and persons, reality and fiction, I found myself in the inn with Jack Falstaff, who was calling for sack, and telling a large company how his rascally troops got peppered in the battle, and what feats of prowess he had performed.

When I awoke the sun was shining brightly in the window, and, looking out upon the antiquated street, I could scarcely realize that the scenes of the night were all a dream. We spent the morning at Kenilworth and Warwick, two objects more impressing—the first in its ruin, and the second in its perfect preservation—than perhaps any similar piles in England. But as my purpose is merely to describe the scenes that may interest, in an ancient ecclesiastical town, I shall attempt no description of these castles, Beauchamp Chapel and the other splendid feudal relics which are here clustered together. Many a volume has been written concerning them, and such is their magnitude, beauty, and architectural finish, with the crowd of historic associations which

hang around them, that the visitor usually leaves all other objects out of view when once his attention is fastened thereon. And such was, in some degree, the effect upon us; but when, on our return, we caught sight of the spires, all our prepossessions in favor of the old town returned. In our admiration for its spires we were not indeed peculiar; for they have a deserved celebrity. But the churches themselves are so much surpassed in point of size, and in splendor of monuments, by the Cathedrals of Lichfield or other neighbouring cities, as to scarcely merit notice in the eyes of an Englishman or rapid traveler; and yet we have but one church in America which will bear a comparison with them. To us the whole town—churches, hall and all—seemed blended with the scenes we had just left behind, and, in all its former splendor of cathedrals, abbeys, religious ceremonies, festivals and fairs, with its towering walls, and many sieges and royal receptions, it appeared to be part and parcel of Kenilworth, to have shared in its glory and its fall,—That afternoon we again visited St. Mary's and St. Michael's. At the latter, the sexton's daughter, a delicate blue-eyed girl acted as cicerone, and seemed to wonder what it could possibly be that brought us the second time to such an old place, when we had so many greater sights before us at London. There was much more light than when we had previously visited it; and the work of time upon the bare walls was much more visible. To me the dreams of the night were recalled, and it seemed as if several hundred years had sped away since that imaginary visit, and, as if the whole pavement had been taken up for the purpose of laying under it those whom I had seen throng into it to worship, so completely covered was it with monumental slabs. The hostess, a rather pretty young woman, seemed much gratified at the satisfaction we manifested with all we had seen, and remarked that travelers seldom stopped long enough to get more than a glance of Coventry, adding that we had seen more of the place than herself—she never having, during a residence of eight years, been in St. Mary's Hall. I thought of what the man from Stratford said, and became satisfied that it was only "some people" who are curious about "such things."



## M A Y.

ONE pleasant morning there were children playing  
 By a brook ;  
 There was no care upon their young hearts weighing,  
 No sad look :  
 The forest, fields and flowers were green and gay,  
 And it was MAY.

And they were six, those children, sweetly mated  
 Two and two ;  
 Three urchins, and three maidens, and they prated  
 As such do :—  
 They prattled, played, and helped the birds to sing  
 The rosy Spring !

Full simple and all artless was the story  
 That each told ;  
 But truth and innocence have still a glory,  
 As of old ;  
 And rudest childhood may inspire a page  
 For wisest age.

O life ! why are thy early joys forsaken !  
 Why should time  
 Lull innocence to slumber, and awaken  
 Pride and crime !  
 O years, O change, how swift ye bear away  
 Life's sinless May !

They were not whispering the shame of others ;  
 Nor would fling  
 The brand of enmity among earth's brothers ;  
 Nor the sting  
 Of jealous rivalry did they endure—  
 For they were pure !

They loved each other, and they loved the flowers,  
 Streams and trees,  
 The vine slow creeping o'er the latticed bowers—  
 Buzzing bees,  
 The mossy cottage, and the old stone wall—  
 They loved them all.

The fragrant cluster of wild roses glowing  
 In the dell ;  
 Pink, woodbine, lilac, and sweet-briar blowing  
 By the well,  
 With holly-hock, like soldiery, around  
 Guarding the ground.

Oh, would that all the sordid might have listened  
 Each sweet word !  
 The heart had softened, and the eye had glistened  
 To have heard :—  
 Such guileless love, such gentleness was there—  
 Alas, so rare !

MAY ! o'er the distant woods the crow was swelling  
 His wild " caw ;"  
 The happy brook went rippling on, and telling  
 All it saw ;  
 The odorous air, the sky, the sun's warm ray —  
 All made it MAY.

But there were two among the group that season—  
EDWARD BELL,  
And one, whose name I for a mournful reason,  
Shrink to tell ;—  
A boy and girl—the eldest that were there,  
And passing fair.  
They sat together where the trees o’ershaded,  
And they walked  
Along the margin of the stream, or waded,  
Sang and talked,  
And looked into each other’s eyes to say,  
Oh, sweet, sweet—May !  
And they discoursed of all the rural pleasures  
Spring imparts ;  
Field, garden, grove—how full of truest treasures,  
For true hearts !—  
The sweet vicissitude—the toil—the rest—  
Supremely blest !  
How painted he the picture of the morning  
From the dawn :  
The cock’s shrill trumpet earliest in warning ;  
The green lawn,  
The rising mist, the far receding night,  
The orient light !  
The dewy glitter as the sun came peeping  
O’er the hill ;  
The lonely willow, where the loved were sleeping,  
Weeping still ;  
The skylark mounting with his matin lay  
To meet the day.  
The sleepy ploughboy to the meadow wending  
For the team—  
The barnyard choir their rueful concert blending  
With his dream ;  
The laden cows slow gathering before  
The dairy door.  
The creaking bars that John lets down for Sophy  
With her pails ;—  
The hasty kiss he seizes as a trophy  
O’er the rails :  
The patient oxen yoked and ready now  
To speed the plough.  
The grumbling mill-wheel indolently starting,  
And the corn  
In rustic wagons coming and departing :  
The far horn  
Calling to the repast some swain remote,  
With welcome note.  
The curling smoke the distant cot denoting  
’Mid the trees ;  
The low bright clouds along the azure floating ;  
The soft breeze,  
Where blooming orchards their sweet odors fling,—  
The Spring ! the Spring !  
So penciled he, that youth, with raptured feeling,  
Yet serene—  
The guileless fountains of his heart revealing—  
That fair scene :—



And she, elate, delight in each blue eye,  
Made sweet reply.

'Twas hers to paint the dear domestic heaven  
That she knew :  
The tranquil joys, from early morn till even,  
Pure and true ;  
The peace that seeks more oft the cottage gate  
Than courtly state.

How eloquent to her each simple token  
Of the time—  
The day's approach—the chains of slumber broken—  
The sweet chime  
Of songsters warbling from the budding spray—  
Hail, flowery MAY !

The cool ablution at the dripping fountain  
By the bower  
(A crystal treasure newly from the mountain,  
Since the shower) ;  
The woodman's lay soft echoing on the ear—  
Oh, sweet to hear !

Afar and faintly now that strain receding  
On the air ;  
Now heard—now hushed again, some breeze impeding,  
Yet seems there  
The lingering cadence haunting all the sky,  
Too pure to die !

But yonder whistling teamster home returning  
O'er the farm,  
Slow wheeling up his load of brush for burning,  
Breaks the charm ;  
The crackling branches, and the axe' sharp fall  
Out-echoing all !

And now the blazing hearth, fair Jane preparing  
Her rich store ;  
The idle dog the clamorous poultry scaring  
From the door ;  
And e'en the kettle, joining in the strain,  
Sings, Spring again !

So mused that gentle pair, the time beguiling,  
That bright day :  
Dreamed not the playful group, that hours so smiling  
Pass away !  
They prattled, played, and helped the birds to sing,  
The rosy Spring !

One recent morn a poor old man was straying  
By a brook :  
Sore seemed the sorrow on his bent form weighing,  
Sad his look :—  
For him nor fields nor flowers were green, or gay,  
Though it was May.

He gazed as dreaming of some brighter morning,  
Ere his wo ;—  
He missed the fairest flower that bank adorning,  
Long ago !  
Five turfy mounds were there—there dead he fell ! —  
OLD EDWARD BELL !

## N A P O L E O N   A N D   H I S   M A R S H A L S . \*

THE MAN again, of whom more has already been written, we believe, than of any other human being, and of whom more remains to be, that is, *will* be, written, we imagine, than has yet appeared. It is not wonderful. Whatever opinion admirers or defamers may form of his moral character, his career, from the beginning to the close, was the most extraordinary, the most unexpected, the most thoroughly startling; whether considered in its parts or as a whole, that has ever passed before the eyes of the world.

Alexander's career was undoubtedly magnificent. It was a great enterprise, conducted with constant splendor and success, not only to the overthrow of ancient empires supported by immense wealth and powerful armies, but into distant countries, "barbaric born," of which only vague reports had come to the ears of civilized nations. From the valley of the Nile to Babylon, Persia and the Indus, his course was one series of memorable triumphs; and to have always conquered is sufficient to give any military chieftain an undying name. Besides his great conquests, moreover, he gave evidences of a mind at once regal and statesmanlike; his views of government were capacious, his plans for the building of cities and the establishment of empire and commerce far-reaching and noble. Had he lived, it is probable that not one half of his reputation would have rested on his achievements in arms.

Hannibal was the second great leader of antiquity, and was unquestionably a genius of the highest order. His native genius, indeed, was probably far superior to that of Alexander. The conqueror of Persia conducted his expeditions mainly against half-barbarous nations; the indomitable Carthaginian was to wage war with a civilized people, and the most experienced military power in the world. Alexander, again, invaded large and open countries, from which, if repulsed, it would have been easy to draw his armies aside into neighboring ter-

ritories possessing small means of resistance; but Hannibal led his swarthy legions to the summits of the Alps and hurled them down into the bosom of a narrow and crowded peninsula, where every second man was a warrior, and from which there was no drawing back except with victory. This achievement of scaling so vast a chain of mountains with an armed host was superior to all others of the kind, including Napoleon's boasted passage, insomuch as it was the first, the original, leaving the rest to be in a measure but imitations. This terrible descent into Italy, with the victories and the reverses which followed—equally mighty but equally honorable to his military fame, if we except his strange negligence in not marching direct upon Rome after the battle of Cannæ—all consummated by a close of life magnanimous as unfortunate, conspire to make his career among the most remarkable on record.

Julius Cæsar, as a character, was superior to both the former. There was no one point in his life quite so imposing or startling, as those which make up the thrilling history of Alexander and Hannibal; but there was an accomplished greatness about him which neither of them possessed. He was of a race prolific in masterly talent, of an age adorned with the highest attainments of the intellect. The resources of arms they had learned in centuries of warfare; the august beauties of law were native with themselves; the splendors of arts and letters they had lavishly adopted. They had subdued the various provinces of Italy, destroyed Carthage, conquered Greece, overrun all the states and kingdoms in the East, which Alexander overran before them, and were now invading the vast nations among the forests of Gaul and Germany. Of that race, and in such an age, Cæsar was undoubtedly the greatest production. The proof of his greatness lay with him, as with all who *are* great, in his ability to do whatever he planned or aspired to. There is, in fact,

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\* Napoleon and his Marshals. By J. T. Headley. New York: Baker & Scribner.



no other evidence that a man is great. For it is a very false idea that genius is always greatness. The latter, in its broadest comprehension, must include the former under some shape, but this does not of necessity fulfill the latter. It argues necessarily the possession of some extraordinary quality or qualities; but these may exist in erratic minds, and their possessors often accomplish memorable things rather as matters of chance than as difficult efforts, marked out at a distance, yet broadly conceived, and overtaken and executed with the fullness of sustained purpose. To have *many* large qualities, loftily balanced—and those not only of mind but of *character*—to estimate himself never by what he has done, but by what he can do; to regard the objects in view, however vast, as no greater than many others, and as a part only of what is to be accomplished; to recognize them as already effected because resolved upon, remaining unelated in the time of triumph because it was expected—in a word, to be always master of himself to the measure of achievement, yet never show achievement to be the measure of his capacity—this, in a man, and this alone, is the highest *greatness*.

It was to this order of men Cæsar belonged. This is not saying that he was able to do anything which could be done by any other man—for it is a part of the greatness of which we have spoken, that it sees clearly what does, and what does not, lie in its capacity to accomplish. Whatever Cæsar undertook to do, Cæsar did; and he showed ability to triumph on many fields which he scarcely entered. He was not unwise enough (like Cicero) to attempt the heights of poetry—for which he probably had no faculty; but he displayed evidences of consummate power in such various spheres, that some have thought him to have been only a man of general talent rather than of genius, when in fact it was the rare exhibition of genius covering many fields at once. That he was a finished writer of prose, is amply testified by his “*Commentaries*,” where the native directness and simplicity of style, joined with a masterly ease and strength, have made them a model for all subsequent compositions of the kind. It is not difficult, indeed, to conclude from them, that he would have been a master in any species of writing to which he might have turned his attention. In history, we imagine, he would have been especially em-

inent, possessing much of Tacitus’ brevity and terseness, with much of Livy’s breadth of brush and vividness of coloring, while in a clear understanding of matters of government, so necessary to the perfection of history, he would have been superior to both. Whether he might have placed his name with Cicero’s in philosophy, we cannot judge, though he had unquestionably far more sense and judgment—no small requisites for such works; and it is conceded by all who have studied him and his times, that in oratory he would have equaled if not excelled the great Roman declaimer, had he pressed into that field with the skill and the vigor which he carried into his campaigns and battle-fields, and ambitious schemes of power. But, as with Napoleon, war and empire had more attractions for his strong energies, and it is there we see the chief exhibitions of the man. Beyond question he was among the five or six first military characters of all nations. He planned his campaigns with a far-reaching foresight, and conducted them with infinitely more science than any general before him had exhibited. He fought seven times as many pitched battles as any leader of antiquity, and more than any modern commander except Napoleon; his eagles were never vanquished; and the range of his conquests nearly doubled the extent of the Roman Empire. In civil matters, among the responsibilities and perils of government, there is evidence enough that he showed equal capacities. He was born both to conquer and to rule; and had he been suffered to bear the full weight of empire and a crown, it would have rested as easily and naturally upon him as his iron helmet. And then comes in the fitting manner of his death to make him “a mark for history!” Julius Cæsar was among the greatest men whom Rome and the world have ever produced.

In modern times the most striking career was that of Cromwell. Rising from low origin, in as stormy a period as ever upturned the elements of a strong-minded people from the bottom, his iron will, his energy, his stern military capacities, his amazing sense and sagacity in all civil affairs and extraordinary gift at piercing the characters and the motives of men, enabled him to ascend rapidly to the command of the army, lead his nasal psalm-singing Roundheads to constant victory, overturn the throne, behead a King, seize the reins of revolution into his hands of steel, assume fearlessly the im-



mense responsibilities of government, and manage the interests of his country, both at home and abroad, with an easy skill and vigor to which there has been no parallel, before or since, in any English ruler. What was more remarkable than all—he *died in his bed*. Other characters, too, of modern ages—Marlborough, Turenne, Condé, Frederick of Prussia, the “Mad Swede,” Spinola, and the “Great Captain” of Spain, ran a brilliant course, and exhibited eminent abilities—all of them in war, and one or two in matters of State. Nor is it possible in any such enumeration, to pass by *him* who carried us safely through the protracted, painful, and most desperate struggle of our Revolution, and afterwards through the more perilous period of civil weakness, discord and universal despondency. Though the armies brought into the contest were at no time very large, so that compared with the terrible battles fought in European wars, our separate engagements were of small account, yet the conduct of Washington throughout, with such inadequate means, and forces so divided over a vast country, with the extraordinary energy and judgment displayed in many particular situations of hazard and difficulty, declare him to have possessed military capacities of the highest order. Then how large was his wisdom! How great his virtues! The latter part of his life, as a statesman and ruler, was more glorious to him than even his fortitude and his battles;—his rejection of sovereignty more memorable than any other man’s successful usurpation. The moral greatness of Washington has never been surpassed. Has it ever had a parallel?

But what career among all these of which we have spoken was like Napoleon’s? Brilliant they were, impressive, and history can never forget them. Some of them produced effects of the most enduring nature upon the destinies of mankind. But we feel assured, that men will always turn away from them with astonishment—the more startling and profound as they are farther removed in time—to the suddenness and the power, with which a planet of a new order, rising from the bosom of revolution, blazed up the zenith—traversing the heavens for years, from point to point, with a rapid and burning course, whose direction no one could foretell—throwing off its own satellites into the storm, large as other suns—brightened and darkened with the most amazing alternations, yet firing everywhere the tem-

pest through which it went—and kindling at last the waste of ocean where it fell with a mighty light, which no solitary place among the seas ever knew before, and from which, for years again, the whole world was unable to withdraw its gaze.

For ourselves, we have always felt that the true life of Napoleon remains to be written. His historians have been too much taken up with his genius and achievements in war, and have not enough considered his equally astonishing capacities for all departments of government. That a young man, scarce thirty years of age, of a mere military education, and spending all his life up to that time in military practice and the active operations of war, should suddenly, and unexpectedly to himself—for he never could have foreseen it—take upon him the burden of an empire, and manage all its vast interests at home and abroad with such consummate ease and ability, as if “to the manner born”—restore its finance, regulate its commerce, reform its laws, create a constitution, project and carry through internal improvements on the grandest scale, and establish the foreign relations of the country on a new and broader basis—that such a man should have done all this, besides conquering on a hundred battle-fields, is the most surprising exhibition, we think, yet to be found in history. For everything alike Napoleon seemed to have the eagle’s gaze. There can be no question that no monarch ever surpassed him in political sagacity. His eye was fixed at once upon every part of Christendom and barbaric Asia. There were many keen-sighted diplomatists around him to give him counsel—but he saw farther than any of them—farther in fact than any diplomatist of Europe. He was rapidly outwitting or coercing them all; and had not England, for that very reason, violated her own treaty of Amiens, he would in a few years have consolidated his influence over all that north of Europe which she succeeded in banding against him, and would have made the French Empire the greatest since that of the Cæsars. The history of the life and character of Napoleon is yet to be written.

Mr. Headley is in very many respects—we think he might become in nearly all—fitted to be the writer of that history. He has a rapid, clear and vigorous style, much skill in delineating and dissecting



character, a quick philosophy to discern the causes that produced great results, and a power of description on occasions of "pith and moment," in scenes of swift and thrilling action, that we do not remember to have seen surpassed by any writer. He possesses the still greater requisite of thoroughly knowing his subject. He *feels* what Napoleon was, and what the men were whom he gathered around him. He feels, too, what was the nature of that period in which the great Corsican rose, conquered and reigned. He knows that if no ordinary times could produce such a man, no ordinary man was needed to rule such times; that if the struggles of freedom often end in despotism, it may be the very magnitude of the social evils under which those struggles commenced that made a second despotism necessary. He is aware, in brief, that while all historians should know that no important events are without their adequate causes—usually inevitable if not lying in reason—individual or national prejudice, in the old world especially, has falsified one-half of the history ever written, by refusing to see any connection between them, looking at mighty events in times of revolution entirely by themselves, as some monstrous birth—a kind of moral mushrooms, born, no one knows how, of night and unwholesome dews. One might better be a fatalist than such a historian. Mr. Headley is an American, and writes with what ought to be the true American spirit, sympathizing always with the masses, yet recognizing what so many republican writers zealously overlook, that intellect and attainments must bear the rule. And we cannot forbear remarking here, that American writers have a great mission to perform. It is to read the history of the old nations with other eyes than those which have hitherto read it for us and the world. Our vision, made keen by a new experience, gazing through a new light, informed by new modes of thought and feeling, cannot fail of seeing things in the past ages very differently from the way in which they have usually been seen. We know of no field on which writers of this country could gain so striking a reputation, as by re-writing the annals of Europe, more especially those of Feudal England. Rightly written, they would be a new revelation to the European mind.

It is at least necessary that we should not take the word only of English histo-

rians respecting the character and conduct of their enemies. Yet this, to our disgrace, is what we have usually done. Speaking the same language, we naturally see for the most part, and earliest in life, their representations of Continental affairs, so that nearly all our fixed impressions of European history are derived from the most prejudiced sources. It is quite time that a different state of things should exist, and this is one of the chief causes of our gratification at the appearance of the present volume. There was danger, indeed, that the author, in meeting the thoroughly prejudiced statements of the English, should too exclusively adopt the extremes of French partiality. But we do not think he can be accused of this. All Mr. Headley's writings that we have seen, show him to be an impassioned man, but eminently disposed to justice—though it may be said, and with truth, that an impassioned writer will with difficulty always be entirely just. We can, however, the more safely confide in his account of Napoleon, because, as he himself frankly states, he had formed and *published* a very different opinion of the man; but on making wider and deeper researches, he was compelled to change it in very many important points. What is yet more conclusive, the reader will find that in all the most "critical instances," the disputed passages of Napoleon's life, he has fortified his defence only by the admissions of the English themselves. A most remarkable instance relates to the breaking of the treaty of Amiens. We will quote a few passages upon this point, as it is made one of the principal grounds of assailing Bonaparte for "unbounded ambition," disdainfulness of the peace of mankind. For, as Mr. Headley remarks, "the first great barrier in the way of rendering him justice is the conviction, everywhere entertained, that he alone, or chiefly, is chargeable with those desolating wars that covered the Continent with slain armies." The first question is, how did those wars begin? How came Napoleon first to be involved in those tremendous struggles?

The original cause of hostility to France—deadly and enduring—was, as Mr. Headley states, the alarming rise of her republic in the midst of Feudal Europe.

"It is impossible for one who has not traveled amid the monarchies of Europe, and witnessed their nervous fear of republican principles, and their fixed determi-



nation, at whatever sacrifice of justice, human rights, and human life, to maintain their oppressive forms of government, to appreciate at all the position of France at the time of the revolution. The balance of political power had been their great object of anxiety, and all the watchfulness directed against the encroachments of one state on another; and no one can imagine the utter consternation with which Europe saw a mighty republic suddenly rise in her midst. The balance of power was forgotten in the anxiety for self-preservation. The sound of the falling throne of the Bourbons rolled like a sudden earthquake under the iron and century-bound framework of despotism, till everything heaved and rocked on its ancient foundation."

This republic the monarchical governments around determined to crush before her strength was consolidated. Austria and Prussia took up arms, avowing their purpose to aid the Bourbon whom France had repudiated. Then Holland, Spain, and *England* came into the alliance—forcing an independent people to arrange their government in a manner against their will. Who, then, is to blame for the terrible train of evils that followed, but the Allied Powers? "Bonaparte was yet a boy," says Mr. Headley, "when this infamous war was strewing the banks of the Rhine with slain armies." Finally, the "poor, proud charity-boy of the military school at Brienne," became a lean, pale-faced, slightly-formed young officer of artillery, with a quick, gray eye, and a calm forehead. He was employed, with many hundreds of like grade, in defending France. We have never been able to understand why he was selected for the most important of all the posts at that time—to head the armies of Italy. He had done nothing especial. He was twenty-seven years old; had trained some cannon successfully at Toulon, and put down a revolt of the sections at Paris. Barras, who procured his appointment, must have had some singular presentiment of his greatness. However, he was sent; and the mighty genius of the man was soon apparent. He found the forces in Italy less than forty thousand men, "badly provisioned, worse paid, ragged and murmuring;" yet with this force, such was his energy and skill, and the confidence he inspired, he destroyed four separate armies, each fully as large as his own, achieving one of the most remarkable campaigns on record. Those armies were Austrian, and this fierce con-

flict, the foundation of Bonaparte's fame, was against those who had assailed his country. The next year, by direction of his government, he subjugated Lombardy, and forced Austria to sign a treaty of peace. Thus many of the most terrific battles he ever fought—at Lodi, Arcola, Montenotte, Rivoli, Castiglione, which took place at that period,—were a part of a defensive war carried on under the orders of his government.

Bonaparte returned to Paris, as the preserver of France. Weary of inaction and of the wretched Directory, he proposed the expedition into Egypt. By itself, this enterprise cannot be defended. It was aggressive and unjust; but what had the other powers of Europe to say to it, except that they wanted all the spoils of feeble nations to themselves. Russia, Austria and Prussia had dismembered and stripped poor Poland, and England was covering the plains of India with her swarthy dead in a series of conquests as iniquitous as any nation has ever perpetrated. Cruel ambition of Napoleon and of France!—Undoubtedly, the violence of one nation does not justify the violence of another: but it were wise as well as modest for England to keep silence.

Bonaparte absent, Austria thought it a good time for crippling her old enemy, and recovering a part of her immense losses. Without scruple, she broke her treaty, and recommenced direct hostilities. Napoleon was two thousand miles distant, under the shadow of the Pyramids.

"Hearing that the Republic was everywhere defeated, and Italy wrested from its grasp, he immediately set sail for France, and escaping the English fleet in a most miraculous manner, protected by "his star," reached France in October. By November he had overthrown the inefficient Directory, and been proclaimed First Consul with all the attributes, but none of the titles, of king. He immediately commenced negotiations with the allied powers, while at the same time he brought his vast energies to bear on the internal state of France. Credit was to be restored, money raised, the army supplied, war in Vendée suppressed, and a constitution given to France. By his superhuman exertions and all-pervading genius, he accomplished all this, and by next spring was ready to offer Europe peace or war."

It is unquestionable that he desired peace. "He had acquired sufficient glory," says Mr. Headley, "as a military leader, and he now wished to resuscitate



France, and become great as a civil ruler." He wrote two letters—one to the king of England, the other to the emperor of Germany—filled with the most frank and manly sentiments. Thus to England:—"Must the war, Sire, which for the last eight years has devastated the four quarters of the world, be eternal? Are there no means of coming to an understanding? How can two of the most enlightened nations of Europe, stronger already and more powerful than their safety or their independence requires, sacrifice to ideas of vain-glory the well-being of commerce, internal prosperity, and the peace of families? How is it they do not feel peace to be the first of necessities as the first of glories?" But the crooked-souled diplomatists of the monarchies around him could not understand the First Consul's frank, straight-forward way of negotiating. Their minds had become so awry among their own oblique labyrinthine paths of policy, they were afraid there was some deep deception under all this candor. "Austria was inclined to listen, and replied courteously"—as well she might. She had been beaten enough to be courteous. Pitt returned insults, and heaped accusations on Bonaparte and the Republic. "The English government must first see some fruits of *repentance and amendment*." And what were the blessed tokens of "repentance" the holiness of England wished to see?—That the Bourbons should be restored! Napoleon, in reply, showed clearly, that the enemies of France commenced aggressions—then asked:—"What would be thought of France, if in her propositions she insisted on the restoration of the dethroned Stuarts, before she would make peace?" Disconcerted, the English Minister acknowledged, that war was to be waged, not to reëstablish the Bourbon throne, but "for the security of all governments." That is, there could be no great republic in the midst of Europe! Bonaparte saw the struggle that lay before him;—and never were the immense energies and amazing genius of the man more signally displayed than in the single half-year succeeding.

"\* \* \* Europe chose war. The gigantic mind that had wrought such prodigies in seven months in France, now turned its concentrated strength and wrath on the enemy. Massena had been sent to Genoa to furnish an example of heroism to latest posterity. Moreau, he dispatched to Swabia, to render the Black Forest immortal

by the victories of Engen, Mœskirch and Biberach, and send the Austrians in consternation to their capital, while he himself, amid the confusion and wonderment of Europe at his complicated movements, precipitated his enthusiastic troops down the Alps, and by one bold and successful stroke wrested Italy from the enemy, and forced the astonished and discomfited sovereigns of Europe to an armistice of six months. Unexhausted by his unparalleled efforts, no sooner was the truce proclaimed than he plunged with the same suddenness, yet profound forethought with which he rushed into battle, into the distracted politics of Europe. By a skillful stroke of policy in offering Malta to Russia, at the moment it was certain to fall into the hands of England, he embroiled these two countries in a quarrel, while by promising Hanover to Russia, he bribed her to reject the coalition with England, and consent to an alliance with himself. At the same time he planned the league of the neutral powers against England—armed Denmark and Sweden, and closed all the ports of the Continent against her, and prepared succors for Egypt. While his deep sagacity was thus baffling the cabinet of England, involving her in a general war with Europe, and pressing to her lips the chalice she had just forced him to drink, he apparently devoted his entire energies to the internal state of France, and the building of public works. He created the Bank of France—built the credit of government on a firm basis—began the Codes, spanned the Alps with roads—sufficient monuments in themselves of his genius—and restored the complete supremacy of the laws throughout the kingdom. All this he accomplished in six months, and at the close of the armistice was ready for war. The glorious campaign of Hohenlinden followed, and Austria, frightened for her throne, negotiated the peace of Luneville, giving the world time to recover its amazement and gaze more steadily on this mighty sphere that had shot so suddenly across the orbits of kings."

Europe began to regard the First Consul with some respect, and all parties were weary of so protracted and wasting a war. "The Peace of Amiens was declared and the world was at rest." What now was the ambitious violence of Napoleon that the treaty of Amiens should be ruptured? And *how* was it broken? And what power broke it?

"Peace, which Bonaparte needed and wished for, being restored, he applied his vast energies to the development of the resources of France, and to the building of stupendous public works. Commerce was revived—the laws administered with en-



ergy—order restored, and the blessings of peace were fast healing up the wounds of war. Men were amazed at the untiring energy, and the amazing plans of Bonaparte. His genius gave a new birth to the nation—developed new elements of strength and imparted an impulse to her growth that threatened to outstrip the greatness of England. His ambition was to obtain colonial possessions, like those of England; and if allowed to direct his vast energies in that direction, there was no doubt France would soon rival the British Empire in its provinces. England was at first fearful of the influence of the French Republic, but now a new cause of alarm seized her. It was evident that France was fast tending towards a monarchy. Bonaparte had been made First Consul for life, with the power to appoint his successor; and it required no seer to predict that his gigantic mind and dictatorial spirit, would not long brook any check from inferior authority. From the very superiority of his intellect, he must merge everything into his majestic plans, and gradually acquire more and more control, till the placing of a crown on his head would be only the symbol of that supreme power which had long before passed into his hands. England, therefore, had no longer to fear the influence of a Republic, and hence fight for the security of government in general. She had, however, another cause of anxiety—the too rapid growth of her ancient rival. She became alarmed at the strides with which France advanced under the guiding genius of Napoleon, and refused to carry out the terms of the solemn treaty she had herself signed.”

It had been expressly stipulated that England should give up Egypt and Malta, France evacuate Naples, Tarento and the Roman States. Bonaparte fulfilled his part of the treaty within two months; but ten months had now elapsed, and the English were still in Alexandria and Malta. Still, Napoleon, anxious to preserve peace, made no complaint. At last, it was “suddenly announced that the English government had proclaimed her determination not to fulfill the stipulations she had herself made. The only pretext offered for this violation of a solemn contract, was her suspicions that France had designs on these places!”

What could Bonaparte do, unless France should submit to the violation of a solemn treaty—a dishonor which England would be the last to endure? The struggle opened again, and with a fury never before equaled. Massena swept the plains of Italy, and the “sun

of Austerlitz” rose over the victorious arms of the French. And for this third sanguinary war, its wide misery and terrific carnage, “who is chargeable?” asks Mr. Headley. “Not Napoleon—not France;”—and he makes good the assertion by appealing to the most bitterly partial of all the English historians.

“Mr. Alison, who certainly will not be accused of favoring too much the French view of the matter, nor too eager to load England with crime, is nevertheless compelled to hold the following remarkable language respecting this war: ‘In coolly reviewing the circumstances under which this contest was renewed, it is *impossible to deny* that the British government manifested a feverish anxiety to come to a rupture, and that, so far as the *two countries were concerned, they were the aggressors.*’”

Still more to his purpose, Mr. Headley quotes afterwards, a passage from Napier, which entirely relieves the larger portion of Bonaparte’s career from the charge of guilty ambition.

“‘Up to the peace of Tilsit,’ says Napier, ‘the wars of France were *essentially defensive*; for the bloody contest that wasted the Continent so many years, was not a struggle for preëminence between ambitious powers—not a dispute for some accession of territory, nor for the political ascendancy of one or the other nation, but a *deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate—whether equality or privilege should henceforth be the principle of European governments.*’”

“But how much,” Mr. Headley asks, “does this ‘up to the peace of Tilsit,’ embrace?”

“First, All the first wars of the French Republic—the campaigns of 1792, ’93, ’94, and ’95—and the carnage and wo that made up their history. Second, *Eleven out of the eighteen years of Bonaparte’s career*—the campaigns of 1796, in Italy and Germany—the battle of Montenotte, Miliesimo, Dego, Lodi, Arcola, Castiglione, and Rivoli—the campaigns of 1797, and the bloody battle-fields that marked their progress. It embraces the wars in Italy and Switzerland, while Bonaparte was in Egypt; the campaign of Marengo and its carnage; the havoc around and in Genoa; the slain thousands that strewed the Black Forest and the banks of the Danube where Moreau struggled so heroically; the campaign of Hohenlinden and its losses. And yet this is but a fraction to what remains. This period takes in also the campaign of Austerlitz and its bloody battle, and the havoc the hand of



war was making in Italy—the campaign of Jena, and the fierce conflicts that accompanied it; the campaign of Eylau, and the battles of Pultusk, Golymin, Heilsberg, crowned by the dreadful slaughter of Eylau; the campaigns of Friedland and Tilsit, and the slain armies they left on the plains of Europe.”

We think Mr. Headley's defence of Bonaparte on these points is perfectly conclusive. He afterwards adds, in the spirit of a just and moderate historian, that he has not designed in this defence “to prove that Napoleon always acted justly, or from the most worthy motives; or that the Republic never did wrong; but to reveal the principles which lay at the bottom of that protracted war which commenced with the Revolution, and ended only with the overthrow of Napoleon. It was first a war of despotism and monarchy against republicanism, and then a war of suspicion and jealousy and rivalry.”

Not less striking and successful is Mr. Headley's exposition of Napoleon's extraordinary genius and character. The entire sketch—of which we are able to quote but a small part—occupies about sixty pages of the volume. We could wish it had been twice as long—but as it is, it forms by far the best essay we have ever seen upon his character and career. It is condensed and graphic, often eloquent—gives a more distinct idea of the man, and clears up many points which prejudiced writers have hitherto succeeded in misrepresenting or obscuring.

Mr. Headley does not think, that Napoleon's boyish actions at Brienne pre-shadowed, as some imagine, his future career—and that in ordinary times “he would have figured in the world's history only as a powerful writer or a brilliant orator.” He says, however, that with more talent than his playmates, he had more pride and passion; and adds, “his abrupt laconic style of speaking corresponded well with his impetuous temper, and evinced at an early age the iron-like nature with which he was endowed.” His career began with quelling the revolt of the Sections. Barras selected him for this purpose; the scene is eminently characteristic.

“It was with unfeigned surprise that the Abbe Sieyes, Rewbel, Letourneur, Roger Ducos, and General Moulins, saw him introduced to them by Barras, as the commander he had chosen for the troops that were to defend the convention. Said General Moulins to him, “You are aware that

it is only by the powerful recommendation of citizen Barras, that we confide to you so important a post?” “I have not asked for it,” drily replied the young Lieutenant, “and if I accept it, it will be because, after a close examination, I am confident of success. I am different from other men; I never undertake anything I cannot carry through.” This sally caused the members of the Convention to bite their lips, for the implied sarcasm stung each in his turn. “But do you know,” said Rewbel, “that this may be a very serious affair—that the sections——” “Very well,” fiercely interrupted the young Bonaparte, “I will make a serious affair of it, and the sections shall become tranquil.” He had seen Louis XVI. put on the red cap, and show himself from the palace of the Tuilleries to the mob, and unable to restrain his indignation at the sight, exclaimed to his companion Bourienne, “What madness! he should have blown four or five hundred of them into the air, and the rest would have taken to their heels.”

A scene of the same character is finely described in the sketch of Marshal Augereau—the third in the volume.

“I have often imagined,” says Mr. Headley, “the first interview between the young Bonaparte, and the veteran generals of the army of Italy. There were Rampon, Massena and Augereau, crowned with laurels they had won on many a hard-fought field. Here was a young man, sent to them as their commander-in-chief, only twenty-seven years of age. Pale, thin, with a stoop in his shoulders, his personal appearance indicated anything but the warrior. And what else had he to recommend him? He had directed some artillery successfully against Toulon, and quelled a mob in Paris, and that was all. He had no rank in civil matters—indeed, had scarcely been heard of—and now, a mere stripling, without experience, never having conducted an army in his life; he appears before the two scarred generals, Massena and Augereau, both nearly forty years of age, as their commander-in-chief. When called to pay their first visit to him, on his arrival, they were utterly amazed at the folly of the Directory. The war promised to be a mere farce. Young Bonaparte, whose quick eye detected the impression he had made on them, soon, by the firmness of his manner, and his vigor of thought, modified their feelings. At the Council of War, called to discuss the proper mode of commencing hostilities, Rampon volunteered a great deal of sage advice—recommended circumspection and prudence—and spoke of the experienced generals that were opposed to them. Bonaparte listened, full of impatience, till he was through; and then replied, in his im-



petuous manner, 'Permit me, gentlemen, with all due deference to your excellent observations, to suggest some new ideas. The art of war, rest assured, is yet in its infancy. For many ages men have made war in a theatrical and effeminate manner. Now is not the time for enemies mutually to appoint a place of combat, and advancing, with their hats in hand, say, '*Gentlemen, will you have the goodness to fire.*' We must cut the enemy in pieces—precipitate ourselves, like a torrent, on their battalions—and grind them to powder; that is, bring back war to its primitive state—fight as Alexander and Cæsar did. Experienced generals conduct the troops opposed to us! So much the better, so much the better! It is not their experience that will avail them against me. Mark my words, they will soon burn their books on tactics, and know not what to do. \* \* \* The system I adopt, is favorable to the profession of arms; every soldier becomes a hero; for when men are launched forward with impetuosity, there is no time for reflection, and they will do wonders. Yes, gentlemen, the first onset of the Italian army will give birth to a new epoch in military affairs. *As for us, we must hurl ourselves on the foe like a thunderbolt, and smite like it. Discouraged by our tactics, and not daring to put them in execution, they will fly before us as the shades of night before the uprising sun.*' The manner and tone, in which this was said, and that eloquence, too, which afterwards so frequently electrified the soldiers, took the old generals by surprise, and Augereau and Massena turned to each other with significant looks, and Rampon, after he had gone out, remarked, 'Here is a man that will yet cut out work for government.'

The eloquence of Napoleon was remarkable. We do not think any military leader ever equaled him in that respect. Some of the speeches of the ancient commanders, if correctly reported—as a few of them undoubtedly were—are very noble; and many moving addresses have been made to armies in modern times, on occasions of near peril, and on the eve of battle. All military eloquence, moreover, which is at all effective, has necessarily two great elements of oratory—brevity and rapidity. There is no time for long harangues, when the soldiers spoken to can almost look into their foemen's eyes. But there was in Napoleon's speech, at all times, a directness and simplicity, a condensed energy, an abrupt rapidity and startling clearness—in short, a certain pointed, terse, impetuous and imperious decision, both of thought and expression, to which we have never seen a paral-

lel in any speaker, whether of the senate, the bar, or the battle-field. Its force was manifest in the effect produced, which was overwhelming. This was aided by his consummate knowledge of character, of human nature. He never failed to excite, to subdue, to melt, to thrill, the soldiers whom he addressed: and he had equal influence over his officers, his cabinet, or the populace of Paris. The same qualities were exhibited in his conversation, dispatches and diplomatic dealings. As a public speaker treating of various subjects, he might have found it necessary to cultivate other qualities; but had he entered that walk in life, he would unquestionably have become a great orator. The instances of the effects of his eloquence are numerous. Mr. Headley quotes one striking and brief enough to be re-quoted.

"Soon after the battle of Castiglione, and just before the battle of Rivoli, he made an example of the 39th and 85th regiments of Vaubois Division, for having given way to a panic, and nearly lost him the battle. Arranging these two regiments in a circle, he addressed them in the following language:—'Soldiers, I am displeased with you—you have shown neither discipline, nor valor, nor firmness. You have allowed yourselves to be chased from positions, where a handful of brave men would have stopped an army. Soldiers of the 39th and 85th, you are no longer French soldiers. Chief of the Staff, let it be written on their standards, '*They are no longer of the army of Italy.*'"

"Nothing could exceed the stunning effect with which these words fell on those brave men. They forgot their discipline and the order of their ranks, and bursting into grief, filled the air with their cries—and rushing from their ranks, crowded, with most beseeching looks and voices around their General, and begged to be saved from such a disgrace, saying, 'Lead us once more into battle, and see if we are not of the army of Italy.'"

We make room for a few more passages of rapid and skillful characterization.

"One great secret of his success, is to be found in the union of two striking qualities of mind, which are usually opposed to each other. He possessed an imagination as ardent, and a mind as impetuous as the most rash and chivalric warrior; and yet a judgment as cool and correct as the ablest tactician. His mind moved with the rapidity of lightning, and yet with the precision and steadiness of naked reason. He rushed to his final decision as if he overleaped all the intermediate space, and yet he embraced the entire ground, and every detail in his



passage. In short, he could decide quick and correctly too. He did not possess these antagonist qualities in a moderate degree, but he was at the same time, the most rapid and the most correct of men in the formation of his plans. It was the union of these that gave Bonaparte such immense power over his adversaries. His plans were more skillfully and deeply laid than theirs, and yet perfected before theirs were begun. He broke up the counsels of other men, by the execution of his own. This power of thinking quick, and of thinking right, is the rarest exhibited in history. It gives the possessor of it all the advantage that thought ever has over impulse, and all the advantage, too, that impulse frequently has over thought, by the suddenness and unexpectedness of its movements.

"His power of combination was unrivaled. The most extensive plans, involving the most complicated movements, were laid down with the clearness of a map in his mind; while the certainty and precision with which they were all brought to bear on one great point, took the ablest generals in Europe by surprise. His mind seemed vast enough for the management of the globe, and not so much *encircled* every thing, as *contained* every thing. It was hard to tell whether he exhibited more skill in conducting a campaign, or in managing a single battle. With a power of generalization seldom equaled, his perceptive faculties, that let no detail escape him, were equally rare.

As an illustration of this wonderful extent, certainty and precision of his combinations, we add here a graphic passage from the sketch of Marshal Macdonald. That vivid narration has already appeared in our pages, but the extract may be repeated in this connection. The concentration, within a day and a half of each other, of such vast forces from distant parts of Europe, exhibits, to our mind, the most amazing instance on record of military skill and power in calculating and ordering the movements of armies.

• The battle of Aspern had proved disastrous to the French. The utmost efforts of Napoleon could not wring victory from the hands of the Austrians. Massena had stood under a tree while the boughs were crashing with cannon balls over head, and fought as never even *he* fought before. The brave Lannes had been mangled by a cannon-shot, and died while the victorious guns of the enemy were still playing on his heroic, but flying column; and the fragments of the magnificent army, that had in the morning moved from the banks of the Danube in all the confidence of victory, at nightfall were crowded and packed in the little island of

Lobau. Rejecting the counsel of his officers, Bonaparte resolved to make a stand here, and wait for reinforcements to come up. Nowhere does his exhaustless genius show itself more than in this critical period of his life. He revived the drooping spirits of his soldiers, by presents from his own hands, and visited in person the sick in the hospitals; while the most gigantic plans at the same time, strung his vast energies to their utmost tension.

"From the latter part of May to the 1st of July, he had remained cooped up in this little island, but not inactive. He had done everything that could be done on the *spot*, while orders had been sent to the different armies to hasten to his relief; and never was there such an exhibition of the skill and promptitude with which orders had been issued and carried out. At two o'clock in the afternoon, the different armies from all quarters first began to come in, and before the next night they had all arrived. First with music and streaming banners appeared the columns of Bernadotte, hastening from the banks of the Elbe, carrying joy to the desponding hearts of Napoleon's army. They had hardly reached the field before the stirring notes of the bugle, and the roll of drums in another quarter, announced the approach of Vandamme from the provinces of the Rhine. Wrede came next from the banks of the Lech, with his strong Bavarians, while the morning sun shone on Macdonald's victorious troops, rushing down from Illyria and the Alpine summits, to save Bonaparte and the Empire. As the bold Scotchman reined his steed up beside Napoleon, and pointed back to his advancing columns, he little thought that two days after, the fate of Europe was to turn on his single will. Scarcely were his troops arranged in their appointed place, before the brave Marmont appeared with glittering bayonets and waving plumes, from the borders of Dalmatia. Like an exhaustless stream, the magnificent armies kept pouring into that little isle; while, to crown the whole, Eugene came up with his veterans from the plains of Hungary. In two days they had all assembled, and on the evening of the 4th of July, Napoleon glanced with exultant eye over a hundred and eighty thousand warriors, crowded and packed into the small space of two miles and a half in breadth, and a mile and a half in length."

On the whole we cannot but agree with Mr. Headley, that, as a military leader, Napoleon has at least "no superior in ancient or modern times." It is preposterous to compare Wellington with him, and no one but a conceited Englishman would do it. As Mr. Headley very justly remarks, and as no one can deny,



Soult through the whole Peninsular war showed himself a match for the British General—"beat him oftener and longer" than he was beaten by him. "Pitted against each other for years, they were so nearly balanced, that there seems little to choose between them." Yet who would think of "drawing a parallel between Soult and Napoleon?" Does it make Wellington Bonaparte's equal, that he did not *lose* the battle of Waterloo? He did not *win* that battle; he was simply "commander-in-chief when it *was* won." He was fairly caught; if Blücher had not come up unexpectedly, or if Grouchy had followed Blücher, where would Wellington have been? Napoleon would have annihilated him and the whole alliance. To judge of Bonaparte, as a leader of armies, we must look at him through all the scenes of his life.

"He marched his victorious troops successively into almost every capital of Europe. Meeting and overwhelming in turn the armies of Prussia, Austria, Russia, and England, he, for a long time, waged a successful war against them all combined; and exhausted at last by his very victories, rather than by their conquest, he fell before superior numbers, which, in a protracted contest, must always prevail. His first campaign in Italy, and the campaign of Austerlitz, are, perhaps, the most glorious he ever conducted. The first astonished the world, and fixed his fortune. In less than a year, he overthrew four of the finest armies of Europe. With fifty-five thousand men, he had beaten more than two hundred thousand Austrians—taken prisoners nearly double the number of his whole army, and killed half as many as the entire force he had at any one time in the field.

"The tactics he adopted in this campaign, and which he never after departed from, correspond singularly with the character of his mind. Instead of following up what was considered the scientific mode of conducting a campaign and a battle, he fell back on his own genius, and made a system of his own, adapted to the circumstance in which he was placed. Instead of opposing wing to wing, centre to centre, and column to column, he rapidly concentrated his entire strength on separate portions in quick succession. Hurling his combined force now on one wing, and now another, and now throwing it with the weight and terror of an avalanche on the centre, he crushed each in its turn; or cutting the army in two, destroyed its communication and broke it in pieces."

And then what astonishing activity of mind and body. We cannot find that

all the biographies of greatness furnish a parallel.

"No victory lulled him into a moment's repose—no luxuries tempted him to ease—and no successes bounded his impetuous desires. Laboring with an intensity and rapidity that accomplished the work of days in hours, he nevertheless seemed crowded to the very limit of human capacity by the vast plans and endless projects that asked and received his attention. In the cabinet he astonished every one by his striking thoughts and indefatigable industry. The forms and ceremonies of court could keep his mind, hardly for an hour, from the labour which he seemed to covet. He allowed himself usually but four or five hours' rest, and during his campaigns, exhibited the same almost miraculous activity of mind. He would dictate to one set of secretaries all day, and after he had tired them out, call for a second, and keep them on the stretch all night, snatching but a brief repose during the whole time. His common practice was to rise at two in the morning, and dictate to his secretaries for two hours, then devote two hours more to thought alone, when he would take a warm bath and dress for the day. But in a pressure of business this division of labor and rest was scattered to the winds, and he would work all night. With his night-gown wrapped around him, and a silk handkerchief tied about his head, he would walk backwards and forwards in his apartment from dark till daylight, dictating to Caulincourt, or Duroc, or D'Albe, his chief secretary, in his impetuous manner, which required the highest exertion to keep pace with; while Rustan, his faithful Mameluke, whom he brought from Egypt, was up also, bringing him from time to time, a strong cup of coffee to refresh him. Sometimes at midnight, when all was still, this restless spirit would call out, "Call D'Albe: let every one arise;" and then commence working, allowing himself no intermission or repose till sunrise. He has been known to dictate to three secretaries at the same time, so rapid were the movements of his mind, and yet so perfectly under his control. He never deferred business for an hour, but did on the spot what then claimed his attention. Nothing but the most iron-like constitution could have withstood these tremendous strains upon it. And, as if Nature had determined that nothing should be wanting to the full development of this wonderful man, as well as no resources withheld from his gigantic plans, she had endowed him with a power of endurance seldom equaled. It was not till after the most intense and protracted mental and physical effort combined, that he gave intimations of being sensible to fatigue. In his first campaign in Italy, though slender and ap-



parently weak, he rode five horses to death in a few days, and for six days and nights, never took off his boots, or retired to his couch. \* \* \* He spurred his panting steed through the scorching sunbeams of Africa, and forced his way on foot, with a birchen stick in his hand, over the icy path, as he fled from Moscow with the same firm presence. He would sleep in the palace of the Tuilleries, or on the shore of the swollen Danube with nought but his cloak about him, while the groans of the dying loaded the midnight air—with equal soundness. He was often on horseback eighteen hours a day, and yet wrought up to the intensest mental excitement all the while. Marching till midnight, he would array his troops by moonlight; and fighting all day, he hailed victor at night; and then, without rest, travel all the following night and day, and the next morning fight another battle, and be a second time victorious. He is often spoken of as a mere child of fortune; but whoever in this world will possess such powers of mind, and use them with such skill and industry, and has a frame that will stand it, will always be a child of fortune."

One of the most preposterous assertions made about Napoleon, has been that he had no personal courage. His whole course of life seems to us to crush the charge into nothing. Mr. Headley notes it, and remarks briefly that "the daring he exhibited in the revolt of the Sections, when, with five thousand soldiers, he boldly withstood forty thousand of the National Guard and mob of Paris, he carried with him to his fall. At the terrible passage of Lodi, where, though general-in-chief, he was the second man across the bridge;—at Arcola, where he stood, with the standard in his hand, in the midst of a perfect tempest of balls and grape-shot; and at Wagram, where he rode on his white steed, backward and forward, for a whole hour, before his shivering lines, to keep them steady in the dreadful fire that thinned their ranks, and swept the ground they stood upon;—he evinced the heroic courage that he possessed, and which was a part of his very nature."

Napoleon's courage was as unquestionable as his ambition. But eminent above these and every other trait in his character, was his sublime self-confidence.—Milton's Lucifer never exhibited that quality to a more exalted degree. There was no emergency of his life in which he did not fall back upon himself alone, without a sign of wavering. From his boyish decision at the siege of Toulon to

the time when Europe stood up against him on the field of Waterloo, it was the same. He was sent to wrest Italy from an army four times the number of his own:—he called no councils of war—he resolved and executed. The conflagration of Moscow and a Russian winter overwhelmed and drove back the immense host with which he invaded the North: he relied upon himself. The sudden weight of an empire fell upon his shoulders:—he bore it as something for which he was born. The crowned heads of Europe, bending themselves together against him, met in his quick gray eye the same calm self-reliance. Monarchs against the plebeian! His eagle glance pierced to the core of their rotten power, and his audacious thoughts were all the while partitioning their kingdoms. The plebeian against monarchs!

"He *wheeled his cannon around their thrones*," says Mr. Headley in one of those vivid and comprehensive passages, frequent in his writings, "with a coolness and inflexibility of purpose that made 'the dignity which doth hedge a king,' a most pitiful thing to behold. \* \* \* While astonished at the boldness of his irruption into Egypt, they were listening to hear again the thunder of his guns around the pyramids, they suddenly saw his mighty army hanging along the crest of the Alps; and before the astonishing vision had fairly disappeared, the sound of his cannon was heard shaking the shores of the Danube, and his victorious eagles were waving their wings over the capital of the Austrian Empire. One moment his terrible standards would be seen along the shores of the Rhine; the next, by the banks of the Borysthenes, and then again fluttering amid the flames of Moscow. \* \* \* Victory deserted the standards of the enemy the moment that the presence of Napoleon among his legions was announced in their camp, and when it was whispered through the ranks that his eye was sweeping the battle-field, the arm of the foeman waxed weak; and he conquered as much by his name as by his armies. This holdness of movement, giving him such immense moral power, arose from his confidence in himself."

But Bonaparte's moral qualities bore no comparison with those of his intellect. His genius was unfortunately greater than his virtue. He was ambitious—as all conquerors have been—and ambition made him selfish, as it does nearly all



who yield to its tyranny. His nature was despotic; and his swift decision and stern self-reliance made him always impetuous, often unjust; nor was anything whatever allowed to stand in the way of the accomplishment of his plans. "What he thought necessary to be done, he did, reckless of the suffering it occasioned." He committed several acts in his career altogether cruel and unjust, especially the invasion of Spain and the execution of the Duke of Enghien. In brief, we may conclude with Mr. Headley—had Europe left him to pursue the career he commenced in Egypt—that he *might* have been "as unprincipled in his aggressions on peaceable states—as heartless in the means he employed—as reckless of the law of nations—as perfidious in his policy—as cruel in his slaughters—and as grasping after territory, as the *British Empire* has since shown herself to be, his life, character, and plans leave but little room to doubt."

"The sum of the matter is, Napoleon's moral character was indifferent enough; yet as a friend of human liberty, and eager to promote the advancement of the race, by opening the field to talent and genius, however low their birth, he was infinitely superior to all the sovereigns who endeavored to crush him. He not only loved France as a nation, and sought her glory, but he secured the liberty of the meanest of her subjects. There was something noble in his very ambition, for it sought to establish great public works, found useful institutions, and send the principles of liberty over the world. As a just and noble monarch, he was superior to nine-tenths of all the kings that ever reigned in Europe, and as an intellectual man, head and shoulders above them all."

This, we think, is the just interpretation of Napoleon's nature. Let him be placed in comparison, not with Cincinnatus or Washington, but with the kings and governments around him.

Eminently worthy of his genius, if not of France, was the whole of his latter career. The disastrous invasion of Russia, the mortality that swept off the forces on the Rhine, the fatal battle of Leipsic, and other engagements where victory was gained by terrific losses, had exhausted the resources of France.

"In this depressed state, the civilized world was preparing its last united onset upon her. From the Baltic to the Bosphorus—from Archangel to the Mediterranean, Europe had banded itself against Napoleon.

Denmark and Sweden struck hands with Austria, and Russia, and Prussia, and England; while, to crown all, the Princes of the confederation of the Rhine, put their signature to the league, and *one million and twenty-eight thousand men* stood up in battle array on the plains of Europe, to overthrow this mighty spirit that had shook so terribly their thrones.

"France could not, with her utmost efforts, raise more than a third of the number of this immense host.

"In this dreadful emergency, though none saw better than he the awful abyss that was opening before him, Napoleon evinced no discouragement and no hesitation. Assembling the conscripts from every quarter of France, and hurrying them on to headquarters, he at length, after presenting his fair-haired boy to the National Guards as their future sovereign, amid tears and exclamations of enthusiasm, and embracing his wife for the last time, set out for the army. His energy, his wisdom and incessant activity, soon changed the face of affairs. He had struggled against as great odds in his first Italian campaign; and if nothing else could be done, he at least could fall with honor on the soil of his country. Never did his genius shine forth with greater splendor than in the almost superhuman exertions he put forth in this his last great struggle for his empire. No danger could daunt him—no reverses subdue him—no toil exhaust him—and no difficulties shake his iron will. In the dead of winter, struggling with new and untried troops, he fought an army outnumbering his own two to one—beat them back at every point, and sent dismay into the hearts of the allied sovereigns, as they again saw the shadow of his mighty spirit over their thrones."

But the conflict was too unequal. There were still some astonishing victories, and the whole allied army was forced to retreat. Reverses followed—the allied forces stole away towards the capital—and the miserable Marmont yielded up Paris. The scene that occurred (described in the sketch of Marshal Berthier) when the news was carried to him, in the depth of night, hurrying and chafing along on foot towards his capital—unable to wait for his carriage—is one of the most affecting in history. And then, the terrible soliloquy. "Paris" (says Mr. Headley) "was illuminated by the innumerable watch-fires that covered the heights, and around it the allied troops were shouting in unbounded exultation over the glorious victory that compensated them for all their former losses; while but fifteen miles distant on foot, walked



its king and emperor through the deep midnight—his mighty spirit wrung with such agony that the sweat stood in large drops on his forehead, and his lips worked in the most painful excitement. Neither Berthier nor Caulincourt dared to interrupt the rapid soliloquy of the fallen emperor, as he muttered in fierce accents, “I burned the pavement—my horses were swift as the wind, but still I felt oppressed with an intolerable weight; something extraordinary was passing within me. I asked them to hold out only twenty-four hours. Miserable wretches that they are! Marmont, too, who had sworn that he would be hewn in pieces, rather than surrender! And Joseph ran off too—my very brother!—To surrender the capital to the enemy—what poltroons! They had my orders; they knew that on the 2d of April I would be here at the head of seventy thousand men! My brave scholars, my National Guard, who had promised to defend my son; all men with a heart in their bosoms would have joined to combat at my side! And so they have capitulated, betrayed their brother, their country, their sovereign—degraded France in the sight of Europe! Entered into a capital of eight hundred thousand souls, without firing a shot! It is too dreadful! That comes of trusting cowards and fools. When I am not there, they do nothing but heap blunder on blunder. What has been done with the artillery? They should have had two hundred pieces, and ammunition for a month. Every one has lost his head; and yet Joseph imagines that he can lead an army, and Clarke is vain enough to think himself a minister; but I begin to think Savary is right, and that he is a traitor?” then suddenly rousing himself, as if from a troubled dream, and as if unable to believe so great a disaster, he turned fiercely on Caulincourt and Berthier, and exclaimed, “Set off, Caulincourt; fly to the allied lines; penetrate to head quarters; you have full powers; FLY! FLY!”

Vain haste! vain anguish! Paris had fallen and Napoleon was obliged to abdicate. Then began the desertion of him by nearly all his followers—even by his wife and family. The broken-hearted Emperor, who had cultivated action more than philosophy, attempted the destruction of his life. There, too, Fate was against him. The poison was powerless upon him, and he was hurried into exile.

But Elba could not hold the restless

mind of Napoleon. The next year he stepped again upon the soil of France with a handful of followers. And what a noble confidence of living in the hearts of the nation and a proof that he did live in their hearts, was that landing from exile! What a refutation of the assertion, that the curses of the *people* had followed his downfall!

“It was not the soldiers, but the common people who first surrounded him.” As he pitched his tent without Cannes, the inhabitants flocked to him with their complaints, and gathered around him as the redresser of their wrongs. As he advanced towards Grenoble, the fields were alive with peasants, as they came leaping like deer from every hill, crying ‘*Vive l’Empereur!*’ Thronging around him, they followed him with shouts to the very gates of the town. The commandant refused him admittance, yet the soldiers within stretched their arms through the wickets, and shook hands with his followers without. At length a confused murmur arose over the walls, and Napoleon did not know but it was the gathering for a fierce assault on his little band. The tumult grew wilder every moment. Six thousand inhabitants from one of the faubourgs had risen *en masse*, and with timbers and beams came pouring against the gates. They tremble before the resistless shocks—reel and fall with a crash to the ground, and the excited multitude stream forth. Rushing on Napoleon, they drag him from his horse, kiss his hands and garments, and bear him with deafening shouts, on their shoulders, into the town. He next advances on Lyons, the gates of which are also closed against him, and bayonets gleam along the walls. Trusting to the power of affection, rather than to arms, he gallops boldly up to the city. The soldiers within, instead of firing on him, breaking over all discipline, burst open the gates, and rush in frantic joy around him, shouting “*Vive l’Empereur.*” He is not compelled to plant his cannon against a single town: power returns to him, not through terror, but through love. He is not received with the cringing of slaves, but with the open arms of friends, and thus his course towards the Capital becomes one triumphal march. The power of the Bourbons disappears before the returning tide of affection, like towers of sand before the waves; and without firing a gun, Napoleon again sits down on his recovered throne, amid the acclamations of the people. Who ever saw a tyrant and an oppressor received thus? Where is the monarch in Europe, that dare fling himself in such faith on the affections of his subjects? Where was ever the Bourbon that could show such a title to the throne



he occupied? Ah! the people do not thus receive the man who forges fetters for their limbs; and Napoleon at this day, holds a firmer place in the affections of the inhabitants of France, than any monarch that ever filled its throne."

For one hundred days the genius of Napoleon was displayed as it had been for eighteen years, and on the plains of Waterloo he made a final stand. As to that great battle, it seems to us impossible to form other than one decision. Napoleon's plans were never more skillfully laid. Fouché, on whose secret information the British commander was to rely, had craftily failed to give any. Wellington was fairly caught; with the same coöperation on both sides, he was lost beyond redemption. There is but one consideration in the case:—Blücher by a forced march stole unexpectedly into the field with forty thousand men, and his coming decided the victory. Had he kept away as Grouchy did—who was left to watch him—or had Grouchy followed him, as he should have done, the result must have been entirely different. But the great Corsican's star was to sink, and it sank. Defeat became an utter rout, and the conqueror of half Europe was left throneless. He trusted himself to the generosity of England. He should have studied history better. England knows how to be generous; but she has shown many times, that a possible charge of perfidy is not to weigh against her interest or her fears.

Napoleon was not a philosopher, and his natural impatience bore with little equanimity the petty annoyances which his keepers at St. Helena contrived to gather around him. But his conversation and notes, at all times, still evinced the greatness of his genius, and, in many respects, the nobleness of his nature.

"But at length"—says Mr. Headley, in one of the finest passages of the whole volume—"that wonderful mind was to be quenched in the night of the grave; and Nature, as if determined to assert the greatness of her work to the last, trumpeted him out of the world with one of her fiercest storms. Amid the roar of the blast, and the shock of the billows, as they broke where a wave had not struck for twenty years—amid the darkness and gloom, and uproar of one of the most tempestuous nights that ever rocked that lonely isle, Napoleon's troubled spirit was passing to that unseen world, where the sound of battle never comes, and the tread of armies is never heard. Yet even in this solemn hour, his delirious soul, caught perhaps by the battle-like roar of the storm without, was once more in the midst

of the fight, struggling by the Pyramids, or Danube, or on the plains of Italy. It was the thunder of cannon that smote his ear; and amid the wavering fight, and covering smoke, and tumult of the scene, his glazing eye caught the heads of his mighty columns, as torn yet steady, they bore his victorious eagles on, and "*Tête d'Armée*" broke from his dying lips. Awe-struck and still, his few remaining friends stood in tears about his couch; gazing steadfastly on that awful kingly brow, but it gave no farther token, and the haughty lips moved no more. Napoleon lay silent and motionless in his last sleep."

Such was the death of Napoleon—and the thought of it will move the reader of history to the most distant times. But this was not the last of the extraordinary scenes that make up the records of this man. Many years afterwards was enacted another still more strange and stirring, and such as has occurred to no one else of those whom the world have agreed in calling great. France had never forgotten him who had added more to her glory than any one of all her feudal monarchs. She had often turned her eyes to that distant rock in the ocean, wondering if he slept quietly in his solitary grave in which his enemies had laid him. Many years passed, power had gone back to its old channels;—suddenly a murmur began to rise that Napoleon should return to France! Exiled, dead, solitary, at rest!—Yet let him return, for the dead are an inheritance!—For our own part we have always felt, that it was fitter and more sublime for him to remain in that lonely burial-place, with the ocean rolling around him. But France yearned to have him rest in her bosom; she has always been proud of her great men—and where was her greatest? The murmur rose till it filled the nation, and Napoleon came back from St. Helena.

The scene of that second reception from exile is affectingly described in the sketch of Marshal Moncey. This Marshal, in the extremity of age had been made governor of the Hotel des Invalides. The picture of the daily appearance of those war-worn veterans forms an impressive prelude.

"Nearly two hundred officers and more than three thousand men, the wreck of the grand army, were assembled here, and the oldest Marshal of the Empire placed at their head. How striking the contrast which Moncey and those few thousand men in their faded regimentals, presented to the magnificent army which Napoleon led so often to victory. From the Pyramids, from Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena,



Wagram, and Borodino—where the eye rests on mighty armies, moving to battle and to victory amid the unrolling of standards and pealing of trumpets—the glance returns to the bowed form and gray hairs, and trembling voice of Moncey, as he moves on the shoulders of his attendants, through the ranks of these few aged soldiers, who have come maimed from almost every battle-field of Europe, to die in the bosom of France.

“Time had taken what the sword left. Napoleon, the spell-word which had startled Europe, was now spoken in mournful accents, and the fields in which they had seen him triumph, were but as dim remembrances. On a far distant isle that mighty spirit had sunk to rest, and the star that had illumined a hemisphere, had left the heavens forever. What ravages time makes! Who would have thought, as he gazed on the aged Moncey borne carefully along, his feeble voice saluting his old companions in arms, that fire had ever flashed from that eye, and amid the uproar of cannon and shock of cavalry he had carried death through the ranks of the enemy; and that those bowed and limping soldiers had shouted on the fierce-fought fields of Austerlitz, Borodino and Wagram, or sent up their war-cry from the foot of the Pyramids?”

Moncey, though ninety years of age, was appointed to receive the remains of Napoleon in the name of these disabled veterans. “All France was agitated as the time drew near when the vessel was expected that bore back the dead Emperor to her shores.” When it swept down on the coast, “the excitement could scarcely have been greater, had he been landing with sword in hand.”

“On the day of solemn procession in Paris, the whole city was abroad, and Napoleon in the height of his power never received more distinguished honor, than when dead he was borne through the capital of his former empire. As the procession passed through the streets, the beat of the muffled drum, and the prolonged and mournful blast of the trumpet as it rose and fell through the mighty requiem and all the signs of a nation’s wo, filled every heart with the profoundest grief.

“There, beside the coffin, walked the remnants of the Old Guard, once the pride and strength of the Emperor, and the terror of Europe; and there, too, was his old war-horse, covered with the drapery of mourning, on whose back he had galloped through the battle; and over all drooped the banner of France, heavy with crape—all—all mourning in silence for the mighty dead.

“The church that was to receive the body was crowded in every part of it, wait-

ing its arrival, when the multitude was seen to part in front, and an old man bowed with years, his white locks falling over a whiter visage, and seemingly ready himself to be laid in the tomb, was borne through the throng in a large arm-chair, and placed at the left of the main altar, beside the throne. Covered with decorations and honors, that contrasted strangely with his withered form and almost lifeless features, he sat and listened to the mighty dirge that came sweeping through the church, as if memory was trying in vain to recall the past. *That was Marshal Moncey*, now nearly ninety years of age, brought hither to welcome his old commander back to his few remaining soldiers. As the funeral train slowly entered the court, the thunder of cannon shook the solid edifice, blending in their roar with the strains of martial music. They, too, seemed conscious beings, and striving with their olden voices to awaken the chieftain for whom they had swept so many battle-fields. But drum and trumpet tone, and the sound of cannon, fell alike on the dull ear of the mighty sleeper. His battles were all over, and his fierce spirit gone to a land where the loud trumpet of war is never heard.

“As the coffin approached, the old inviolid soldiers drew up on each side of the way, in their old uniform, to receive it. The spectacle moved the stoutest heart. The last time these brave men had seen their emperor, was on the field of battle, and now, after long years, his coffin approached their midst. The roar of cannon, and the strains of martial music brought back the days of glory, and as their eyes met the pall that covered the form of their beloved chief, they fell on their knees in tears and sobs, and reached forth their hands in passionate sorrow. Overwhelmed with grief, and with the emotions that memory had so suddenly awakened, this was the only welcome they could give him. On swept the train till it entered the church; and as the coffin passed through the door, heralded by the Prince de Joinville with his drawn sword in his hand, the immense throng involuntarily rose, and a murmur more expressive than words filled the house. The king descended from his throne to meet it, and the aged Moncey, who had hitherto sat immovable and dumb, the mere “phantom of a soldier,” suddenly struggled to rise. The soul awakened from its torpor, and the dying veteran knew that Napoleon was before him. But his strength failed him—with a feeble effort he sunk back in his chair, while a flash of emotion shot over his wan and wasted visage like a sunbeam, and his eye kindled a moment in recollection.”

As to the battle of Waterloo, of which so much has been said, we do not know that we wish it had gone differently. We



hold it to be usually the wisest philosophy to take the events of history as they occur, deepening always our faith in the progress of human destiny. To set up our fancy, or our best judgment even, against the forethought of Providence, is doubtless as weak as it is irreligious. Yet we have always felt a sympathy for a single genius struggling heroically against the combined monarchies of all Europe. Napoleon had broken up seven coalitions of kings; we felt unwilling that he should fall by an eighth. Nor are we able, of ourselves, to see what the nations of Europe or the cause of humanity have gained by his downfall. Robert Hall, when he heard the result of the field of Waterloo, exclaimed, "I feel as if the clock of the world had gone back six degrees." That great divine felt that Napoleon's career had advanced the cause of the people, and he saw what has since occurred—that everything would go back to legitimate despotism. Is it not so? Where is Austria? Where Russia? Where the States of the Rhine? Where France herself? Where weak distracted Spain? Where oppressed and wretched Italy? Where divided Poland? Does any one imagine that those countries could have been in any worse condition, had Bonaparte conquered at Waterloo? He would not have made them republics, and they were not fit for it. He would probably have established and maintained a new order of dynasties over them; but these would have been altogether more enlightened, more liberal, more favorable every way to the cause of human progress, than those under which they now lie, in the ancient sleep of Egypt, or the hidden agitations of Vesuvius. France was first awakened by the Revolution; but if the other nations of Europe are any freer in thought or condition than formerly, it is because, and only because, of Napoleon's conquests. As to empire, the Corsican's great desire, as Mr. Headley remarks, was to obtain for France enlarged dominion in the East, which has since been left open entirely to English aggression, except when the iron arm of Russia is thrust in. We do not know why the unbounded ambition of one nation is any better or more legitimate than another.

The sketches of the Marshals are no less striking in their way, than the chapter on Napoleon. They have less attempt at arguing historical points—which was not demanded. Nor is there an especial aim at characterization, though they have

some finely discriminating passages of that nature. Mr. Headley's chief object seems to have been to present to us the men whom Napoleon gathered around him, in that fiery and headlong action to which they were trained by their impetuous commander. Working to this end, he has also an opportunity to describe stirring and impressive scenes—battles, charges, retreats, and all the 'currents of a heady fight'—in which lies his forte as a writer. That these sketches are remarkable in this respect, will be acknowledged by all who read them.

The qualities of Mr. Headley's descriptive style are well known to the readers of this Review. It has the great merit, first, of being a style by itself, as it cannot be mistaken for that of any other writer. It is rapid, direct, and vigorous—seldom forced, even when pitched on too high a key—exhibits great command of language, and has the appearance of being always equal in its resources to the scene described. His imagination, the predominant faculty of his mind, is always at his command. He sees everything before him, and he has power of language enough to make his readers see it with almost equal vividness. This was shown in his sketches of the "Alps and the Rhine"—some brief passages of which gave that stupendous mountain scenery, with more graphic power to our minds, than any travelers' note-book has yet been able to present it with:—it is now displayed with equal force among those terrific battles which Napoleon fought in almost every part of Europe. He has here no rival but Alison. Their modes are different. Mr. Headley singles out certain leading and decisive movements, and neglects details—a style best fitted for such sketches. Mr. Alison gives the whole plan and stirring evolutions of the conflict, from the beginning to the close—a manner best suited to history.

One great disadvantage necessarily attended the grouping together of these sketches. There are, of necessity, so many descriptions of similar scenes, especially battles, that the book has the appearance of frequent repetition—as between the different sketches, this could not well have been avoided; nor is it of so much consequence. But when we come to the use of the same striking word or phrase three or four times on a single page, it becomes a decided fault. This may be noticed in the description of the reception of Bonaparte's remains,



where, in the 'one column quoted, the word "mighty"—a word of peculiar force and meaning—occurs four or five times; and in the chapter on Bonaparte, the expressive term "vast energies," and the *very* peculiar phrase "slain armies," "slain children," "slain thousand," &c., is used six or seven times in quick succession. So with "earth-fast rocks," &c. Fragments of argument too, and similar thoughts and assertions are repeated in different parts of the volume. It is unquestionable, that this is a fault which greatly injures the effect of good writing. Mr. Headley is also somewhat too ungraceful, if not ungrammatical, at times, in the construction of sentences. Thus, speaking of Soult and Wellington:—"The French Marshal showed *himself* a match for *him* at any time; nay, beat *him* oftener and longer than the latter did *him*." So with the poor particle made to do such heavy duty in a short beat:—"He was so confident *that* he usually knew more than all around him, *that* he in time became so self-opinionated *that* he could not brook advice *that* clashed with his views." And again an occasional incongruous image, as when he speaks of "victory *perching* on the French *eagles*." Too many such things might be noted. The book, indeed, like some other writings of Mr. Headley, bears the marks of having gone through the press too hastily—a fault quite evident in most American publications. These, however, are small matters, compared with the merits of the work. Mr. Headley could, doubtless have made a better book, but we know of no other writer among us who could produce one, of its kind, at all equal to it.

There are, in this volume, nine sketches of Marshals, two of which, Macdonald and Lannes, appeared in our pages. The rest, embracing Berthier, Augereau, Davoust, St. Cyr, Moncey, Mortier and Soult, are entirely new. They contain many splendid descriptions of battles, especially of the battles of Arcola, Auerstadt, Dresden, Dirnstein and Austerlitz, the charge at Eylau, cavalry action at Eckmuhl, and the storming of Oporto, with other scenes new to our readers. Some of these we designed to extract, but shall be obliged to defer them to the appearance of the second volume. We close, however, with one—the "Burning of Moscow." We have nowhere seen a finer description of its kind. Croly's picture, in "Salathiel," of the conflagration of Rome under Ne-

ro is very splendid; but it does not wear the evident reality of this, nor has it half the condensed narrative power.

"At length Moscow, with its domes and towers, and palaces, appeared in sight; and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry; but as he passed through the streets, he was struck by the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadrons as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meager prize for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capitol, Napoleon entered the gates and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe.

"The bright moon rose over the mighty city, tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep for Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments—nor the parks and gardens, and Oriental magnificence that everywhere surrounded him, kept him wakeful, but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital. When he entered it, scarcely a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and when he broke open the buildings, he found parlors and bedrooms and chambers all furnished and in order, but no occupants. This sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fulfilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city, when the cry of "fire!" reached the ears of Mortier; and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wondrous scene of modern time commenced,

#### THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

"Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders and was putting forth every exertion, when at daylight Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were firing their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier, to keep the soldiers from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron-covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent-up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient



palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

"In the morning, Mortier by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. But the next night, Sept. 15th, at midnight, the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin, saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side from the shut up dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds, and a wild tempest that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and crackling in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks in an incessant shower went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with the responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

"He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blackened with the smoke and his hair and eye-brows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, a day of tempest and of flame; and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped down from fatigue. The manly form and stalwart arm that had so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempests had been succeeded by a day of tempests; and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame, wavering to and fro in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect hurricane, and shifted from quarter to quarter as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire and extinguish the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames and the crash of falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers were borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro, stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene, and Berthier rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee; but he still clung to that haughty palace, as if it were his Empire.

"But at length the shout, "The Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended into the streets with his staff, and looked about for

a way of egress, but the flames blocked every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate, leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only entered still farther into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eye around the open space, girdled and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire he pressed on; and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety from the blazing city, and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky, nearly three miles distant. Mortier, relieved from his anxiety for the Emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flame, and smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins, carrying down with them red-hot roofs of iron; he struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or courage overcome. Those brave troops had heard the tramp of thousands of cavalry sweeping to battle without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, and palaces and churches. The continuous roar of the raging hurricane, mingled with that of the flames, was more terrible than the thunder of artillery; and before this new foe, in the midst of this battle of the elements, the awe-struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

"When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire, fed by a hurricane that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions from the blowing up of stores of oil, and tar, and spirits, shook the very foundations of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky. Huge sheets of canvas on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowed with a red-hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their basis were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen, were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng through the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong, the weak; while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This,



too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower, and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it and flee for their lives. Oh, it was a scene of wo and fear inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and close-packed city of houses, and churches and palaces, wrapped from limit to limit in flames which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

"But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without, the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles, and had wrapped every thing in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers, throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now towered above these waves and now disappeared in their maddening flow, as they rushed and broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it, rolled over a bosom

of fire. Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumes of black smoke suddenly shoot into the air as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone, towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, and again emerging into view—standing amid this scene of desolation and terror, like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements. Napoleon stood and gazed on this scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards:

*"It was the spectacle of a sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean of flame below. Oh! it was the most grand, the most sublime, and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."*

## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

The close connection between Politics and Commerce have rarely been more strikingly or more ingeniously exhibited than during the month now closing. Both in England and in this country business has been deranged, the circulation restricted, and a sensible pressure been felt in the money market; all arising from apprehension of change, though antecedent to all change.

In our last number we glanced at the pressure in the English money market, arising from the extent to which speculation in railways had been carried, and the large amount which in the way of deposits upon the numerous projected schemes had been abstracted for the time being from their ordinary channels of circulation; and we endeavored to show, that there was no sufficient foundation for the sort of panic then occasioned in the English money market. Since that time the great change in the commercial policy of that country, contemplated by Sir R. Peel, and which it would have been highly probable, will be sanctioned by both Houses of Parliament—has added its influence to the other cause—in embarrassing business, and by reason of the uncertainty, both as to the extent and to the practical operation of these

changes—in putting a stop to new enterprises or engagements.

While this state of things was exercising its accessory influence upon the money market and business of our own country—already in some degree disturbed by the condition of the political relations between Great Britain and ourselves, and between ourselves and Mexico—and by the speculations, more general than fortunate, in bread stuffs—the revival and sudden passage through the House of Representatives, of the bill entitled "An Independent Treasury"—or as it is commonly called the Sub-Treasury Bill—came to add its disastrous weight to the downward tendency of affairs. Immediate alarm—quite disproportioned to the cause—seized upon the public mind: capital was withdrawn from the money market—the rate of interest rose suddenly and largely—while the prices of those stocks which are the ordinary playthings of the Stock Exchange, fell as largely and suddenly. Panic prevailed. Although their effects were, as has been said, disproportioned to the cause to which they were ascribed, there was nevertheless substantial ground for alarm. At the moment when the Sub-Treasury Bill was carried through the House, the Foreign



Exchange of the country had risen to the very turning point, where coin instead of bills would become the medium. Owing to the rise of interest in London, considerable sums of English capital usually employed here, had been called home, and there had been consequently an increased demand upon our own banks—and that, too, just at a time when the rise in Foreign Exchanges admonished them of the necessity rather of restricting than expanding their issues. In such a state of the money market, the passing by one House, and as was at first supposed, the certain and prompt passing by the other, of a bill which required that coin and coin only should thenceforth be the currency of the government—and that all duties and payments to it should be bonded until needed for the public expenditure—could not fail to produce apprehension: an apprehension greatly increased by the amount of public moneys, about *eleven millions*, then held by the different deposit banks. As the bill was adopted and carried through in opposition to the opinions and experience of the whole business community, almost without an exception—so far as we know—it was feared that the same certainty of the judgment and interests of that community, evinced in devising the measure, would be exhibited in carrying it into operation—and then it was easy to see that wide spread ruin must ensue. Happily, the Senate of the United States—next to the Supreme Court; the great conservative element of the Constitution,—saw and appreciated these possible evils—and by a wise delay, and by the interposition of remedial measures between passing of the Sub-Treasury Bill, and the time of its taking effect—will strip the Sub-Treasury of all, or almost all, that is injurious in its provisions.

In the confidence imparted by the declaration made to this effect, on the floor of the Senate, by the Chairman of the Committee of Finance, in answer to certain queries put to him on 22d April, by Mr. Webster, the price of stocks have advanced, and there is an unwonted buoyancy in the general business of the city. Money, which panic causes to disappear, begins again to show itself, and the rates of discount in the street are become more moderate. More activity likewise is manifested in foreign commerce. Several ships have been taken within the past few days, for loading with flour and grain for Europe, and every thing portends a

more auspicious state of things than at the commencement, and during the earlier part of the month seemed probable so soon. The rates of foreign exchange, too, have rather receded, and thus contributed to relieve the banks from some degree of apprehension. We have faith that in the course of the next few weeks the embarrassing political topics which have left the country in a state of injurious anxiety, will be satisfactorily disposed of, and that the summer will be a smooth and prosperous one.

The general effect of the intelligence from Europe, of 4th April, was unfavorable to prices. In the great staple of cotton, notwithstanding the then ascertained fact, that there would be a large deficiency in the supply, as compared with past years, no advance had taken place at all commensurate either with expectations or with actual prices, on this side. Of course, the effect was to make a dull market here still duller. In bread stuffs, there was a like disappointment. The appearance of the growing crop in Europe, and the little animation of the demand for foreign supplies in England, coming upon a well-supplied market here, and encountering the appearance equally flattering of our growing crops, produced quite a pause in transactions at previous prices. By submitting to a slight decline, however, some holders have effected sales, and others will follow probably in the same line.

In thus laying before our readers a sketch of the position of money and business towards the close of the month, and our auguries of better times at hand, it may be proper to add, by way of caution, that we expect no sudden improvement. The banks cannot safely relax their prudent course, while legislation which is to affect them so sensibly as the Sub-Treasury bill, is still undetermined, nor while the foreign exchanges rule so near the point of exporting coin. Nor will general enterprise resume its full spring until it shall be definitively ascertained that neither wars nor rumors of wars are again likely to interfere with it. Certainty of law and security against interruption, are essential to commerce, but where there is both vacillating policy in legislation and frequent alarms of hostilities, commercial enterprise withers. We conclude, therefore, with a renewed expression of our hope and belief, that in the coming months of this year, we shall see confidence and stability restored.



## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE budget from Europe for the month brings us news of interest and of some importance. British domestic politics are comparatively quiescent, but the British arms in India have been doing deeds worthy of record. Sir Robert Peel's commercial measure has passed its second reading in the House of Commons, by a majority nine votes less than the first received; and some of the most ardent of its opponents have somewhat hastily inferred from this, that there is a chance of its defeat even in the lower House. This, however, seems to us preposterous; but it is by no means impossible that the Lords will refuse it their concurrence. If it goes to the people its success we imagine is scarcely doubtful. Brief conversations have been had in Parliament concerning the question in dispute between England and the United States, but they revealed nothing and only were entirely unimportant.

The British Campaign in India, has been closed. Two battles, those of Feroospah and Moodkee, were announced in our last month's summary. The result of both, though nominally in favor of England, seemed really doubtful. Two more have been fought and not with doubtful success. In the first, which was at Aliwall, on the 28th of January, under the command of Sir Harry Smith, the whole of the enemy were driven headlong over the difficult ford of a broad river: his camp, cannon, stores and everything were wrested from him, and his whole force entirely routed. The Sikh army numbering 20,000 was strongly entrenched on the Sutlej river, and their position was covered by forty or fifty heavy guns. The British force is set down at 12,000: and their loss is reported at 151 killed, 413 wounded and 25 missing. The second battle was fought at Sohraon on the 10th of February, by Sir Hugh Gough, with something over 25,000 men. The Sikhs had 30,000 and were strongly entrenched. The action commenced in the morning and was ended at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The British troops stormed the enemy's entrenchments bayonet in hand, defended though they were by 70 pieces of well-served artillery, and reserved their fire until they were within the works. The slaughter was immense. The Sikhs were utterly routed and put to flight and thousands of them were butchered in cold blood while attempting to cross the river. Their loss is set down at about 12,000. The British loss was 2,333, of whom 320 were killed and 2,063 wounded. These successive and

signal defeats destroyed the power of the Sikhs and compelled them to sue for peace. The conquerors, of course, imposed their own terms, which were gladly accepted. The Sikhs agree to pay the expenses of the war, to disband their force, to surrender the sovereignty of their territory to the British and to make the most ample acknowledgments for the wrongs they have perpetrated. So the Punjaub is at last a dependency of the British crown.

The revolt in Poland has been completely quelled. The insurrection, though brief, was sanguinary, and clearly proves that although the overwhelming force by which the Poles are surrounded, has again thwarted their attempt to regain their freedom and nationality, it has not been able to stifle their love of liberty or to check their resolution to achieve it. The European correspondent of the *National Intelligencer* has furnished a very timely abstract of an article in a recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, upon the Polish insurrection, which the writer, Professor Cyprian Robert, terms the conspiracy of Pan-Slavism, and which he asserts was intended to be an uprising of the entire Slavonic race. In this article he gives the entire plan of the outbreak as originally arranged. According to his account the period fixed for the grand explosion, at Posen, in Gallicia, at Cracow, and even in Russian Poland, was the 19th or 20th of February. The noblesse, and all the landed proprietors, and the priesthood understood each other; they wished the revolution to begin from below, but the peasantry lacked confidence and intelligence. They were turned by the Austrian tacticians against their masters, who proclaimed liberty and equality. The new Polish Government was to be composed provisionally of seven members, delegated by the seven associations or theatres of conspiracy, on which chief reliance was placed, viz., the Republic of Cracovia, the Grand Duchy of Posen, Lithuania, Gallicia, the kingdom of Poland, Russia Minor, and *Paris*, as containing the largest and highest body of refugees. Bohemia, Hungary, the Slavonic countries of the Danube, and the north of Russia, were to be drawn in at a later period. Austria, having only six millions of Germans among her thirty-seven millions of subjects, was deemed the weakest or most vulnerable of the Powers holding the Slavonic race in bondage. Moldavia and Wallachia were excited, and numbers of Moldavian youth actually rose and pro-



claimed a *National* Government. Paris journals, enlisted for the purpose, excited the two provinces with expositions of outrages on their constitutions by the Princes and feudal magnates. At Cracow, in the first assaults on the Austrians, nearly four hundred corpses remained in the streets. The priests rushed into the conflict, holding up their crosses to incite the insurgents. Two divisions of the patriots took the direction of the Carpathian Mountains. They hoped to be able to operate in Hungary and Bohemia; and a third division, the most considerable, entered Russia to work up Podolia and Volhynia, and unite themselves to the old allies of Poland, the Cossacks of the Ukraine. Professor Robert reckons the Poles and the Malo-Russians, their *sympathizers*, at twenty-five millions of the most warlike race of Europe. All the forces of Russia, Austria and Prussia would not have sufficed to conquer the league which the Pan-Sclavonic committees had organized. Unluckily, by untimely fervor of spirit, the restoration of the ancient kingdom of Poland was first announced, instead of the arranged Sclavonic confederacy. Hence the tardiness of the Bohemians, Hungarians, and Malo-Russians. The grand conspiracy, he adds, subsists, perseveres, and will triumph in the end, let present results be ever so gloomy. Austria, he thinks, is enfeebled and discredited by the occurrences of the few last weeks. He counts on the mountains and the marshes to be occupied by invincible and indefatigable rebels, and on the democratic instinct of the Sclavonic race.

For the present, certainly, the insurrection has been thoroughly suppressed. Cracow has been occupied by the Austrian and Russian troops, and the most severe injunctions have been placed upon the inhabitants. They are to be disarmed:—every person found with arms in his possession after a certain day is to be tried by court-martial: and all the rebel chiefs are to be surrendered. A large number of the insurgents have been seized and imprisoned. Several of the leaders had been executed and the severest punishments were to be inflicted upon the rest. Well, indeed, may Poland be styled unhappy!

There is nothing in the politics of other foreign nations worthy of special notice. Spain has undergone another revolution, but this has long ceased to be a novelty. Each, however, leaves the government more despotic than before, and now nearly the last vestiges of freedom have been obliterated by the suspension of the Constitution, the prorogation of the Cortes and the abolition of the liberty of the press—the journals having been prohibited by a decree from assailing not only the Queen, the royal family and the Constitution, but foreign sovereigns and their families and

all the functionaries and official acts of the government. In Italy there are symptoms of disaffection, but as yet they amount to nothing. In Mexico, Paredes still holds the seat of supreme power, though its possession is threatened by rumored revolutions. It is said to be the design of Santa Ana to return from Havana, where, since his banishment, he has resided, and to place himself at the head of another movement. Circumstances lend probability to the imputed design. The relations of Mexico and the United States remain *in statu quo*. The armies of each are upon the frontier, divided only by the Rio Grande: but we apprehend no collision, as the U. S. commanding officer has received the most explicit and imperative instructions to avoid giving the slightest cause of offence, and to confine his action entirely to defensive precautions. The Mexican government is evidently seeking delay in the final adjustment of its difficulties with this country, in order to await the issue of our pending controversy with England. The result of the latter, we have no doubt, will definitively decide that of the former dispute. Mexico would be very glad to enter upon a war with this country, if she could do so with the slightest prospect of success. Any contest upon which she might enter single handed, she knows would be not only disgraceful but ruinous in its issue. As an ally of England, she would gladly, because she could safely, contend with the United States. When, however, peace shall have been reinstated between the two countries, we shall have no difficulty in obtaining a final and satisfactory adjustment of all our points of difference with Mexico. That most desirable event may not be immediately at hand, but we are confident its consummation is not very remote, and is scarcely contingent. In South America, affairs remain as heretofore. The intervention of the French and English in the affairs of La Plata is still active and warlike, though Sir Robert Peel has recently made a feeble and utterly hopeless attempt to show that the existing *status* is not that of war. He was answered, pointedly and conclusively, by Sir R. Inglis with some very pertinent references to passages in English history.

In Literary matters there is not much intelligence of marked interest. The *Life* and *Correspondence* of HUME have appeared, and form apparently the most considerable publication of the month. The work is elaborately reviewed in the literary journals, and has led not indeed to renewed controversy concerning his principles of philosophy and politics, but to serviceable rehearsals of the fundamental falsehoods on which they rested. He seems to have been extremely sensitive to the obloquy to which his irreligious sentiments exposed him,



and his biographer, Mr. Burton, has recorded one retort upon him, which is certainly too happy to be omitted :—

“He never failed, in the midst of any controversy, to give its due praise to everything tolerable, that was either said or written against him. One day that he visited me in London, he came into my room laughing and apparently well pleased. ‘What has put you into this good humor, Hume?’ said I. ‘Why, man,’ replied he, ‘I have just now had the best thing said to me I ever heard. I was complaining in a company where I spent the morning, that I was very ill treated by the world, and that the censures put upon me were very hard and unreasonable. That I had written many volumes, throughout the whole of which there were but a few pages that contained any reprehensible matter, and yet that for those *few pages*, I was abused and torn to pieces.’ ‘You put me in mind,’ said an honest fellow in the company, whose name I did not know, ‘of an acquaintance of mine, a notary public, who having been condemned to be hanged for forgery, lamented the hardship of his case; that after having written many thousand inoffensive sheets, he should be hanged for *one line*.’

Hume is shown to have been ardently attached to the literary character of his country, and it is remarked that, though he cared little for her heroism or struggle for independence, no Scotchman could write a book of respectable talent, without calling forth his loud and warm eulogiums.

A new History of Greece, by George Grote, has been published in London. It is highly commended by the London journals, as evincing in the author a rare union of imaginative power with logical acuteness, a quality remarkably available in writing a history of Greece.

Recent events in India have elicited a large number of books concerning that country and Central Asia. Among them is one of Travels in the Punjaub, Afghanistan and Turkistan, by Mohan Lal, Esq., a native Indian, who was educated by the English, and who has been known to those conversant with recent Anglo-Asiatic history, as the friend and companion of Sir Alexander Bromes. We have read the book with some interest, derived mainly from the circumstances of its authorship. It has merit, but it is a work only of secondary value, and is so much less valuable, as giving an intelligible account of Asiatic characters and affairs, than several others which have been written, that it will probably attract but little attention.

Sir Robert Peel has announced that negotiations are in progress between England and France for the protection of the literary property of one country in the other. A correspondent of the Literary Gazette, urges the necessity of having a similar arrangement with Belgium and Saxony, saying it is from Brussels and Leipsic, that the Continental market is now supplied with

cheap editions of the best English authors. The same writer makes the following remarks, more malicious than complimentary, concerning certain peculiarities in the literary habits of this country :—

“It is a fact, too, that many of the pirated works of your authors which circulate on the Continent, and are smuggled into England to the great injury of your publishers, come from the United States. You will hardly believe it, but such is the truth. To my personal knowledge, one English circulating library in this city is almost exclusively stocked with Yankee reprints; they being even cheaper, notwithstanding the distance they have to come, than the piracies of Brussels and Leipsic. This however must, I suppose, be borne; for to expect your precious relatives, the Yankees, to give up their profitable trade of swindling your authors, robbing your publishers, and defiling your glorious literature by putting it under their mercenary eyes, would be as extravagantly absurd as it would be to expect them to pay their Pennsylvanian bonds, or not to make themselves the scoff and the scorn of the whole civilized world.”

A notice of Longfellow in the *Athenæum*, though it repeats the common, and to a great extent true and just charge, that American poetry has no stamp of its nationality upon it—that it is simply English poetry written and published in America—has remarks worthy of note, concerning the capacities and resources which this country possesses for a poetry of her own. “How is it,” asks the journal, “that her sons, who wear the new costume of their condition with an ostentation so preposterous, put on the thread-bare garments of the past, whenever they sit down to the lyre?” We wish we had room for the answer which the *Athenæum* gives to its own question, but we can only give this passage :—

“Something like a consciousness of this youthful and unauthoritative condition of the American muse—a sense of singing where there are no echoes—a feeling of the poet’s violation—haunts and colors the poetry of Mr. Longfellow. That his country will yet have her own poetic day, it were folly to doubt:—but it is not now. When the eye of her imagination shall be brighter to see, and her wing stronger to lift her above the turmoil around, she will know that she need not travel so far for her morals—even that which contrast suggests—and that the low sweet oracular voices which she hears now amid the gray rivers and mossy stones, are daily prophesying in her own crowded streets, the first great poet that shall arise in America will take his inspiration from those very themes and objects from which, in her young and imitative time, the Transatlantic muse seeks to escape. He will teach truth by American parables. The wisdom which is of all time and of every land will be presented by him in the especial forms and striking aspects which she has chosen for herself in the country in which he sings. If the Poetry of Eu-



rope be her Past—and it is not so, save in the qualified sense—the Poetry of America is, at any rate, her Future.”

The notice is cordial and beautiful, and closes by recognizing Longfellow as one of the Avatars of America's coming brightness.

The English press has issued a large variety of works of secondary importance, which yet may be worthy of mention. ‘The Novitiate,’ is the title of a plain history of a Year spent among the Jesuits, in their school at Stonyhurst, by Andrew Steinmetz, which has the merit (rare in works of its kind) of fairness and apparent truth. The ‘Bushranger of Van Dieman's Land,’ is the title of a novel by Charles Rowcroft, which has more interest as a tale than merit as a novel. A ‘Life of Herodotus,’ is the title given to a dissertation on all the passages in the ancient writers relating to the Father of History, by Prof. Dahlmann, of Bonn. It is said to be a work likely to do essential service to the study of Herodotus. A collection of letters on National Education in France, by Arthur Davitt, Professor of Modern Literature, in the University of Paris, has been published, and is said to be valuable and instructive.

The ignorance which often prevails even among intelligent men, of everything which is foreign to them, has been repeatedly illustrated by the blunders made by Englishmen, in speaking or writing of American affairs. It receives another and still more forcible illustration by some passages from the contributions of the celebrated Jules Janin, to the *Journal des Debats*. In one of them he speaks of “cet *ami de Lord Byron*, Robert Southey, un des beaux esprits de l'Angleterre moderne dont le bucher s'est élevé sur les bords de l'Adriatique,” &c. The well-known relations which subsisted during the lives of both, between Southey and Byron, and the blundering manner in which the former is mistaken for Shelly, render this passage excessively amusing.

The month has witnessed the deaths of quite a number of Europeans of more or less literary distinction. Mr. Hugh Murray, of Edinburgh, author of a large number of very valuable geographical and scientific works, died at London, and the bar and tribune of France have sustained a severe loss in the death of M. Phillippe Dupin, one of the most distinguished of her advocates and orators. Abbé Bétia, Conservator-in-chief of the Library of St. Mark, at Venice, and author of several useful bibliographic works, is also deceased; and Holland has lost one of her most learned jurisconsults in the person of Dr. Samuel Boas, some of whose works on law have attained in his own country a very high reputation. Letters from Upsal announce the serious illness of Professor Geijer, the au-

thor of what is unquestionably the best history of Sweden ever written. The celebrated navigator, Otto Von Kotzebue, son of the well-known dramatic author, died recently at Revel. The death of Liston, the famous comedian, is also announced.

The magnitude and importance of the British Museum may be inferred from some statistics, which we gather from its recent returns to Parliament. Its expenses for the year have been £34,975. The number of visitors has been 567,718. The number of readers is 71,494, and 359,457 volumes have been used during the year.

Letters have been received from Capt. Becroft and Dr. King, giving the results of the attempt which they were commissioned to make to open a commercial traffic with the natives of Central Africa. The expedition had returned from the Niger to Fernando Po about the first of November, having remained on that river for nearly four months. They found the aspect of things in the interior materially changed for the worse, in consequence of deaths and war among the chiefs. Rabbah, which, in 1840, was the largest and most flourishing town on the river, was deserted and in ruins. The commercial success of the mission had thus been less than was anticipated, though under the circumstances, the results are judged to have been encouraging. The fact that such a mission was sent out by the English government, and the spirit in which its labors have been prosecuted, show the wide and far reaching sagacity with which the concerns of that vast empire are guided and controlled. A French brig of war has also been commissioned on a hydrographical survey of the south-eastern coast of Africa as far as Cape Guardafui, and the southern coast of Arabia to the Persian Gulf.

The Paris papers speak of a language invented by M. Sudre (whose Telephonic discoveries were exhibited in London some eight years ago), to be spoken by the voice of Cannon; on which he has been experimenting successfully before the Duke de Nemours, at Vincennes—and which, it is said, might be of great use for the transmission of orders in war-time. Letters from Berlin, received by the London journals, mention that the Baron de Hackewitz, who has an establishment there, at which galvanoplastic processes are conducted on a large scale, has found the means of manufacturing guns and mortars of any calibre, by that proceeding; and that a commission appointed by the Minister at War, with the Baron Alexandre de Humboldt at its head, to examine the invention, has made such a report as has induced the Government to purchase the secret,—which the author has valued at 36,000 thalers.

In our Miscellany of the last month, we noticed the magnetic phenomenon alleged



to have been exhibited in Paris by a young girl, named Angelique Cottin, and added the remark, that nothing but the connection with the affair of so eminent a *savant* as M. Arago, induced us to transfer a notice of it to our pages. The whole thing has proved to be a rather ingenious, but most decided imposition. Chairs, candlesticks, &c., &c., instead of being repelled by any kind of galvanic or magnetic power, were simply kicked or thrown over, by a sleight-of-hand, in which the girl was an adept. A few experiments conducted with care and ingenuity, detected the imposture, and exposed the illustrious Arago to the ridicule of the public and the compassion of his scientific friends. In a communication which he made to the Academy upon the subject, at the meeting of the 9th of March, he says that all the experiments entirely failed, and advises that the communications on the subject be "treated as if they had never been received." Mr. Magendie, in reply to his address, consolingly

assures him that "the Academy regrets much the part he had made it perform in the affair," regrets, we doubt not, in which the astronomer himself freely participates. Even the doctor, under whose auspices the "phenominique" came before the public, has published a card in which he smoothly says that "the electrical curiosities, formerly reputed by him as the result of what he *believed* he had observed, have not been reproduced in his subsequent experiments;" and so even he abandons the imposition. Ignorant or half-educated persons, on both sides the Atlantic, are very frequently imposed upon by the mesmeric phenomena by which some shrewd sharper seeks to replenish an empty purse; but we believe this is the first instance in which men of scientific habits of inquiry, like M. Arago, have been duped by these shallow tricks. The case is not without instructiveness, and therefore we have thought it not unworthy of the notice we have given it.

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### CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Wanderings of a Pilgrim in the shadow of Mont Blanc*, and *The Pilgrim in the shadow of the Jungfrau*, are the rather long titles of two volumes of Dr. Cheever, published by Wiley & Putnam. These books have had a large circulation, and deservedly so. Dr. Cheever is one of our most popular religious writers. His simple and natural way of expressing himself, making every chapter a sort of familiar conversation with his reader, constitute his great charm. He has chosen the most sublime scenery in the world as the groundwork of his book, and which he renders with the enthusiasm of a lover of nature. The mighty peaks that rise around him—the awful precipices that lean over his path, and the strong avalanches that pour their thunder on his ear—awaken in him the loftiest sentiments, which he utters at times in strains of true eloquence.

The books, however, have one great fault. There is too much *preaching* in them. This is not natural. Mr. Cheever never composed those bits of sermons by Mont Blanc or the Jungfrau. He does not want long homilies on the doctrines of grace, or dissertations on questions in theology, when roving amid the most glorious scenery in the world. It preaches for itself. They are always after-thoughts, and we imagine Mr. Cheever inserted them here, not so much from inclination, as from a desire to

sustain his clerical character, and from fear of detracting from the dignity of his book, if he occupied it merely with descriptions. His quotations form a third of his work, and are altogether too frequent and long. He sometimes violates the rules of rhetoric. His description of the sound of falling avalanches is a specimen of this. After piling the most extravagant comparisons on top of each other—Pelion upon Ossa—he winds up with a sentence that lets a man down as suddenly as if dropped from mid-heaven. The whole sentence is an inverted cone.

Those faults of the book, however, are all forgotten in its excellence, and there are few books published we can so heartily commend to our readers, as these two volumes. The Alps, in all their magnificence and grandeur are there, although sermons are preached at their bases.

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*Uncle John; or, "It is Too Much Trouble,"* by MARY ORME. New York, Harper & Brothers.

The criticism immediately suggested upon reading this neat little book, is that "it has a purpose!" a compliment decided enough in itself, at a time like this, when we are literally overwhelmed with a dish-water flood of aimless twattle, aspiring to the dignity of "Tales of Social Life." But we mean to say more. It has not *merely*



a purpose—but a high one. It is opening the way, in one sense, to a species of writing of which the world stands, just now, in mortal need, and of which it has had, unfortunately, too little. There is a Physical Philosophy, which lies beneath the Ethical, and which has been almost entirely neglected by other popular writers of Fiction. They who have set themselves up to amuse and instruct the World, have never dreamt that there was the slightest necessity on their part for any knowledge of the laws of life. To illustrate such laws in the current of a narration, it has been thought would be “*inartistic*.” So it might have been in any other than just the present era. The masses had to be led up—cultivated to the taste of reading at all—by attracting them through the illusions of romance and fancy to dwell, for a time, in an ideal world. They were not sufficiently developed to face the *real*. To have forced this upon them at an earlier period would have only shocked and disheartened the Hope of Humanity. But now the masses do read! though Heaven knows this great end has been attained through a sufficiency of accompanying evil—that there is enough of the vitiating and debasing in what they do read—Yet what a mighty fact it is! How wise is it, then, to give them no longer these inventories of the sighs, groans, tears and broken hearts of misanthropes and madmen, set forth in exciting books of fiction. Bring them to face the *real*. Let them know that *disease* is at the core of this suffering and these distortions of passion. Give them to understand, that *physical* causes are the rotten basis of more than half the moody wretchedness in the world. Let then, these causes be traced out for them, not in the dry technicalities of the schools, but enlivened and relieved by the same graces of fancy and elegance of diction, by the aid of which thrones have already been shaken, and eloquent pleadings made with the drone of the spinning-wheel! Such is the cry of these times, and it must not be disregarded, although there may also be danger of going to the other extreme, of attending only to the physical, and letting the spiritual take care of itself. This book is filled with lively hits, and proves that a pleasant wit may play along the deeps of vital truth—that a keen insight into the causes of physical and moral evils, may be accompanied by that gossiping, satirical, piquant tone, which gives the greatest charm to stories of social life. The title, dedication, story and preface, are equally unpretending, and in keeping with the character of an earnest, emphatic nature, burning with hope for, and faith in Humanity, and willing to walk its dusty byways and highways in the spirit of the good Samaritan. The very vehement and somewhat ultra tone of some of “Uncle John’s” spicy philippics, is a proof of this

devoted zeal, which propitiates one while he feels they may be extreme. These occasional ultraisms are, indeed, prominent faults of the book. In the impatient indignation that belongs to many well-wishers to their race, the authoress has made the common mistake, of sometimes confounding the abuses of civil institutions with their higher uses. But we shall be greatly pleased to see a continuation of this little series.

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*An Oration occasioned by the death of Henry White, delivered before the Theta Chapter of the Psi-epsilon Society, Union College, by HOOPER C. VANVORST.*

Having known the subject of this brief address, we can better appreciate the classical and eloquent language of its simple tribute to his memory. Mr. White was a young man of fine attainments, a scholar, and for his age, an accomplished speaker. He died, in the practice of the legal profession, at Buffalo. Those who knew Mr. W., especially the literary society to which he belonged, will feel gratified that a suitable occasion was taken to pay this tribute to his memory and his merits.

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*Gardner's Farmer's Dictionary.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

The excellence of this work will be apparent to any one who examines it. No one questions the utility and great convenience, of Dictionaries of the Arts and Sciences—as furnishing a vast amount of information respecting a thousand subjects, and points of interest, which without them lie out of the reach of common reference. Such a collection of various knowledge has long been needed, in that great national interest, Agriculture. Of all professions, the Farmer has had the least acquaintance with the general facts and methods of procedure—lying out of his immediate line of production—has taken his practice the most from traditional habits and the ways of those immediately around him. He had need of a book like the one now published. This, though on some points it might be enlarged to advantage, is yet most worthy of his perusal. There is almost no topic in all husbandry on which it has not something of importance to say. We commend it to the agriculturist as heartily, and for the same reason that we do the “*Farmer's Library*,” of which we have spoken above.

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*New Historical Work.*

There is soon to be issued a new and very important work on the Political History of the United States, entitled “*Memoirs of the Washington and Adams Administrations, and of their Cabinets, from the papers of Oliver Wolcott, Secretary of*



the Treasury. Edited by George Gibbs, of the City of New York."

This work will be published in two volumes, 8vo., at \$2,50 per volume, in a style equal to Mr. Prescott's History of Ferdinand and Isabella, and will be illustrated by correspondence, hitherto unpublished, of the Members of the Cabinet, and other, distinguished individuals at that time connected with the government, including Washington, John Adams, Alexander

Hamilton, Fisher Ames, George Cabot, Roger Griswold, Timothy Pickering, James McHenry, William Vaus Murray, Oliver Wolcott, father and son, Uriah Tracy, Benjamin Goodhue, Rufus King, Oliver Ellsworth, Chauncey Goodrich, James Davenport, James Hillhouse, John Trumbull and others. Such a work must meet with a wide reception, which it cannot fail to deserve, from its intrinsic interest.

## MR. MURDOCH—THE TRAGEDIAN.

THERE are several considerations which compel us to take note of the recent efforts of the young American actor, JAMES E. MURDOCH. That he is an American, and has secured a favorable hearing with his countrymen, is a note-worthy circumstance in itself. That this favor has expressed itself in the journals of the day, in the language of well-considered criticism and discrimination, is another circumstance of hope and congratulation. That these triumphs have come as the fruits of study, and a profound devotion to the stage, will certainly not allow nor prompt any one to detract from the honors and the rewards which accompany the success. But, better than all these—and in its spirit embracing them all—we are particularly pleased that the success accompanies one who enters on his career with a hope and a purpose of serving, in its true national bearings, the drama of the country. This consideration—aside from and along with his merits as a performer—will direct the attention of the country very much to Mr. Murdoch's future undertakings. On these—relating as they do to a vital regeneration of the American stage, in its purification and reform as a place of entertainment—and on the presentation of a series of dramas, springing from and suited to the country, we shall be able to dwell, at length, hereafter. For the present, we have a few words only on the performance of this young actor. He has appeared before the public of this city in a range of characters of considerable variety, and capable, in their various phases, of testing the capacity of the actor. We have seen him in these several personations, attempting the expression of terror, as in *Macbeth*; of contemplative beauty, in *Hamlet*; pathetic and remorseful feeling, in *Othello*; gay and gallant gentlemanliness, in *Benedick*; the scholarly, in the *Elder Brother*; the German sentimental, in *Kotzebue's Stranger*; the fashionable novel-hero, in *Claude Melnotte* and *Evelyn*; the social and lighter spirit of farce, in *Charles Paragon* and *Dick Dashall*. To say that he had failed in none of these, would be to give him a very reputable, if not a very eminent, position on the living stage. To be able to say, in anything like a tone of just criticism, that he had eminently succeeded in almost all of them, is to allow him what he is entitled to, a rank scarcely second to any cotemporary performer. Over all of them, whatever particular objection we may make in detail, there were cast a grace, beauty and freedom,

which denote, in our judgment, the true artist; and from some there broke, from time to time, flashes of a loftier spirit, which belongs only to the man of genius. While we object to the want of perfect execution, and an equal distribution of power throughout entire performances, there are parts of the same performances, which, according to the acknowledgment of all capable witnesses, could not and have not been surpassed. In this approval, we would include certain points in *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, the whole fifth act of *Othello*, the whole of *Benedick*, and various passages of great force and spirit in *Claude Melnotte* and *Evelyn*, with special recollection of the declamatory beauty of parts of his *Charles*, in the *Elder Brother*. The censure is partly chargeable, we think, on Mr. Murdoch's peculiar selection of pieces; some of which, as *Charles* and the *Stranger*, allow him very indifferent opportunity for the show of dramatic passion and development of character. Still, he has, undoubtedly, something to learn and some obstacles to conquer:—his reading, as yet, is better than his acting. We cannot, at present, point out, part by part, the characteristics of conception or execution which belong to Mr. Murdoch. We can only mention generally that he is a follower of no school of acting. He is wisely determined to "hold the mirror up to nature" in his own way. We think he may in time be found uniting in one something of the fervor of Kean and the grace of the Kembles. To present to an audience, in any degree of perfection, such a combination as this, would unquestionably be a triumph. The effort is worthy of his earnest attention. For the one path, he has a fine person, a voice of much beauty, and a carriage, noble, manly and self-possessed. For the other, he has the temperament of passion, quick and keen susceptibilities, and an intense sympathy with the character he undertakes. But the triumph can be attained by no common labor. Mr. Murdoch is about to fulfill a part of the pledge he has given to the public, by the production, early in the present month, of the new American tragedy of "*Witchcraft*," at Philadelphia. Of this, if it prove worthy of it, we may speak at large hereafter. The undertaking of a new American play, at this time, has doubtless been well weighed, as its success is of paramount importance to his position. The play is well spoken of, the subject has great capabilities, and something *new*, moreover, is promised in its handling and conception.

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THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

AFTER a period of political tranquillity, now of more than thirty years duration, the peace of our country is broken. We are involved in war. The gates of the Temple of Sacrifice are once more thrown open, and all who love to worship at a shrine of blood are invited to enter. We are involved in war with a neighboring people, occupying a portion of our own North American Continent, and dwelling in a land conterminous with our own—a sister republic of the New World—a people numbering nearly nine millions, a considerable portion of whom rejoice in the pure blood of as gallant and noble a race as belongs to either the New World or the Old—a people who are not only neighbor to us, but with whom we have been, and, let us not hesitate to say it, with whom we ought now to be, friends. And *we* are at war—we, a Republic, to which war is peculiarly an unnatural and hazardous state, never to be ventured upon for conquest, or for glory, or for any cause short of the defence of national independence, liberty, or honor, or the defence of rights in which such high matter is involved. We, the leading Republic of this American Continent, and of the world—sometimes called the Model Republic—have gone to war; we, whose special mission it was to show the world what preëminent gain was to be found in the assiduous cultivation of the arts of peace, and the practice of the unambitious virtues—

justice, moderation, contentment—so indispensable to the preservation of representative forms, and the maintenance of personal and popular freedom. And it is not a light or unimportant consideration that, in going to war, we are the first to disturb the repose of Christendom, after a continued peace of thirty years. The United States and Mexico are the first two Christian nations of any considerable note, in thirty years, who have appealed to arms, and the arbitrament of blood, to settle their national difficulties and disputes. We two are the first to interrupt that delightful tranquillity in which the nations of Christendom have reposed amongst themselves, for so long a period, and which the heart of philanthropy everywhere had begun to look upon as almost promising to be eternal. We have broken the spell—that charmed security in which men had begun to rest, as if the nations would learn war no more. Surely, a fearful responsibility rests on those who have brought these two countries into deadly strife and conflict. A terrible account will *they* be called to render, on whom the blame shall finally be found to fall. It is too late in the nineteenth century—the sentiment of peace, and the love of peace, are too universal, and the advantages of peace too universally felt, to be at all safe for one Christian nation to make war on another, without a demonstrable neces-



sity strong enough to hush all complaint, and silence all cavil. Let those who have made this war look to it, that they be ready to render reasons, in which the flashing and indignant eye of wronged humanity can discover no gloss, no fallacy, no defect. Glosses will not do. Specious argumentation will not do. The war must be justified on grounds which reason, religion and humanity can approve. And it must be shown to be a necessary war; no war is just which is not necessary. If it be a war of policy merely, whether on the one side or the other, it is odious and abominable, and will bring the curse of God, and of virtuous men, on the head of its guilty authors. If it be a war of ambition—a war waged, on either side, with a view to national aggrandizement, or the extension of territorial limits, or with a view in any manner to the profits of the spoils of war—it is utterly indefensible and execrable. Above all, if it be a war, undertaken by either party, in which no national considerations, even of policy or ambition, or gain, have entered, but where the impelling and governing motives are to be looked for in the petty ambition of some upstart revolutionary or party Chief, or of some miserable Cabal, seeking to gratify the unreasoned love of excitement and turmoil in one portion of the population, and the savage lusts which burn in another, for the sake of some personal or party advantage or support—if such be the war, then let those who have brought it on the two countries beware! There is a day of reckoning at hand. Wise and good men will desire to know, and they will know, very exactly, why the relations of peace have thus been exchanged for war.

And let none among us say—Why, it is only a war with Mexico; as if a war with Mexico was a small affair, and of trivial importance, or as if any war was a small affair. Mexico, we know very well, is not England; she does not cover all seas with her fleets and her sea-borne armies, nor dot the round world with her military posts. She lacks the vast resources of wealth and power, and the enterprise and energy which belong to some other nations. But Mexico is a respectable power, a civilized and Christian nation, next to ourselves vastly the most numerous on the Western Continent, with a broad, beautiful, and sunny country, having an extended coast on both the great oceans of the earth, and altogether,

in position, climate and soil, and generally in natural advantages, unsurpassed by any country on the globe. She is every way entitled to respectful consideration and regard at the hand of all other nations, and above all, she is entitled to the deepest sympathy of those nations, which, like herself, have had to conquer their own independence and freedom, by their valor and their blood. Nor is she altogether a despicable power to be encountered in arms; though still she is weak enough to make it no great achievement of renown or glory to conquer her ill-trained and ill-disciplined forces in the field. The men that compose the bulk of her armies are small in stature, and, though brave, or rather reckless of danger, holding not their lives at a pin's fee, yet they want physical strength and endurance, and the training and discipline of some others. It would take five Mexican soldiers, as they run, to make one, the equal of a first-rate American soldier. But then they are not unused to war, and they have gallant spirits to lead them;—so gallant, so deserving of a better fortune, that a high-souled American officer might almost blush to find fame in being their conqueror, considering the disadvantage at which he would take them. And we may find it an easier thing to conquer Mexican armies when we can meet them, than to conquer Mexico. Yet she is distracted with intestine divisions and commotions, and she *can* be conquered; though she will be apt to present an unbroken front to an enemy, which begins with offering what is taken as a mortal offence to the lofty pretensions of her Castilian pride and honor. The hidalgo will brook anything but that. It was the pride of the Mexican that was touched when the dismemberment of the Empire was attempted. Witness the obstinacy with which that people clung to independent Texas for long years after the reconquering of that revolted province had become a demonstrable impossibility. It was that same pride that was wounded to unendurable sensibility, when a powerful neighboring nation—and a friend!—stepped in to decree the consummation of that dismemberment, and to bear off the amputated member as a spoil and trophy of her own. Santa Anna declared to General Thompson, then our Minister in Mexico, in, perhaps, the last interview he had with him, that Mexico should never, never cease to struggle and fight for the reconquest and subjugation of



Texas. But this was before Annexation. Up to a recent period, the United States, and the people of the United States, were regarded with unbounded admiration, and strong attachment, by the Mexican everywhere. Now he scorns and hates us; and there is, we apprehend, little difference of sentiment or feeling towards us among Mexicans, from one end of the country to the other.

General Taylor encountered this feeling everywhere on his original march to the banks of the Rio Grande: and so he has informed the Government. He entered the country, proclaiming, that the rights, and property, and religion of all peaceable citizens should be respected; but everywhere the haughty Spaniard refused his protection. The inhabitants retired as he approached, abandoning to the invader their cherished homes. Says a writer on the spot: "This Mexican State, Tamaulipas, in which we are encamped, is a beautiful, a most delightful region. Far as the eye can reach, one level surface presents itself to view, dotted with cotton and sugar-cane fields, interspersed with lovely gardens, after the Spanish fashion, the whole cut up and divided, in all sorts of ways by groves of the finest trees," &c. He adds, forcibly, "The scene is rich and peaceful, with nought to mar its appropriate character, but the armies of two nations, worshipping the same eternal God, strengthening their hands to slay each other like beasts of prey." All accounts represent the country bordering on the Great River as exceedingly fertile and beautiful. And such is the country, and such are the homes, which these people abandoned, rather than stay by their property under the guaranty of a hated enemy. Says another writer on the spot: "These people are \* \* \* actuated by a universal feeling of hostility towards the United States, and since our arrival, nearly all of them have left this side of the river, and gone over. \* \* \* They quarrel amongst themselves, but against a foreign foe they are united." Never was a more sullen and dogged disposition manifested. The Prefect of the North of Tamaulipas, at the head of a deputation, met General Taylor on his march, to protest against his occupation of the country; and when this would not do, an attempt was made by the inhabitants of the little town of Fronzon, to destroy that place, by fire, with their own hands. It was their Moscow, and they would burn it!

And all this comes, not of attachment to the Central Power of Mexico, but of hatred to us; for it is only six years ago that they were engaged in an attempt to throw off the authority of that power, and establish the independent Republic of Rio Grande.

What we mean to assert is, that it is not to be deemed, or spoken of, as a very little war, to which we are now committed, and so to be justified on any lighter grounds, so far as we are responsible for it at all, than if we had taken, or had, for our foe, the most puissant nation of the earth. It is not such a war, nor like such a war, as we might wage with one of our own miserable Indian Tribes. It is not a Florida war, nor like a Florida war—though that was serious enough, considering that it was only an Executive war. It is not even such a war as the British forces in India have lately waged with the powerful armies of the Sikhs in that country; and though it should never involve a single pitched battle, last as long as it may, or the conflict of one-tenth or one-twentieth part of the numbers that have been engaged on the banks of the Sutlej, yet ours is a greater and higher war than that, in every national view. It is not a war with savage or semi-civilized tribes, who are under our protection, or over whom we claim the right to exercise an ultimate, arbitrary control. It is a war between two independent nations, mutually members of the great family of civilized nations, and the equals of each other, and of every other in that family, before the law of nations. It is a war undertaken, and to be prosecuted, subject to the settled principles of that law, and with the other nations for our witnesses, interested and watchful—as many of them will be—to see that we violate none of their rights as neutrals, on land or sea, sympathizing with the weaker and oppressed party, whichever it may be, and ready to interpose themselves, with a strong arm, on the one side or the other, as they may think their interest, or policy, or safety, may require.

In no light, then, in which the matter can be regarded, is this to be deemed a small war—one which might be lightly entered into, or listlessly prosecuted. As we have said, it is the first time in thirty years that any two considerable nations of Christendom have undertaken to settle their disputes by an appeal to arms. We are one of the parties to this bloody appeal, and one



of the last in Christendom that should ever make such an appeal, till forced into it by an inexorable necessity. If we are responsible for it, the responsibility is a fearful one. And we must not flatter ourselves that we can escape under the notion that it is, comparatively, an unimportant affair—only a war with Mexico! If Mexico, measured by our standard and stature, is a weak nation, distracted, and almost ready to fall to pieces by the essential discordance of the living materials of which it is composed, and, at any rate, utterly unfit to cope with us in feats of arms, or in the necessary resources of war, so much the more shame for us if we have sought a quarrel with her, except on the last necessity, or have allowed her to quarrel with us, when we might have calmed her anger by acts either of justice or of generosity, or soothed her by words and deeds of forbearance and kindness. If Mexico is a weak nation, physically or morally, the more shame for us if we *could* have avoided this war, and have not: If her sense of right and wrong is not as delicate as ours—would that some casuist, great in the resolution of doubtful and difficult problems, would demonstrate the advantage we have shown we possess over her in this particular!—if when she has done us wrong she has not seemed as sensible of her error, or as ready to repair it, as we, the injured party, may have thought she should have been; if we have found her prompt to take offence where none was intended on our part, or imagining that her rights were invaded, or her honor insulted, when we have only pursued our own interests or followed a lawful advantage, without doing her any positive wrong; if all this be so, why could not we, proudly conscious of our eminent superiority over her in this regard—would that this, too, were proven to the world's full satisfaction!—why could not we have waited a little longer, with kind and generous indulgence, on her unreasonable temper, or her delays of justice, giving her passion time to cool, her wounded pride to salve itself out of its extreme irritation, and her sense of justice to recover from its blindness? Was the case so urgent that we could not brook one hour's longer delay? Must we fly to our arms on the instant? Was it necessary to answer a threat of war from such a quarter by a defiance sent by a herald no less formidable than a well-appointed army,

ready to proclaim that defiance by the mouth of hostile cannon? We had to complain, and we had good reason to complain, of "long-continued and unredressed wrongs and injuries committed by the Mexican Government on citizens of the United States, in their persons and property," as set forth by the President in his recent War Message to Congress; but these outrages were not committed yesterday, and is it certain that all hope of peaceful redress was at an end? Was there no alternative left but war? Mexico owes us some eight millions of dollars, it may be, but if we are at liberty to suppose that this has been the *real* cause why the two countries are now at war, may we not well ask ourselves whether we have always shown, in all parts of our own Union, such extreme alacrity in the discharge of our undoubted pecuniary obligations to others, as to entitle us to be very strict and exacting in our demands upon those who happen to be indebted to us? Are we quite at liberty to put any such case on the alternative of prompt settlement or war? Might not the President of the United States, considering what States he had among his most strenuous supporters—some of his hottest partisans might, we are sure—have well enough seemed to be touched with the feeling of that infirmity which causes an impoverished and distressed debtor, if not to repudiate his debt, at least to resort to dishonest or unjustifiable pretexts and pretences for present avoidance and delay?

Or if we are to believe that the *real* cause of this rupture is to be found in the fact of the refusal of the Mexican Government, in past or present revolutionary hands, to receive from our President a Minister Plenipotentiary, resident near that government, so circumstantially complained of, and not without apparent grounds of justice, by the Executive, in his late Message, still we may be allowed to ask, whether even so shocking an indignity as this was so unendurable, considering the quarter from which it came, that it could only be answered on the instant by a blow? We know that wars have arisen before now from lighter causes than this—but not very lately; and we did not suppose that the scrupulous, not to say fantastic, spirit of chivalry, was to be revived in our day, and in the person of President Polk. That gallant functionary gives us to understand in his message, so ready was he, with



lance in rest, for a tilt with the adversary, that, instead of waiting until the insult was actually offered, he anticipated events, and ordered a movement of our army, bristling with war, up to the very teeth of the Mexican forces, in a very remote quarter, as soon as he "had received such information from Mexico as rendered it *probable*, if not certain, that the Mexican Government would refuse to receive our Envoy!" So, then, the President snuffed this insult in the distance; and distant enough it was when this movement was first contemplated; for so long ago as the 30th of July, 1845—more than three months before his Envoy was commissioned for Mexico, and long before the mission appears to have been thought of—a dispatch from the government instructed Gen. Taylor that he was "expected to occupy, protect and defend the territory of Texas to the extent that it has been occupied by the people of Texas;" and to "approach as near the *boundary line—the Rio Grande*—as prudence will dictate!" And it is not to be doubted that if the excellent officer in command of the "Army of Occupation," whose trade is war, had not been more reluctant than the President, so sensitive to the honor and interests of the country, to bring on a conflict of arms with Mexico, the fight which has only commenced in April of this year, would have been begun in the first days of autumn in the last. But even the peremptory order to Gen. Taylor, of the 13th of January, to take up a position on or near the Rio Grande, was quite early enough to save the scrupulous honor of the President, in the matter of his Envoy. At most, the rejection of the Minister was only "probable," in the mind of the President, when that order was dispatched, and his final dismissal did not take place till the 12th of March. One day before that event took place, it happened that our army was actually on its march for the banks of the Rio Grande. Twelve days before that, it seems that Mr. Slidell's letters from Mexico, he then being at Jalapa, *spoke confidently of his being received and recognized*. What if he had happened to have been received, after all! So far as concerns this point of honor, it would appear that chivalry, on the one side and on the other, took very opposite views. President Paredes proclaims, on the 23d of April, that "Mr. Slidell was not received because the dignity of the nation repelled this 'new insult.'" In

Mexico, then, it was deemed an insult for us to send there a Minister Plenipotentiary, under the circumstances of existing relations, and the hostile demonstrations made by our Government. Here, it was deemed an insult that Mexico should refuse to receive and accredit that Minister. Oh, for some Chevalier Bayard, or Admirable Crichton, to resolve this point of honor between two chivalric nations, that else must needs end this notable difference of opinion by cutting each other's throats!

No one can read the President's War Message without perceiving that great stress is laid on this matter, as one principal ground to justify the war. Mexico affected to deem it as much a ground of offence, that a Minister, with such a commission as ours bore, was sent to her at all. Our President complains of a breach of faith on the part of Mexico, in refusing to receive a Minister whom she had promised to recognize. The Mexican President denies, indignantly, that that Government ever agreed to receive a minister on such terms as would imply that relations of friendship were restored between the two countries, so long as that grand difficulty—the Annexation of Texas—which had caused the suspension of those relations, remained unadjusted. A Minister, or Commissioner, to adjust that difficulty, would have been received. How much of this suggestion was sincere, and how much a mere diplomatic quirk, it is not for us now to decide. Mr. Polk chose to regard the whole of it as evasive—mere dishonest pretences for delay. "If it were so, it were a grievous fault." And, one way or the other, either because the parties really misunderstood one another, or because Mexico, in the distracted state of her internal affairs, with no regular administration, the supreme power altogether unhinged, held by one military chief to-day, and by another to-morrow, and the whole Government water-logged and in a sinking condition, saw fit to degrade herself by diplomatizing and quibbling for delay against the just demands of a rich and stern, but not unjust creditor; why, for one or the other of these very grave offences, the administration at Washington pretend to have deemed it necessary to push matters to extremes.

But whether this affair of the rejection of the President's Envoy, which he construes as if Mexico had unqualifiedly "refused the offer of a peaceful adjust-



ment of our difficulties," is to be regarded or not, as one main ground of the war, within the purview of his message, it cannot be doubted that, at least, he means we should understand him as having made the fact of such rejection, though by anticipating the event, *the* immediate occasion of his orders to plant the standard of war on the banks of the Rio del Norte. "This force," (the army), he says, "was concentrated at Corpus Christi, and remained there until after I had received such information as rendered it probable, if not certain, that the Mexican Government would refuse to receive our Envoy." It is not for us to attempt to reconcile this declaration with the disclosures made in the documents accompanying his message. It there appears, plainly enough, that the military occupation of the country up to the Rio del Norte was a foregone conclusion, determined on at Washington, even before Gen. Taylor left his station at Fort Jessup. In a "confidential" letter directed to him at that place, under date of June 15, 1845, from the Department of War, Gen. Taylor had these significant instructions:

"You will forthwith make a forward movement with the troops under your command, and advance to the mouth of the Sabine, or to such other point on the Gulf of Mexico, or its navigable waters, as, in your judgment, may be found most convenient for an embarkation, at the proper time, for the *Western frontier* of Texas." \* \* \* \* "The point of your ultimate destination is the western frontier of Texas, where you will select and occupy, *on or near the Rio Grande del Norte*, such a site as will consist with the health of the troops, and will be best adapted to repel invasion, and to protect what, in the event of annexation, will be our western border."

The time for this embarkation "for the western frontier of Texas," viz., *for the Rio Grande*, was fixed for the period when the Convention or people of Texas should resolve to accept the proposition of annexation, which Gen. Taylor was informed would probably be on the 4th of July, or very soon thereafter.

This carries us back to the original cause of our difficulties with Mexico—the question of annexing Texas to the United States. Everybody understands that when annexation should be consummated, when Texas should become part and parcel of the United States, the territory of Texas, whatever it really was, or

should turn out to be, was to be protected and defended, as if it was the soil of Carolina or New York. But every well-informed citizen knows also, that what constitutes the proper limits of Texas on the side of Mexico was, and is, wholly unsettled and disputed; and, in the proposition made by us to the Republic of Texas on the subject of annexation, was expressly reserved, as a question of boundary, to be settled between us and Mexico. And another thing we all know; that annexation was to be finally consummated, if at all, only by the act of the Congress of the United States in admitting Texas as a State into the Union. This final action of Congress, with the approval of the President, was not had till the 29th of December last. Yet we see now that the President determined, at an early day, to regard annexation as well enough consummated, at least for his military operations, when a Convention, or the people, of Texas should resolve to come into our Union, without waiting for Congress to pass on the question of her admission; and also upon that event to regard the extremest verge of territorial limit to which the wildest pretensions of Texas ever pushed her nominal, paper claim of title, as the fixed boundary of the State, for military occupation, without waiting to hear what Mexico had to say about it, or consulting her in the premises. He made preparations to act accordingly. More than this. He did not even wait for the action of Texas on the question of annexation. Some time before that event, at the invitation of Texas—a Republic then as foreign to our own as San Marino is to-day—he directed an army to take post in that country, for its defence; and not content, even at that early period, with occupying undisputed Texan ground, he took care to push his Army of Occupation first across the Nueces—the Rubicon, beyond which every inch was disputed ground between Texas and Mexico—then to await the action of the Texan authorities on annexation, and then, as he had already confidentially advised the commander of his forces, to strike for their "ultimate destination, on or near the Rio Grande."

Mexico had taken mortal offence at us for undertaking to receive Texas at all, in any manner, into our Union. Upon this she had withdrawn her Minister from this country, and closed all diplomatic relations with us. Annexation, even



conducted in the most delicate manner, seemed likely to embroil the two nations; but it became evident, after a short time, that, with the best will to make war on us for that measure, the wheel of revolution was turning too rapidly in her own empire to admit of her prosecuting such an enterprise. It became perfectly manifest that her opposition to that measure would expend itself, in due time, in some very natural and proper, but very innocent ebullitions, when nothing, of that question at least, would remain to be settled, but the matter of the boundary. By a solemn act of Congress, we had pledged ourselves before the world, that, in bringing Texas into our Union, we would take only "the territory *properly* included within, and *rightfully* belonging to, that republic," and we took "all questions of boundary" within our own jurisdiction, out of the hands of Texas, to be adjusted by ourselves. And how adjusted by us? By prompt military seizure of the whole territory in dispute? By an Executive war in defence of the disputed territory? So the President seems to have understood it. He informs the country that he attempted negotiation, which failed by the fault of Mexico. He negotiated, however, after the manner of Frederic of Prussia, with an army already in the disputed country, instructed to occupy and defend every inch of it, and to make war on the opposite party if he attempted to set a hostile foot in it.

How this war has come about it is easy enough now to see. It is not because Mexico owes us money for spoiliations and injuries, which she neglects to liquidate and pay. Nor is it because she sent home our Minister, as she had before called home her own. It was not for either of these causes, or both of them, justifiable causes of war as they might be, that the Executive sent his army, on his naked authority, to occupy the banks of the Rio Grande; though a part of his Message might be read as if he meant we should so understand him. Nor has the war broken out because any act of hostility was committed, or offered, by Mexico, up to the time when our flag was raised to flout the Mexican forces on the opposite side of that river, in the Mexican city of Matamoras. But "the war exists by the act of Mexico." So says the President; and Congress—yes, the American Congress—has echoed the declaration! It exists, says the President, "notwithstanding all our efforts to

avoid it"—and we almost wonder that Congress did not echo this declaration also. Yes, "the war exists by the act of Mexico." It is true we first set down an army in the heart of a vast country which she claimed as her own, and in that particular part of it of which she has been in undisturbed possession ever since she became a nation; a country where she had numerous towns and cities, and many thousands of peaceful citizens, subject to her sway and authority; and we planted a fortified camp there before one of her important commercial towns, pointing our batteries on the principal square of the city, and when she threatened resistance, we blockaded the mouth of the river on which it stands, to cut off the supplies of the forces that were quartered in it. We did all this; but we committed no act of war—not we; and it exists, as all the world must see, "notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid it."! It exists "by the act of Mexico." She first pulled a trigger upon us, not we upon her. It is true that her President, Paredes, ever since he has held his present position, has constantly declared that he was not authorized to make, and would not make, offensive war on the United States. But this at least he has done; he has seen fit to regard the departments of Tamaulipas and New Leon, as we dare say he would also those of Chihuahua and New Mexico, as an integral portion of the Mexican territory, and the presence of our army there as an invasion of Mexican soil, and has accordingly issued orders that they shall be defended as such. Under those orders, though still protesting that he does not declare war against the United States, and first causing a solemn demand to be made that our troops shall be withdrawn "to the other side of the Rio de los Nueces, the ancient limits of Texas," the forces of Mexico have actually ventured to come on to the same side of the river, in the State of Tamaulipas, where our army is encamped; and thus it is, "notwithstanding all our efforts to avoid it," that hostilities have actually been commenced. Of course, the war exists "by the act of Mexico!"

But it was far from our purpose, when we commenced this paper, to enter into any particular examination of the causes that have led to the commencement of hostilities, and to the actual existence of war. Nor shall we pursue the subject further at this time. In another number



of the Review, when we may have more space than we can spare in this, when we shall have had time to possess ourselves more fully of all the facts in the case, by a further examination of interesting documents, and when we shall have given to the subject all that deliberation which so grave a matter demands, we may, perhaps, undertake to speak at length on these topics, and to place the responsibility of this war just where it belongs.

We may say in advance, however, that we believe this war might and should have been avoided: that it would have been avoided if Mr. Clay had been President of the United States instead of Mr. Polk, without any sacrifice of national interests or national honor, whether annexation had taken place or not; and that it is emphatically an Executive war, and brought about, however just and necessary as against Mexico, by a series of the most flagrant and alarming Executive usurpations on the Constitution of the country. These things we may attempt to show hereafter; when we may take occasion also to speak of the objects to be attained in the prosecution of the war, since we are in it, and the manner in which it should be prosecuted. We protest beforehand against every idea of carrying this war into Mexico, if that were ever so easy, with any view to the making of permanent conquests. When our brave soldiers must fight, we shall pray that they may win victories always, and everywhere—but we want no conquests—no new acquisitions of territory acquired by arms, and least of all in that quarter.

We are not of the number of those who indulge in anxieties lest their patriotism and love of country, in a case like this, should be suspected. Nevertheless, we deem it right to say, that when our country is at war, her enemy is our enemy, whatever we may think about the origin or causes of the rupture. When a war exists between us and another people, it is enough to know that our own country is one party to it; and there can be but one other, and that is the enemy. As between the two, it would seem as if no citizen who knows what the duty of allegiance means, or is capable of feeling the sacred sentiment of patriotism, could hesitate about his proper position. It would be difficult to find a spot to rest upon anywhere between the support of our country in the war, and

moral treason. At all times, we hold the duty of respectful obedience to government to be one of paramount Christian obligation, so long as it does not become unendurable in its oppressions. This obligation is all the stronger in our case, since we have so much to do with making the government, and providing an administration for it; and it is never so strong, in any case, with us or with any people, as when the country is at war. The putting the country at war is infinitely the most solemn and responsible of all the acts which government is ever called on to perform. It is their act, and not ours. As citizens, we are placed, by those who have a right to command us, in the relation of enemies to the people of another nation; and as between our own country and the common enemy, there can be no room for choice. We are committed from the beginning; and, for ourselves, we should not care to come into the councils of those who should even think it a point to be argued about. Nations go to war because there is no other mode of settling their disputes, when all peaceful means of adjustment have failed; just as two individuals might think themselves compelled to come to a trial of personal strength to end their disputes, if we could suppose them existing in what is called a "state of nature," and having no civil tribunals to which they might appeal. The appeal of two nations at war is to the ordeal of battle; and every citizen and member of each, on the one side and the other, is a party to the conflict and trial of strength. The part of patriotism in such a case is too plain to be mistaken. Besides; we do not hesitate to affirm in this case, that our country is not without good grounds of complaint against Mexico, of long standing; sufficient, if we had chosen so to consider them, according to abundant precedents among civilized nations, to justify reprisals and even war, if not otherwise redressed. And, though we should have been far from advocating a declaration of war by Congress for these causes, (the President *could* not make such a war at all without rank treason to the Constitution,) certainly until all peaceful measures for reparation had been tried; yet, since we are at war, and though it was not undertaken for these causes, Mexico has nothing to complain of, if we now count her our enemy till these injuries are redressed, or atoned for. Besides all this too; hostilities have been begun, and the sword of battle



has fallen already, with fatal effect, on some of our brave men and gallant officers, and is likely to fall on many more, and henceforward it is not merely duty coldly calculated, however sacred, to which we are called, but the support of the war becomes matter of feeling, almost too deep and impetuous for the just restraints of reason. It can hardly be necessary to add, however, that all the duties of a good patriot may be performed in behalf of our own government and country in reference to the common foe, without involving the necessity of abject silence and submission, where we think, and feel, and know, that the rule of the country has fallen into incompetent or unsafe hands, and that the very war in which we are engaged, the deepest calamity that can fall on the country, is only one of the consequences and miseries we are called to endure under the curse of their evil sway. In such a case, we, certainly, shall not be deterred from uttering, in a becoming and prudent way, our honest convictions concerning the conduct and character of the administration in reference to the war, as well as other things. We support the country, though we do not support the administration; we support the war, though we may condemn those who have brought us into it. In this support of the war, however, we shall deem it all the while a personal duty, as far as the feelings naturally prompted by the conflict will allow, to keep steadily in view the paramount object of hostilities—the only object which a Christian people have any right to propose to themselves in war—namely, the speediest possible restoration of peace, consistently with strict national rights and national honor. This we hold to be the duty of every good citizen, of the administration, and the whole country. The country must be defended with whatever energy the exigency may require. The enemy must be allowed to do us as little harm as possible; and we must seek to do him so much harm as may constrain him to come to terms with us. If we *must* deal him blows, they must be vigorous ones, such as may bring him to a sense of the necessity of a just composition with us; but, in the whole war, ministers of reconciliation should be deemed just as indispensable as soldiers—able negotiators for peace just as indispensable as armies and able commanders.

We confess we are not without strong

apprehensions, that the notions of the administration, in regard to this war, differ widely from these views. It is manifest that for one whole year they have had this war in near contemplation. From the day they began to direct the attention of General Taylor to the banks of the Rio Grande, as his “ultimate destination,” they must have known that their chances for a war were as a hundred to one. They must have believed that the summer of last year would not be ended—certainly that the autumn would not pass—considering how skillfully their instructions were framed to that end, while avoiding the responsibility of peremptory orders, without seeing an American army at the point of their “ultimate destination.” We will not think so meanly of their capacity, as to suppose they could believe for a moment that General Taylor, in that position, could escape a collision. Had hostilities then commenced, the President would have had the war wholly in his own hands, and no Congress to consult in the matter, till the country should be committed beyond any possible retreat or escape. But General Taylor *would* wait for peremptory orders—and we honor him for it; though the catastrophe has not been avoided. As it has turned out, the collision came when Congress was present at Washington, and it must be confessed that President Polk has contrived to manage this embarrassing circumstance with much adroitness. The easy virtue of his friends in Congress yielded everything to the insidious assault he made upon it. A reconnoitering party, from the American camp opposite Matamoras, was cut off by a large force of Mexicans on the 24th of April. General Taylor, under his instructions, considered this, as he was bound to do, the commencement of hostilities; and he concluded at once to make a requisition, as he had long been authorized to do, on the nearest States, for an auxiliary force of “nearly five thousand men,” as being, in his opinion, “required to prosecute the war with energy, and carry it, as it should be, into the enemy’s country.” In his report of this affair he informs the President of the requisition he had made; and the only suggestion he makes in regard to it, beyond a request for the necessary supplies for this additional force, is, that inasmuch as his position was remote from support, it would be of importance if a law could be passed authorizing volunteers to be raised for twelve months



instead of the short term to which their service was confined by existing statutes. He did not ask for more men, but only that their term of service might be extended: he had already called for all that he then required, even to carry the war into the enemy's country. In his previous correspondence he had urgently requested that "no militia force would be ordered to join him without his requisition for it." Now it was on the receipt of this report from General Taylor, at Washington, that the occasion was seized by the President, when all sympathies were excited for our brave soldiers fallen in a murderous ambuscade, to call upon Congress, first to declare that "war exists by the act of Mexico," and next, to grant him a large army and the most liberal means, with imperial and dictatorial power, to prosecute just such a war with Mexico as it might suit his policy to undertake. We are obliged to record, with shame and mortification, that the

friends of the President in each House of Congress, as the measure was successively presented to them, refused to allow to themselves or others even a single night of reflection to interpose; and though there was not the slightest reason or apology for such urgent dispatch, at once accorded to the President all, and more than he demanded. Considering how this war has been begun, they might about as well have carried up the Constitution of the country, in solemn procession, to the National Mansion, and laid it down at the President's feet!\* What use the President means to make of his power remains to be seen. The public ear is stunned with rumors of magnificent plans and projects of conquest in Mexico. We are not without strong apprehensions for the end of this business; but we shall wait for events to develop and shape themselves, with what composure we may.

D. D. B.

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### WOOING.

THE Lily was a maiden fairy,  
 Nodding her white caps to the wave,  
 Toying, beckoning, light and airy,  
 As a sultan's favorite slave;  
 The Wave crept up the beach, all soft and stilly,  
 Lispering, "Thou'rt imaged in my breast, fair Lily."

"Sweet Lily, stayest thou lone and cheerless?"  
 Half to the Wave the Lily dips.  
 "Pale Lily, kiss me fond and fearless;"—  
 Sweetly thrill their meeting lips;—  
 "In lands below soft bridal notes thou hearest:  
 Waves call thee, flowers beckon thee thither, dearest."

"The skies beneath are bended fairer;"—  
 He decks her breast with liquid pearls:  
 "The earth beneath hath blossoms rarer;"—  
 The Wave with the Lily downward whirls;  
 Lisps he, "Above us all is sad and dreary,  
 Beneath we'll live forever gay and cheery."

So, palely, with the darkling water  
 The trembling, trusting Lily went;  
 And ne'er again, O Sun-light's daughter,  
 Thy father's eyes on thee were bent,  
 Nor Earth, thy mother, pressed thee, moist and chilly:—  
 Fond marriage vows were thine, O pale and trusting Lily!

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\* We sympathize deeply and sincerely with those of our friends in Congress who found, or felt, themselves obliged to put their hands to this measure, or be compelled to occupy a position in which they would seem to stand opposed to furnishing the necessary supplies of men and money for the proper defence of the country.

## CRITICISM: COLERIDGE.

THE present century has been eminently characterized by its critical spirit. Institutions and opinions, men, manners and literature, have all been subjected to the most exhausting analysis. The moment a thing becomes a fixed fact in the community, criticism breaks it to pieces, curious to scan its elements. It is not content to admire the man until satisfied with his appearance as a skeleton. The science of criticism is thus in danger of becoming a kind of intellectual anatomy. The dead and not the living body of a poem or institution is dissected, and its principle of life sought in a process which annihilates life at its first step. An analysis thus employing no other implements but those furnished by the understanding, must imperfectly interpret what has proceeded from the imagination. The soul ever eludes the knife of the dissector, however keen and cunning.

The charlatanism, which spreads and sprawls in almost every department of literature and life, is doubtless one cause of this analytical spirit. A man placed in our century finds himself surrounded by quackeries. Collision with these begets in him a feeling of impatience and petulant opposition, and ends often in forcing him to apply individual tests to all outward things. By this course he, at least, preserves his own personality amid the whiz and burr around him. None of that spurious toleration which comes from feebleness of thought, or laxity of will, or indifference to truth, makes him lend his ear to every moan of the noodle, and every promise of the quack. But this self-consciousness, so jealous of encroachment, and battling against all external influences, shuts his mind to new truth as well as old error. He preserves his common sense at the expense of his comprehension. He is sensible and barren. His tiresome self-repetition becomes, at last, as hollow a mockery as the clap-trap of the charlatan.

This tendency to individualism—this testing the value of all things by their agreement or discordance with individual modes of thinking—subjects the author to hard conditions. He is necessarily viewed from an antagonistic position, and

considered an impostor until proved a reality. We think he is determined to fool us if he can, and are therefore most delighted and refreshed when we have analyzed the seeming genius down into the real quack. The life of the intellect thus becomes negative rather than positive—devoted to the exposure of error, not to the assimilation of truth. Men of strong minds in this generation have established a sort of intellectual feudal system—each baron walled in from approach, and sallying out only to prey upon his brothers. Everybody is on his guard against everybody else. An author has to fight his way into esteem. He must have sufficient force of being to be victorious over others: his readers are the spoils of his conquest. He attacks minds intrenched in their own thoughts and prejudices, and determined not to yield as long as their defences will hold out. The poetaster in Wycherley's play, binds the widow to a chair, in order that she may be compelled to listen to his well-penned verses. A resisting criticism, somewhat after the manner of the widow, is practiced unconsciously by most educated readers. It is mortifying to become the vassal of a superior nature; to feel the understanding bowed and bent before a conquering intellect, and be at once petulant and impotent. Butler's reasoning and Milton's rhetoric, fastening themselves as they do on the mind or heart, become at times distasteful, from the fact of our incapacity to resist their power. It is from men of education and ability that great genius experiences most opposition. The multitude can scarcely resist a powerful nature, but are forced into the current of its thoughts and impulses. The educated, on the contrary, have implements of defence. Their minds have become formal and hardened. Coleridge felt this deeply, when he exclaimed, "who will dare to force his way out of the crowd—not of the mere vulgar, but of the *vain and banded aristocracy of intellect*—and presume to join the almost supernatural beings that stand by themselves aloof?" This aristocracy furnishes generally the champions of accredited opinions and processes. They flout the innovations of genius and philanthropy, as well as the fooleries of knavery and



ignorance. They desire nothing new, good or bad.

The influence of this spirit on criticism in the present century, has been incalculable. In those cases where personal and partisan feelings have not converted literary judgments into puffs or libels, the analytical and unsympathizing mode in which critical inquiries have been prosecuted has been unjust to original genius. Poets have been tried by tests which their writings were never intended to meet. Where a work is a mere collection of parts, loosely strung together, and animated by no central principle of vitality, analysis has only to cut the string to destroy its rickety appearance of life. As a large majority of productions, purporting to come from the human mind, are heterogeneous, not homogeneous; mechanical, not organic;—the works of what Fichte calls the *hodmen* of letters—the course pursued by the critic, at least exposes deception. But the process by which imposture may be exposed, is not necessarily that by which truth can be evolved. A life spent in merely examining deceptions and quackeries, produces little fruit. A well-trained power to discern excellence, would include all the negative advantages of the other, and end also in the positive benefit of mental enlargement and elevation. Reading and judgment result in nothing but barrenness, when they simply confirm the critic's opinion of himself. The mind is enriched only by assimilation, and true intellectual independence comes not from the complacent dullness of the egotist. The mind that would be monarchical should not be content with a petty domain, but have whole provinces of thought for its dependencies. To comprehend another mind, we must first be tolerant to its peculiarities, and place ourselves in the attitude of learners. After that our judgment will be of value. The thing itself must be known, before its excellence can be estimated, and it must be reproduced before it can be known. By contemplation rather than analysis, by self-forgetfulness rather than self-confidence, does the elusive and ethereal life of genius yield itself to the mind of the critic.

If we examine the writings of some of the most popular critics of the present century, we shall find continual proofs of the narrowness to which we have referred. In a vast majority of cases, the criticism is merely the grating of one individual mind against another. The

critic understands little but himself, and his skill consists in a dexterous substitution of his own peculiarities for the laws of taste and beauty, or in sneeringly alluding to the difference between the work he is reviewing and works of established fame. Lord Jeffrey is an instance. The position in which he was placed, as editor of the most influential Review ever published, was one requiring the most comprehensive thought and the most various attainments. At the period the Edinburgh Review was started, the literary republic swarmed with a host of vain and feeble poetasters, whose worthlessness invited destruction; but in the midst of these there were others, the exponents of a new and original school of poetry, whose genius required interpretation. Now the test to be applied to a critic, under such circumstances, is plain. Was his taste catholic? Did he perceive and elucidate excellence, as well as detect and punish pretension? Did he see the dawn on the mountain tops, as well as the will-o'-the-wisps, in the bogs beneath? Did he have any principles on which to ground his judgments, apart from the impertinences of his personality? We think not. Not in his writings are we to look for a philosophy of criticism. He could see that the consumptive hectic on the cheek of mediocrity was not the ruddy glow of genius. He could torture feebleness and folly on the rack of his ridicule. He could demonstrate that Mr. William Hayley and Mr. Robert Merry were poor successors of Pope and Dryden. But when he came to consider men like Wordsworth and Coleridge, we find the nimble-witted critic to be, after all, blind in one eye. Here were authors destined to work a great poetical revolution, to give a peculiar character to the literature of a generation, to have followers even among men of genius. In their earlier efforts, doubtless grave faults might have been discovered. Their thoughts were often vitiated by mental bombast; their expression, by simplicity that bordered on silliness, by obscurity that sometimes tumbled into the void inane. But amidst all their errors, indications were continually given of the vital powers of genius; of minds which, to the mere forms and colors of nature, could

“Add the gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream.”



Now these poets Jeffrey judged before he interpreted. His quick glance over the superficies of things, and his faculty of rapid empirical generalization, enabled him to present their defects before the eye in exaggerated proportions; but their genius merely hummed in his ears. He was never borne along with the glad and exulting song in which they hymned the wondrousness and beauty of nature; his soul never lifted itself up to those regions, where their spirits roved and shaped in the ecstasies of contemplation. In all his various *critiques*, he never touched the heart of their mystery—never comprehended their individuality, their humanity, their spirituality, the organic life of their works. He either could not, or would not, reproduce in his own mind those moods of thought and feeling, upon whose validity the truth of their poetry was to be tried; consequently, he merely shoots squibs when he seems to be delivering decisions. Though he could handle a wide variety of topics, and was generally adroit and plausible in their management, his comprehension was simply of the surfaces of things.

Now the man for whose opinions Jeffrey had the least regard, is the true exponent of the philosophical criticism of the century—Coleridge. He was the first who made criticism interpretative both of the spirit and form of works of genius, the first who founded his principles in the nature of things. Though his views strikingly coincide with those of Schlegel, they were formed and publicly expressed before that author's lectures on the Drama were delivered. Hazlitt, who delighted to vex Coleridge, was still very indignant when the latter was accused of pilfering from Schlegel, testifying to the fact of his originality from the most positive knowledge. Amid a host of professional critics, it was reserved for a poet to declare the true principles on which literary judgments should be grounded.

Coleridge's mind was eminently interpretative. He never was contented with knowing merely the surfaces of things, but his intellect pierced beneath to their laws. He possessed the power of learning from other minds. A creed, a poem, an institution, which had met the wants of any body of people, required, in his view, to be explained before it was censured. The reason of its influence must be given. He was not contented with judging it from his own point of view,

but looked at it from its author's position. He saw that to understand the events of history and the masterpieces of art, it was necessary to bring to them a mind willing to learn—that knowledge began in self-distrust—that individual experience is a poor measure of the resources of the race—and that ideas and principles varied their forms with variations in the circumstances of mankind. He knew that “to appreciate the defects of a great mind, it was necessary to understand previously its characteristic excellencies.” He had a clear notion of the difference, lying at the base of all poetic criticism, between *mechanical regularity* and *organic form*; and in the disregard of this distinction by critics, he saw the cause of the numberless fallacies and falsities which vitiated their judgments. The form or body of a work of genius, he considered as physiognomical of the soul within; that it was not a collection of parts, cunningly put together, but a growth from a central principle of life; and that every production of the mind, which was animated with life, was to be judged by its *organic* laws. This, of course, brings the critic to the very heart of the matter—the consideration of the vital powers of genius; those mysterious powers of growth and production, which are identical with the laws by which they work, and whose products, therefore, are not to be tried by laws external to themselves. “Could a rule be given from without, poetry would cease to be poetry, and sink into a mechanical art.”

Without this doctrine of vital powers, criticism becomes mere gibberish. Animated and informed by these vital powers, commonplace becomes poetry, and ritual religion. The first thing to be settled in reviewing a composition, is its vitality. Has it life? Did it grow to its present shape, or was it merely put together? It is useless to criticise a corpse. Now if a poem have life, the principle of growth and assimilation, then criticism should first develop from within the laws of its being. The question of its relative excellence comes afterwards. We must first discover what it is, and not decide that by saying what it is not. We must pass into the mysterious depths of the mind in which it was matured, see the fountain springs of its thoughts and emotions, and discern its own laws of growth and production. The peculiar individuality of the man, the circum-



stances of *his* being, not *our* peculiar individuality and the circumstances of *our* being, must be investigated, and, in imagination, lived. We must learn from what point, and under what influences, he looked on nature and human life, in order rightly to interpret his production. A tree, growing by virtue of inward properties, has, we all feel, an independent existence, and is itself its own apology and defence. So with a true poem, instinct with vital life. To judge it simply on its agreement or disagreement with the form of other poems, is about as wise as to flout the willow because it is not the oak. Besides, what are called the "rules" of poetry were once the organic laws of individual works. The first poet furnished the rules of the first critic. The essential originality and life of a poem consists in containing within itself the laws by which it is to be judged. To make these laws the tests of other poems, produced by different minds, under different circumstances, in different ages and countries, is to convert the results of freedom into the instruments of slavery, and doom the intellect to barrenness and death. In almost every instance where a man of genius has given the law to others, the literature formed on his model has dwindled into mechanical imitation, and only been resuscitated by rebellion.

Nature furnishes exhaustless arguments against the critical narrowness, which would kill new beauty by accredited reputations. The faculty of perceiving beauty in a variety of different objects and forms, is the source of true delight and improvement in literature as in scenery. An everlasting sameness and repetition in either would be intolerable. In one sentence Coleridge has given the true method of investigation: "Follow nature in variety of kinds." As nature is inexhaustible in its variety, so are the possible combinations of the human mind. If we could see all the poems that exist potentially, nature and man being given, we should drop our critical rules, though they were as wide as Homer and Shakspeare. The man of true taste enlarges his apprehension to receive the new poem as readily as to receive the new landscape. The Alps breed in him no contempt of the prairies. He has something in him which answers to Lake Lemman as well as to the ocean. He has no quarrel with Chaucer because he loves Wordsworth. He feels the unity of beau-

ty, and love, and grandeur, amid all the differences of forms; feels it, indeed, all the more intensely, with every glimpse of it in a new object. The swan and dove are both beautiful, but it would be absurd, says Coleridge, pertinently, "to institute a comparison between their separate claims to beauty from any abstract rule common to both, *without reference to the life and being of the animals themselves*; or, as if having first seen the dove, we abstracted its outlines, gave them a false generalization, called them the principles or ideal of bird beauty, and proceeded to criticise the swan and the eagle." It was from a method similar to this that critics, mesmerized by Pope and Goldsmith, dictated laws to Wordsworth and Shelley, and measured the genius of Shakspeare and Spenser. It was this method which made two generations rest contented with that precious morsel of criticism on Shakspeare, that he was a man of great beauties balanced by great faults—a man of the supremest genius and execrable taste! In view of the stupidities into which acute but narrow understandings have fallen, when they mistook the range of their own perceptions for the extent of the universe, we may well exclaim with Coleridge—"Oh! few have there been among critics, who have followed with *the eye of imagination* the imperishable and ever wandering spirit of poetry through its various metempsychoses and consequent metamorphoses;—or who have rejoiced in the light of a clear perception at beholding with each new birth, with each rare *avatar*, the human race form to itself a new body, by assimilating materials of nourishment out of its new circumstances, and work for itself new organs of power appropriate to the new sphere of its motion and activity."

We are convinced that the true philosophical principles of criticism, are those implied in the instinctive processes of every tolerant reader of taste. The mind, untrammelled by forms and rules which bigotry has put into it, has a sense for the beauty of all new objects, and sees them in relation to their own laws. Imperfect intellectual statements of the inward sense of beauty, and the hardening down of feelings into rules, cannot altogether blunt the natural processes even of the critic's own imagination. Besides, the mode we have indicated does not ignore rules and principles, except when rules and principles are without foundation in nature. It deduces its canons of criticism



from premises lying deep in the nature of man. It pierces to that mysterious region of the soul, in which poetry and religion, and all that transcends actual life, have their home. It disregards individual dictation and petulance, and empirical rules; but it does not disregard the nature of things. It applies tests, and severe ones, but its tests are the laws, in obedience to which the creative and modifying powers of the soul act. And these laws it philosophically investigates and systematizes. It requires unity in every work of art, because unity is the mark of organization. It tolerates the widest variety of kinds, but it demands that each shall have organic life. It detects deviations in a composition from its own law. It discriminates between what properly belongs to a work of art,—what in it has been developed from its central principle of vitality—and the accretions which may have stuck to it. When it condemns poems, it condemns them from their “inappropriateness to their own end and being, their want of significance as symbols or physiognomy.” By assuming the writer’s own point of view, it has a sense of those imperfections of which he himself is painfully conscious; discerns the distance between the law and its embodiment; and preserves the dignity of the ideal by knowing the possibilities as well as the products of the imagination. Every form of beauty in nature or art, suggests something higher than itself.

In Coleridge’s criticisms on Shakspeare, in his “*Biographia Literaria*,” and in portions of his other prose works, we have a distinct enunciation, often in sentences of great splendor and energy, of the leading principles of this philosophical criticism. His prose, to be sure, is full of provoking faults, which few mere readers can tolerate. It is sometimes diffuse, obscure and languid, branching off into episodes and digressions, and not always held together by any perceptible thread of thought. Most students bring little from it but headaches. He is at once one of the best, and one of the worst of writers. He continually gives evidence of a power of composition, of which his prose works, on the whole, are but imperfect exponents. Sentences, full of muscular life and energy, embodying principles of the deepest import—words which come bright and rapid as lightning, splitting the “unwedgable and gnarled” problem—are often seen in his writings, in connection with unintelligible

profundities and disordered metaphysics. The “*Biographia Literaria*,” no one can read without being enriched, and without being bored. Tried by his own critical principles, it wants unity, clearness and proportion. He expends page upon page of what most readers would consider meaningless, metaphysical disquisition, preparatory to a definition of imagination, and then stops short with saying that, at present, he can merely give the result of his inquiries. That result is darker than the processes. “The primary Imagination,” he says, “I hold to be the living Power and prime Agent of all human Perception, and as a repetition in the finite mind of the eternal act of creation, in the infinite I AM.” We do not say that this and other passages are without any meaning, but their meaning is not clear. It is not unfolded, but wrapped up. The words buzz and whirl in the brain, but give no distinct ideas. The writer does not really communicate his thought, and, therefore, the first object of writing is overlooked. There is no subordination of the parts to the whole, but a splendid confusion.

Still, in this book, but more especially in the fragments on Shakspeare, Coleridge has given us the results of his investigations into poetry and art, though his metaphysical analysis of the faculties to which they relate is imperfect. His statements are better than his disquisitions—his appeal to consciousness better than his reasonings. The truths that he grasped in contemplation, he could not always succeed in legitimatizing in metaphysical forms. But his theory of the vital powers of genius; his definitions of imagination and fancy; his felicitous distinctions, such as that which he makes between illusion and delusion; his view of the nature, scope and object of poetry; his acute perception of the difference between the classical and romantic drama, the essence of the first consisting in “the sternest separation of the diverse in kind and the disparate in degree, whilst the other delights in interlacing by a rainbow-like transfusion of hues the one with the other;” his elaborate criticism on the genius of Wordsworth; his view of the mind of Shakspeare; his criticism of single dramas, and his “endeavor to make out the title of the English drama, as created by and existing in Shakspeare, to the supremacy of dramatic excellence in general;” his definition of poetry as the art of representing, in measured



words, "external nature and human thoughts, both relatively to human affections, so as to cause the production of as great immediate pleasure in each part, as is compatible with the largest possible sum of pleasure in the whole;" his explanation of the *sensuous* element of poetry, as the "union, harmonious melting down and *fusion* of the sensual in the spiritual"—all are replete with knowledge and suggestive thought. When Coleridge speaks of the poetical powers, we are constantly reminded by his very language that he transcribes his own consciousness, and speaks from authority, not as the reviewers; as when he refers to the "Violences of excitement"—"the laws of association of feeling with thought"—"*the starts and strange far-flights* of the assimilative power on the slightest and least obvious likeness presented by thoughts, words and objects"—"the original gift of spreading the tone, the *atmosphere*, and with it, the depth and height of the ideal world around forms, incidents and situations of which, for the common view, custom had bedimmed all the lustre, had dried up the sparkle and the dew drops." Also, in speaking of the language of the highest poetry, he calls it intermediate between arbitrary language, mere "modes of *recalling* an object," seen or felt, and the language of nature—a subordinate *Logos*—that was in the beginning, and was with the thing it represented, and was the thing it represented. It is the blending arbitrary language with that of nature, not merely recalling the cold notion of a thing, but expressing the reality of it—language which is itself a part of that which it manifests." In reading this, and also Wordsworth's definition of language, as the "*Incarnation* of thought," not its *dress*, we feel that it is not observation but consciousness that speaks.

To Coleridge belongs the honor of emancipating Shaksperian criticism in England from its old bonds. He showed that the error of the classical critics consisted in "mistaking for the essentials of the Greek stage, certain rules which the wise poets imposed on themselves, in order to render all the remaining parts of the drama consistent with those which had been forced upon them by circumstances independent of their will; out of which circumstances the drama itself rose. The circumstances in Shakspeare's time were different, which it was equally out of his power to alter, and such as, in

my opinion, allowed a far wider sphere, and a deeper and more human interest. Critics are too apt to forget that rules are but means to an end; consequently, where the ends are different, the rules must be likewise so. We must have ascertained what the end *is*, before we can determine what the rules *ought* to be. "Judging under this impression," he adds, "I did not hesitate to declare my full conviction, that the consummate judgment of Shakspeare, not only in the general construction, but in all the *detail* of his dramas, impressed me with greater wonder than even the might of his genius, or the depth of his philosophy." In his criticisms on Shakspeare, he insists, with much felicity, on the unity of a work of art as its characteristic excellence. It must be a concrete whole, all its parts in just subordination to its leading idea or principle of life. Thus the imagination, in its tranquil and purely pleasure operation, "acts chiefly by creating out of many things as they would have appeared in the description of an ordinary mind detailed in unimpassioned succession, a *oneness*, even as nature, the greatest of poets, acts upon us when we open our eyes upon an extended prospect." And again: the imagination, by combining many circumstances into one moment of consciousness, "tends to produce the ultimate end of all human thought and feeling, unity, and thereby the reduction of the spirit to its principles and fountain, who is always truly one." At the end of his notes on Shakspeare, he has a passage, full of power and meaning, incidentally referring to the same thought: "There are three powers:—Wit, which discovers partial likeness hidden in general diversity; Subtlety, which discovers the diversity concealed in general apparent sameness; and Profundity, which discovers an essential unity under all the semblances of difference. Give to a subtle man fancy; and he is a wit; to a deep man imagination, and he is a philosopher. Add, again, pleasurable sensibility in the three-fold form of sympathy with the interesting in morals, the impressive in form, and the harmonious in sound, and you have the poet. But combine all, wit, subtlety and fancy, with profundity, imagination, and moral and physical susceptibility of the pleasurable, and let the object of action be man universal, and we shall have—O rash prophecy! say, rather, we have—a Shakspeare!"

We have no space to refer to the details of Coleridge's interpretations of Shakspeare and Wordsworth, and to his application of his theory of vital powers to society, and the forms of religion and government. Everything *organized* received from him a respectful consideration, when he could recognize its organic life and principle of growth. This, of course, did not prevent him from criticising it, and estimating its value, and placing it in its due rank in the sliding scale of excellence and importance. But it did prevent him from hastily deciding questions on shallow grounds. It tended to give his mind catholicity and comprehension. It made him willing to learn. When he was dogmatic, his dogmatism

was the dogmatism of knowledge, not of ignorance. He showed that there are deeper principles involved in what men loosely reason upon, and carelessly praise or condemn, than are generally acknowledged. He was most disposed to examine a book or an institution, to discern its meaning, while others were joining the hue and cry against it. And, especially, he changed criticism from censorship into interpretation—evolving laws, when others were railing at forms. His influence in this respect has been great. He has revolutionized the tone of Jeffrey's own review. Carlyle, Macaulay, Talfourd, all the most popular critics of the day, more or less follow his mode of judgment and investigation. P.

## THE POWER OF THE BARDS.

WISDOM, and pomp, and valor,  
And love, and martial glory—  
They gleam up from the shadows  
Of England's elder story.

If thou wouldst pierce those shadows  
Dark on her life of old,  
Follow where march her minstrels  
With music sweet and bold.

Right faithfully they guide us,  
The darksome way along,  
Driving the ghosts of ruin  
With joyous harp and song.

They raise up clearest visions  
To greet us everywhere ;  
They bring the brave old voices  
To stir the sunny air.

We see the ships of Conquest  
White on the narrow sea ;  
We mark from Battle-abbey  
The plumes of Normandy.

We see the royal Rufus  
Go out the chase to lead—  
Wat Tyrrel's flying arrow—  
The dead king's flying steed.

We go with gallant Henry,  
Stealing to Woodstock bower,  
To meet his gentle mistress  
In twilight's starry hour.

We see Blondel and Richard—  
We hear the songs they sing ;  
We mark the Dames adjudging  
Betwixt the bard and king.



We join the iron Barons  
 Doing that famous deed—  
 Wringing the great old charter  
 From John at Runnymede.

We ride with Harry Monmouth  
 On Shrewsbury's bloody bounds;  
 We hear that pithy moral  
 On Hotspur's weeping wounds.

We mark the bannered Roses—  
 The Red Rose, and the White,  
 And Crookback's barded charger  
 Foaming in Barnet fight.

We see bold Harry Tudor  
 To royal Windsor ride,  
 With slim-necked Bullen reining  
 A palfrey at his side.

We join Queen Bess, the virgin,  
 And prancingly go forth  
 To hold that stately revel  
 At stately Kenilworth.

We join the ruder revels  
 Under the greenwood tree,  
 Where outlaw songs are chaunted,  
 And cans clink merrily.

We join the curtal Friar,  
 And doughty Robin Hood,  
 And Scathelock, and the miller,  
 At feast in green Sherwood.

We greet maid Marian bringing  
 The collops of the deer,  
 And pitchers of metheglin  
 To crown the woodland cheer.

We lie down with the robbers  
 At coming of the dark,  
 We rise with their uprising,  
 At singing of the lark;

And, blending with his matins,  
 We hear the abbey chimes—  
 The chimes of the stately abbeys  
 Of the proud priestly times.

\* \* \* \* \*

And owe we not these visions  
 Fresh to the natural eye—  
 This presence in old story—  
 To the good art and high?—

To the high art of the Poet,  
 The maker of the Lays?  
 Doth not his magic lead us  
 Back to the ancient days?

For evermore be honored  
 The voices, sweet, and bold,  
 That thus can charm the shadows  
 From the true life of old.

MODEST ASSURANCE; OR, SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF  
A LAWYER.

BY LEMUEL LAW.

I HAD finished my collegiate studies, obtained my degree, and had entered the law office of an eminent solicitor. The choice of a profession had occasioned me no little perplexity. For divinity I was unfortunately not qualified, and as to law and medicine, I regarded them both with nearly equal aversion. But there was no remedy; I was not one of the silver spoons of this world, and to one of the "three black Graces" I must sacrifice myself. The legal profession, upon the whole, I considered the least objectionable; for though it has not been inaptly defined to be "the indiscriminate defence of right and wrong," and in the successful prosecution of it I might lose every particle of my virtue—yet still, said I with a feeling worthy of a Curtius, so let it be: let me become the veriest *shark* in existence, rather than be guilty of the monstrous hypocrisy of spending my leisure hours in *inventing* new diseases, and then pretending to go forth into the world to combat them.

The first incident in my new career was not a flattering one. A bill in Chancery was put into my hands to copy; but on looking it over I was so much struck with its tedious and unnecessary prolixity, that I resolved at once to alter it.

"If the Chancellor is a man of sense," I reasoned, "he will be much more favorably impressed with a straight-forward, manly exposition of the case, than by such a wretched involved affair as this, even if it is larded with humble entreaties to "his Honor," and pious and pathetic promises that "he will ever pray" (for patience for his readers I should fain hope); and then the vanity and arrogance of styling oneself "your orator"—for surely, if this is a specimen of the writer's abilities, he is as little entitled to the epithet as any man living. However, his early advantages were doubtless defective, and I will do him a good service without his knowing it." So at it I went, and in a short time I cut off all needless repetitions, put it into fair intelligible English, and reduced it from eighty to fifty folio, and it was a proud moment when I placed it in his hands

and modestly waited for the outpourings of his gratitude.

"What is this?" said he hastily, the moment his eye glanced upon it; "this is not what I gave you to copy."

"The same, sir, only a little altered and amended."

"The fellow's a fool," he exclaimed, "here, Harris, throw this into the fire, and make me out an exact copy of the original; a pretty affair, to suppose that a tyro like you understands these things better than I do. However, let it pass. I perceive, young man, you wholly misunderstand the scope and genius of our profession. The first thing to be considered when a cause is put into your hands, is to what extent you can benefit *yourself*, and secondly of course, your client. As most legal documents are remunerated according to their length, your object should be to make them as voluminous as possible. Whether they are particularly lucid or not, is no affair of yours; your business being merely to draw them—it is for the *Judge* to understand them. Were your plan carried out we should soon all starve, and the profession be worse than nothing."

These hints were not lost upon me, and from that moment there was no more cause for complaint. Every ill-spelled word, and every thumbmark that graced the original, was duly transferred to the copy, and I nearly ruined my own fair chirography in my hopeless attempts to rival my employer's precious pot-hooks.

Thus rolled three years away, and the time arrived when I was to be admitted to the bar. It was a critical period, for I was profoundly ignorant of my profession, but by the aid of good guessing, and having literally "a friend at court"—for one of the examiners had been an early associate of my father's—I succeeded in obtaining my license: and if an unworthy member became attached to the legal profession, upon others rest the responsibility—not me.

This important point settled, the next thing to be determined was, what part of the country should have the benefit of my talents; and after boring my friends



to death for advice, and spending two entire days in examining the map of the Empire State, I at length fixed upon the county of Chemung. How that moment my heart warmed to it. "Others may patronize Cattaraugus, or Chatauque, or whatever breakjaw places they choose," I exclaimed, "but as for me, I will devote myself, body and soul, to dear little Chemung." I was led mainly to this determination by some *piquant* stories I had heard of their proceedings in court, and also from the practical good sense of its inhabitants, as is evinced in the naming of their towns; for Horsehead and Painted Post had a tangibility in their signification, that augured well for a profession that deal in facts not fancies.

A few days sufficed to complete the necessary arrangements, and to bring me to my destined sphere of action; and now behold me the occupant of an office with the name of Philip Stanley on the outside, in letters so large that "he who runs might read," and within, my pigeon-holes duly filled with business-like looking papers, my few books rather ostentatiously paraded, and only waiting for the arrival of Sunday to shew the inhabitants of Bellevue Four Corners, what a good-looking fellow had come to live and die with them.

Sunday is doubtless a day of some consequence in town, but it is everything in the country. It is then that the village belle parades all her finery, and every new comer is strictly scrutinized and canvassed. Aware of the importance of first impressions, I prinked an unwonted time before my mirror, and when I walked into the church I was certain the eyes of the whole congregation were upon me. Determined to go through the thing handsomely, I threw a sixpence into the hat to help distant Burmah, refreshed myself with dill and carraway kindly proffered by an aged handmaid, took notes of the sermon, and in the psalms and hymns showed myself to be such an "independent singer," that I only feared I had made a mortal enemy of the chorister. The services over, I walked slowly home, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, and retired to my pillow to dream of *declarations, judgment records and satisfaction prices*.

The next morning found me duly at my post, and soon my eyes were greeted with the sight of two elderly worthies moving up the street, and coming in the direction of my office. They introduced themselves

as Deacon Triggs and Esquire Nubbins: and if ever true urbanity and politeness were manifested in this round world, they were manifested that morning at Bellevue Four Corners. Grasping their hats and canes, I begged them to be seated: and then permitting them to open the ball—if the metaphor is allowable in such grave company—I answered in full to all the questions propounded to me, as to my motive for coming, my age, the place of my birth, the name of my parents, the time of their death, etc., etc.—and then came my turn. I took the highest ground on the side of virtue and morality—and I was not jesting either dear reader, only putting the best foot foremost. I avowed myself a member of the temperance society, desired the privilege of visiting their common schools—commended the preaching, extolled the psalmody—in short, not to be vain-glorious, I so worked myself into their good graces, that at parting Esquire Nubbins intimated a wish that I should assist his son Ezekiel, who was unfortunately engaged in a controversy with one of his neighbors. Thanking him in the warmest manner for the confidence reposed in me, I bowed them out with the full conviction that business had now begun in good earnest.

The next day my promised client presented himself, and had he been my own brother he could not have met a more rapturous greeting. "Good morning, Mr. Nubbins, I am happy to see you Mr. Nubbins, I hope you enjoy good health Mr. Nubbins," and wishing to put him entirely at his ease, I tended my foot and placed myself as nearly in the shape of the figure *four* as mortal sinews would permit.

"Mostly," said he, in reply to my last interrogatory; "I have had a slight fly-round with the phthisic, but I've now got putty formidable again."

After a few more observations of an equally interesting character, he proceeded to business. These were the facts set forth. A thunder storm overtook him just as he was taking home a load of hay. Obligated to run his team, he lost off so large a portion of it that he reached the homestead with only a *jag*. Supposing, however, he could collect it at his leisure, he slept as usual—but judge of his surprise when, on looking for it the next morning, he found it had entirely vanished.

"A case of *trover*," said I, impressively.



"Is it possible," said he; "I knew it was something bad, but I'd no thought it was so bad as that."

"Yes, sir," I again repeated, "a case of *trover* as round as a ring. Have you any suspicions of the culprit?"

"Yes, sir, it was Jo Ricks; I traced it to his premises, and can swear to it."

"Was it timothy grass," said I, determined to show off a little.

"Indeed it was, and as pretty a lot of timothy as ever you set eyes on. I think I ought to know, for I mowed it myself; and what with bumble-bees and hornets, I guess I've suffered as much as any man of my inches. Why, sir," and he looked me appealingly in the face, "I never mowed a day in my life without being one continued sting from my shoes upward. But as to Jo Ricks, what course do you advise?"

"He must be made to disembody, so to speak. I can issue a *casa*, or a *capias*, or if you feel very inveterate a writ of *fieri facias*."

"Ah! that's the thing for *my* money—that sounds *well*; what will it do to him?"

"He'll know, and I'll warrant he'll not make love to other people's timothy again in a hurry."

After considerable more conversation, he rather faintly inquired if there was anything to pay; and on my saying a retaining fee was usual in such cases, he fished very diligently in either pocket: but not being able to line anything to the surface but a solitary tenpenny piece, I waved the ceremony till the business should be finally adjusted.

The next day was a stormy one, but it did not prevent my friend's making his appearance, and with him a new candidate for my professional exertions. The face of the new comer was so entirely enveloped in a black silk handkerchief, that it was impossible to distinguish his features; but as his voice was singularly nasal and disagreeable, it was but fair to infer that everything about was conformable. A few minutes' conversation convinced me that Mr. Jakes was a pretty common specimen of humanity—but he was "a man for a' that." The majesty of the law had been violated in his person—he had sustained a cruel wrong; and it was not for me to flinch because my clients were not all of them a Sydney or a Bayard.

"Dan Bruce has bit off my nose," said he bluntly, "and I've come to consult you about damages."

"Wouldn't it be better for *me* to state the circumstances," said his companion soothingly; "it's a *leetle* difficult to understand you."

"Well, whose fault is it," said he warmly; "the time was when I had as pretty a handle to my countenance as any man in Four Corners, but now"—

We should much prefer to give the account in Mr. Jakes' own strong and nervous language; but we live in a fastidious age, and plain and homespun truths will not be tolerated, unless, like "sugar-coated pills," they are daintily dressed up: therefore, those of my readers who are interested in nought but tales of *elegant* distress, had better proceed no farther.

The circumstances were briefly these: Mr. Bruce and my client were attendants and rivals at the village singing-school; and meeting one day, Mr. Bruce reproached the latter with his ignorance of the first principles of psalmody, and with a sad breakdown, which it seems Mr. Jakes had made in a certain fugueing passage, on a recent public occasion. Such an insult was not to be endured, and after a few bitter words, they closed in mortal combat. There was a short, sharp yell, as of one "o'ermastered in his agony," and when they were forcibly separated, my client was found to be minus an important feature. Indifferent to his "outward man," he repudiated the idea that he lamented it from any personal considerations, but there was one result which came much nearer to his "business and bosom." The particular sense enshrined in that locality, had become, from its exposure, so preternaturally acute, that certain agricultural duties, (which the classical reader will at once understand as those which the heroic Hercules achieved, by turning the course of a river,) had become so intolerable to him, that he was "*necessitated*"—to use his own words—to relinquish them, and yet he was the least squeamish fellow breathing. It is true, a member of the healing art had kindly offered to repair the injury, by substituting a piece of the "raw material," cut from some other portion of the human frame; but this Mr. Jakes very properly declined, except upon the condition that the operator should himself furnish the piece. Everything was tried, but without success; and he could not consent, any more than the English, to go with his ports open. Fancy noses of putty, sick-



ened him, sealing-wax made too showy, as well as painful application ; in short, he was driven to his wit's end, to know how he should live the allotted period of existence, with any degree of comfort or decency to himself. "But," said he, "revenge is sweet, if this world is not, and Dan Bruce shall smart for it," and hence his earnest question, if the law afforded any remedy.

"Most assuredly it does," said I; "the law is made, not to prevent crime, but to punish it after it is committed ; and here is a striking allusion to your case, in one hundred and two, Blackstone.

"*Facilis descensus Averni. Sed revocare gradum, hoc opus, hic labor est,* which may be thus translated : It is an easy thing to bite off a nose ; but when you come to replace it, here is the trouble, here is the perplexity. The first thing to be considered is, in what way was the member lopped from its parent stem ? Were the mere point taken off, such are the recuperative powers of nature, that in due time it would be restored again, and you would be entitled to compensation only for the loss of its services ; but were it torn up absolutely by the roots, so to speak, you might claim exemplary damages ; but in either case, the amount would be regulated something by its size and general comeliness," and I appealed to Mr. Nubbins, as a disinterested witness on that point. Mr. Nubbins talked very sensibly on the subject, and said the act was less justifiable, from the fact that it was not one of those prying, inquisitive noses, that go poking about into other people's concerns, and also from the mode in which it was done : that had he made a clean sweep of it, the offence could have been borne ; but that he had performed it in so jagged and unfeeling a manner, that it was evident that it would never close up handsomely. As to its appearance, it was of the class called bottle, and might weigh half an ounce or so.

Mr. Jakes said, from its not being a marketable commodity, it was difficult to form an estimate of its value, but he should think it was, at least, worth a dollar ! he had always considered them as useful in wearing spectacles and snuff-taking, but he had never known its worth till he had lost it, thus verifying the remark of the poet, "Those blessings brighten as they take their flight."

I will not fatigue my readers, by detailing all the particulars of the inter-

view. Suffice it to say, that after much interesting discussion we separated, and I hastened to acquaint myself with the pains and penalties attached to the crime of *mayhem*. To make out my brief was the work of a moment, and recollecting that the famous Grecian orator was in the habit of perfecting himself by private rehearsals, I resolved to follow his example. My arm-chair figured as judge, and the remaining five as jurymen ; and fixing my eyes on a large knothole which blazed in the forehead of the foreman, I commenced with

"Gentlemen of the Jury :

"When I consider that I am about to address such an array of talent and learning, I well may tremble at my youth and inexperience ; but strong in the justice of my cause, I feel that I could brave the assembled universe. Gentlemen, my client is well known to you. You all remember when he rejoiced in the usual complement of features—but now, how is it ? Alas ! 'an aching, *aching* void !' You have heard the sickening detail of crime, but permit me to recapitulate it. Fatigued with his rural duties, my client strolls forth—'his custom always in the afternoon'—and meets his pseudo friend. Learners of the same gamut, warblers from the same singing-book, one would have thought their souls would be attuned to harmony !—but no ! (what a comment on the 'power of song !') the defendant derisively inquires if he has yet been able to find '*the mi*.' Gentlemen, if to be ignorant of this great secret of psalmody is a crime, then is the humble individual who now addresses you, then was that ornament of the English bar, the great Lord Eldon, most guilty, for to him was the science of music as a sealed book. 'Touch my honor and you touch my life !' The soul of valor and of knightly courage—and feeling 'a stain like a wound'—what does my client do ? Casting the imputation back into his teeth, they close in a deadly embrace. They fall—he is beneath. Talk of guardian angels ! it is all a *hum*, for if 'twere not, they would have rescued him in his hour of peril. That unguarded moment the caitiff seizes to make a snap at my client's hapless visage ; and he rises mangled, bereaved—and to sum up all, in his own expressive language—'*spilte*.' There was 'a pang sharper than a serpent's tooth,' and the deed was done. Oh ! had he met with



this calamity by means of frost, let it be never so sharp or nipping, or had it been shot away amid the din of battle, he could have borne it; but by the fangs of a former intimate—*proh pudor, pudor!* He raises his hand to his countenance—nought but a plain surface meets his touch; he pulls out his bandana—alas! he had no further use for it. Gentlemen, I see you are touched, and your emotion does infinite credit to your sensibility: but is such an outrage as this to be tolerated in the Empire State? Is it to be tolerated in the County of Chemung? Is it to be tolerated in Four Corners? ‘I pause for a reply.’ Henceforth, no more to him the lofty wish to serve his country in regimentals, for, by the laws, he who would lay down his life in her defence, must prove himself to be worth the powder. And woman’s love—will that too be denied him? Ah no! woman is woman, in whatever clime she’s cast, and to her the voice of affection is equally dear, whether it come breathing through the lips, or twanging through the nostrils. And well it is for us that it is so, and that her love is irrespective of our looks or of our actions, but flourishes most when most oppressed, for what saith the poet?

‘The spaniel, the wife, and the walnut tree,  
The more you whip ’em the better they’ll be.’

“Gentlemen, I have been led into a digression, but will now resume the thread of my argument. I shall not deign to notice the pitiful remark of my learned opponent, that the loss of this feature is cheaply purchased, by exemption from having it pulled, or the unworthy fling, that it was no loss to the choir, since he always sang through it. Admitting this, for the sake of the argument, to be true, yet, gentlemen, this is a free country, and he had a right to sing through it. It was his own, and no being on earth was entitled to prescribe to him what use he should make of it. But there are evils, positive evils, gentlemen, which are before him, and I am sick at heart, when I think of his future career. To say nothing of certain maladies, very prevalent in cold weather, and of which he, as a good citizen, would wish to bear his proportion—how shall he answer the prayer of his lady love for his profile; and more difficult still, how is he to obey that rule of life, given as a guide,

in moments of doubt and perplexity, ‘*follow your nose.*’ Gentlemen, I leave the case with you with entire confidence. Follow the dictates of your own hearts, and then tell me whether *you* could be consoled for a like calamity for a less sum than a thousand dollars!”

I shall merely allude to my next client—a Thomsonian practitioner, with a projecting chin, and a mouth that closed with a snap, who wished to indict his neighbor for slander, for pronouncing him “*an ignorant, conceited, obtuse ass,*” and the truth of which my half-hour’s conversation fully confirmed, but proceed, at once, to the cause which enlisted all the best feelings of my nature. Could I hope that any of the gentler part of creation would favor these pages with a perusal, I should beg them to drop one tear—I ask no more—over this tale of ruined hopes and blighted affection.

I was sitting in rather a pensive mood one day, cutting notches in my table, and musing upon my hard fate, in being forced to labor for my daily bread, when I was roused from my meditations by the sight of female toggery proceeding in the direction of my office. “The fair sex,” I exclaimed, “by all that is excellent,” and whisking out of my chair, I arranged my collar and foretop, and stood ready to receive them with a respect and deference of manner, that would have charmed, I am certain, even Victoria herself. The elder of the party, who introduced herself as Mrs. Brown, was one of those unfortunate individuals who suffer so excruciatingly during the hot weather, as she loosened her shawl and took off her hat, and kept up a powerful fanning during the whole interview. Her niece, Miss Elvira Smith, was the very antipode to her relative, being “lean to an extremity,” and who looked as if, in the wear and tear of life, she had “suffered some.”

Mrs. Brown was the first to enter upon her business, which she did without much circumlocution. “My niece has been courted by a schoolmaster, one Jo Thompson, and, without any cause, he has left her, and we have been advised to apply to you for ‘counsel.’”

“Well, my dear madam, you could not have hit upon a better person. I know too well what such woes are; I have been jilted myself.”

I thought a faint exclamation of surprise escaped the beauteous Elvira, but her honied aunt, not understanding the



feelings which sway delicate souls, asked, in the most unfeeling manner, "what she did it for?"

"Ah! you may well say that—but the old story, a wealthier lover. I don't wish to be too hard on your sex, madam, but they *do* love money."

"Well, well, who don't—but as to Elvira?"

"Can you prove a solemn tender of his hand?" said I; "have you any little mementos of affection, such as billets, verses, rings, locks of hair, or faded roses?"

"She has some verses which he composed for her, and a dried pond lily which he once gave her; but what is better than that, my son Calvin overheard the conversation, and can repeat the whole of it."

"This is fortunate—but will you favor me with a sight of the verses?" Thus adjured, the poor victim then drew from her pocket the following effusion, which I shall make no apology for laying before my readers. The chirography was exquisite, and had doubtless cost the author no little labor. The sides were ornamented with fancy quills, the whole surrounded by a winged monster, the like of which, I will venture to say, was never seen, either in earth or air. Beneath was written, in staring German text,

#### TO ELVIRA.

Elvira dear, thine ear incline,  
And listen to this lay of mine.  
I love you, and you sure must know it,  
For all my looks and actions show it.  
When on your beauteous form I gaze,  
My eyes seem clouded by a haze;  
Yet still on you they needs must roll,  
"True as the needle to the pole."  
When absent, still your form I see,  
I scarce can tell an A from B;  
And cyphering, too, it can't be done,  
My thoughts so rest on No. 1.  
I've lost all heart to whip the boys,  
Who stun me with their hideous noise;  
Then think, all this neglect of duty  
Is caused by dwelling on your beauty.  
Your heart to pity, then, incline,  
And say, at once, you will be mine.  
Dismiss reserve, your frowns forego,  
And take, at once, your faithful Joe.

"It is truly beautiful," said I, "and bears the impress of genius, and shows, conclusively, that at the time he was sincere, for poetry like this could never have been written, except by one under

the influence of the master passion. It will be highly important too, to use against him, and I will venture to say, that this little paper," laying my forefinger impressively upon it, "will mulct him in the neat sum of a thousand dollars, at least. But will you favor me," said I, turning to Miss Elvira, "with a slight outline of the affair; for, although I am aware that it must be painful to you to speak of the miscreant, still my advice will be worth nothing, unless furnished with some additional particulars."

The fair creature, thus addressed, endeavored to comply with my request, but her sobs became so violent, and she seemed so fast verging into regular hysterics, that I begged her to be composed, and I would learn all that was necessary from her aunt and Calvin. This last named personage was then beckoned in from the care of the horses—a great lot of a boy of some fifteen or sixteen summers, who wore his hat during the whole interview, and whose creaked and discordant tones were well calculated to give effect to a tale of hapless love.

But before his services were put in requisition his mother gave me a short history of their first acquaintance. About a year before, a Mr. Thompson came into her family as boarder. He was well recommended and well-behaved; and was employed as teacher in their common school. He was very attentive to Elvira, frequently waiting upon her to singing-school and sleigh-rides, taught her many curious things, such as making a swan without taking the pen off—instructing her in the four ground rules of Arithmetic, often spending a whole evening in cyphering—all of which indicated a more than common interest in her. He had, however, "never told his love," till one evening, supposing the family were absent, he took the occasion to reveal his flame. Unfortunately for him, the youthful Calvin had sought an early pillow, racked by a raging tooth-ache, and stealing down in pursuit of his favorite remedy, horse-radish and mustard, he caught a few words in an adjoining apartment, and by the joint aid of an eye and ear, contrived to make himself master of the whole conversation.

Calvin, who had been evidently for some time on the *qui vive* to strike in, now at a signal from his parent prepared for action. Smoothing his hair down to his eyebrows, he extended his limbs so that the heel of one foot rested on the toe



of the other, and clasping his hands so that his short stubbed fingers pointed in the direction of his feet, he commenced in the loudest possible key, certainly not a tale of *whispered* love. His precise language I shall not attempt to give; but this, I believe, is the substance of it:

"He said," begun Calvin, "that he liked women—that he always *had liked them*, and that though Eve was the first in the transgression, it was so long ago it ought not to be laid up against her daughters—that they were 'Heaven's last best gift, or *first* best gift,' he could not recollect which—said it was every man's duty to marry as soon as he'd found his mate—that *there* was the difficulty, to find your mate—he thought he'd found his, and asked her to guess who it was. She said, maybe Becky Ransom—no, guess again—Susan Scoville—no, the initials of her name were E. S., and she said, 'Lauk, Mr. Thompson, how you make me blush!' He said his notions of domestic happiness were coming in of a cold winter's night, and seeing a 'companion' sitting by a red-hot stove, knitting—it looked so nice and comfortable—and then when he was sick to be waited on and given hot drinks—and after a deal more talk about reciprocity of feeling, congeniality of sentiment, and such like, he asked her if she 'would crown his passion?' and he heard her say, *yes, sir*, as plain as day, and then he said he was very much obliged to her, but he had one more favor to ask, and he spoke *just as solemn*—would she grant him a kiss! and she said she did not care if she did; and just then," said Calvin, "I put my mouth to the key-hole and gave the awfulest m-a-o-u (and that it was worthy of Grimalkin herself, I can bear witness). "I guess," continued he, with a curt motion of his eye and head, "I broke them up *that time*."

Mrs. Brown then went on to say, that from that period he was considered as her accepted lover, and that she did his entire mending for six months; and that the simple item of stockings was no small matter, considering how much he was upon his feet, and that when he left her it was under pretence of buying a farm at the west; since then she had not received a line from him, and that last week she saw his marriage in the paper to another woman.

"Perjured villain," I exclaimed, for in the excitement of the moment I could not be particular in my choice of vowels, "I

will come down upon him in a suit that will not leave him a peg to stand on!"

What was the final result of all these causes, and whether my clients were satisfied with my course of proceedings in their behalf, are secrets which will forever remain buried in my own bosom; but having thus given the reader some general idea of my mode of doing business, I proceed at once to my crowning suit in which I acted in the double capacity as council and client.

Among the few friends in whom I had became interested was a Dr. Morton, a gentleman not many years my senior, and of acknowledged skill in his profession, and who had moreover a most amiable and interesting wife. In this family I was quite domesticated, and my greatest enjoyment after a week of uninteresting detail, was spending an evening at their hospitable fireside. In Mrs. Morton were united high intellectual gifts with genuine warmth of heart, and there was about her a freshness of feeling and energy of thought, as delightful as it was uncommon. Nor were the principles which regulated her conduct of a less pure and elevated character, and the influence she exerted over me, was, I am persuaded, of the happiest kind. She entered into all my feelings, sympathized with me in all my vexations; and without my knowing it, roused my dormant energies and gave them the proper direction. In fine, friendship did for me in real life, what *love* did for Cyron in the world of fiction; and so grateful was I for her kindness, that I believe I felt for her all the attachment which a sister might claim for a most affectionate brother.

In this delightful intercourse the winter passed rapidly away, and when Mrs. Morton left home for her annual visit to her friends at the East, so much did I miss her ever-ready smile and word, that I looked upon her absence in the light of a small calamity.

But visits must come to an end as well as everything else; and I shall never forget the Doctor's radiant countenance as he rushed into my office with the agreeable information that his wife would be at home the next day, the *very* next day, and not a minute later. Of course I volunteered an early welcome, and yet *that* man, who professed to be my friend, never let drop *one* hint that I had better give myself a little extra brushing or so, and put on my biggest look, for I should see—what I should see! Ah! that matters turned



out just as they did, was no thanks to him.

It was exactly at seven o'clock the following evening when I threw aside my papers, turned the key of my office, and presented myself at my friend's door. Mrs. Morton met me with her usual cordiality, and I was in the midst of a most violent shaking of hands and speech-making, when a door opened, a young lady presented herself, and I heard the words, "My sister, Mr. Stanley." Never was poor mortal so taken by surprise. I had heard a sister incidentally mentioned during my acquaintance with the family, but nothing of such a bright being as this: in my confusion I nearly overset a chair that was near me, half presented my hand, and as suddenly withdrew it—in short, made as perfect a fool of myself as my veriest enemy could have desired. A few minutes, however, restored me to my self-possession, and it is unnecessary to say that I made most desperate efforts to counteract the unfavorable impression which my first appearance must have occasioned.

And now, if the reader is expecting that I am about to furnish him with an exact inventory of Miss St. Clair's personal charms, he is wholly mistaken. I have not the slightest idea of it. It is sufficient to say that she suited *my* taste, and if he has not confidence enough in my judgment in these matters to trust me—we had better part company at once.

The evening passed all too rapidly away, and if from that moment I became their guest more frequently than strict etiquette permitted, the circumstances of my position must be my apology: for how could I be contented in my solitary office with two tallow candles and a law book, when a ten minutes' walk would surround me with all that heart could wish, in the shape of books, music and delightful conversation. I had always been fond of female society—what man of sense is not—but I had no taste for mere beauty, unless it was accompanied by corresponding mental qualities. My mind must be refreshed as well as my vision, and charming insipidity could never win from me the slightest attention.

Miss St. Clair was one of the very best specimens of the daughters of New England. Simple and unaffected in her manners, her mind was of the most attractive order, and the whole was united with a strength of religious principle which would sustain her under all the trials of

life. Can it be wondered, then, that being such as I have described her, a poor fellow like me, without parents, and scarcely a near relative in the world, should have coveted and desired such a treasure beyond all the blessings of earth? No! I am not ashamed to confess it, that, animated and imbued with something of the same spirit that shone forth so beautifully in her, on my bended knees I have implored that I might be made worthy to win such exalted excellence.

Nor was I less earnest in my practical duties. Night after night saw me poring over pages I once viewed with disgust; and I received my reward, in the opportunities that were increasingly afforded me of turning my knowledge to good account.

It was about this period that an event occurred that had an important bearing on my future life. A crime had been committed that caused no little sensation in the community, and I was employed to defend the criminal. There was everything to discourage in the case—he was poor and friendless, and suspicions were strong against him: but I was firm in my convictions of his innocence. Most thoroughly did I study the points of the case and consult the proper authorities; and so unremitting had been my exertions in his behalf, that when the day of trial came I believe I looked scarcely less haggard than the prisoner.

The public prosecutor was a man of powerful intellect, and left no means untried to bring the guilt home to the accused; and as the shades grew dark and darker under his hand, it seemed as if no human effort could save him.

When he had concluded I rose. My voice faltered a little, and the sight of Dr. Morton's anxious face, which I recognized in the crowd, was not calculated to reassure me, yet as I proceeded I gained courage. Calmly reviewing the facts of the case, I showed the worthlessness and inconclusiveness of the testimony, and the sophistry of my opponent's reasoning: in short, I was enabled to put such a different face upon the affair, that it soon became evident the tide was turning in my favor. For two mortal hours I kept them fastened to their seats, and so breathless was the interest that you might have heard the slightest sound in any part of that crowded court-room. I used no other weapons but those of truth, but I must have been cold indeed, if the sight of that sympathizing auditory, and the



spectacle of that aged prisoner—for he was old and gray-headed—as he sat leaning forward with clasped hands and whole soul concentrated in his gaze, had not warmed me into something like eloquence.

The jury were out ten minutes, and when they returned with the thrilling announcement of “Not Guilty!” and I caught the whispered exclamation of the prisoner, “God bless him!” I blush not to confess that I was forced to turn away to conceal my emotion.

My good friend, Dr. Morton, was quickly at my side; and his glistening eye and warm grasp of his hand conveyed more to my heart than the most elaborate professions could have done. “You must return directly with me,” said he, “for our friends are most anxious to learn the result of your case;” and, taking me in his carriage, we proceeded in the direction of his residence. “And now,” said he, “give care to the winds; you are a *MADE* man, and hereafter, it will be your own fault if your profession is not a source to you both of honor and profit.”

“Well, then,” said I, breaking through the reserve which had hitherto existed between us on one subject, “can you give me any hope?”

“Yes, yes,” said he, “thousands of hopes, for any and for everything.”

In a few minutes we arrived at the place of our destination, and had Mrs. Morton been indeed my sister, she could not have testified more sincere joy at my success; and though Miss St. Clair said little, yet the bright color which mantled her cheek was indicative of something better than indifference.

The evening was a delightful one, and we were enjoying ourselves to our heart's content—at least, I can answer for myself—when our merriment was interrupted by a summons for Dr. Morton to attend the bedside of a patient; and as it was a mutual friend, and the weather propitious, Mrs. Morton proposed accompanying him.

I was now left alone with Miss St. Clair, and I felt that the crisis of my fate was approaching. My abstracted looks, perhaps, gave her some clue to my feelings; for, placing herself at the piano, she seemed disposed to favor me with an interminable sonata. The attention I paid to it was anything but flattering. Pacing the room backwards and forwards, I was absorbed in my own feelings, till at length, determined to know the worst, I screwed my courage up and proposed a stroll in the garden.

She seemed slightly embarrassed, and murmured something about meeting her sister, till, putting some force upon herself, she threw a shawl over her head, and we sallied forth into the open air.

There are some people so unreasonable that they never can be satisfied. I had achieved glory enough, one would think, for one day, yet nothing would do but I must win one more victory. And I did gain it—how, or in what manner, I shall never tell. Indeed, I do not know that I could. It is sufficient to know that I had gained an interest in the only heart I ever thought worth possessing; and if, when Mrs. Morton broke in upon us, she was met with an unwonted greeting, the reader need not blame me, since her husband did not.

## A FRAGMENT:

FROM THE GREEK OF MENANDER.

It is most happy, Parmenon,  
When one hath griefless gazed upon  
These glorious things that meet our eye—  
The common sun, the stars, the sky,  
Clouds, waters, elemental flame—  
He quickly hasten whence he came,  
Yea! die in early infancy!  
For, live he many years or few,  
These glories will have met his view,—  
And, live he wearily forever,  
He shall see brighter glories never!



## HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.\*

"Mens ingenti scientiarum flumine inundata."

*A mind inundated with a great flood of sciences.*

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, the celebrated traveler and savan, is about giving to the world a work entitled *Cosmos*, which is to be a survey of the material universe; or, more exactly, an assemblage of all the most important facts of science, arranged in such an order as to impress a picture of the world—not scenic nor conjectural, but truly *cosmical*—"as it is established." The Introduction, with two chapters of preparatory matter, have appeared in the original German, and are known to the public through an English translation. But, either through the weight of their material, or the heaviness of the translation, these chapters have not yet received the attention which the reputation and authority of their venerable author seems to demand. A careful examination discovers them to be an exposition of the very spirit of liberal culture. They show the tendency of the most enlightened minds in Europe and in the civilized world. They seem to give an impression of the age itself, in its best features, and might serve, almost, as a preface to its intellectual history.

The Introduction to the work invites our attention, and interests us in the author's design, by describing, in a spirit equally refined and learned, the pleasures of observation, the effect of natural scenery in its extent and in its parts; and after a sufficient view of the beauty of external nature, turns attention to the unity of this wonderful diversity—passing from the pleasure to its cause, and from the harmony to the law which is its soul. It would be impossible to give a proper conception of this admirable chapter without quoting it almost bodily from the work. It discovers a combination of educated taste and free fancy, such as no other modern, much less any savan, has seemed to possess: and more, it is governed in its whole by an urbane wisdom, well befitting the venerable age and world-wide experience of its author.

In this chapter, as in the whole work, the idealism of Germany appears in rare union with true science; nor is any sen-

tence of it contaminated with pedantry or technicality. The author seems to feel a sympathy with man, as well as with savans; and finds a greater satisfaction in giving, than in hiding knowledge. He is compelled by no fear to wrap up his thoughts in a mystical or neological dress, but lays all open to the eye and mind. He uses no appeals to prejudice, and tempers nothing doubtful, or unpopular, with an eloquent obscurity; for he speaks not to this age, or that party, but to the free intelligence of man.

In the opening of the Introduction, which is perhaps the most remarkable part of the work, as it discovers more of the peculiar spirit of the author, he speaks of that elevation of language, and of sentiment, which is proper to so great a topic. If we describe the harmony of worlds, it should be harmoniously; nor should anything undignified escape us when we mean to show the dignity of knowledge. Alluding to the aim and purpose of all science, the increase of happiness, he begins, not with its *physical*, but with its *intellectual*, benefits. Those who know the history of human knowledge have traced its rise from the grandest of all principles, from an irresistible desire of the soul to put itself in harmony with the world; by grasping and blending the infinite variety, it strives to shape for itself a model of the universe. Not that it may thereby gain a little more, or a little better bread for the body; but only that it may see the Form of the Maker in his work.

From the contemplation of nature arise two kinds of enjoyment: the *sensuous*, expanding to the imaginative; and the *intelligent*, rising to the scientific. One is of Imagination, the other of Understanding. Looking out upon a wide prospect, mingled in variety of earth and water; bare rocks and soft verdure, with forms of life, and motions of things inanimate, with their sounds and voices; an "obscure feeling of the harmony" of all arises in the mind. The lull of falling

\* *Cosmos*; a Survey of the General Physical History of the Universe. By Alexander von Humboldt. Nos. 1 and 2. New York: 1845.

waters, or the monotone of winds, moves the fancy in deep waves, or soothes it to a contemplative calm. There the clear individualities are blended and lost, and the whole floats immense and full of vague power: all is motion, life, possibility, uncertainty.

The other, and perhaps the higher, enjoyment, begins in the cultivated sense and understanding, and seeks continually for the *fixed points*, and stable grounds, of things. It is a pleasure of order, of unity and of equilibrium: seeking continually for the Substance, the Cause, and the Resemblance, it abstracts from all differences, and melts the variety into an unity; ending in rest and silence. But this enjoyment belongs rather to the whole intellect, than to understanding alone; for it includes and must include the first while it transcends it.

The task of educated intelligence is to "prove and separate the individuals, without being overwhelmed with their mass. To keep the high destinies of man continually in view; and to comprehend the spirit of nature which lies behind the covering of phenomena."\* In such a spirit he looks forward to a time when the system of the material universe shall be mastered by the force of intellect. A time, it might be added, (and the signs of its approach are clear,) when the infinite diversity of facts and causes shall be reduced under a few simple principles, comprehensible in one idea.

Turning again to consider the pleasures of imagination, or, as they are falsely named, of *sense*, excited by the greater phenomena of nature, he speaks first of the obscure and indefinite. "When the eyes rest upon the view of some mighty plain, covered with an uniform vegetation; or, when it loses itself on the horizon of a boundless ocean, whose waves ripple softly near us on the shore, strewing the beach with seaweed; the feeling of free nature penetrates the mind, and an obscure intimation of her endurance in conformity with everlasting laws."

All of serious and sublime that arises in us, comes almost unconsciously from a sense of the order and harmony of visible and audible nature. These emotions soothe while they elevate the soul, and prepare it for the entrance of contempla-

tion. And this, too, is an universal benefit, extended equally to all.

Livelier and stronger are those emotions which arise at the view of certain marked features; the swell of eminences; the jutting of crags; waterfalls, ravines; deep and broad pools, and all varieties of the picturesque. But here the pleasure is given rather by the cast of the mind that feels it, and differs with the form and temper of imagination. To some, the grandeur of mountains is a something more than wonderful, and rises to the degree of consolation and a healing power; while to others a gentle slope of land, a clear lake, or a skirt of wood, are delicious and salutary. "If I might yield to my own recollections," says our author, "I would recall the ocean, under the softness of a tropical night, with the vault of heaven pouring down its steady and planetary, not twinkling, starlight on the heaving surface of the world of waters. Or I would call to mind the wooded valleys of the Cordilleras, where the palms break through the lower canopy of dark foliage, and rising over it like columns, sustain another wood above the woods. Or, I transport myself to Teneriffe, and see the cone of the peak cut off from view by a mass of clouds; and now suddenly becoming visible through an opening pierced by an upward current of air; and the edge of the crater looking down upon the vine-clad hills of Orotava, and the Hesperidean gardens that line the shore."† In scenes like these, he continues, it is no longer the still, creative life of nature that addresses us; but the individual character of the landscape—a combination of the outlines of cloud and sky, and sea and coast, sleeping in the morning, or in the evening, light: it is the beauty of the forms of trees and plants, and their groupings, that appeals to us. "The immeasurable, the awful, all that surpasses comprehension becomes a source of pleasure in picturesque scenes." But all is in ourselves; "Deceived, we imagine that we receive from the external world, what we ourselves bestow."‡

He next notices the effect of recognizing in a foreign land, under the climate of the tropics, the same rocks and soil which we left at home. The voyager is not altogether wonder-struck to find this well-known surface blooming with a new and

\* English Translation, p. 3.

† P. 4. Slightly altered from translation.

‡ Ibid.



foreign flora. He discovers in his mind an unexpected ease of adaptation, and perceives himself akin to all things organized. The splendid species of the tropics, seem like exaltations of the humbler plants that waved around him in his childhood; and he feels through them, as through the earth and man, the bond of the common nature.

Returning to the consideration of the great effects of intertropical scenery, he attributes grandeur in a landscape to the assembling of all that is impressive in a single view, striking at once upon the mind, so as simultaneously to awaken in it a crowd of feelings and ideas. Nowhere are these effects more powerful than in the landscapes of the New World, where mountains of stupendous elevation form on all sides the bottom and brim of the atmospheric ocean, and where the power that lifted them from the sea, continues even now to shake and elevate its work. In the Cordilleras, where the line of perpetual snow is mostly at an elevation of fourteen thousand feet above the sea, vegetation rises to the summits of the highest peaks. "In the deeply cleft Andes of New Grenada and Quito, mankind have the privilege of contemplating all the varieties of vegetable form, and of seeing all the stars in the firmament at once." The same glance rests upon feathery palms and heliconias, proper to the tropics; and above these, on the higher slopes, are seen oak forests, and the plants of Europe. The eye takes in the pole star of the North, and the Magellanic clouds of the Southern circle. The laws of declining temperature are written to the eye upon the slopes of the mountains." "I lift but a corner of the veil from my recollections," he continues: but to comprehend the whole we must know the parts. In science as in art, the representation gains in power as the details are more distinct.

"Let us pause, then, a moment, and contemplate this picture." "On the hot plains near the level of the sea, we find Bananas, Cycadeas and Palms." "After them" in valleys at the feet of the grand plateaux, "tree-like ferns; next to these in the ascending order, ceaselessly watered by cool clouds, the Cinchonas, yielding the precious febrifuge bark; above them, on the ridges and high plains of the interior, we meet the Aralias of temperate climates, blooming in company

with myrtle-leaved Andromedas. The Alpine rose and gummy Befaria, form a purple belt about the mountains. And now ascended to a cold and stormy region, we lose sight of the lofty and large flowering kinds. Grasses only cover the slopes, forming vast meadows that look yellow in the distance, where the Llama sheep is seen feeding solitary, and the cattle of Europe roam wild in herds. In the intervals the rocks of the volcano, once molten lava, or mud thrown from the abysses of the earth, stand out hard and cold, or scantily covered with a gray and yellow growth of lichens. Patches of snow appear a little higher; and above these, sharply defined, begins the line of ice, covering the bell-shaped cone, that sends through its summit a vapor of water mingled with poisonous gases."\*

After establishing, in the manner we have seen, with great fullness of thought and a crowd of illustration, the harmony of the scientific and imaginative views of nature, and the power of accurate observation in deepening the effect of scenery, and heightening the pleasures of imagination; the author comes next upon the consideration of that second species of enjoyment which springs from a satisfaction of understanding; in detecting the order and the succession of species; in tracing the laws of changes; and in finding the principles or unities of all existences. And here he begins, by ascribing to the inhabitants of temperate climates a superiority over all others.

Among the nations of the temperate regions science had its origin, and seems destined to reach its height among the meditative people of the North. Here, too, the variety and complexity of atmospheric changes, while it perplexes, stimulates inquiry. All parts of the world are known to them; they stand as intermediates affected by all, and therefore knowing all extremes. With them (the nations of the temperate zones) "begins that form of enjoyment which springs from ideas," or from meditation upon experience; and the construction of intellectual systems according to the truth of nature, removed equally from dull ignorance and heathen symbolism. Though the desire and the feeling be common to all mankind, they alone are able to satisfy it. "An indefinite dread sense of the unity of the powers of the world, of the mysterious bond which connects the

\* English Translation, p. 6, abstract.



sensuous with the supersensuous, is common even among savage nations."

We easily confound the real with the ideal world, putting one for the other in our thoughts and in words. The first step of meditation is to separate them; and by observing reality, unmixed, to form a true basis of knowledge. But this cannot happen until the "faculty of thought, with its powers of analysis and arrangement," has fully asserted its right, and moves freely over all nature. But because of the difficulties of observation, "a system of unproven, and in part mistaken, knowledge is seen growing up." "Shut up within itself this kind of empiricism is unchanging in its axioms (like everything else that is restricted); and is the more arrogant, as it embraces less:" "while natural science, *inquiring, and therefore doubting*, goes on separating the firmly established from the merely probable, and perfects itself daily." But he is careful elsewhere\* to notice that presumptuous scepticism which rejects facts without caring to examine them," and which he regards as "even *more* destructive than uncritical credulity."

Drawing gradually nearer to the true purpose of this chapter, he at length announces that he wishes "to correct a portion of the errors which have sprung from a rude empiricism, and which continue to live in the upper classes of society (in Europe), associated frequently with great literary acquirements; and, by removing these errors, to increase the relish for nature (*i. e.*, truth) by giving a deeper and clearer insight into the constitution of things." He then adds: "I cannot yield any place in my mind to the solicitude of a certain narrowness of understanding—a *sentimental dullness*—that nature loses aught of her charms, in respect of mysterious grandeur, by inquiries into the intimate constitution of her forces. The forces of nature operate *magically*, as if shrouded in the gloom of some mysterious power, only when their workings lie beyond the limits of known conditions." Then, claiming an educative and disciplinary effect, in accurate observation, of more worth than the wild sport of fancy, he affirms, that an intellect cultivated to a clear and delicate insight, under the guidance of thought, looks upon the heavens and the world with a greater comprehension of their beauty and majesty, than is granted to the rude imagination. The realm of fancy is a region of chance,

full of purposeless changes; but from true knowledge, to that true *wonder* which refers all causes to the unimaginable law-giver, the step is instant and firm.

That disease, on the other hand, which is incidental to science, even in its best days, "the heaping up of raw material," unemployed and undigested, until its very quantity and exactness makes it unserviceable—to this fault, the vice of a too active curiosity, and the vanity of excessive knowledge, he attributes the rise of that unfortunate opinion, that science quenches the light of fancy and chills the true enjoyment of nature. Certain it is, our respect for the mad gambols of fiction is wonderfully lessened by a taste of the superior delights of science. The search of fact offers to us a cup more intoxicating and irresistible than water of Castaly; nor will he who has tasted fairly of both, make a doubt which is the sweetest. The testimony of Virgil may suffice us, for this poet would have devoted himself to science, but for the wishes of Augustus; and in his most elaborate work, the *Georgics*, there is more of nature than of invention. Some sentimentalists of this age would have us believe that fiction is more natural to man than fact; and go so far as impudently to class the sciences with artificial stimuli, resorted to for the sake of excitement; but the drunkenness they cause is of such a kind as one may thrive under, and grow clearer headed every day. The best poets of antiquity discover in their works a knowledge of all the science of their day; nor does it seem other than a stupid enthusiasm, which would have us attribute the "touches of nature," so effective in all the greater masters of eloquence, to any other than a close and learned observation of the internal and external nature of man. Strip a fine poem of its symbolic garnish, and it stands forth pure truth.

The world of literature has been, hitherto, very fairly divided between fact and fancy—that is to say, between truth and lies; but now, the balance seems to be turning slowly upon the soberer side. It is beginning to be acknowledged that to enjoy the most exalted intellectual pleasures, we must recognize the tendency of the universal spirit of man to resolve all experience into law—into unity. "But to taste, to enjoy, this exalted," (*i. e.*, this intellectual,) we must keep the two confusions, of fiction on the one



hand, and an overloaded memory on the other, in the background; not suffering the poets to blind, or the naturalists to overwhelm us.

"To the groundless fears for the loss of a free enjoyment of nature, may be added the alarm, lest an adequate knowledge of nature prove unattainable by the mass of mankind." "Each new and deeper inquiry into living nature seems but the entrance to a new labyrinth. But this very multiplicity of new and intricate paths, excites a kind of joyful amazement on each successive grade of science. Each new law leads to one higher and unknown," and Nature is seen to be the *natura*—that is to say, "the Ever Becoming," the being, *about to be*. "The feeling of the immeasurableness of the life of nature is still increased; and we perceive, that the inquirer will not lack scope for his inquiries for thousands of years to come." Nor is the pleasure of discovery the sole, or the most enduring. Each generation renews the whole enjoyment of knowledge, in acquiring what is already known, and moulding anew the cumbrous masses of theory and information. By the repeated efforts of successive generations, the finer parts of all science will be separated and simplified, so as to become serviceable in the right education of the understanding. What has been done for astronomy and the simpler mathematics, will be done for physiology, and even for psychology itself; until the whole body of the laws of nature shall be brought within the reach of every good intellect: a consummation of infinite promise to the happiness of man, when it is seen that he has, thus far, failed of fulfilling his destiny; chiefly through ignorance of the nature on which he rests.

The effort of the liberal mind is to rise from particulars to the general. It abhors the fate of being wasted, and conquered, in detail: and, in the view of mere enjoyment, apart from scientific vanity, there is an infinitely greater pleasure in the recognition of a law, than in the recollection or discovery of a fact. "General views of Nature (of the members of the World, or Cosmos)—be it the phenomena of things near, or of matter aggregated in remote systems of the heavens—are not merely more attractive and elevating than the detail of special studies; but farther recommend themselves to

those who have no leisure for accurate study."\*

"The descriptive natural sciences are not equally attractive to all minds at all seasons of the year, or in all regions." Those who live upon the sea borders will find a pleasure during summer, only, in observing the habits of water-fowl; and in winter, few departments of living nature can be studied with advantage. The inhabitants of a cold and variable climate are embarrassed and restricted by uncertainties of weather. The laboratory, a cell of enchantment to the ingenious and inquisitive chemist, becomes a drudge workshop to him whose faculties of thought overbalance his powers of observation. Few are equal to difficulties of meteorology, or of practical astronomy; which, of all pursuits, require the most enduring and orderly patience: watching, by night and day, through long years, or even ages—never missing the hour or the half hour of observation; with an eye to every quarter of the heavens, which must be as familiar to the observer as the rooms of his own house, or the quarters of his own chamber; and this, added to a familiarity with the powers and uses of a variety of complex instruments and formulas, with a view, also, to the results of other men's labors in the same walk, in all parts of the world. Nor will all this serve, without an acquaintance with all known and with many neglected books: dreary chronicles, old records, newspapers, log-books, and the vague traditions of the ignorant. Such are the qualifications of the practical meteorologist; nor would the picture be complete without the addition of powerful memory, and a subtle and discursive intelligence—ardent in the idea, and sceptical in its acceptance; and a humanity wide enough to render itself agreeable and companionable to men of all degrees and all varieties. Not less difficult, or requiring fewer qualifications, is the business of the geologist, who embraces in one view the whole scope of his science. He is, of course, a man of learning and of taste; free of pedantry, with a leaning toward the popular pride. He must have formed to himself an idea of the earth at once single and accurate. Every country must be known to him, not only by its general figure and position, but by the quality of its soil, the character of its rocks, and the detail of its mountains and rivers. To these he

\* English Translation, p. 8.



will have added a perfect knowledge of physical astronomy, and a good portion of mathematics; that his mind and eye may be exact in the calculation, and able in the estimate. Nor will these help him without a lively power of generalization: not rapid, superficial, or in love with itself; but with a firm foothold, and a perfect readiness to change and shape itself anew, with the advance of observation. He must be able to carry whole regions of the earth's surface in his mind at once: and, by his knowledge of the substances which compose the terrestrial crust; to predict easily, from a distant view, the structure of an island or a mountain. Nor will he neglect the study of plants and animals, but be rather a proficient in them. Taking a fossil in his hand, he will see at once the animal to which it belonged; and will be able to identify the rock in which it was discovered with a brother rock in the antipodes. He is, of course, a voyager by land and sea, and marked with every quality of endurance. His labors will so far exceed the reward and the fame, that nothing but a philosophical indifference will sustain him through their neglect.

It would be easy to bring many more such examples; but these perfectly suffice to show, that one man cannot practically master all sciences; and, indeed, that none will desire or attempt it.

It becomes evident, from this point of view, that not only the *masses* of mankind must be contented with a knowledge of the generalities of science, but that the *savans* himself is under the same necessity; and that, by this necessity, he is compelled to respect the labors of his brothers and predecessors. From such a necessary division of labor, and the compulsory respect attending it, it happens, that all the learned, and all the scientific, are knit among themselves, and with the multitude, in a bond of humanity more powerful even than community of belief. The *savans* of all sorts make common cause against ignorance and prejudice. If the world is ever to be harmonized, it must be through a community of knowledge, for there is no other universal or non-exclusive principle in the nature of man.

Rising from such considerations, the arguments of this chapter suggest others, no less important. "As universal history, when it succeeds in exposing the true connection of events, solves many enigmas in the fate of nations, and ex-

plains their progress, how it was impeded, how accelerated; so must a physical history of creation, happily conceived, and executed with a due knowledge of the state of discovery, remove a part of the contradictions which the warring forces of nature present, in their aggregate operations. General views raise our conceptions of the dignity and grandeur of nature, and have a peculiarly enlightening and composing effect upon the spirit." They accustom us to regard each part of nature as a portion of the whole. The individual is made to feel that he is connected, by the very nature and substance of his body, with every part of the universe. He perceives that the universe is itself, and in its total, a *body* to him, of which his organic body is only the nucleus, or point of reunion. His eye associates him with the remotest stars; his muscular sense places him in union with the gravity of the world. In tides, he observes the mutual affection of the sun, earth, and moon; in falling meteors, he beholds messengers from the planetary spheres. Knowing the nature of electricity and magnetism, he finds himself in a state of equilibrium, living by the antagonism of the great powers—the opposition of air, earth and sea. Thus, by intellect, he is in a manner blended and reconciled with all existence. He is no longer agitated with the divorce of spirit and matter, but feels their intimate reconciliation in every point and instant of existence: he is cured of both diseases of the soul—the distrust of matter, and the distrust of spirit; perceiving that neither is truly inimical to the other. But these considerations, while they operate profoundly and silently, do not in the least diminish the ardor of investigation. The inferior powers of his mind are only sharpened to a keener activity. He delights the more in practice and detail. If, to the merely meditative, on the other hand, the *Cosmos*, or "picture of the world, cannot be presented with an outline equally sharp and clear in every part, it will at least enrich the mind with ideas, and arouse and fructify the imagination." No injury, but rather a great good, will result even from the slightest and most superficial knowledge of nature.

The author next turns to the *savans* of his own country, with the reproach perpetually cast upon them, "that they make science inaccessible;" and, to any one who is familiar with their methods



of communicating their discoveries, it will be perfectly understood. To instance but one example: A German physiologist, of great fame,\* and who has made many great additions to his science, in certain papers on the structure of nerves, exhausts the patience of his reader, and one would think his own, (if it were possible,) in a history, long and minute, of the microscopical manipulations attending his discoveries; beginning with the formal capture and dissection of a frog, running through the sharpening of several needles, and continuing with the raising up and down, with vast care, of the staging of his microscope—all miserably unprofitable to the reader, who finds the whole substance of the discovery in an explanation of the plates at the end of the volume. The method of the French savans is no less remarkable. One of these will easily exhaust a whole book in a description of a bit of the surface of a cow's tongue. This is rendering science inaccessible indeed. To reap any satisfaction from the journals of these minute philosophers, one must be endowed with a certain magnetical quality of eye and mind, to gather precious particles out of dust and rubbish. Not less injurious is the use of a fantastic nomenclature, based upon artificial views of nature. The whole of science has been repeatedly involved in obscurity, by the introduction of terms intended to express not facts themselves, but inventions to explain them; and the road, even to the simplest of all sciences, has been so clogged up by hypothetical lumber, it requires a degree of diligence to arrive at problems, that are self-evident when simply stated. The consequence is, that of the thousands who enter every year into the lecture-rooms, only a very few go away with a knowledge of their rudiments.

With some savans it is a piece of policy to shut out the multitude from the benefit of their researches, by a barricade of mathematical formulas, set like hurdles to be leaped over. Humboldt, on the contrary, would have all obstacles removed, and science be made accessible to the people. He even thinks it no disgrace to a savan, if he is willing to popularize the results of his investigations; and, after finishing the work, to remove the scaffolding. "Our neighbors

on the other side of the Rhine possess an immortal work, Laplace's *System du Monde*, in which the results of the profoundest mathematical investigations are luminously presented, freed from the individualities of the demonstration. The structure of the heavens there presents itself as the simple solution of a great problem in mechanics. Yet no one has ventured to charge the '*Exposition du System du Monde*' with want of depth." "The separation of the General from the Special," he continues, "is not merely useful in facilitating the acquisition of knowledge; it farther gives an elevated and earnest character to the treatment of natural science. As, from a higher station, we overlook larger masses at once, so are we pleased, *mentally*, to grasp what threatens, from its variety and extent, to escape the sense."

This tendency of the sciences, and of natural history—the one by artificial formulas and cumbrous hypotheses, the other by an accumulation of scientific names—to remove farther and farther into obscurity, and withdraw from the popular view, may be paralleled with a similar tendency in systems of belief. The savan is sometimes willing, like the divine, for reasons that are very evident, to indulge in mystery. The steps to knowledge were hard and difficult to him, and he is, possibly, unwilling to make them too easy to another. It is easier, moreover, to be obscure than to be clear. It is easier to invent a compound Greek name for a difficulty, than to explain it in the common language. Apart, too, from the indolence and indisposition of the mind itself, every new idea requires a new language; and if this language is symbolic or analogical, it will, of necessity, convey a degree of falsehood and uncertainty.

But of all the causes that retard the progress of true knowledge, none can be named more potent than the existence and influence of false metaphysical systems, operating to misguide and mystify the understanding; and that such systems do operate as the most effectual of all hinderances, may be judged from that scepticism of the savans, so constantly opposed to the dogmatism of the learned. Why should a study of nature inspire a contempt for the ancient metaphysical systems, if those systems do not operate to

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\* English Translation, p. 10.

retard and incumber science? It is very evident, that for all these hinderances the cure must be sought, if anywhere, in science itself, or rather in its advancement to a higher stage. Having exhausted the physical, and the physiological, its next step, if it takes another, must be upon the psychological. Having separated and described the powers and relations of substances and forms, it may turn next upon the energies which rule them; and marking these energies, as species of the invisible world, it may define them, by their proper actions and functions. If this should ever happen, there can then be no longer any war between false philosophy and true science; for the former must by that time have withdrawn into the region of fiction, leaving Science to assert her ancient empire over Powers and Ideas.

The epoch of this happy consummation seems far removed, when it is considered that the mind itself, notwithstanding the example of Plato and the advice of Bacon, has not yet been admitted among objects of science. Life is confessed to have its laws, notwithstanding the efforts of the chemists to reduce it under those of the atoms; it is to be hoped that the same concession will be made to the powers of the soul. But here, as in physical science and in physiology, the progress must most evidently be from parts to *laws*, from laws to species and principles. If it is now obvious, (and who will deny it?) that the universal history of man discovers no accident, or chance, ruling over the destiny of nations; but a certain orderly course of events, marked by the qualities of the people which compose them; can we any longer refuse to recognize the existence of principles in the soul itself—principles as fixed and recognizable as the laws of gravity and life? Can we fail to see an order and scale in the operation of these laws, leading to the idea of permanent energies, as distinct as they are universal, forming by their aggregate and harmony, the system of the intellectual nature? But these cannot be found by ratiocination, or by the tossing to and fro of dogmas, though with never so admirable a skill. In this region, as in those of life and matter, “nothing can be derived or built up from *à priori* conceptions.” “The natural history of the earth,” continues Humboldt, whose words

may justly be employed to enforce this argument, “stands on the same grade of the empirical\* ladder with the history of human actions at large, of the struggles of man with the elements, or of one nation against another. But a luminous treatment of either, a rational arrangement of natural phenomena, and of historical events, *impresses us with a belief in an old inherent necessity, which rules all the operations, both of spiritual and material forces.*” “This necessity (*i. e.*, ceaselessness, or permanency, of causes,) is, indeed, the very essence of nature. It is nature herself; and it leads to clearness and simplicity of view; to the discovery of laws (principles) which present themselves as the ultimate term of human inquiries.”

After some observations upon the progress of science, and the simplification that is fast reducing it to a whole, and so making it accessible, the author concludes his introduction with remarking upon the beneficial effects of a scientific study of nature; as well to the individual as to communities. By ideas—in other words, by insight into the spirit of nature—the aims of the student are elevated, and his labors rendered fruitful. But ideas are not to be extracted out of nothing—nor out of words; there must be an actual contact and experience; and the breadth of the wisdom will be as the breadth of the knowledge. “Let him, therefore, whose circumstances permit him to escape, from time to time, from the circle of common occupations,” learn a little of the delights of knowledge, and feed his hungry understanding with the fruits of science. It will awaken new faculties, and inspire new hopes. The dead world will be revived again, and he will find himself suddenly placed in intimate connection and sympathy with the best and wisest of men.

Having, by general contemplations of the grandeur of the world, divested himself of those prejudices against science which are excited by false philosophy and confirmed by a natural hatred of pedantry, the observer will not any longer entertain the opinion, “that every department of knowledge is not equally important in the culture and welfare of mankind.” None would have guessed, that from the contortions of a frog’s limbs, observed by Galvani, an instrument

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\* All is “*empirical*” that comes by observation and experiment.



should be originated, by means of which information should be carried instantaneously from one extremity of the continent to another? No one could have seen in Newton's idea of gravity, a means of perfecting navigation; so that in the open sea, the shipmaster should know, by the moon's place, his own position on the earth? much less would any one have guessed the fruit of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid, in its application to astronomy, navigation and architecture.

But while examples to show the usefulness of science may serve a popular purpose, to raise it in the common estimation, and prevent its total neglect, all good intellects love it for its own sake; because it yields an exquisite, a harmless, and a sublime gratification; and, finally, because its greater uses are not so much to increase the comfort of the body, as to give consolation to the soul, by justifying the ways of the Supreme in his works, and drawing the mind to a nearer contemplation of perfection. When these ends are considered, it is necessary to have an equal respect for every department of science; for, in all, the same intellect is employed, and the same conclusions attained. The argument from utility is presented with peculiar force, by the author of *Cosmos*, in favor of an universal pursuit of science, and a proper respect for its cultivators. "The material wealth of nations rests upon the use of natural productions and natural forces." "The most superficial glance at the condition of Europe"—much more of America—"in these days, assures us that with the struggles against serious odds,"—*prejudice, ignorance, and selfish absorption*—"any relaxation of effort would be followed, first by diminution, and then by annihilation of national prosperity; for in the destiny of nations there is neither rest nor pause, but either a progress or a decline. "*Nothing but serious occupation with chemical, mathematical and natural studies, will defend any state from evils assailing it on this side*"—*the side of poverty, vice, ignorance and superstition*. Man can produce no effect upon nature—can appropriate none of her powers—if he be not conversant with her laws. *And here, too, lies the power of popular intelligence*. It rises and falls with this. Science and information are the joy and justification of mankind. They are portions of

the wealth of nations—sometimes a substitute for material wealth—which nature distributes with so partial a hand. Those nations which have remained behind, in general manufacturing activity, in the practical application of chemistry and mechanical arts—nations among whom respect for such activity does not pervade all classes—must inevitably fall away from any prosperity they may have attained; and this by so much the more certainly, and speedily, as neighboring states—instinct with powers of youthful renovation—in which science and the arts of industry coöperate, or lend each other assistance, are seen pressing forward in the race."\* The taste for manufacturing industry, he continues, will not injure philosophy, or learning, or the liberal arts. Each presents its own fruit to the commonwealth; one, to augment the comforts, another, to add to the elegances, or the consolations of life. The rigid and economical Spartans prayed the gods "to vouchsafe them the beautiful associated with the good."

But, finally, in all departments of science, the aim is not economical, but moral; knowledge of nature being no more than preparation for knowledge of self. "So much of this science as flows over," says the author of *Cosmos*, "and mingles with the industrial life of communities, does so by virtue of the happy conversion in human things, by which the true, the exalted and the beautiful, mix unintentionally, (as it seems,) but certainly, with the useful, and coöperate with it advantageously."

"*The improvement of agriculture by the hands of freemen, and on lands of moderate extent; the flourishing condition of manufactures, emancipated from oppressive restrictions; the extension of commerce*"—connecting nations among themselves—"are all inseparably connected with the unimpeded progress of mankind, as well in KNOWLEDGE as in social institutions; all are connected, and severally and powerfully advance each other. *The impressive picture of the late history of the world, forces this faith upon the minds, even of those who most eagerly oppose it.*"†

After these and other observations of equal weight, tending all to inspire admiration and respect, as well for the author as for the cause he advocates, he proceeds, in the second number of his

\* English translation, p. 12.

† Ibid., p. 12.

work, to show its object and purpose; which is, to give an exposition of a Cosmography, or scientific picture of the universe. In the introductory chapter he has given the reasons of science in general, against the policy and the prejudices that oppose its progress. He now separates and defines that part of it which is to be the subject matter of his work. After this follows a picture of nature, or general survey of natural phenomena; limited, however, to the inorganic world. With the conclusion of this general picture, which is almost a cosmography of itself, and includes the most remarkable universal discoveries of physical astronomy, up to the present time, the first and only published portion of the work is concluded. It will be followed by a third and fourth preparatory part; the first treating of the effects of natural scenery upon imagination and feelings, "through the medium of descriptive poetry and landscape painting, as stimulating to the study of nature:" the other showing the gradual progress and unfolding of the idea of the Cosmos, or universe, from antiquity to the present time.\* After these will follow the serious detail of the work, which promises to be of vast extent and minuteness, if we are to judge of it by the character of the introductory parts.

The contents of the second chapter of the introduction, which treats of the idea of a general Cosmography, or World-History, deserve a very careful notice; nor will the scientific, or the meditative reader, pass it over lightly. Here, for the first time, the idea of the Material Whole, or Cosmos, is presented in bold outline, as an object of knowledge, distinct and comprehensible. As the science of Hydrography pictures all the great waters of the earth, their depth, figure, extent, and changes;—as Geography represents the earth's surface, and all that rests permanently upon it;—as Uranography maps the heavens, and notes the movements of the stars;—*Cosmography*, taking in all of these, pictures the universe as a whole, with all its systems, suns, planets, satellites and wandering meteors; describing boldly the visible features of the whole, and of the greater parts, from the haze of remote nebulae to the clothing of the hills of the earth, and the changes of the beds of its seas. All great masses of phenomena that show the presence of slow change, or

of fixed cause;—prevailing winds; ocean tides; rise of islands; enchainment of mountains; great and steady movements of earth, air, and sea; the distribution of vegetation in groups and bands, following the lines of equal temperature;—even the migrations of animals and of man, with their distribution over the earth, are embraced under this grandest of all views of visible nature. From a great eminence of thought, with a glance of wonder and of knowledge, it overlooks the whole. "It embraces the description of all that is created; of all that exists in space, both natural things and natural forces, as a simultaneously existing coördinate whole."† Such is physical cosmography, a grand form of knowledge, first clearly expressed and attempted by the author of *Cosmos*. "But it is no more to be mistaken for an encyclopedia of all sciences, than the history of philosophy is to be mistaken for a chronicle, or a comparative arrangement of philosophical opinions." The word *Cosmos*, is placed at the head of the work, that the idea of it may be more definite. "For this term, in Homeric times, was used to signify beauty and order; but by and by employed as a philosophical expression for the harmony or arrangement of the world."‡

The great care which he takes to develop and define the idea of his work, cannot be attributed solely to the desire of securing for himself the honor of so grand a conception: he aims rather to unfold it in the mind of his reader, that he may escape detail, and expand his imagination to the utmost; for it is a necessity of science, that many of its votaries must cultivate it with contracted views; and finding more of the consequences they look for in a mechanical, or a learned, devotion to the *parts*, are willing to neglect the *whole*. The collector of species looks with indifference upon the philosophical systematist, if he fails of an immediate profit from his speculations. The mathematician indulges not in generalities; the cast of his mind forbids it. The minute anatomist, delighting in the parts, seldom turns an eye upon the total of the species he anatomizes: the pleasure of the detail is sufficient, and the reputation of minuteness satisfies him. That the world, therefore, may reap an universal benefit, there is needed some universal mind, learned in the facts,

\* English Translation, p. 17.

† Ibid., p. 17.

‡ Ibid., p. 20.



and able in the theory; free of soul, large of understanding, and filled with a love of his race too pure to be disturbed by scientific vanity. It will be the task of such a mind to assemble the parts of knowledge, and to bind them in a whole—to form a living picture of the world, that shall strike at once; and which, while it satisfy the intellect, may exalt the imagination. Our author does not attribute to himself the ability or the knowledge, requisite for the perfect and final execution of such a task; nor would the present state of knowledge permit it. He endeavors only to draw the first lines; leaving to posterity the completion of the picture. “To embrace the multiplicity of the phenomena of the Cosmos in unity of thought, is not, as I conceive, possible in the present state of our knowledge. The sciences of experiment are never complete; no generation of men will ever have it in their power to boast, that they have surveyed the whole of the world of phenomena.” But we are not to suppose that the Cosmos itself, the Idea of the world, shall be forever incomplete, only because it is impossible for experience to grasp its variety. “When phenomena are grouped, and separated, we recognize in their groups the potency of natural laws”—that is to say, of the principles that group them. It is the aim of science to know the numbers and powers of such principles, in their simpler combinations; not to follow them into the infinitude of their results. The naturalist concerns himself not with the numbers, or with the individuals, of the kinds he investigates; but with their common resemblances, their species, and their genera. In the individual he beholds the race; in the race, the species; in the species, the genus; in the genus, the order; rising by the scale of resemblance, until the kingdom of life appears to him in its unity.

He, on the other hand, who busies himself with the powers and events, more than with the forms of nature—the chemist, the physiologist, the weigher of forces,—is under no concern because he cannot master every individual substance, cause, or concurrence; but is satisfied, if, in a

variety of crude substances, he can find the same powers and species of matter; tracing them through their metamorphoses—and of causes, he seeks only the universal, such as are proper to all: and now, uniting these in meditation, he adjusts in his intellect a mirroromic idea, the scientific image of a world of matter in its unity.

If he is occupied with the phenomena of life, the Investigator is careful not to perplex himself with an opinion of the infinitude of species, or the inexhaustible novelty of nature: for, after a certain experience, he finds nothing really novel, and in each new presentation recognizes the already known. And it is this recognition that delights and satisfies him.

The pleasure of Science is, then, in no respect different from the pleasure of philosophy: for as this seeks continually for the principle, and refers all things and all events to their transcendental causes, rising cause above cause, until it attains an Idea of the Supersensual; Science, proceeding from the transient variety of colors, forms, forces, and sensuous effects, assembles these in shapes more and more universal, until it embraces the universe in a single representation.

In both the same intellect is employed, whether meditating the rise of continents, or the moral advancement of nations; nor can the Reason that guides it be at any time different from itself.

The author of *Cosmos* discovers no very deep respect for the German Nature-Philosophy,\* which endeavors out of pure intellect to evolve, *à priori*, an explanation of all phenomena; nor does he treat with much greater consideration the “*myths*” of the chemists; their *hypotheses*, as they name them, of atoms, and subtle fluids. Yet is not the author himself free of these *myths*; for we find him indulging in that favorite opinion of an *ether*, or interplanetary atmosphere; and supporting this with the fact of the retardation of a comet in its path about the sun; as if this ether offered an actual resistance to the progress of the cometary matter.

\* *Nature-Philosophy*.—The Germans apply this term to all speculative attempts to construct a system of the world, which begins with the “first-matter,” and shapes it in such a manner as to account for all the phenomena of nature. When the Nature-Philosopher speaks of the absolute, or unconditional first-matter, out of which all things shape themselves, beginning with the *atoms*, he means nothing more nor less, than his own unconditioned imagination: which is the true potential (or universal possible) of all kinds of hypotheses, theories, and nature-philosophies: just as molten glass is the potential of an infinite variety of cups, tumblers and vases.

The present is not a fit occasion to enter upon an examination of these and other opinions supported in the Cosmos. Another opportunity will be taken for an examination of its scientific character, as the representative and embodiment of cosmical knowledge, in the present age. Meanwhile, the caution of the author himself may suffice, even against himself, "that all *myths*, (*i. e.*, hypotheses,) of imponderable matters, and special vital forces *inherent*\* in organized matter, only render views of nature more perplexed and indistinct, like munitions of war; while they are necessary to the march of intellect, they are also cumbersome, and serve to retard its progress. The lighter, therefore, and the less complicated they are, the better; until the advance of knowledge enables us to dispense with their use. Let the old invention of a *fluid* of heat be compared with the simple modern one of ethereal vibrations;—or compare the phlogiston of the old Chemists with the affinities of Lavoisier;—or place the electric *fluids* of the last century beside the results of Faraday's experiments; which show, that the powers of matter are one and the same with matter itself; and that electricity is as essential to the atom as elasticity. Nay, compare the dead crystalline particles of Wollaston, with the modern molecules, their polar forces and mutual interpenetration.† The simplification of hypotheses in this direction, has been very great, and with the most desirable results.

In the kingdoms of life where the problem is more complicated—the progress of theory to be hindered more by the nature of mind itself, than by the nature of things—chemistry seems to have taken an oath not to change her garments, until she squares the circle of life; and as a natural consequence, she grows dirtier and more distracted every day. Because she is mistress of material conditions, and can observe all that happens outside of the organism removed from the conditions of life, she hopes at length to find in dead matter, the footsteps of organic laws. But it is plain, the only laboratory of life is the living body; and the only chemistry of life, is the chemistry of the organism. It seems no less absurd to look for a vital theory in dead matter, where there are no vital conditions, than to seek for reasons of crystalization in the living body,

where there is no crystalization: nor is it difficult, from such considerations, to see, that the laws of life can never be confounded with the laws of matter, more than with those of mind—though a perfect harmony exists between them; and that the only science of life must be founded upon a knowledge of the living organization.

Already physiology has become a science. The laws of development and of reproduction are obscurely recognized. The labors of Hunter, Bell, Geoffroy, Owen, and a multitude of others, have established the laws of life, and reduced the organism to its principles. But these belong to a category of their own, and require a mode of reasoning proper to themselves. They cannot be comprehended in the same manner, or in the same posture of the mind, that is required for the laws of inert matter. While in inert masses the idea is of action and reaction; in life the question is of simultaneity of analogy and of concurrence. In the crystal and the solution; in gravity, and the electric changes, the substance alone acts, inducing its own condition, attracting, repelling; and all its changes end in the restoration of a mechanical equilibrium: but in life these tendencies are subordinated by the form of the species, and the whole operates within itself, and upon itself: each member, while it has an independent life, yet affects every other member; and only the whole is self-continuant.

No less independent of material laws are the principles of thought; for in intellect, and even in instinct, it is necessary to form ideas of powers able to reconcile the internal organism, with the external world. Nothing is esteemed to be more injurious to the progress of knowledge, than the obtrusion of one principle in the province of another. Science is not less likely than society, to suffer by false legislation. The legislator of science, if he imitates the legislator of society, will no more inflict the principle of mechanism upon life, than the principle of trade upon love; nor be more ready to oppress philosophy with physiology, than to load science itself with the rule of utility.

If it be asked whither all this tends? or, what is the final aim? the answer must be, that to understand and feel an end, it is necessary to have pursued it.

\* A Dutch chemist (Mulder) advances a hypothesis of vital forces being latent in matter.—See *Mulder's Chemistry*.

† See Dana's hypothesis of crystalline molecules.—*Dana's Mineralogy*.



The savor cannot wisely question the pursuer of wealth; unless he already feels, or has felt, the pleasure of acquisition. The poet cannot condemn the antiquary until he has suffered a touch of the antiquarian's madness. There is undeniably a pleasure and a benefit in the pursuit of wealth, else so many of the wise would not pursue it; but for others, the pleasures of intellect drown and overwhelm those of acquisition.

It were a sufficient reason for the study of the sciences, that they are a source of blameless enjoyment; but when to this is added, the honor attending scientific pursuits, and that now the most universal reputations rest upon them; and to this add, the utility of new discoveries, rising every day to the notice of the world;

and when it is perceived, that the passion of knowing is insatiable; so that his services who can satisfy it always bring their reward: no farther inducement need be added, to the cultivation of a nearer acquaintance with nature, in her causes and in her species. Finally, is it not an inquiry of the utmost importance—at least, to those who concern themselves with the hope of a national literature—whether a scientific does not always precede and sustain a literary culture—whether history does not show, that the *body* of literature, as far as it is *real* and serviceable, rests upon a scientific basis—or whether, indeed, of the two elements of art, the substance and the form, the substance is not first in order and first in importance?

### LITTLE ELLIE.

In the cradle fast asleep,  
 Little Ellie lies,  
 With her cheek upon her arm,  
 Still as summer skies.  
 With her eye-lids half unclosed,  
 Half revealing there,  
 Sapphire gems that brightly burn,  
 'Neath a forehead fair.

How her bosom heaves and falls,  
 Like a woodland bird's,  
 When it sings its vernal song,  
 Full of heavenly words.  
 How the snowy coverlid,  
 Seems to feel the thrill,  
 Moving with the heaving breast  
 "At its own sweet will."

O'er her face a golden smile,  
 Runneth now and then,  
 As if angels spoke with her,  
 In some sunny glen.  
 And she moves her little lips,  
 Soft as wind-blown flowers,  
 But their music only strikes,  
 Purer ears than ours.

Through the still, transparent air,  
 Angel-forms I see,  
 Round the little cradle stand  
 Like sweet Charity;  
 Like the Graces touched with life,  
 That Canova made;  
 Seraph sisters, pure as light,  
 Sunbeams without shade.

And amidst the radiant group,  
 Flora seems to be,  
 Flora long since passed to heaven,  
 From her mother's knee ;—  
 Now perfect grown, and beautiful  
 As the forms that gleam,  
 For a moment in the sight  
 Of a poet's dream.

Well may Ellie sweetly sleep,  
 While their feet are near,  
 For their presence ever makes,  
 Spring-time all the year.  
 Well may Ellie sweetly smile,  
 While they guard her sleep,  
 And around her day and night,  
 Starry vigils keep.

*Fall River, Mass.*

JOHN WESTALL.

## CIVILIZATION: AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN.

"THE Civilization of the Age" is one of those large, loose phrases with which all are familiar, but which few take the trouble to understand. What is civilization? And what share have we Americans in it?

If we were to believe some of our English brethren, both our claims and our prospects are very meagre. The French, having no petty rivalries or old grudges to gratify, and cherishing as they do the comfortable assurance of being at the head of all the world in social culture, treat us with a little more consideration. That both French and English should deem themselves our superiors in civilization, is natural—nay more—is just; but that the Roman Catholic Irish should affect to look down upon our social and intellectual progress with contempt, is quite too severe a rebuke to our national vanity. A distinguished Irish priest of Philadelphia is reported to have said lately, at a public meeting in his native country, "that the number of educated, enlightened and *civilized* men in America, he was sorry to say, was small." Now, if any word of ours could wound the feelings or depreciate the character of any people or of any individual, the Irish should be the last against whom that word should be uttered. From our hearts we honor the many beautiful and noble traits by which, as a people, they are distinguished. We deeply sym-

pathize with them, groaning, as they are and long have been, under an accumulation of wrong and insolence and oppression, disgraceful to others, but not to themselves. That they do not excel us in civilization is no fault of theirs; but in believing that they do not, we hold no strange or singular opinion. The late Dr. Arnold, a fast friend of Ireland and Irish rights, used to say, "There is more to be done in Ireland than in any other corner of the world. I had, at one time, a notion of going over there and taking Irish pupils, to try what one man could do towards *civilizing* the people, by trying to civilize and christianize their gentry." "Whether Ireland remain in its present barbarism, or grow in health and civilization, in either case the downfall of the present establishment is certain; a savage people will not endure the insult of a hostile religion, a civilized one will reasonably insist on having their own." But if we are mistaken, and Ireland can furnish a greater proportion of "educated, enlightened and civilized men" than our own country, we shall sincerely rejoice. Next to Ireland herself, no other nation could have so great occasion to congratulate themselves on such a fact as we; for then, as things are going, we may reasonably hope to be, ere long, thoroughly saturated with the good leaven ourselves. Having referred to this instance chiefly in order to show that the high opinion of



ourselves which we are accustomed unquestioningly to cherish, is far from commanding universal assent, and meets with some very unexpected rebuffs from abroad, we dismiss, henceforth, all particular comparison of ourselves with the Irish as unwelcome and invidious. Our design is to discuss, in a more general way, the comparative merits and characteristics of Cisatlantic and Transatlantic Civilization.

But, as men are prone to be such parrots in the use of familiar words, and as few of us have ever thought of giving ourselves a distinct account of what we mean by *civilization*, and further, as there seems to be such amazing discrepancies of opinion in the application of the term, it may not be inopportune to devote some space to a preliminary inquiry into its true meaning and actual acceptance. Not that we flatter ourselves with being able to give a perfect and satisfactory definition of it, but by considering it in various aspects we may approximate its true idea, and certainly shall be less likely to misunderstand each other.

To many minds, one of the first notions suggested by the term, is that of certain conventional forms of social life; certain styles of eating, drinking, sitting, walking; of dress, conversation, manners. All these have, indeed, some connection with the subject. Let nothing be said to diminish our regard for them; we need, rather, to have it increased. But, so far from constituting civilization, they are the mere form and cut of its garments. Were they all, civilization would be resolved into politeness, or would have somewhat the same relation to society which politeness has to individuals. People sometimes talk of a true and a false politeness, endeavoring to distinguish its show from its substance; but, after all, the outside, the show, the form, are all the substance there is in it; and by their merits it must stand or fall. But is there nothing higher, deeper and more solid contained in civilization? Montezuma held a most splendid court. All the forms of procedure and address were most fastidious and precise. Never, perhaps, was there seen a more pompous ceremonial. Most brilliant, too, was the display of dresses, plumes, gold and jewelry. But were the Mexicans therefore civilized?

Some manners there must be, or there is no civilization: but they are far from constituting its essence—the Trollopes and Hamiltons—the D'Orsays and danc-

ing-masters, to the contrary notwithstanding. In manners, the Chinese and Japanese are very different from us—in many respects quite the reverse; yet nothing but vulgar prejudice would deem them altogether uncivilized; and this vulgar prejudice they return with usury against us “outside barbarians.” Indeed, next to the ridiculousness of their contempt for us is that of ours for them.

Another notion often associated with civilization is that of wealth and luxury. Here we must distinguish the case of individuals from that of communities. With respect to individuals, wealth and luxury, it is evident, are not exponents of their relative civilization. Because a man can surround himself with sumptuous furniture, load his table with delicious viands, array himself in gorgeous apparel and ride in his coach and six—is he therefore more civilized than his neighbors who must live in simpler style, content themselves with coarser fare, and when they go abroad must walk? Riches take to themselves wings and fly away. Does civilization go with them? Is it a thing transferable by bond or mortgage, or recoverable in a suit at law? Or, because a man buys an elegant piano-forte, has he, of course, a better taste in music than another whose soul is tuned to melody, but whose voice is the only instrument within his reach? Is the opulent and haughty merchant, with his score of ships pouring wealth into his coffers from every clime, therefore more civilized than the poor scholar or artist who begs a passage in the meanest of those ships, that he may study the literature, manners and arts of other nations, and thus cultivate his mind and taste? Or, finally, the owner of a magnificent estate, who rides round among his farms or strolls over his beautiful grounds with the proud consciousness, “all this is mine”—is he therefore more civilized than the pious peasant who looks with rapture on the same objects, and exclaims, “My Father made them all”—or than the lover of nature, the painter or the poet, whose soul drinks in with ecstasy the beauty and enchantments of the scene—or even than the humble student, the botanist or mineralogist who here finds the means of enlarging his knowledge of the kingdoms of nature? In short, are idleness and dissipation, plethora and gout, avarice and purse-pride, indices of high culture and refinement? Certainly not. Filling a man's head with dollars,



his stomach with dainties, or his limbs with diseases, will not civilize him. What more degraded objects can human society present than the miser and the epicure? And if there is any folly in the world greater than the pride and self-sufficiency of the rich, it is the repining and envy of the comparatively poor:—we beg pardon—there is one greater folly still: it is that of him who, without the means, endeavors to imitate the vices and the show of wealth, and often, like the frog in the fable, bursts in the unlucky attempt.

But if we would ascertain the true relation of wealth to civilization, we ought to compare whole classes or countries, rather than individuals. As a class, it must be admitted, the rich are likely to be more highly cultivated than the poor. As will appear by a due consideration of what has been already said, wealth furnishes facilities, means and excitements for social culture, and when a proper use is made of it, civilization is certainly promoted thereby. This effect is still more likely to follow in respect to communities than classes, for though great wealth may not benefit its possessors, it is almost certain to improve society in general, by promoting the various arts that adorn human life and cultivate the human mind. Yet, fully admitting all this, we shall not find that the civilization of different countries has been, or is proportional to their wealth. In wealth, England is greatly superior to France, but according to the unanimous testimony of continental Europe, France has ever been superior to England in civilization. Were the effeminate Lydians, with Cræsus for their king, more civilized than the Spartans with their money of leather and iron, their stern integrity and lofty patriotism? It is true there was always something lacking in the social culture of the Spartans—they were never so highly civilized as their more inquisitive and communicative, though often conquered neighbors, the Athenians—there was always a remnant of rudeness and coarseness in their character; yet in civilization they were undeniably superior to many far more wealthy contemporary nations.

As for luxury, which is sometimes represented as the highest proof and fairest flower of civilization—it is rather its gangrene and plague-spot. It pre-supposes civilization as death pre-supposes life. It proves the existence of civiliza-

tion as the fastening of a vampyre proves the presence of a living body. Civilization alone can furnish it its food, but in the act she is drained of her life-blood and dies. If a universal history of the progress of civilization were written, what part would Nineveh with its Sardanapalus, Babylon with its Belshazzar, or Persia with its Artaxerxes and Darii claim therein? Even those forms of civilization which contained other and immortal elements, elements which have come down shedding their kindly influences, even to our own times, were driven from their ancient seats by luxury. So it was with the Grecian and Roman civilization. So it was with that of the Italian republics in the middle ages, which for a time exhibited an almost miraculous display of genius, courage, activity, prosperity. But commerce and enterprise introduced wealth. They knew not how rightly to use or enjoy it—they fell into luxury and effeminity, with their accompanying vices, cruelty and selfishness, and so were ruined. In short, all history conspires to teach that great wealth is not an indispensable means, nor is luxury a healthy symptom of a high degree of civilization.

But it will be confidently anticipated by many, that in the general and equitable distribution of the means of external well-being, especially if this be joined with a general diffusion of the elements of useful knowledge, we have the test and measure of the social progress of any community. But if, in the time of Louis XIV., several countries of Europe be compared in these respects with France, the comparison would result greatly in their favor, though France then stood confessedly at the head of European culture. Sparta was probably superior to Athens in these respects, though less highly civilized. So probably are Prussia and the United States at this moment superior to England or France; yet Prussia will freely acknowledge both England and France to be before her in civilization, and it is hardly worth while for us to contest the point in our favor with the unanimous voice of the civilized world against us. Finally, to bring the question more nearly home to our apprehensions; compare the population of one of our large cities with the scattered inhabitants of the country in respect to general comfort and intelligence, and we suspect the comparison would turn out in favor of the latter; yet all will allow that on the whole the cities are the great



centres of civilization. Thus we conclude that though the points referred to are important elements in the progress of social improvement, civilization includes other elements which may more than counter-balance them.

Shall we find these elements in public virtue, morality and religion? These play a most noble part in civilization. It can never long exist without them. A perfect religion is a necessary condition to its own perfection. Hence Christianity is unquestionably the highest form which civilization has ever yet assumed. But that the proper civilization of different countries and times is not proportioned to the degree in which religion and virtue prevail, will appear by an appeal to a few facts. Is Switzerland more civilized than France? Was the Germany of Luther's time more civilized than is the Germany of the present day? Was the Athens of Aristides more civilized than that of Demosthenes? Was the Rome of the elder Brutus, of Cincinnatus, or of Regulus more civilized than the Rome of Cataline and Augustus? Common sense answers no! and we need multiply examples no further.

If, then, civilization is proportional neither to the general virtue, nor general intelligence, nor general comfort—if, in some instances, it may go on increasing while these diminish—is it a thing worth troubling our heads about? we are ready to ask. But let us not be too hasty. It is plain we have an idea of civilization which contains the elements already enumerated; but it is equally plain they do not constitute its leading or essential character. And further, it is plain that, according to the ideal we form to our minds, civilization is a good thing—most noble and most desirable—though in its imperfect and distorted practical manifestations it contain or be associated with many evils. But these manifestations, though evil when considered in their immediate connection, may in a wider view, in relation to the progress of the human race, be necessary links in the advancement of the good towards its consummation. They may be regulated as transition states—as merely the awkward age in passing from the childish simplicity of rude times to a manly maturity not yet attained. After all, it is true, civilization may be too highly extolled—being displaced from its own subordinate sphere, and elevated to the highest which belongs only to religion—just as good manners

may be taught as of higher importance than good morals.

But whatever civilization may be, and whatever its merits, it plainly contains other elements than have yet been mentioned. Some will think it strange that the claims of Freedom should so long have been overlooked. In this country we are naturally disposed to assign them a very high value—and rightly, if our views of freedom are sufficiently elevated and pure. If, by personal freedom, we understand the manly consciousness of power chastened by the attendant consciousness of responsibility; the due tempering, the healthy unfolding and harmonious action of all the faculties of man, not only as an individual but as a social being—uncramped by outward restraint, and undistorted by inward perversity:—and if, by civil freedom, we understand the harmony of all the social relations, where every man naturally and without any undue obstruction finds the place which, in relation to others, he is best fitted to fill, and where whatever things are just, honest and lovely are encouraged, and whatever things are wrong and unseemly are checked and suppressed:—if such be our idea of freedom, then freedom is indeed a most important condition of high attainment in civilization.

But if of personal freedom we have merely the gross notion of a lawless caprice—of a consciousness of the most perfect individual independence—if we imagine a state of human existence, (for it cannot be called society,) where everybody does what is right in his own eyes, or what is wrong in his own eyes, if he please, and scarcely acknowledges any superior; where there is no system of government, or where the ideal of that boasted sort of “government which governs least” is realized; where there are scarcely any general laws or general interests; where each individual is his own law, his own sovereign, and his own god: if such be our idea of personal freedom, so far from such freedom being an element of civilization, it is the very index and characteristic of a savage state. Among savages you have liberty and equality in their unrestrained and perfect form. And if, by civil and political freedom, we understand merely the form of democratic government in distinction from a monarchy or an aristocracy—not to say that those forms of themselves by no means exclude despotism and op-



pression—the history of the world, and the present state of Christendom, conspire to demonstrate that such a type of freedom is essential neither to the progress nor to a high (observe, we do not say *the highest*) advancement of civilization. Little children, in their simplicity, are apt to think their fathers the most important personages in the world: in like manner, there are many among us who have grown up with the fixed idea, that we are not only the freest and happiest, but the best educated and most civilized nation on earth. In their view, all that now remains to be done is to Americanize the world. We will not offend their prejudices by instituting a comparison between some of the old monarchies of Europe and ourselves. We will merely ask them if republican Switzerland is, in their opinion, more civilized than absolute Prussia, or monarchical France, or aristocratical England? We could wish that Christian civilization furnished more republics, with which to continue the comparison. Over our South American sisters it is pious to throw a veil. But we will ask further, if France made no social progress under the despotic government of Louis XIV. ? or, if she has been going backward ever since the end of the Reign of Terror ? or, if England has remained stationary since Cromwell dismissed the Rump Parliament ? The inquiry here is not whether civilization is a desirable thing—it is only *about facts, applying to them the term according to its ordinary and common-sense acceptance*: and so applying it, we find that civilization—in the highest state it has yet reached—is not tied to the forms of a popular government. We shall have occasion to recur to this point hereafter, and must now hasten to conclude the answer to our preliminary question.

We mention then, finally, as factors and products of civilization, Science, Literature and the Fine Arts, on the one hand; and Commerce, with the Mechanical and Useful Arts on the other. Both have an important bearing upon it, but its connection with the latter is much less direct than with the former. Its central idea is Science, Literature and the Fine Arts. If it is considered as a process, a becoming civilized, its central idea is progress in these departments; and if it is considered as a state, a being civilized, that idea is a high degree of attainment in them. The cultivation of the mind, the unfolding, the discipline, the enlarg-

ing and strengthening of the intellectual powers, and the refining of the tastes and sensibilities—this is not indeed the whole, but the central idea of civilization. Herein lies the very substance of the thing itself—while Commerce and the Mechanic and Useful Arts are but external means, aids, influences. The latter are but the leaves of the tree of civilization, while the former, if not the fruits, are at least the flowers. These views are fully borne out by a reference to history and facts. Of the comparative civilization of all the ancient nations we judge by this test. Hence the Grecian and the Roman tower high above all others as we look back over the wide waste of the past. To a hasty view no other objects are visible. On a closer examination, however, appear evidences of a Jewish, an Egyptian, an Indian, a Saracenic civilization, but we refer them still to the same standard. Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, were immensely rich, immensely powerful; but they are not known to have made any considerable advances in literature or the fine arts, and men are silent concerning their civilization. The same test we apply to modern nations. Thus we judge of the civilization of France, of England, of Germany; and thus we infer that Italy, Spain, and Portugal have been retrograding in later times. But to this point also, we shall have occasion to recur.

If now we should venture to give a definition of civilization, it would be—*the complete and harmonious development of man in all his appropriate relations to this world*—or, more fully expressed, the expanding and cultivating of all the powers and capacities of man considered as a social being; especially of those higher faculties which characterize man's proper nature; and including the refinement of the manners, tastes and feelings. In reference to each man, considered individually, this process might be called *humanization*, *i. e.*, the complete drawing out and unfolding of his proper nature—making him perfectly a man—realizing his ideal character; (and hence, with singularly beautiful appropriateness, the proper studies of a liberal education used to be called, not only the Arts, but the Humanities). But as the nature of man can be thus completely expanded only in society, the process is rightly called *civilization*. Man makes society, and society civilizes man. Civilization terminates therefore in the cultivation and



perfecting of individuals; but it is a social cultivation and perfection. The self-improvement of each individual must go on in living connection with the observation and appreciation of the progress made by others. The more extensive these two processes are, and the more thoroughly they interpenetrate and modify each other, the more perfect the result. It is the internal which is to be unfolded, but it can be unfolded only in connection with the external. The subjection is to be guided, corrected, stimulated by the objection: reflection, discipline are to be conjoined with observation, conversation, intercourse—the wider the better. This is the way in which war, and one of the ways in which commerce, exert so beneficial an influence on civilization. Hence the debt which modern Europe owes to the Crusades. To nothing is civilization more directly opposed than to narrow-mindedness. A man truly civilized is distinguished for breadth and comprehension of view. He has what the Germans call a world-consciousness. He carries about with him the familiar feeling that he is here in a world where there are not only New Englanders, with their peculiar prejudices and institutions—not only Americans and Europeans, but Hindoos also, and Turks, and Tartars, and Chinese and Japanese, who, like his own neighbors, are all proud of their several countries, creeds and characters; in a world, too, where there have been Jews, Greeks, Romans, Egyptians and Arabians: in short, his mind is to a certain degree a geographical and historical omnipresence. He feels, moreover, that he is in vital connection with a race which has been, and is, in a process of development wherein he shares, from which he has received, and to which he must contribute. He is not a mere isolated individual. In all the fortunes of the race he takes sensible interest. He is a *man*—and whatever concerns humanity comes home to his bosom. Columbus is said to have discovered America; though multitudes were on the spot before him. But they knew only of the existence of their own tribes, and of their immediate neighbors, whom they chanced to meet in war or hunting—they had no history, no future, *i. e.*, they were savages: they were not properly *men*; and hence they are said to have been *discovered* as if they were mere *things*. True civilization also implies a ready sympathy and power of appreci-

ation. It enters with facility into the characters and ideas of other nations, and of more imperfect forms of social culture; and by impartially judging them, includes and makes them its own. In fine, its idea, its mission is to bring into one, the past, the present and the future—all nations and all generations. Its spirit, therefore, is both conservative and progressive. It keeps up the continuity of the race. Its monuments are enduring. Its apostles live and labor for all time, though often obscure and neglected in their own.

What share have *we* in such a civilization? What are our claims and prospects as compared with the leading nations of Europe? We proceed to offer some views in answer to these queries with a deep sense of insufficiency, but at the same time with a clear consciousness of an earnest and impartial spirit. If what shall be said be true and sound as far as it goes, we trust that, in view of the immensity of the subject, our readers will pardon some incoherence and great deficiencies.

We, Americans, are often accused of indulging a vain and boastful spirit—and not without reason; though it seems to be quite forgotten by our accusers that we are not altogether singular in this respect—nor are our boasts altogether groundless—nor is it a greater sin to boast than to traduce. If we boast more than others, it is because we have more people among us who take it into their heads that they have a right to think for themselves, and not only for themselves but for the rest of the world—more mouths which are opened not only to utter the minds of their owners, but to serve as the organs of the nation. Every little village newspaper dares to speak in the name of the American people; and every petty 4th of July orator and Lyceum lecturer, considers himself the *pro tempore* mouth-piece of the whole country. Now it is certainly assuming more than any considerate man will venture to maintain, to suppose that we can furnish such myriads of men with views equally enlarged and minds equally cultivated, with the select few who presume to stand forth as the representatives of other nations. Among the mass of the people in most other countries, there is probably as deep-seated a feeling of their national superiority as there is among ourselves; but this feeling is among them comparatively silent, because there is too little



mental activity to attempt its utterance, and too little consciousness of the mere existence of any rival to furnish so much as a motive for expressing it. Thus much in defence of our alleged habit of self-laudation—as against others; yet as among ourselves, far be it from us to say one word in its defence. It is a fault which, so far as it exists, is a symptom of narrow-mindedness, and therefore a drawback to our claims to the true spirit of civilization.

But before dismissing this topic, we cannot forbear some further comments upon the increasingly contemptuous and insolent tone which British travelers and British criticism, and the British press generally, have chosen to assume towards this country. What are the private griefs and personal motives of the particular writers, we know not—we care not. They may be goaded on in the spirit of denunciation by pecuniary losses or pecuniary rewards; and the explanation may be admitted in their personal defence, though not much to their personal honor; but inasmuch as this has become the prevailing, almost universal spirit of the highest literary organs of the British nation, it may fairly be assumed as indicating the general tone of English feeling—especially of the higher classes of English society, towards this country. England always felt towards us as a step-mother, and that feeling has not been softened by seeing her own children deprived in our favor of so fair a portion of the paternal inheritance. There was always something irresistibly ludicrous in the lofty bearing which every English writer felt himself entitled to assume towards America—though he had never seen beyond the narrow precincts of his native island—and if he had, it made no great difference; he always carried England with him wherever he went—and though he might be little more than a beardless boy; yet born himself in a certain little island, we on a magnificent continent, he felt authorised and commissioned to assume towards us the office of a schoolmaster. Gravely seating himself in a pedagogue's chair, he called us before him to take a lesson in manners and morals, and receive a severe castigation for our awkwardness and misdemeanors. English writers have not bantered us as gentlemen and equals—they have assumed to chastise us as being themselves our acknowledged superiors and tutors. They have dealt not in good-

humored national raillery, but in contemptuous sneers and studied insults. And if we have resented or protested against such treatment, they coolly shrugged their shoulders and assured us we were altogether too thin-skinned. It is true we ought to have had self-respect enough to laugh at such preposterous airs—to return silence for contempt, and pity for insult. But the fact is, we had cherished a reverential regard for England as the home and the burial-place of our common ancestors; and, forgetting that the present generation of English were no older or more venerable than ourselves, we naturally transferred to them that deference which we felt for England as our mother country. Hence our soreness. They knew their advantage and they have abused it. Latterly they have seemed determined to cure us of our thin-skinned sensitiveness and childish veneration both together, and we trust by the time they have exhausted their store of vituperation—if, indeed, there is any more ink in the bottle—they will have succeeded to their hearts' content. As to English travelers—they are the same everywhere. They seem to regard all the rest of the world as made expressly for Englishmen to travel in, and to judge well or ill of it according as it suits their traveling convenience. Every class of creatures is affected by things according to its own nature. The books of English travelers in this country always remind us of the far-traveled stork in the fable, who, when the fox asked of him an account of the foreign lands he had visited, began to name over all the stagnant pools, the bogs and marshes where he had found the most savory worms and the fattest frogs.

The English at home are ridiculously ignorant of us—not only of our condition and institutions, but of our very geography. Men moving in the most respectable society in England have not so distinct an idea of the geography of this country as our school-boys ordinarily have of that of Caffraria or the Barbary States—not to say, of England, for obvious reasons. We have seen a forty shilling atlas, published in London in the year of our Lord 1840, in which the separate map of the United States exhibited but fourteen States; one of the old thirteen, New Hampshire, being omitted; and, of the new States, only Vermont and Kentucky added. The palpable and ludicrous blunders of Alison in his history of the late war between this country and



Great Britain, have already been, in part, exposed in the pages of this Review. They are not lapses of inadvertence, but sins of sheer ignorance. He evidently knew no better than to call New England one of the States of the Union by the side of Massachusetts and Connecticut! Yet Alison is probably the most praised and prominent British historian of the present generation. His is no light, ephemeral production, but most grave and elaborate. He lays extraordinary claims to accuracy and fairness; and no historian, since Gibbon, has made so much pretension in the way of rhetoric and philosophy. But in writing about this country, he seems to have thought it unnecessary to possess himself of the merest outline of its geography. The English may think us not worth knowing much about; but a well-informed man ought to know more of Abyssinia or Greenland, especially if he undertook to publish a map of it, or write its history.

What but the unconscious effrontery of the purest ignorance can account for Alison's gravely stating and publishing before the whole world, in a history which was to be the great work of his life; "that one of the last acts of Washington's life was to carry, *by his casting vote in Congress*, a commercial treaty with Great Britain?" This is not merely a downright falsehood in point of fact, but shows either that the author had never read the Constitution of the United States, or that he had been too dull to comprehend its simplest provisions. Yet this man—professing great scrupulousness as to the exactness of his information in his statements about countries—has had the audacity to sit in judgment on our institutions, and visit them with the most absolute and withering condemnation. If it should be said that the blunder above referred to is unimportant in itself, and furnishes no argument either for or against our institutions, we admit the extenuation though it does not cut off our inferences. But what shall be said of expressly basing an argument much to our disadvantage upon the assumed fact, that "all the State Judges, from the highest to the lowest, are elected by the people, and are liable to be displaced by them—their tenure of office is sometimes for three, sometimes for four, sometimes for six years, but never for life." And what

shall be said of the incredible and incorrigible stupidity of a late British reviewer, who, after the facts have repeatedly been set forth before the world with statistical fullness, showing the falsity of almost every word of Alison's statement, (for excepting the clause—"sometimes for six years"—every word of it is literally false,) has been guilty of reiterating the stale slander in the following form, intended to express substantially the same thing, though in more guarded language:

"The superiority of judges who are appointed by the President and for life, over the State judges, most of whom are elected by the people, and many hold for short terms, or at will, occasions a general wish to resort to the national courts."\*

Now the facts in the case, as nearly as we have the means of ascertaining them at the moment of writing this, are, 1st. In respect to the term of office: the judges of the Supreme Courts—(and in reference to any other than the Supreme Courts, the statement of the reviewer has no pertinency,) the judges of the *Supreme Courts*, in fifteen out of twenty-seven States, hold their office during good behavior; with the additional limitation, in some instances, of a certain age; varying from seventy to sixty-five years, and, in one instance, being set as low as sixty. Here are a majority of the States, containing about eleven-seventeenths of the population of the whole Union. In eight of the remaining twelve States, the term of office of the highest judges varies from seven to twelve years; in two States it is six years, in one it is five years, and in one it is one year. 2d. In respect to the mode of appointment; the judges of the Supreme Courts, in fourteen of the States, are appointed by the Legislature; in twelve of the States, by the Governor with the advice of a Senate or Council; and, in one solitary State, they are elected by the people. In no case can they be removed by the direct action of the people.

Are all these facts *Americanisms*; which simply mean, when expressed in the King's English—"most of the State judges are elected by the people, and many hold for short terms, or at will?" Does the reviewer, peradventure, intend to say that, inasmuch as the Legislature are elected by the people, the judges appoint-



ed by them are really though indirectly elected by the people also? So is the President of the United States virtually and practically elected by the people, for the reviewer himself says truly that the College of Presidential Electors "have no more discretion than an English Dean and Chapter under a *congé d'élire*. They are chosen as mere instruments, pledged to nominate a given candidate." They are a mere form of returning the popular vote. But what then becomes of the contrast between the State and the national courts? And who constitute the remainder to the "most?" In a popular government how else could the judges be appointed, but directly or indirectly by the people? Would the Reviewer have the Legislature or the Executive hereditary, in order to make the appointment of judges independent of the people? Why not make the judges themselves hereditary at once? This would seem to be the shorter and better way. We believe most of the arguments in favor of a hereditary executive and hereditary legislators will apply with equal, and many of them with greater, weight in favor of hereditary judges. Would the Reviewer think the establishment of a hereditary bench an improvement on the system of the English judiciary? Or, on the other hand, would he think it an improvement on ours, to leave the Chief Justice of the United States, like the Lord High Chancellor of England, to be changed with every change in the political administration? Or, would he think it a "conservative" innovation in our political system to abolish our glorious and venerable Constitution, and make our Congress, like the Parliament of England, theoretically omnipotent; superior to all law, courts and constitutions whatever; with power "to bind our judges at pleasure, and teach our counsellors wisdom?" As long ago as the time of Oliver Cromwell, the English felt that an omnipotent Parliament, unrestrained by any constitution or "instrument of government," might be arbitrary and tyrannical as well as any autocratic monarch.\* If it be said that such fears are imaginary, that they are not sustained by facts; we admit it, to some extent, in the case of the British Parliament; but a similar statement is

much more literally true in respect to the fears of corruption from the popular dependence of some of our State courts. Where are the cases of corrupt or unreasonable decisions to be traced to such a dependence? Have any such been alleged? Not one. Only this dependence is extremely bad in theory. We think so too; and where the judges hold their office during good behavior we should desire no change; though it is very possible our feeling in this particular rests upon prejudice rather than facts. There are certainly some advantages in judges' holding office for definite terms, provided those terms are not *too* short; and the so much dreaded and deprecated dangers of such an arrangement will rarely be realized as long as the mass of the community are intelligent and virtuous. They are not to be for one moment compared with the evils actually arising from the delays of justice which have made the highest courts of England a by-word.

That the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States are, as a body, superior to those of any State court in the Union—if not to those of any court in the world—we suppose is a fact. We should think it strange, and much to be deplored, if it were not a fact. That prosecuting parties often (not generally) prefer the national to the State courts, we suppose, is also a fact. But that the reasons for this preference, implied in the statements of the Edinburgh Review, are rarely, if ever, the true reasons, we are assured—not being of the legal profession ourselves—by those who are intimately acquainted with the facts of the case. Indeed, we should seem to be driven to this inference, unless it is found that the disposition to resort to the national courts is greater in the State where the judges are appointed annually, or in the State where they are chosen by the people, than in those States where the judges are appointed by the Governors and hold office for life. We have never learned that any such diversity exists.

We have purposely dwelt the longer on this point; not only because of its intrinsic importance, but in order, by the very course of the argument, by the view of the multiplicity of considerations, and facts, and principles, pertaining to a full

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\* See Cromwell's speech to the first Parliament under the Protectorate. "The liberties, and interests and lives of people *not* judged by any certain known laws and power, but by an Arbitrary Power, which is *incident and necessary to Parliaments*."



comprehension of the subject, to show our Transatlantic brethren that there are more things in the character and working of American institutions than are dreamt of in their every-day philosophy. They must be content to take for granted, once for all, that the American Union is a phenomenon of some importance in the world—deserving and demanding to be patiently and thoroughly studied; and that, too, with a spirit of docility and earnestness. The time is past when their one-sided, off-hand, flippant judgments can longer pass current in the world, or quiet their own consciences as men of sense and intelligence. If they would learn what the character and working of our institutions are, they must condescend to go to school to us and study them. Even could they get the principles, they cannot get the facts, by instinct. We earnestly advise English writers and critics—as they value their own reputation and characters—to take this subject into serious consideration.\*

Even in regard to “repudiation,” which seems to have excited the ire of our English brethren almost to frenzy, they betray at every step their profound ignorance. They talk and act as if the whole United States, individually and collectively, had “repudiated” their debts. They put us all alike under the ban, and treat the whole country as a “brigand confederacy”—one combined set of swindlers and pickpockets. It is true, they are not bound to know anything of us if they will say nothing about us. But before John Bull tosses us all quite over the pale of civilization, it were well for him to consider the premises. The insinuated charge is indiscriminate, that America “repudiates” her debts. But how stands the case? The gross amount of the debts of the several States has somewhat exceeded 200,000,000 of dollars. Aside from the unwise, and in some sense dishonest *delay*, on the part of a few of the States, under the pressure, it must at the same time be admitted, of extraordinary disappointments and disasters, to pay the annual interest on their debts, the whole business of “repudiation,”

about which all this hue and cry has been raised, amounts to this: that, in one or two States, a certain portion of the debt—less, we believe, than \$10,000,000 in all—has been declared fraudulent, and payment refused. Let shame rest on those who have perpetrated such an act of baseness and dishonor! And “shame on them” is echoed from one end of the country to the other. God forbid we should utter one word in extenuation of the deed. We all feel disgraced by it—not that we are in any wise responsible for it, but that we must go by the same name with its authors. But the British invite a comparison with themselves, as showing their vast superiority to us in point of general civilization. They pay their enormous debt, they say, or the interest of it, which is the same thing. But who pay it, and who receive the payment? Who have the most commanding influence in the English Government, the payers or the payees? They vote, with singular disinterestedness, that the money shall be paid—to whom? *To themselves.* They take to themselves great credit for voting money out of other people’s pockets into their own. Out of other people’s pockets, shall we say? The mass of those from whose sweat and toil the money (in the last analysis, as the politico-economists would say) must come, are hardly blessed with the luxury of pockets—or of ever having anything in them. It is taken out of their mouths, and the mouths of their children—nay, torn from their very vitals. Let the money be paid, by all means; but let the burthen fall, at least, as heavily on those who magnanimously vote the payment as on those who have no voice in the matter—and then let them boast. The British nation pays its debts. It is well. But at what rate, think you, would consols be quoted to-morrow, should it be announced that, thirty days hence, the question would be submitted, directly or indirectly, to the universal suffrage of the people of the British Empire—Rebeccaïtes, Chartists, Socialists, wild Irish, and all—whether they would bear their present burdens, or, by one act of national bank-

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\* Let us add here, that we should be sorry to seem uncourteous towards the Edinburgh Review. It is usually temperate in its language towards America; and deserves great credit for firmly resisting the general current among its neighbors against us. The very article in which the passage above objected to occurs, is, on the whole, a very candid, thorough and learned discussion of its subject matter.



ruptcy throw them off for ever? This is the proper basis of comparison with us, as bearing upon the question of our relative civilization. Who would trust in a favorable result from such a vote? On the other hand, if, when our national debt was at its maximum, or at any other time, such a question had been submitted to the universal suffrage of this whole Union, who can doubt there would have been an overwhelming majority in favor of full and punctual payment? There is abundant evidence that, at this moment, taking the country as a whole, the sentiments of the mass of our people on this subject are sound, and their action, in any possible event, would be honest and just; and not only so, but even the delinquent States, we doubt not, will ere long come to their senses and retrieve their characters—as, indeed, the greater part of them have already done. Now, where is the country on the face of the globe, the mass of whose population are so cultivated and virtuous, that, being placed under similar circumstances, and divided into small, independent portions like our States, such a question could be submitted to them with consequences less disastrous than those which are deplored in this country? If it be said that, though the general character of our people may be defended, still the fact of “repudiation” remains, and it is impossible to argue it away: that the fault of it must lie somewhere—if not on our people, then on our institutions—we answer, that we do consider it a defect in our political system, that the individual States should be allowed to contract debts without control and without responsibility. And, as we believe that the constitution, properly interpreted, prohibits it, so we could wish that instrument had been more explicit in its prohibitions; yet we are by no means willing to give up the right of self-government in order to avoid or remedy such evils as have resulted from this accidental defect in our institutions. Those evils will eventually remedy themselves, and be productive of permanent good. It

is highly desirable that the tendency of the States to the contraction of debt should, in some way, be checked. We doubt not they will ultimately pay their present debts, learn a lesson of economy from experience, and if their credit abroad should suffer, it will be an additional security against rash expenditure in future.

The English also taunt us with the existence of negro slavery in a portion of our country, as an evidence of our backwardness in civilization. We will not reply with Mr. McDuffie's paradox: that the slavery of one portion of the community is essential to the freedom and civilization of the rest. It is indeed true, that the most perfect forms of ancient civilization existed in connection with a bloated system of slavery; yet, if the writer of this might be allowed to speak for himself personally, he would say that he has far more sympathy even with the professed abolitionists, than with their professed opponents. But what has the Briton done, that he should constitute himself the censor of all the world? After having grown rich by conquest and extortion, by slavery and the slave-trade, he has indeed compelled his brethren in the colonies to emancipate their negroes, and given them money to pay their debts to himself.

That was Briton-like. But what has he done at home? Are there really no slaves there, as Cowper sung? According to recent developments, there has been for many years more hard bondage, more grinding servitude, more excruciating misery, in the southern half of the Island of Great Britain—to say nothing of poor, plundered Ireland—than there ever was (we were about to say in the whole West Indies, certainly we may say) in the whole United States, at any period in the history of Negro Slavery. Let the oligarchy that govern England take care of the millions that are toiling and gnashing their teeth, and pining away around them.†

The number of the *Edinburgh Review* to which we have already referred, con-

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\* Mr. Lyell—whose book on America, by the way, forms an honorable exception to the general tone of British travelers in this country—admits and maintains that it would be certain ruin to submit the question of paying the English debt to the decision of universal suffrage; and even deprecatingly urges this fact, presumed to be undeniable, as a decisive answer to those friends of liberty who inquire why the right of suffrage should not be extended in Great Britain as it is in this country. Such a fact speaks volumes.

† They have begun to come up to the work in their fashion. After having so ordered their legislation for centuries as to protect the rich and exhaust the poor, they have at length begun to provide for the latter when it has become no longer safe to neglect them. The English



tains an elaborate article on the subject of legislation for the working classes; the upshot of which is, that, in order to be treated as freemen, they must be left to starve;—for to talk to men about exciting industry and economy by throwing them on their own resources, while you allow them nothing to do, or do not pay them enough for their work to furnish them a scanty subsistence from hand to mouth, is only adding insult to injury. The Reviewer, after stating very impartially the advantages and disadvantages of the free working classes as compared with serfs and slaves, and showing how, in Europe, the former condition has gradually taken the place of the latter, adds the following paragraph which we take the liberty to insert entire.

“When we contemplate the actual results of the change in question, and compare the state of the working classes in countries where they are free, with the state of a slave class, we find that the only benefits of freedom, which have been fully enjoyed by the laboring classes, are the *negative* ones (such as exemption from bodily inflictions and other ill treatment); but that the *positive* benefits which they have hitherto derived from their social independence, have been less prominent. The positive benefits, which are economical and domestic, which consist in the acquisition, enjoyment and transmission of wealth, and in the development of the family affections, are more remote, and depend on numerous preliminary conditions which hitherto have rarely co-existed in any community. The entire harvest of the change will not be reaped until civilization has made further progress—until the providence, industry, intelligence and peaceableness of the working-man are such as to render him altogether fit for self-support, and to protect society against the shocks arising from his delusions and violence.”

To this we have only to add, by way of comment, that the free working classes in this country, have already made that “further progress in civilization” for which the Englishman and the European can only sigh; that they already enjoy and have long enjoyed to the full, the *positive* as well as the *negative* benefits of freedom; so that they would feel indignant at the very thought of being compared with slaves and serfs.

It is charged upon us that we have mobs in this country. It is also too true. But let it also be remembered, that we have scarcely any police and no standing armies to prevent or suppress them; while with all their regiments and systems of police, even the English have not got along without them. Can either France or England point to fifty consecutive years in her history during which she has been freer from mobs than the United States have been for a half century, from the adoption of the Federal Constitution? Moreover, it is not to be forgotten, that we do not send our refuse population abroad, but, from our liberal character and position, must receive the refuse population of other countries, and share with them our rights and liberties. What, then, must be the transforming character of our people and institutions, which can so unfailingly and so speedily change such materials into good citizens, enjoying all the *positive* as well as *negative* benefits of freedom—and can continue such a process for so long a period with so very few miscarriages and disasters?

Overweening self-conceit, repudiation, slavery, mobs—these evils, we grieve to say, do exist among us. But the whole country is not chargeable with any one of them—they are not distinctive characteristics of our social condition. When the enemies of America and American

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aristocracy can make a virtue of necessity with as good a grace as anybody we know of. It is stated on the authority of a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, that the number of paupers in Great Britain is four millions, or a seventh part of the population of the empire. At the same time there are 70,000 persons in England whose aggregate *annual income* is 200,000,000 of dollars. According to the Parliamentary Reports, the money expended for the relief of the poor in England alone, for the last thirty years, has averaged nearly 50,000,000 of dollars annually. Probably all the rest of the world put together, have not expended so great a sum for this purpose. (See Edinburgh Review, Jan., 1846.) Instead of wondering at the munificence of such an immense provision, we are led to reflect that the very necessity for it, proves that there is “something rotten” either in the character of the people, or of the institutions under which they live. Are such multitudes of the free-born natives of England so lazy or so stupid that rather than earn their own living, as they might, they will submit to be fed as paupers? Or, are the political and social conditions under which they live such, that after toiling with the best will, and straining every nerve, they cannot obtain the means of keeping body and soul together without the insulting aid of public charity? We do not see how the English can avoid accepting on this subject one horn or other of the same dilemma which they offer to us on the subject of “repudiation.”



institutions attack them at these points, they commit, to say the least, a mistake in strategy. These are, by no means, peculiarly *our* weak points; we utterly deny their pretended weight as proofs of our comparative inferiority to Europe in civilization. Our inferiority is to be found elsewhere, if anywhere at all. Not that we are disposed to retract the admission already made, that the English as well as the French are our superiors in civilization, *according to the ordinary acceptance of the term*; but, deferring for the present the consideration of those points in which their superiority consists, we may be permitted to think that this "brigand confederacy" is not quite so deep in the slough of corruption, vulgarity and barbarism—nor is it likely to be—as they would make the world believe.

In seeking to ascertain our comparative claims, it was proper, however, first to inquire what is our reputation among foreigners, and on what grounds do they form their opinions? It is proper also to remember that our general reputation abroad is more in the hands of the English than in any other, except our own. But it is some comfort to know that, notwithstanding all their sneers and denunciations, other foreigners retain a high opinion of us, and indeed, often express views of quite too flattering a character. It is true that, everywhere, the pensioned authors and salaried agents of arbitrary rule and monarchical institutions say as much evil and as little good of us as they can. Yet they are far from treating us with contempt. They respect and fear us. They deprecate our influence, and endeavor to throw all possible obstructions in its way; and to this end, it is necessary to keep before the eyes of their people the worst side of us, and *that* colored and caricatured as strongly as possible; and especially to ascribe all the evils among us, real or imaginary, to the natural effect of our free institutions, so that, in general, it is to be expected that the judgments which foreign nations pass upon us and our civilization, (besides being partial as all such mutual judgments are,) should be highly prejudiced and unjust. Nevertheless many well-informed foreigners know better; and, because

their neighbors go to one extreme in judging us, they are naturally repelled to the other. They see nothing but good in us, and deal only in excessive praise. The influence of American civilization on European has been undeniably great—it is great still; and, if we are faithful to ourselves, may yet become immeasurably greater. It is true we enter into comparison with European nations at great disadvantage. It is nothing to our discredit, surely, that our tendencies and efforts are directed rather towards internal improvement, than external show or effect. We aim rather to be civilized than to appear so. But we have still many deficiencies to be supplied, and faults to be remedied; and we need—especially if we would produce an impression abroad—men of higher general culture. We need *organs*—proper representatives among foreign nations; men who shall give a favorable idea, not only of our diplomatic address and political sagacity, but of our national, social, and scientific culture. The impression made abroad by Franklin is not yet effaced. As Americans, we still enjoy its benefits. When shall another like him stand forth as the personification of a republican and an American?\*

American civilization is not, indeed, to be contrasted with European, as something quite diverse or contrary; rather, the former is the direct offspring, a new phasis and development of the latter. In modern Europe, civilization has assumed a more perfect form than it had ever before attained. Its seed has been planted in America, as in a virgin and more genial soil. It has germinated, has waxed with a rapid and vigorous growth, and put forth magnificent buds of promise; and, though it has by no means reached the grandeur and maturity of the parent tree, though it is exposed to many casualties and enemies, yet it is the hope of the world; it contains the best, if not the only, promise of social regeneration for the race. Whatever may be the comparative stage of our present advancement, it is certain that the intelligent friends of human progress and improvement everywhere, are watching our course with profound interest and trembling anxiety.

The problem we have to solve is, to

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\* It is not meant that we are entirely destitute of such organs. By no means. Our late minister to England is a sufficient refutation of such a statement. We want more such, and fewer of a very different character.



reconcile a high degree of refinement and culture when attained, with permanence on the one hand and general diffusion on the other. Hitherto, when nations have reached a certain point of social progress, there has always been a tendency to general corruption and dissolution. The progress has been partial and one-sided, pampering here, stinting there. Its very elements have contained in them the germs of decay. Italy and Spain admonish us, that even the Christian civilization of Europe promises to be no exception to the sad rule. We are to try the experiment under new auspices. And, though we have little occasion for pride and vanity, we have many reasons for gladness and thanksgiving. Indeed, what ground has any nation for boasting? To all the apostolic rebuke is applicable, "What hast thou which thou didst not receive?" In giving us extraordinary advantages, Divine Providence has laid us under extraordinary responsibilities. These are what we should learn to feel. We not only have duties to ourselves and our posterity to discharge, but we are entrusted with a mission for the whole race; its destinies, to a fearful extent, are placed in our hands. A lofty ideal—a glorious goal is set before us. Let us not be high-minded, but run with modesty and circumspection, as well as with vigor and alacrity, lest we fail as others less favored have failed before us.

Some of our advantages are—general freedom and freshness, an open field, a youthful spirit and susceptible character; courage, confidence and hope; a general diffusion of knowledge and culture, and of the means of external comfort; a heroic age in our early settlement and happy revolution; above all, in erecting our fabric of society, we have no antiquated edifices to remodel, no crumbling walls to prop up, no rubbish to remove; but an abundance of new and sound materials all around us.

Dr. Arnold, writing of English conservatism, and of the obstacles to improvement in the existing corrupt and unnatural state of English society, says, that "a volume might be written on those words of Harrington, '*we are living in the dregs of the Gothic Empire.*' It is that the beginnings of things are bad, and

when they have not been altered, you may safely say they want altering. But then comes the question *whether our fate is not fixed*, and whether you could not as well make the muscles and sinews of a *full grown man* perform the feats of an Indian juggler." It is sometimes represented, by various arguments and figures of speech, that those antiquated institutions which have come down from a semi-barbarous age, are useful, and even needful to sustain the new and better institutions in their feeble beginnings and during their slow and gradual growth. This might be true, if they contained in them the germs, or even the recognition, of a higher development; if they left free scope to the spirit of progress. But such is far from being the case. They are notoriously the greatest obstacles and the most inveterate enemies of all change for the better. Where was it ever known that they encouraged such a change? Has not the spirit of conservatism which possesses them always and everywhere made an uncompromising warfare against every innovation and improvement? a spirit which, like the venomous reptile, still makes them its abode after they have crumbled to ruins that fill the air with pestilence and death.

All the natural elements of society and of humanity, evil as well as good, are among us in a state of commixture, commotion and contest. This is, indeed, a critical situation; but herein lies no occasion for dismay or discouragement. Great risk is often the condition of great success. Nature loves variety, and hates monotony. As Guizot has well said: this is the picture of the universe, of humanity itself. Yet nature does not amuse herself with placing in mere juxtaposition, or patching together the members and relics of the part after the life has departed from them—as the Europeans, and especially the English, have attempted, and are attempting, to do. But she develops her variety, calls forth the struggle, from the living elements of the present, as among us. Our civilization is, in this respect, more consonant with the course of nature than even the European, which, it must be admitted, exhibits a variety of form and movement unknown in ancient times.



## TERRESTRIAL PLEASURES.

SWEDENBORG relates in one of his books that an angel told him there were in one of the lower heavens about four hundred and seventy-eight pleasures, or varieties of pleasure. The angel did not speak with that degree of exactness which should distinguish the conversation of a celestial being. There may be more or there may be less. About four hundred and seventy-eight is too indefinite. Even an angel ought not to exaggerate the joys of heaven, and we may well believe that one of the blessed could not underrate their enjoyments. It will be safe to believe, therefore, that the pleasures of heaven are at least four hundred and seventy-eight in number; some, who have seen the rough side of the world, may think the estimate too large by half, and be unable to believe that even in heaven they could enjoy so great an amount of pleasure; but others, who have tasted all the delights of this earth, will think the number quite small, and that the difference between this world and the next, is nothing to speak of after all. For my own part, I will not deny that the number of heavenly delights, appear to me excessively large, and I have been trying to enumerate all the terrestrial pleasures, that I may ascertain the exact arithmetical difference between heaven and earth. There are some pleasures which must be common to both states of existence, such as the pleasures of devotion, of doing good, of the higher order of music, of contemplating the glory of our Maker, &c.; but what I mean by terrestrial pleasures, are such as can only be experienced in our bodily existence, which are of the earth, earthy. There is a possibility of realizing a heaven as well as a hell upon earth. There are some people, the majority of people, indeed, and strangest of all a majority of religious people, who are forever decrying the earth and everything connected with it, forgetful that God made it and pronounced it good. We cannot but think that those who are dissatisfied with this world, will be equally dissatisfied with the next.

Wishing to get the views of my friends on this subject, I asked a gentleman the other day, who had recently lost five thousand dollars by a decline in the price

of stocks, how many different pleasures he had a knowledge of in this world. He replied not one. But he expected to realize a very great pleasure soon in getting out of the world. This was one I had not set down in my list, so I added it to the number.

The great difficulty in making a list of earthly pleasures, is to distinguish a pleasure from a pain. People often say that certain things give them the greatest pleasure, which I am certain must give extreme pain. The old saying about one man's meat being another's poison, cannot be reversed. What is poison to one is poison to all. Our pains are positive; the greater part of our pleasures are purely conventional or imaginary. The "very great pleasures" which one experiences in entertaining his wife's aunt, or second cousin, who lives at the other end of the city, and has been taking tea with your family, while you have been wearying yourself in your office, it would be difficult to analyze; or the "pleasure" of endorsing a friend's note, if you had not pledged yourself to your partner not to do such a thing, is extremely subtle and difficult of detection. Considering the very great pleasure which the endorsing of notes and lending of money would give to some people, we may well wonder that they should take oaths and sign pledges not to do such things. Men who will voluntarily deprive themselves of these delights by leaving their pocket-books at home, or pledging themselves to their wives or partners, are entitled to as much honor as St. Simon Stylites. One little dream of the ascetics in Wall street, who forswear the "greatest pleasure in the world," until one attempts to borrow a small sum of money among his friends. Men who submit to these deprivations so heroically, are to be the more commended because these are pleasures, which are ranked among the purely earthly ones. Lending money in the next world we know to be entirely out of the question, firstly because nobody ever took anything with him out of this; and secondly, we all know that rich men are not admitted into heaven at all. These two considerations must partly increase our admiration of those heroic souls, who so resolutely deny themselves the pleasures of



lending and endorsing, since they are the only pleasures which their wealth can procure them !

I knew a pious lady who, thinking her brother's mind was too much engrossed by his business, began to talk to him about preparing for another and a better world. "A better world!" he replied, "this world is good enough for me." This man was either a fool or a saint; he was either to be envied or despised. He was either humble in spirit and felt that his fate equaled his deserts, or he was proud of himself and his gettings, and thought this life "hard to beat." He was not one of those ascetics who denied himself the pleasure of lending or endorsing, because such acts gave him no pleasure at all, and therefore he refrained from them.

In a state of existence where there are about 478 different pleasures, there can be no necessity for pleasure parties, such as we have here, where the real pleasure consists in getting away from them. The pleasure of entertaining one's friends, in a fashionable sense, is a purely terrestrial enjoyment. Entertaining angels unawares is half celestial; but that is a different kind of entertainment. Angels have never manifested a partiality for gas-lights, that I ever heard of; neither do they visit in white satin or patent leather. Fashionable people, therefore, can never hope to entertain angels, but they often furnish a good deal of entertainment for their friends, when they have no thought of entertaining them. In this way they may sometimes entertain angels—fallen ones—quite unawares. As this is a purely terrestrial pleasure, one that angels, even, can have no knowledge of, I cannot resist the temptation to give an account of one of these pleasures in which I participated a few months ago.

The lady who had the pleasure of entertaining her friends, was but in moderate circumstances, although she had a circle of rich acquaintances who had once been poor, and were now, as a matter of course, fond of displaying their wealth. Her house was small, and when all the rooms were emptied of their furniture, they were capable of containing fifty persons comfortably, provided they all stood up, and stood still. One of the rooms was to be appropriated for dancing, another for the supper, and the third—which was one of those little closets called a tea-room—for conversation, music and flirting. The guests invited num-

bered one hundred and fifty, and they all came to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the discomfort of each other, and laughing at their entertainers. They began to assemble at nine, and by ten the rooms were so full that those who came after had to return without being able to get their feet into the little passage which was good-humoredly called the hall. When the fiddlers attempted to play for the dancers, they could not make room for their elbows. But a couple of Mons. Chanaud's pupils, who had got into the middle of the floor for a waltz, succeeded in whirling round to the piping of a clarionet, as though they turned on a pivot. It was impossible to talk, because the breath was squeezed out of everybody's lungs. Several of the gentlemen fainted. The ladies being accustomed to tight-lacing, stood the squeeze better. A good many corns were ground beneath heavy heels, and no toll taken. After much suffering, the doors of the supper-room were thrown open about midnight. A rush was made for the tables so sudden and impetuous, that a pair of decanters and a trencher of oyster soups were swept off, and trampled under foot. Those who had succeeded in grasping something, found themselves so closely pinioned by the crowd, that they could not carry their hands to their mouths. One gentleman, who had secured the leg of a boned turkey on his fork, had his hand suddenly forced above his head, and being unable to retain his hold, the fork fell upon the head of somebody behind him, and a third making a desperate grasp for the choice morsel, pulled off the gentleman's entire head of splendid chesnut hair. This misfortune was considerably heightened by the gentleman who had displaced the head of hair attempting, in the confusion, to fasten it upon the wrong head. In a very short time the supper-table was completely cleared, but nobody succeeded in getting anything to eat. In addition to the decanters and the trencher, a solar lamp and a cut glass *efugne* were dashed to pieces. Finding that supper was out of the question, the guests began to leave as fast as they could disentangle themselves, and about daylight the givers of the feast crept wearily to bed with the pleasant reflection of having wasted half a year's income in rendering their friends miserable for an entire evening, and themselves ridiculous for the remainder of their lives.

It would be an easy matter to get up an



entertainment, where pleasure to guests and host would be certain. What a purely terrestrial pleasure it would be to open a fine house for the entertainment of poor widows and orphans. How little danger there would be of offending anybody's taste on such an occasion; and one would feel sure of being well spoken of by one's guests! Everybody must remember Charles Lamb's eccentric friend, who used to give an annual dinner of fried sausages to the London chimney sweeps, and the delightful account which Elia gave of an entertainment of the kind, which he had the good fortune to enjoy. I remember that I wondered when I first read it that such feasts were not given daily instead of yearly, there seemed to be such delight in them. The Lord Mayor's dinner in Guildhall, and Mr. Rogers' breakfasts, are poor things in comparison with the chimney sweeps' dinner.

In the queer old town in which I was born, where fish formed the staple food of the people, it used to be the custom, and may be so still, for the wealthy families who kept a cow, to give what they called a veal feast, annually, at which all the near relations of the family were invited, from the great-grandparents down to the great-grandchildren—not the slightest distinction being made in respect of worldly circumstances. On these occasions a whole calf was usually cooked and served up in a variety of ways, in capacious pewter dishes, which shone brighter than many services of silver which I have seen. There was always a prodigal display of finery at these feasts, but it was not such finery as they purchase at fancy stores, for nothing could be plainer than the dresses which were worn, drab being the pervading color; but there were fine eyes, fine teeth, fine forms, fine complexions, and above all fine countenances, in which you could find no resemblance to either servility or pride. The grandfathers, uncles, and fathers-in-law wore drab breeches, and fine fleecy hosiery, which clung to the comfortable-looking legs which they enclosed as though they loved them, and took pride in displaying their wonderfully fine proportions; the grandmothers, aunts, and mothers-in-law wore rich brown silks, which rustled tremendously when their wearers moved, with shirt-sleeves that left bare for anybody's admiration, (and who would not admire them) arms, which it would have been sinful to cover up. The young people were similarly dressed, but somewhat tempered by worldly fashion, of

course. The drink at these feasts was good old cider, for the farmers had not begun to destroy their apple-orchards to promote the cause of temperance. Dinner was put upon the table exactly at twelve, and after they had feasted, servants and all—for the servants were probably cousins—the remains of the feast were nicely dished up and sent to the sick and the poor of their acquaintance. A feast like this might be kept in Lent, without endangering one's chance of reaching heaven; at least, I think so; but I may be wrong. Here then was pleasure in entertaining company, and the pleasure was mutual; but the pleasure of receiving company, generally, means the misery of giving misery to others.

Some people talk of the pleasure of doing good, as though they believed there was any pleasure in it. Why not do good always, and so keep up a round of pleasure, if they like it? There are pious people who give ten dollars to the poor, and a hundred for a breast-pin: which affords them the greatest pleasure? They give a thousand dollars for a conspicuous pew in church, and sixpence at a charity sermon! It is a great mistake to suppose that the world has any admiration for goodness. They may admire it for its rarity, as they do a green lizard, or a lady with pink eyes, but they have no more wish to resemble it themselves than they have to resemble a lizard or an Albino. It is a common observation among politicians, that Mr. So-and-so is too good a man to be popular; and yet these people are as proud as peacocks when their political friends compliment them by the tender of a nomination for office, although it is a tacit acknowledgment that they are considered wicked or weak enough to be popular. Virtue does not lie level with the public eye, and it is easier to look down than up. A man would attract more notice in a gutter than on the roof of a house. If you would be seen by the crowd, you must get above their heads. The world takes no pleasure in the reward of goodness. If virtue is to be a test of merit, they say, what will become of us? It is expecting too much to ask the world to take pleasure in its own condemnation. Was not Christ crucified, and Barabbas liberated?

It was the fashion a few years ago with poets, to write long poems with a single pleasure for a theme: as the Pleasures of Hope, Memory, and so forth; Dr. McHenry, we believe, closed the catalogue with the Pleasures of Friendship.



Swedenborg has written a very long book on the Pleasures of Conjugal Love, a theme which no poet has yet employed. And this is a pleasure common to both worlds. Many pleasures have not the least smack of a celestial aura. Such are the pleasures of getting in debt, and getting out of it, the last being the greatest of all terrestrial delights, because it rids one of that frightful monster—a dun. The pleasures of eating, drinking, sleeping, smoking, and fighting, we will only name—they are for the Sancho Panzas and Bobadils of the world, for members of Congress and Jobbers. The pleasures of dress, which the ladies experience in a high degree, are purely terrestrial. It is melancholy to reflect, that these charming beings, who give so much pleasure themselves, must be deprived of this pleasure in the next world, where one pair of purple wings must last them forever. The pleasure of getting money is also purely of this world, but the pleasure of getting rid of it is half paradisaical—particularly if it be given away; for to give, is to imitate the Giver of all things. The pleasure of lending is at best a Wall street pleasure, which must depend for its intensity, very much, on the kind of security taken. The pleasure of reading and writing, and of seeing yourself in print for the first time, are purely terrestrial; so is the pleasure of being criticised and misquoted, and misunderstood; of scandal; of hearing and telling news; of collecting books, pictures, shells, coins, autographs, everything but taxes; the pleasure of meeting a friend in a duel, and shooting him; of dancing; and the pleasure of singing, which is also celestial. No pleasure is more earthly than that of being cheated, which we have good authority for believing is quite equal to the pleasure of cheating, which must account for the great number of cheats in the world. Cheating, like charity, is twice blessed. A pain can never be a pleasure, but a pleasure may become a pain, as there may be pleasure in writing dull essays, or there would not be so many written, but there can never be any pleasure in reading them. The pleasure of appearing in print is like that of falling in love, it can never be repeated. It is a rainbow which gilds the mists of life but once; but it may occur at the close as well as at the beginning of day. Connected with this is the pleasure of being puffed, which an angel might envy. We know a young author of sixty-five ripe years, who, at that thoughtless age, has

had the imprudence to publish his first book; he haunts his publisher's daily, in the expectation of reading a review of his speculations in theology; he is as fidgety and abstracted as a young lover, and I dare say repeats to himself, "the course of authorship never did run smooth." It is a pleasure in itself to see the old white-headed youngster, with a pair of magnifying glasses on his nose, searching the papers in his publisher's office in quest of a notice of his book. Poor old boy! It would have been happy for him, if he had never learned the real value of a newspaper puff. One morning he walked into his publisher's counting-room with a step as elastic as youth; his eyes sparkled through their glasses, and his white hair glistened like burnished silver; a vernal joy beamed from his whole body. "I have got an excellent notice," he exclaimed, pulling a newspaper from his pocket. "And what surprises me is that so discriminating a critic should have read my book so early. I must find him out. But hear what he says:—'This is a remarkable production, and we predict for it a rapid sale and a wide popularity. The profound thought, extensive learning, and original style of the author, will place him among the most remarkable men of the age. No library can be considered complete without it.' Complimentary, isn't it?" said the gratified author.

"You may well say so," coldly replied the publisher, "I wrote it myself."

"You wrote it?" exclaimed the author, staring wildly at his publisher, "and are those your real views?"

"To tell you the truth, my dear friend, I have not read a word of your book," said the publisher; "but I have no doubt it deserves all I have said about it."

The venerable young author was dreadfully shocked; but he cut out the notice, nevertheless, and put it away carefully in his pocket-book to be used in the event of his book going to a second edition. Poor mortals who expect pleasure from such painted bladders as newspaper puffs, meet with a good many disagreeable shocks. A young artist who exhibited his first picture in the National Academy not many years since, after working himself into a fever and spending two or three sleepless nights because it was not hung in the line, at last took refuge for consolation in the newspapers, where he searched with aching eyes every morning for a notice. There seemed to be a conspiracy among the



critics not to notice his picture at all, and then there seemed to be a conspiracy to crush him. He was nearly driven to madness by their remarks. One found fault with his drawing, another with his subject, and another with his color; some recommended him to quit painting, some to adopt landscape, and some to go to Italy. The last advice he thought very sensible, but very cruel, for his means were scarcely sufficient to enable him to remain at home. At last he took up a weekly paper, and exclaimed, "Eureka!" as his eyes greedily ran over a criticism in these words: "No. 59. A truly charming performance. The tone, color, composition and subject of this work, have afforded us unqualified pleasure. The artist is an honor to his country; let him persevere in his profession with an eye upon the great names of Europe, and he will be sure of fame and fortune. The shadows are a little too opaque, and the color is, perhaps, too raw, while the drawing is not as correct as it might be; but in other respects, especially a certain cool warmth of the sky, the picture is perfect. It reminds us forcibly of the old masters." "And I, too, am a painter!" exclaimed the happy Stipple, as he thrust the paper into his pocket, and hurried home to read the glorious notice to his mother and sister. It would not be believed if we told the exact number of times that the delighted artist read this criticism trying to discern the real meaning of the critic. What puzzled him most, was the comparison of the old masters. It nearly brought on a fever trying to guess which of the old masters was meant. At last he resolved to call upon the critic for an explanation, not doubting a hearty welcome from one who entertained such exalted views of his genius.

The critic was a small lawyer to whom the publisher of the weekly paper had given a ticket to the exhibition on the condition of his writing a spicy review of the pictures; and having abused No. 58, he praised No. 59 by way of contrast and to give an air of picturesqueness to his criticisms. The blushing artist having announced his name, Mr. Stipple, on entering the critic's office was rather dashed at being met by a blank stare from that terrible personage.

"My name is Stipple," he said again; "I painted number 59 which you had the kindness to notice."

"Oh, indeed!" said the critic, "sit down Mr. Stipple."

The artist sat down, and after waiting some time in silence, ventured to ask his admirer which of the old writers it was whose works had been brought to mind by his humble attempt in art?

"Which of them? why, the whole of them," replied the critic.

"Then you had no particular meaning in the terms which you applied to my picture?" said the artist.

"None in the world; but if they have given you any offence I am very sorry for it," said the critic, he having forgot whether he had praised or abused Stipple's picture.

There is not so much as a homeopathic dose of celestial aura in the pleasure of being puffed. The pleasure of puffing is infinitely greater, for that is akin to benevolence, which is a celestial quality. It is one of the most refined degrees of cheating; and cheating is a pleasure which we all delight in. Some men at their outset in life, hesitate for a moment and say, "to cheat or not to cheat;" but nobody hesitates about being cheated. 'Tis the common lot. Almost the only true pleasure. The man who has never been cheated has never been happy. Is not this world all a fleeting show, expressly formed for cheating in? So eager are we to be cheated that we cheat ourselves. The miser who picked his own pocket to add a guinea to his store, it has been well observed, is a type of all men. If we gave up cheating ourselves, more than half the trades and professions would be ruined. It is the habit of self-deception which causes us to be so easily duped by others. The only person whose motives we do not scrutinize, whose professions we do not doubt, is ourself. When we go to judgment nothing will astonish us more than a knowledge of ourselves; we shall be prepared for everybody's sins but our own. My neighbor, who sees me but once a week, knows that I am indolent, wasteful, and proud; but all the while I think myself industrious, saving, and humble. As for him his niggardliness, and hypocrisy are the talk of the whole country; but he remarked the other day that his donations were bringing him to the poor-house.

We have already taken up too much of the reader's time to afford space for all the earthly pleasures that might be enumerated; but we believe, in a reverent faith, that there are as many pleasures in this life as in the next, if we had the sense to enjoy them. The blight upon the happiness of the world is sin, and sin



is ignorance. Wisdom and pleasure are synonymous words in the Bible. The body is unquestionably a clog to the keenest perceptions of which the soul is capable, but if it blunt the edge of our pleasures, it does the same to our pains. When the preacher declared that all here was vanity, he only meant all vain employments. Love to God, charity, mercy, pity, conjugal love, friendship, the sweets of industry, the delights of a pure life, the innocent enjoyments of rural occupations, the satisfaction of a right use of our talents, the placidity of a quiet conscience, are all earthly pleasures, they are not vain, for we shall enjoy the same in Heaven, and the zest of their enjoyment will be heightened by the recollection of their enjoyment here. But men will frequently seek enjoyment in objects which they know will yield them none: they will do so, too, even while they caution others against the same conduct. Joseph Andrews was justly astonished in observing that fashionable people thought to gain the respect of their friends by filling their houses with costly furniture, while they laughed at their neighbors for doing the same thing. There is probably not a lady in Broadway who feels the slightest degree of respect, or veneration, or love, or friendship, for the stock in trade of any upholsterer between Union Square and Bowling Green, and yet there is hardly a lady in the same distance that will not pride herself on the possession of a new suit of curtains, or a set of rose-wood chairs. The chairs and curtains will give pleasure to nobody, but the cost of them might produce inconceivable happiness if dispersed among the poor and needy.

We look at a fine house, a fine picture, or a fine park, and admire them; perhaps we inquire the name of the artist who produced them; but we never bestow a thought on their owner. If we wish to look at handsome furniture we can drop in at Boudoine's or Meeks'. Mrs. Johnson is not elevated a hair's breadth in our esteem for having the articles in her drawing-room, which we saw exposed in an auction-room last week. What do we care whether Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown be the owner of a picture by Page, or of a statue by Powers? All our love and admiration are bestowed upon the artists and their works, not upon Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, whom we like or dislike without any regard to their property, which may pass into

other hands to-morrow. But Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown expect to receive pleasure from possessing things which would afford none if they were not possessed.

Swedenborg has not designated the nature of the four hundred and seventy-eight pleasures experienced by the dwellers in the lower heaven, where that number are found, but there is one which he mentions in another place, that exactly resembles one of the grand pleasures of this lower world. It is the delight of a parent's heart upon the entrance into life of the first-born. Is there conception in this pleasure? Is it of the earth, earthy? or is it not pure and celestial, free from all taint of selfishness and sin? Speaking of infants in heaven, Swedenborg says, "*when they entered, the flowers above the entrance glittered most joyfully.*" Will not all parents whose little ones have been taken from them put faith in Swedenborg? But while those celestial flowers glittered with joy in heaven, what blackness and anguish issued from the portals through which the innocents had passed hence. We are not among the disciples of Swedenborg, but it is not the smallest of our pleasures to suffer the sweet delusion of faith in his revelation concerning the State of Infants in Heaven:

"How all things are insinuated into them by delightful and pleasant things, which are suited to their genius, has been also shown to me, for it was given me to see infants handsomely clothed, having around the breast garlands of flowers, resplendent with the most beautiful and heavenly colors, and likewise around their tender arms. Once it was also given me to see infants with their tutoresses, together with virgins, in a paradisaical garden beautifully adorned, not so much with trees as with laurel espaliers, and thus porticoes with paths conducting towards the interior parts; the infants themselves were then clothed in like manner, and when they entered, the flowers above the entrance glittered most joyfully. Hence it may be manifest what delights they have, and also that by things pleasant and delightful they are introduced into the goods of innocence and charity, which goods are by those things continually insinuated into them from the Lord."

If we believe in this, shall we not be more solicitous to get to Heaven that we may know, and converse with the tutoress who has been charged with the precious care of our little boy?

H. F.

## THREE CHAPTERS ON THE HISTORY OF POLAND.

## CHAPTER II.\*

## THE REVOLUTION.

THE fate of Poland was anew decided by the Congress of Vienna on the 3d of May, 1815. The duchy of Warsaw was formed into a kingdom to be united to the crown of Russia under a separate constitution and administration. Galicia with the salt mines of Wieliczka (*Vie-lich-kah*) fell into the hands of Austria, and Posnania was to be retained by Prussia under the title of the grand duchy of Posen. Lithuania and the southern provinces beyond the pale of the new kingdom, were incorporated into the Russian empire without any distinction. Cracow with its vicinity was made an independent republic, to be under the protection of the courts of Russia, Prussia, and Austria. The sequel proved, as it might have been predicted, that the fate of the republic was like that of a lamb put in the care of three hungry wolves, the strongest getting the first and largest share.

Alexander, the emperor of Russia, on his becoming king of Poland, gave her a constitution, by which the freedom of conscience and of the press was guaranteed; it approached much also in other respects to the constitution of the 3d of May. The benefits of this constitution extended only to 4,000,000 of inhabitants; but the king-emperor promised they should be also enjoyed by the rest of the provinces.

This new state of things revived the Polish nation; the young emperor seemed so generous, so eager after the distinction which noble deeds confer, that the Poles allowed themselves to cherish hopes of seeing their country restored to her rank amongst the nations of Europe. Their literature took a new start; societies of learned men were formed; the system of education revised, and even

the physical complexion of Poland began to improve. All things seemed to verify the fable of the phoenix rising from its ashes.

The emperor, whose liberal feelings were soon congealed on his return to the cold atmosphere of his native country, was frightened at the flight the spirit of freedom took, and began immediately to arrest it. He found fitting tools in Zaionczek, (*Zah-yon-chek*), a Polish veteran, now made viceroy, and in his imperial brother, Constantine, who was appointed Commander-in-chief of the Polish army. The liberty of the press was the first object of his persecution; and the act of the 31st of July, 1819, put an end to it. His encroachment on a guaranteed right soon extended to other matters, in spite of the opposition of the Diet. Swarms of spies were let loose upon the country; a state prison was opened at Warsaw to receive patriots, which soon had occupants: and the publicity of debates in the Diet was abolished. These, however, were but presages of approaching atrocities which were enacted towards the end of Alexander's life, and after the accession of Nicolas, the 25th of December, 1825. We will introduce here a few instances which will give at least a faint idea of the character of the monsters concerned in these infernal deeds.

The Grand Duke, Constantine, did not confine himself to his military office, but meddled with everything in the government; his will alone became law. One of the most opulent and respectable citizens of Warsaw, without being at all acquainted with his character, hired, through some of his people, as a servant in his brewery, a Russian deserter. The offender was detected, but the brewer

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\* Notwithstanding our usual care, some misprints have occurred in our first chapter; we take this opportunity to correct them. Page 488, column II., § ii, line 5 from the bottom of the paragraph, read *Sarmata* instead of *Sarmatia*—the former being the singular of *Sarmatae*. Page 492, column I., for Reyten read Reytan—column II., for (*Rats-lav-itsch*) read (*Rats-lav-itseh*); for (*Mah-tsich-yo-vitsch*) read (*Mah-tsieh-yo-vitseh*). Page 496, column I., for Glogowezyk, read Glogowczyk—for *Gli nomini* read *Gli uomini*.



was not *allowed* to prove his innocence, and by order of the Grand Duke was put in iron fetters and made to work with a wheelbarrow in the public streets. And when his daughter came to Constantine to crave mercy for her father, he kicked her down stairs, using at the same time the most abusive language. It was not uncommon for women to have their heads shaved by command of the despot, if they happened to displease him. Once, four soldiers were severely punished for not carrying out such an order, when they could not effect it without offering personal violence to the victims. A distinguished member of the diet, Niemojowski, for his opposing the arbitrary taxation which the Grand Duke would impose, was arrested and sent to his country-house, where, surrounded by Cossacks, he was kept for five years, and not allowed even to attend to his private affairs which demanded his supervision.

One day, a nobleman from the country, with his lady and coachman, were made to work with a wheelbarrow among the convicts, for having passed the *droszki* of the Grand Duke without paying any mark of respect to his highness, although they were ignorant of his equipage.

But the persecution did not end here; even children were punished for their thoughtless actions. A son of Count Plater, nine years old, in the playfulness of childhood while he was at college, wrote on a wall "The 3d of May forever," that being the anniversary of the famous constitution. The fact was reported to Novosilzoff, the curator of Universities, who instituted an inquiry among the students to ascertain the culprit. None of them, however, betrayed him, for which they were flogged with the utmost severity. The unlucky offender himself finally confessed the act, and was condemned by the Grand Duke to be a *soldier for life, incapable of any advancement in the army*. And when his mother threw herself before the Duke's carriage to implore mercy for her son, Constantine spurned her with his foot! Novosilzoff was one of the base hirelings worthy of his master; he was a fiend incarnate to the students, and as his station was next to the Grand Duke, his power was extensive; and not less despotic.

One instance more of the savage character of this man will be enough. One day an officer of the lancer-guard

went through his exercises before him in an admirable manner; but when ordered to turn while at full gallop—the horse having become restive—he was unable to do it. The command was repeated in a thundering voice, but in vain; the horse had become unmanageable. Constantine, now completely beside himself with rage, cried out "Halt!" and commanded a pyramid of twelve muskets with fixed bayonets to be erected. By this time the animal being subdued, the rider had returned, when he was ordered to leap the pyramid. All around trembled for him, but the officer's horse cleared it. Without a moment of delay he was ordered to repeat the fearful leap; and the noble animal stood safe again on the farther side. Thus thwarted in his purpose, the Grand Duke grew still more furious, and repeated the command for the third time. A General who happened to be present, interceded for the pardon of the officer, observing that the horse and rider were both exhausted, and it would be to doom them to a horrible death. The General was immediately arrested for presuming thus to interfere. The order was given, and the horse and rider escaped once more. For the fourth time the Grand Duke exclaimed, "To the left about!—Forward!" For the fourth time the horse gallantly cleared the pyramid, and then with his rider fell exhausted to the earth. The horse had his fore-legs broken, but the rider escaped unhurt; yet his countenance was deadly pale, his eyes glared wildly, and his knees shook under him. Death-like silence reigned as he approached the Grand Duke, and laying his sword at his Highness' feet, in broken voice thanked him for the honor of the emperor's service. "I take back your sword," said the Duke, sulkily, "but are you not aware of what may be the consequence of this *undutiful conduct* towards me?" The officer was sent to the guard-house. Subsequently he *disappeared*, and was never heard of after. This scene took place at St. Petersburg.

These are given merely as specimens—volumes might be filled with the atrocities of this prodigy of inhumanity, who for fifteen years was allowed to prey upon the Polish nation. They are also but individual grievances, while the entire nation suffered under more general wrongs. The sacredness of private correspondence was invaded. Letters were read at the post-offices, before they were delivered. If the skill of the seal-breaker



should fail in opening a letter, or closing it so as not to be discovered, it was then thrown aside. Spies infested all places; domestics, nay, relations were suspected, for this pestiferous influence reached even the domestic hearth.

Such and similar were the sufferings that caused Poland to make a desperate effort to break her fetters. History does not present another instance of a nation suffering so much, and with such forbearance—the English barbarities towards the Irish have not equaled this. In the case of the Poles, barbarism and civilization—open cruelty and secret policy—joined to effect the same object, the extirpating of the nation.

While Poland was thus suffering, a few patriots, in 1821, conceived the idea of freeing her from the Russian yoke. At the same time, Russian patriots, headed by Col. Pestel, were anxious to redeem their own country, and in 1824 extended their hand to the Poles, as co-workers in the same cause. The month of May, 1826, was fixed upon as the day of deliverance. The death of Alexander in the early part of December, 1825, thwarted, however, these plans. The Russian patriots thought that the accession of Nicolas to the throne was the propitious hour for the revolt. The sequel, however, proved otherwise; the insurgents were dispersed, the leaders taken; some of whom were hanged, others sent to Siberia. This led the emperor to suspect the fidelity of the Poles, and inquiries were instituted in Poland, the consequences of which were, arrests on the least suspicion, imprisonment, and the exile to Siberia of many patriots, distinguished by their station as well as by their virtues.

But the more the emperor's wrath raged the more Polish patriots saw the necessity of delivering their country. Wysocki (Vis-ots-ky) and Schlegel, (Shlehgehl) of the military school of cadets at Warsaw, planned the deliverance. They communicated their views to others, and thus was formed the "Patriotic Club." These heroic men for five years persevered in their undertaking, fearless of persecution, and the swarms of spies around them.

The three days of July of the French struck terror into the heart of Constantine. From the first reception of the news of this revolution, there was no day on which some persons were not imprisoned, either in Warsaw or the provinces. On

the night of the 7th of September, forty students were seized in their beds, and thrown into prison. The revolution in Belgium was a new bell of alarm, tolling its note of warning in the ears of Russian despots. But the number of patriots kept increasing, as did their courage. The arrest and imprisonment of eighty students who had assembled in a private house, to commemorate by prayers the anniversary of the butchery of their ancestors at Praga by Suwarow in 1794, hastened the day of deliverance. The measure of Russian iniquities was full to overflowing, and the 29th of November was fixed upon by the patriots as the day of retribution.

The Poles have long been distinguished for bravery, but in their whole history there is nothing transcending that which they displayed in the last revolution. Indeed, no history presents a spectacle morally more sublime than this event. A people who suffered till human patience could endure no longer, sensible of their wrongs rise unanimously to avenge them, to strike with the energy of despair for their homes and their altars—to deliver their bleeding country or fall in death upon her bosom—to roll back the tide of oppression that swept even her firesides, or perish in the effort. Had it not been for this revolution of the Poles, the French and the Belgians would have beheld the Russians at the gates of their respective capitals, for the holy Alliance had already planned, and the Russian and Polish army had received orders to be ready to move towards the Rhine with the first disappearance of snow. But Poland with her single hand stayed the arrogance of the despots that were to crush European freedom, though she fell herself by the act.

The sun of the 29th of November rose to see the patriots swear before the Almighty not to swerve from their holy purpose, and to ask his blessing upon their endeavors. Most of them were young men and students. That evening at seven o'clock, the flames of a wooden house rose to heaven, announcing that the hour of the resurrection of Poland was at hand. Obedient to the call, many brave students and officers ran to and fro through the streets of the Old Town shouting "Poles, brethren! the hour of vengeance has struck! The time to revenge the tortures and cruelties of fifteen years is come! Down with the tyrants! To arms, brethren, to arms! Our country forever!"

This thrilling war-cry struck every heart with electric power, and thousands



of voices bore the stirring appeal onward, "Down with the tyrants, down! Poland forever!"

A hundred and twenty cadets with Wysocki (Vissotskie) and Schlegel (Shlegel) at their head, throw themselves upon the barracks of the Russian cavalry, and sweeping them like a tornado, send fifty souls to their last account, and scatter the remaining eighteen hundred in consternation on every side—many of them perishing in the attempt to cross the canal surrounding the barracks. While this is going on, ten or twelve students traverse the gardens that lie on their way to the palace of the Grand Duke, bent upon securing his Highness. But for his fortunate star, they would have succeeded: he heard the tumult, and escaped through a secret door. On entering his apartments they found but his lady, whose repose they did not disturb. When about to leave the court-yard of the palace, they met the Russian General Gendre, aid-de-camp of Constantine, and the vilest of the vile, whom they killed on the spot, and dispersed his followers.

This work done, they hastened to rejoin their comrades at the bridge of Sobieski. Here a company of Russian cuirassiers, hurrying up to save their barracks, approached them. The cadets formed a line, and concealed themselves in the park near the street, waiting till they came up, and then poured a fierce volley into their ranks, sending confusion among them, and stretching sixty riders on the ground. This handful of brave youths passing on, meet a squadron of Russian hussars, while the heavy tramp of approaching cavalry shake the ground behind them. It is a critical moment, but undismayed, one-half of them throw themselves into the ditch, in order to receive the hussars, and the others form in platoons, and with hurrahs attack the cuirassiers in their rear, at the point of the bayonet. Both bodies of horse are overthrown, and the Russians fly with precipitation, leaving the ground covered with the dead.

Having not lost a single man in these skirmishes, the cadets arrive at the part of the city called the New World and the Three Golden Crosses, where they find two Polish companies of light infantry, who join them immediately in spite of the commands of their generals, Stanislas Potocki (Pototskie) and Trembicki (Trembitskie), who for their rashness in reproaching the soldiers with

their conduct, fall victims to the indignation of the populace. In extenuation of Potocki's conduct, it must be said that he perished through his ignorance of the character of this movement, and not through ill-disposition towards it, for he was known to be patriotic. The patriots thus strengthened meet in their onward course with the Polish generals, Hauke and Col. Mieciszewski (Mie-tsie-shevs-kie), whom they put to death together with General Siemionkowski (Siehmieont-kov-skie); thus freeing the earth from the worthless burden of these men. Both the young and the old, and even women, run to swell the patriotic ranks and drink of the same cup of joy.

While this is going on in the south part of the city, the fourth regiment of infantry are active in another quarter. At every guard-house they rend the air with the alarm-drum, to which the shouts of the populace respond. They fall upon the barracks of Russian infantry, and carry them with fierce cries of vengeance.

"Free the prisoners," cry many voices. And a band of patriotic youths run to the Franciscan and Carmelite prisons. But the keepers, and turnkeys, and soldiers make a stout resistance; and a bloody struggle ensues in the narrow corridors. All were slain before the prison doors were burst open. What a scene follows! Here a father wasted with suffering, with tears of joy in his eyes, creeps to meet his son; there a son throws himself into the embraces of his liberator-father. And ye, four angels of chastity! who preferred your honor to your freedom, had, in this prison, to bear witness against the insult of certain Russian generals! At this sight, pity and vengeance alternately possessed every spectator's heart, and all exclaimed, "vengeance!" A hundred and seventy students, and about fifty elder persons, Polish soldiers and citizens, were rescued from these two prisons.

Next the barracks of Alexander and Stanislas, where the Russian infantry was lodged, yield to the patriots; and the Russians panic-struck, fly in the utmost disorder. At about midnight every part of the city, but the southern, being in possession of patriotic bands, multitudes hasten to the arsenal for arms and ammunition. Here the Polish general Blummer, who was rash enough to resist, fell; and the people made themselves masters of more than thirty thousand muskets, pistols, sabres and car-



bines. Thus being armed, they were arrayed in divisions under various commanders, and sent to patrol the streets, and arrest all spies and the flying enemy. Upwards of three hundred Russian officers were arrested, and the vile Macrot, the chief of spies was massacred, and his papers were seized.

Towards two in the morning, the quiet of the city being restored, most of the patriots assembled in the *Ulica Długa*, the Long-street, to consult upon the measures to be adopted on the coming day, and sent forth the following address to the people: "Dear brethren, let no one have a right to accuse us of cruelty; may the sanctity of our cause never be polluted by barbarous passions. Having a single end in view, national freedom and justice, may we prove lions in battle, mild and indulgent to defenceless foes and repentant apostates. Brethren, let unity, love and friendship be ours! Let us forget private rancor and selfish interest! Children of one mother, our dear Poland, let us save her from ruin!" To this thousands of voices responded, with "Poland forever!" And then, grateful to their Maker, the assembled multitude knelt before the Almighty to thank him for the deliverance effected with so little bloodshed, and to crave his blessing for the future. What a touching spectacle to behold a multitude, in the dead of night, when all is dark above—with here and there a solitary lamp throwing its dim light upon their bent figures and upturned faces, as they prayed to their deliverer!

The solemn prayer being finished, plans were adopted for the defence of the city; and, Praga being taken possession of, all was quiet till the approaching morning. Thus ended this memorable night of the 29th of November, 1830, amid these tumults in which no one was slain without provocation, and the rights of property were respected.

The first morn of freedom, after so many years of bondage, was saluted with the shouts of "Our country," "Poland forever!" At six in the morning, the drums beat for the people to assemble. Crowds pressed into the public squares, without distinction of rank, age or sex. Clergymen, civil officers, Jews, even women and children, armed with pistols, assembled and mixed in the ranks. The first step was to drive the Russians from the city, and before nine o'clock not a soul of them was left within the walls.

With acclamations the people then received General Chłopicki (Kłopotzkie) as their Commander-in-chief, while Prince Adam Czartoryski (Char-tau-rys-kie), Prince Michael Radziwil (Radz-iv-ill), Julian U. Niemcewicz (Niem-tseh-vitch), and Lelewel (Lel-ev-el), were chosen members of Provisional Government—Prince Lubecki (Loo-bets-kie), the old minister, being retained in his station to assist them. The new members immediately put the wheels of the government in motion, to give confidence to the people and preserve order and quiet.

They sent deputies to the Grand Duke, who, with about 8,000 men, lay before the walls of the city, to inquire what were his intentions. They established the national guard, who immediately entered upon their duties. At the same time, the Provisional Government sent proclamations to inform the nation of these events. All went on as regularly as ever, and the city bore an aspect of perfect tranquillity; even the shops were opened. The Russian prisoners were provided for, and treated with the utmost kindness.

In the afternoon of the 2d of December troops arrived from the country; and more than a thousand peasants, and fifty country girls, from the vicinity of Warsaw, armed with clubs, scythes, and other weapons, entered the city. The enthusiasm for the cause of their country overcame even girlish timidity. The national government welcomed these interesting volunteers, and the populace escorted them through the streets with shouts of joy.

On the morning of the 3d of December the Grand Duke was allowed to depart unmolested for the frontier with his Russian guards; while the Polish troops that were with him declined following him, and returned to the city. On this day, the people were informed that the Prince Adam Czartoryski, was made President of the Provisional Government; that the 18th of December was appointed for the opening of the Diet, and that a deputation would be sent to St. Petersburg to demand their rights of the Emperor.

The succeeding fourth, fifth, and sixth of December, were memorable for the continual arrival of crowds from the country. Soldiers and countrymen flocked in from all quarters, carried away by the general enthusiasm; and in a short time more than five thousand peasants, armed with axes, scythes, and all sorts of weapons arrived;



while more than two hundred country girls were found in their number. The cup of joy was now full to the brim. All distinction of rank, age, even sex vanished. The noble and the peasant, the rich and the poor, joined by the common tie of sufferings, embraced as brothers. Tables with refreshments were spread in the streets for those who arrived; and in the evening, the theatre was opened for the first time in this eventful period. A patriotic drama was performed which electrified the audience; the music playing Kosciuszko's march, that had not been heard for fifteen years, was drowned in the shouts of the people. "Hail our country, our father Kosciuszko and his friend La Fayette for ever!" filled the air.

On the conclusion of the drama, those of the patriots who distinguished themselves on the first night and after, in this revolution, and those who suffered in dungeons for their country, were presented to the audience. The people received them with joy, and carried them about on their shoulders. Then several ladies were brought forward, who on the first night had followed the patriots in arms, or had sacrificed their wealth on the altar of freedom. These heaven-sent angels appearing in the halo of their virtue, were received by the people with the greatest enthusiasm, who intoxicated with joy and their newly recovered liberty, returned with shouts and songs to their homes.

On the 5th religious solemnities, in honor of the martyrs of Praga, took place under the canopy of heaven at Praga. On the spot where their remains were buried an altar was erected, and mass was said. More than 50,000 men, that were assembled around the altar, sent up, with one voice, their prayer to God. The twelve academical legions formed the innermost circle, amid which the late sufferers were the most prominent. In the intervals of, and after the divine service, several speeches were made; one of which was delivered by one of the liberated prisoners, who, after alluding to the cruelties of Suwarow, and stating his own sufferings, thus concluded:

"Brethren, we were lately forbidden, nay, it was accounted a crime, to pray for our murdered ancestors. To-day, under this free vault of heaven, on the grave of our fathers, on the soil moistened with their sacred blood, which cries to us for retribution, in the presence of their spirits hovering over us, we swear never to lay down

our arms till we shall have been avenged, or fallen like them."

At the conclusion of the ceremony the air resounded with the patriotic hymns which the assembled multitude rolled heavenward in their joy.

On the 6th of December, the silver-headed general, Chlopicki (Klopitskie), whom Europe knew as a warrior, and his country as a patriot, was chosen dictator. Thus, the supreme civil and military power being committed to his hands, the authority of the provisional government was at an end. The Dictator promised to lay down his authority on the assemblage of the Diet, and he took an oath to act in conformity to the spirit of the nation.

On entering upon his duties, the Dictator was found unequal to his task. He amused himself with diplomatic negotiations, and neglected the rapid preparations for war that were demanded by the people. In the mean time the Emperor roared like a lion when provoked in his den, threatening utter annihilation if the people did not submit unconditionally. What was wanting to the Dictator in activity, the people tried to make up by their own energy, and the warlike preparations went on briskly. On the assemblage of the Diet, the Dictator's conduct was inquired into; the consequence of which was, that he was deprived of his authority. The civil administration was entrusted to Prince Adam Czartoryski, and the command of the army to Prince Michael Radziwil, both subordinate to the Diet.

After he proved his inability to be at the helm of the government, General Chlopicki took a place in the suite of the Commander-in-chief, and was admitted into the councils of military affairs. The dictatorship was unhappy in its consequences, for the time lost in delay could not be retrieved, even by victories. The enemy was allowed to cross the frontiers, while they might have been easily kept at a distance.

When the Russian army was in motion against the Poles, Diebitsch, the Commander-in-chief published a proclamation, couched in insulting terms, and threatening to crush the Polish nation with one blow. Indignant at these menaces, the people instantly demanded to be led against the enemy. The contest was to be unequal. Prussia and Austria assumed a menacing attitude, and



the numerous Russian army was already advancing. Yet courage and faith in the good cause, joyously bore the handful of the Poles into the field of battle.

On the 25th of January the troops began to leave Warsaw and the other towns of the department, for the scene of action. When the march commenced, people from the neighboring country covered the plains around Warsaw, witnessing the departure. The troops passed in review before the general-in-chief, and left the city marching between lines of people, composed of senators, officers of the government, the clergy, women and children, and extending more than two miles beyond Praga. Each regiment took an oath to defend their country to the last drop of their blood. And sentiments like the following were constantly heard: "Dear General, if you see us turn from before the enemy, point the artillery against us, and annihilate our ranks." The people could not but trust in such soldiers.

The actual force of the Polish army at the commencement of the campaign amounted to 32,600 infantry, 13,200 cavalry, while its artillery consisted of 96 pieces. So small a handful of men dared to engage with the giant forces of Russia, consisting, according to their own statements, of 300,000 men and 300 cannon. This colossal army, with Marshal Diebitsch at their head, crossed, in the early part of February, 1831, the Polish frontier.

Thus, after being chained for fifteen years, the white Polish eagle breaks loose his fetters. Mindful of his past glory he soars high in the skies; he pants for a rencounter, and defies the black two-headed Russian bird of prey. Their first meeting is a determined struggle; the white plumage of the bird of Poland is reddened with the blood of his antagonist, which is glad to escape with life. They meet again; and again the black eagle of Russia seeks safety in flight. But to follow thee, O white eagle! in thy bold flight, to recount thy bloody battles and thy victories, would task the pen of a Livy.

The 10th of February, 1831, was the day that heard the first shots exchanged by the two opposing armies. Mien-dzyrzec was the place in which a little skirmish took place; and here the Polish army entered upon the career of victory. Several remarkable battles, and numerous

skirmishes had already occurred when the dawn of the 25th of February broke upon the victorious Poles. This was the day of the memorable battle of Grochow, fought within sight of the walls of Warsaw.

The force that the enemy disposed in order of battle consisted of 126,000 infantry, 42,000 cavalry and 280 cannon. The day of this great action was a day of unprecedented horror. The battle opened at day-break, and at once became furious. The earth bellowed and groaned as if in her last agonies; the air, pierced with thousands of voices of the dying and wounded, seemed as if invaded by vociferating spirits, the clouds of smoke turned day into night, through which broke the flashes of the cannon like lightning through the midnight tempest. The men, begrimed with smoke and bespattered with blood, looked as if just escaped from the infernal regions; all was wild, unearthly and terrific. But amid these scenes, senators, officers of the government, the clergy, nay, women of rank, were seen succoring the wounded and comforting the dying. And hard by, the anxious multitude covered the plain, watching eagerly the balancing of the fate of the battle; their pale, anxious faces now reflecting joy, now fear; their hearts now swelling at the sight of the retreating enemy, and now trembling for the fate of their fathers, husbands, sons and brothers. A little farther off rose the walls of Warsaw, black with the breathless population, fixedly gazing upon the scene below, filled with the agony of wavering hope, the convulsive succession of fear and joy, as the tide of battle flowed towards the city or receded in the distance. Nine times did the Russian thousands sweep over their position, and nine times did that band of freemen steadily hurl them back. At length, with the sunset, victory gave her blast for the Poles. All at once, the heavens resound with "POLAND FOREVER!" The people rush into the embraces of the exhausted but victorious soldiers. Here the mother finds her son, doubly dear to her for his gushing wounds; there, the wife her husband, more beloved for the marks of daring that cover him; and yonder, children come to kiss the wounds of their father. And here, at the sight of a dying brother or son, husband or father, nature struggles between the love of self and that of country; but the last prevails. Such was this eventful day,



and overcome with heat, threw off all unsurpassed in the annals of warfare for its bloodshed and the bravery of a free people. Twenty thousand Russians and five thousand Poles strewed the earth, a terrible holocaust to freedom. The fight was so close that there was not a single general or staff officer who had not his horse killed or wounded under him. More than a tenth part of the army were slightly wounded, though not disabled from service, and two-thirds, at least, of the officers, and probably the same proportion of the soldiers, had their clothes pierced with balls.

This battle first brought the merits of John Skrzynecki (Skrjin-ets-kie) into view. Prince Radziwil took his responsible trust upon condition that he should be allowed to resign it, as soon as the field of action should discover a genius equal to the task. The Prince resigned his office of commander-in-chief, and General Skrzynecki, on the 27th of February, was appointed by the Diet in his place. The success of the battle and the choice of this General filled the nation with the highest joy. The youth from all quarters of Poland flocked to join the national standard, and the people were flushed with the hope of success. Many laid their fortunes on the altar of their country, and ran to sacrifice their lives.

The following anecdote will show how much General Skrzynecki was beloved by the army. While inspecting the 7th regiment of infantry, he noticed a soldier who, having not yet entirely recovered from his wounds, had his head bandaged. "My dear comrade," said he to the soldier, "why have you left the hospital in such a state? You had better return immediately." The soldier answered, "General, I have heard of your courage and your achievements, and how much you are beloved by the nation, and I could not refuse myself the satisfaction of being present at the first fire under your command; and in which I hope the Polish army will be victorious." Skrzynecki, embracing the wounded patriot, exclaimed, "With such soldiers to command, I need have no fear that I shall fail to support the honor of my country!"

Every step that the new Commander-in-chief took was marked by energy; the organization of the army went on rapidly; the fortification of Warsaw, also, was prosecuted with vigor; and victory everywhere perched on the Polish standard. The battle of Demby-Wielkie (Demby-

vielkieh,) fought on the 30th of March, proved that the hopes the nation reposed in the talents of Skrzynecki were well grounded. All the details of the action were arranged by the Commander-in-chief himself: the result of which was, that the enemy lost, in dead, wounded and prisoners, about 10,000 men and 22 cannon. The Poles suffered only the loss, in killed and wounded, of about five hundred.

It is not our design to enter into a particular account of all the battles that were fought, but simply to state the result of them. In the spring the Lithuanians arose, and though few in numbers and badly equipped, fought successfully against a superior force of veteran troops. A band of two hundred boldly advanced against an army of five thousand men, supported by twelve cannon and defended by the walled city of Wilna, and overthrew them.

General Dwernicki (Dver-nits-kie,) with his corps, in the south of Poland, performed prodigies of valor, and the cause of independence went gloriously on. Up to the battle of Iganie, which took place on the 9th of April, fifteen great battles were fought, in which the enemy lost nearly fifty thousand men, without winning a single one. All this time, the Polish army consisted of nearly fifty thousand men, with a hundred and forty cannon, while the enemy had been reinforced with forty thousand fresh troops.

The first and only defeat in the whole war that the Poles suffered, was that of Kazimierz, in the early part of April, where, after hard fighting against thrice their own number, the small corps of the intrepid General Sierawski (Sieh-ravskie) were compelled to abandon their position, though they retired in perfect order. Still, this defeat deranged the plans of the Commander-in-chief, and thus had an unfortunate effect upon the final issue of the war.

The battle of Ostrolenka, on the 26th of May, 1831, one of the fiercest which took place, showed that the Polish arm was yet strong. The two armies were led by their generalissimos in person; but while Diebitsch was borne about in an easy carriage, Skrzynecki fought on foot with bayonet in hand, together with General Pac (Pats). It was a sultry day, and made still more so by the clouds of smoke that curtained in the hosts; and after struggling heroically for several hours, the Poles, panting from exhaustion



their accoutrements and superfluous clothing, and seizing the naked bayonet, bore down with their terrible front on the Russian lines. Then commenced one of those desperate hand-to-hand fights, so fearful to witness. On one side were patriotic devotion and the enthusiasm of a noble cause—on the other overwhelming numbers and the discipline of veteran troops; and when they closed with the bayonet the struggle became terrific. The clatter of steel was heard above the roar of cannon, as with their flashing eyes bent in wrath on the enemy, and their measured tread shaking the ground over which they passed, those determined Poles pressed steadily on. Nothing could withstand their shock—over artillery, infantry and all, they swept like the in-rolling tide of the sea, and the bloody field was won. Nine thousand Russians, covered with blood and dust, and trampled to the earth, marked their terrible path over the field; and there also were scattered three thousand Polish martyrs among whom were numbered the gallant Generals Kicki (Kitskie) and Kaminski (Kham-inskie). It was at this battle that General Bem, at the head of his park of artillery, displayed his genius and won an immortal name. After the battle, Diebitsch withdrew with his army towards the Prussian frontier, where *he received supplies from Prussia*, and where he lay inactive till death overtook him on the 10th of June.

The disarming of the corps of General Dwernicki (Dver-nitskie) by the Austrians, the misconduct of the Generals Gielgud and Chlapowski (Klap-ovskie) in Lithuania, who entered Russia with their forces, and the discovery of a Russian conspiracy, in which General Iankowski (Yan-kov-skie) was implicated, damped the hopes of the Poles, and in the frenzy of despair they even suspected their beloved Skrzynecki and Czartoryski.

After Count Paskievitch succeeded Diebitsch in the command, under the protection of the Prussian frontier, he crossed the Vistula and encamped on its left bank, and soon was within a few hours' march of Warsaw. This alarmed the nation. The people and the army, who were kept inactive, were exasperated, and many persons fell the victims of their suspicion.

A committee was appointed by the Diet to inquire into the conduct of the Commander-in-chief, who was found innocent. His reasons for inactivity were, as

stated to the committee under an oath of secrecy, that the French and English cabinets *gave him assurances of being interested in the Polish cause, and that in two months everything would be settled in its favor—time alone was necessary, and that he should not risk a battle.* The Poles were yet able to fight, and could beat the enemy, had it not been for this wily diplomacy. Russia duped both the French and the English cabinets by fair promises, or they both must be considered as villainous accomplices in a conspiracy against Poland. At the same time the Diet deposed Skrzynecki and nominated, *pro tempore*, in his place General Dembinski, who had returned covered with laurels from an expedition into Lithuania. This General, for a distance of several hundred miles, (from the gulf of Riga to Warsaw,) and for twenty days, cut his way through the enemy, steadily continuing his march, though surrounded by a superior force and constantly exposed to their murderous fire, and arrived at Warsaw early in August, just at the time of this awful crisis in the fortunes of Poland, and was soon after nominated Commander-in-chief.

General Krukowiecki (Kroo-kov-yetskie) was chosen President of the Government, but with the powers of a Dictator. This was the most unfortunate step that the Diet took. This base man betrayed his trust; he played into the hands of the enemy, and was not detected till it was too late to counteract his intrigues, for the enemy was at the gates of Warsaw. By his artifices, he tried to induce the Diet to sign the capitulation, but it refused to the last.

On the 6th of September, at eight in the morning, the enemy advanced to storm the city. Prior to this, Krukowiecki weakened the garrison by sending away 20,000 troops. At 10 in the morning, the Diet assembled and continued their deliberations amidst the roar of cannon.

The garrison, in spite of the traitor Krukowiecki, bravely defended the city. On the following morning (the 7th) Paskievitch summoned the place to surrender; but receiving cannon balls for his answer, he pressed forward. Until eleven o'clock at night, the horrors of battle continued to rage. Emboldened by the nearer approach of the enemy, the Generalissimo attempted to coerce the authorities into a surrender, and endeavored to compel Count Ostrowski (Os-trov-skie)



as Marshal of the Diet, to sign the capitulation. "You may murder me," answered the noble Marshal with indignation, "but as I have no *Russian* blood in my veins, I will never sign this capitulation." Now Krukowiecki's conduct was intelligible; he was deposed, and Bonaventura Niemojowski (Nieh-mau-yov-skie) succeeded him as President of the National Government.

The city was found on fire in several places, and to save it, the capitulation was signed, by which the Polish troops were to evacuate Warsaw. The army, accompanied by the authorities and the principal families, then left the city for Modlin. The Russians, having lost 25,000 men before the walls, entered Warsaw without the confidence of conquerors, while the Poles left it full of hope soon to drive them out—the military bands playing as they went the national air, "Poland is not yet lost!" Krukowiecki, who remained to welcome the enemy, received the proper reward for his services—he was sent into Siberia.

The head-quarters were established in Modlin, and General Rybinski (Rib-ins-skie) was nominated general-in-chief. The unfortunate course that the cause of the Polish nation took from this time, is rather unaccountable. True, the capitulation of Warsaw enervated the moral courage of the nation; the faith in success was shaken, but yet there was lack neither of numbers nor of stout hearts.

General Rybinski, at the head of 20,000 men, fought 40,000 Russians while retreating towards the Prussian frontier, and there met by 20,000 Prussians, saw himself obliged to surrender his arms into the hands of that perfidious power. When thus disarmed, and after

solemn promises of good treatment, they were fired upon and brutally massacred by these civilized barbarians! They even resorted to starvation to induce the Polish soldiers to return to the *tender* mercies of Russia; and they actually, by force and persuasion, after they separated the officers from the troops, drove the latter into Russian dominions, where they were impressed into service, and sent into Caucasian deserts. After the Poles were disarmed all the arms were given up to Russia by the Prussian authorities. Such was the fate of this corps.

General Rozycki (Ro-zits-kie), at the head of his corps, retreated fighting into the Cracow territory, and so did General Romarino, where they both were disarmed by the Austrians, and sent into the interior of their dominions. This happened towards the end of September. Thus, more than 50,000 men, with arms in their hands, were constrained to abandon the Polish territory. The fortress of Zamosc (Zam-ostz) held out to the last, but it had to submit in the latter part of October;—and,

"So all this gallant blood has gushed in vain!  
And Poland, by the Northern Condor's beak  
And talons torn, lies prostrated again.

O British patriots, that were wont to  
speak

Once loudly on this theme, now hushed or  
meek!

O heartless men of Europe—Goth and  
Gaul!

Cold—adder-deaf to Poland's dying shriek!  
That saw the world's last land of heroes  
fall—

The brand of burning shame is on you  
all—all—all!"

## B E E T H O V E N .

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

A GENIUS is expected by many, perhaps most of the world, to look and act very differently from the rest of mankind. Indeed, unless a man of great talent be remarkably large or small, or have such a physiognomy as was never before seen or heard of, or behave in such a manner as would make his company intolerable, unless he were that much talked of but rarely recognized thing—a genius—his hope of appreciation by the mass, in his own day and generation, would be, in most cases, vain. The eccentricities of genius, as they are called, are so looked upon as a necessary attendant, if not an essential part of it, as to be considered an unfailing index of its existence. So, but with more reason, miners tell the presence of rich iron beds by the discoloration and fetid odor of the water springing from the soil.

That some men of genius have been peculiar in person and eccentric in manner, there is no doubt; but there is as little doubt that their peculiarities and eccentricities have been greatly exaggerated by their Boswells, and again as little, that of men of genius, there have been comparatively few, very few, distinguished for eccentricity or personal peculiarity. Personal beauty of a high order is the only external characteristic which appears to belong to them as a class. The general belief on the subject seems naturally accounted for by the fact, that the peculiar habits of men of mark are as apt "*monstrari digito*" as their persons, and that which would be unheeded or frowned down in others, is sought out and tolerated, if not admired, in them. Most men paint for themselves an ideal head of the great creative minds with whose works they are familiar, and, doing so in conformity with the notions of which we have just spoken, most are disappointed on meeting with the portraits of those whom they have thus depicted to themselves.

There has probably never lived a more marked exception to these observations—one who, in his mode, life and personal appearance, more completely satisfied the general requirements as to men of genius—than Ludwig von Beethoven, the deaf composer of Bonn. Short in stature;

wild and melancholy in appearance; strange and careless in dress; painfully awkward in his movements; eccentric in all his habits of life; at times childishly simple, at others absurdly assuming in manner; distrustful of kindness, but intolerant of neglect; himself revering nothing, yet claiming all deference to himself; believing the enemies whom he despised, when they maligned the friends whom he respected; living in want and pleading penury when possessed of the means of comfort; affecting and seeming at times to despise rank and wealth, and yet eagerly seeking the notice of the one, and possession of the other; it seems only necessary that he should be a musician, and deaf, to fill up the measure of strangeness and inconsistency in his character. No one, who has understood and properly felt his music, can be for a moment dissatisfied with his portrait. The massy forehead and ponderous brow, the flood of wild, disheveled hair, the gloomy eye, gazing intensely into vacancy, and the strongly marked mouth, where determination and scorn, wit and melancholy, seem striving for the mastery, are fair exponents of the man and his works.

Schindler, his incompetent biographer, says of him, that he possessed too much genuine religious feeling to believe that Nature had created him to be a model for future ages, as many would have persuaded him; speaks of him as living in another world, though existing in this; compares him to a child, to whom every external influence gives a new impulse, and who turns a willing ear to flattery, because incapable of estimating the motive of the flatterer. "Beethoven," says he, "well knew and always respected the motto, *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*. His upright, impartial mind led him to bestow the most unequivocal approbation on foreign talent. He always bore in mind that a Mozart had preceded him, and that another might follow him. He ever cherished high expectations of the future, for he fervently believed in the omnipotence of the Creator, and the inexhaustibility of Nature." And then breaking out into the superlative of eulogy, he says: "Oh! how great was Beethoven as a man!



Whoever learned to know him on that side, and was capable of comprehending and judging, not only of his mighty genius, but also of his noble heart, will not fail to place the moral man, if not above the great composer, at least on the same level with him."

A very strange appreciation of Beethoven's character this, even taking the very partial and prejudiced biography which Schindler himself has produced, as giving the true points of that character. Dazzled by the halo of glory with which he justly circles the head of the composer, his biographer is blind to the distorted features of the man, drawn by his own unconscious and unwilling hand.

In considering the compositions of any mighty master, if we meet that which is dissonant to our ears and incomprehensible to our minds, we may bow in submission to the greatness of his genius, believing the fault in ourselves, and feeling that which is chaotic confusion to us, is clear and regular to him. For not all, even of the cultivated, have that natural organization which necessitates the susceptibility requisite to the perfect appreciation of the most elevated creations of art. And if it be true that, "in art the great is not for all," still more is it true that "all are not for the great." For, though in the loftiest creations of the greatest minds, there is a simplicity which makes them felt, even if not comprehended, by the lowliest minds; and though this very simplicity is one strong proof of their greatness, still there are some of their productions which are only for the cultivated and refined—some oracles uttered in a tongue known only to the initiated, because only to the initiated are they addressed; and it may be, some uttered only for their fellow-prophets, and comprehensible only by them. This is eminently the case with the works of Beethoven. He is not always lucid, and though we should recollect that he is great, not by reason of, but rather in spite of, his occasional want of clearness, yet there is no composer, save perhaps Handel, who requires to be read and heard with such implicit faith, and such distrust of self. But though the works of a great author may be regarded in this all-trustful light, his life cannot claim the same immunity; still less should his vices or his failings be considered as necessary adjuncts to his genius. The possession of genius adds to, not diminishes, the accountability of its possessor to God

and man, and the biographer who gilds the vices of his subject by the glory of his works, is guilty as false himself to the trust he has received, and as an encourager of those who follow him to make their talent an excuse to themselves for the sins whose guilt it really deepens.

From these remarks it must by no means be gathered that Beethoven was a man of vicious life. Far from it. Indeed, had he been guilty of great crimes, urged on thereto by strong passions; had he been the wayward thing which genius sometimes is, his failings could have been passed by in that charity which beareth all things, believeth all things, and hopeth all things. But this was not the case. It is from the tone of his whole life and character, that we enter our objection to the eulogy of his biographer. No; Beethoven was a mighty genius, but not a noble heart; he was a great composer, but not a great man; for his mind lacked integrity, and his heart charity. Self was the inspiration of the one, and the idol of the other. Shut out during the whole of his life from that rude contact with the world, which destroys the freshness, the purity, and the confidence of youth, but which it is one of the highest attributes of genius to preserve through life in unfading integrity, he seems to have been always distrustful of those around him, always selfish, always egotistical, and never to have had the least consideration for the feelings of others.

Beethoven was born at Bonn, in the year 1770, and passed his life in that city and in Vienna, where he composed all his great works, and where he died. His musical education he received from Haydn, Mozart, Albrechtsberger and Salieri. That is, he was the pupil of each one of these for some time, for he was too self-willed to learn anything of anybody, and this trait of his character was evident, not only in music, but in all the affairs of life. He yielded nothing, either upon persuasion, reason or compulsion. His whole life as an artist and a man seems to have been the assertion of his own individuality, the enforcement of his own will and caprice. Wegeler, who knew Haydn, Albrechtsberger and Mozart, remarks that "each said Beethoven had always been so obstinate and self-willed, that his own hard experience often had to teach him those things, the study of which he would not hear of;" and Beethoven himself said—when Haydn, proud



of his ungrateful pupil, wished him to write on the titles of his early works, "pupil of Haydn,"—that although he received some instructions from Haydn, yet he had never learnt anything of him. This is easily to be believed, for two minds more incongruous could scarcely have been found, than the spiritual, pure, gentle, placid, and well-regulated Haydn, and the wild, ungovernable, turgid Beethoven. Their habits of life and of composition were as different as their mental organization, and were in perfect consonance with their characters. Haydn never wrote save when neatly dressed, and having on his hand a diamond ring given him by his princely patron, and always in one apartment, which was kept in order, and had a delightful exposure. His manuscript, too, was scrupulously neat, and very legible; and as his patron wished every day a new composition for the *bariton* from him, he always produced it. Beethoven, no matter what were his engagements, never composed, save when he pleased, and his pleasure in the matter was most fitful; his manuscript was with difficulty read, even by those most familiar with it, the notes being shapeless things, dashed into the lines in apparent fury and recklessness. Life was too short, he said, to paint notes; yet Haydn wrote much more than he did. His room, Seyfried thus describes:—"The most exquisite confusion reigned in his house; books and music were scattered in all directions; here the residue of a cold luncheon, there some full, some half-emptied bottles; on the desk the hasty sketch of a new quartette; in another corner the remains of breakfast; on the piano forte the scribbled hints for a noble Symphony, yet little more than in embryo; hard by a proof sheet, waiting to be returned; letters from friends, and on business, spread all over the floor; between the windows a goodly Stracchino cheese, and on one side of it ample vestiges of a genuine Verona salai; and, notwithstanding this confusion, he constantly eulogised, with Ciceronian eloquence, his own neatness and love of order! When, however, for whole hours, days, and often weeks, something mislaid was looked for, and all search had proved fruitless, then he changed his tone, and bitterly complained that everything was done to annoy him." If we add to this that he was constantly, and for the most trivial causes, or rather whims, changing his lodgings, we shall obtain some idea of the confusion in

which he lived, and which showed a mind diametrically opposed to that of Haydn. One cause of his remark that he never learnt anything of Haydn, and also of his continual sneers at him and his music, may be found in the following anecdote, which shows the suspicion which marked his character even in early life. His three trios, Op. 1., were to be brought forward at one of Prince Lichnowsky's *soirées*, to which all distinguished musicians and amateurs had been invited, Haydn, of course, among them, his judgment being anxiously and deferentially expected. The Trios created great sensation, and Haydn himself praised them to Beethoven, but advised him not to publish the third, in C Minor. He, thinking this the best, instead of supposing that he might be in fault, or that Haydn might have been startled by the novel style of the composition, immediately thought that Haydn wished to suppress it from envy and jealousy, and always after bore a grudge against him. Beethoven, however, was right in his judgment; it was the best Trio. He received but little instruction from Mozart, who, however, predicted his future greatness.

This suspicion, and want of confidence in those around, was continually causing unhappiness to all of the few whom he allowed to come in contact with him. On the slightest provocation, or without any, he would subject those to whom he was indebted for the greatest kindness, not only to the most unjust and degrading suspicions, but to the harshest and coarsest language, and afterward, when they could be of service to him again, make mean apologies, and eagerly avail himself of their good offices. That surest index and most admirable attribute of a delicate mind and benevolent heart, consideration for the feelings of others, seemed utterly unknown to him. And yet it was not so from a want of proper instinct in the matter, for none sooner than himself felt or resented a wound to his self-love. The instinct was, with many others of like nature, crushed beneath his idol, Self, the Juggernaut of his own happiness as well as of the comfort of those around him.

Once, on a failure of one of his concerts, he suspected his tried friend Schindler of having cheated him, and soon after, at a dinner which he gave to a few friends, he publicly and angrily accused him of the fraud. The two directors of his concert who were present, in vain showed to



him that as the receipts had passed through the hands of the two cashiers of the theatre, and their accounts exactly corresponded, a fraud was impossible, he as usual would not listen to reason, and refused to retract his charge. And yet this Schindler, who was his biographer, and who relates this story, and also that the friend of his youth, Hofrath von Brenning, was alienated from him by a *similar reflection* on his honor, and that Beethoven was only brought back to him by certain melancholy events, which caused him to *stand in need of his assistance*; and also that an accusation of *similar nature*, occasioned a coolness of twelve years' standing between Beethoven and his old friend Dr. Malfatti; and who says, "This may serve to show what it was to be Beethoven's friend, and to keep on good terms with him only a single year—how much friendship, how many sacrifices, what an entire self denial, did it not require to submit to be daily exposed to the most malicious calumnies, and even to the most dishonorable accusations!"—this man speaks of "his noble heart," and of placing the "moral man above the composer." Strange perversity! that will not see that suspicion, selfishness, and disregard of the happiness of others, is inconsistent with nobility of soul. Dog-like attachment! that will caress and defend the hand which neglects and abuses.

Frederika Bremer said well, that "one of the noblest attributes of the soul is an enlightened credulity." It is the presence of that spirit in all that he wrote which is one of the elements of Shakspeare's greatness. It was his love for, and faith in, his fellows which infused that touching tenderness in Mozart's music which makes him loved, and it was the want of this noble attribute alone which prevented Beethoven from being the greatest of composers.

In perfect keeping with the traits just noticed was the free course he gave to his tongue in severe remarks on all around him. His biographer says—"He gave expression to his feelings without any reserve; and the propriety of repressing offensive remarks was a thing that never entered his thoughts;"—and this is mentioned as a proof of his candor, and consequently of his nobleness of mind.

Irritable to excess, Beethoven put no greater restraint upon his anger than his sarcasm. No matter who offended him, his wrath was instantly and forcibly

visited upon the offender. Sex, age, long friendship, nor relationship caused any variation in the quality or quantity of his revenge. Of his continual quarrels with his brother, one ended in blows, and the following anecdotes, ludicrous in themselves, show the undignified and violent manner in which his petty anger vented itself upon two menials, and one of them an old and kind-hearted woman. They are related by Ries and Seyfried.

"One day at the 'Swan,' the waiter brought him the wrong dish. Beethoven had no sooner uttered a few words of reproof (to which the other retorted in no very polite manner), than he took the dish, amply filled with the gravy of the stewed beef it contained, and threw it at the waiter's head. Those who know the dexterity of the Viennese waiters in carrying, at one and the same time, numberless plates full of different viands, will conceive the distress of the poor man, who could not move his arms, while the gravy trickled down his face. Both he and Beethoven swore and shouted, whilst all the parties assembled roared with laughter. At last Beethoven himself joined the chorus, on looking at the waiter, who was licking in with his tongue the stream of gravy which, much as he fought against, hindered him from uttering any more invectives; the evolutions of his tongue causing the most absurd grimaces."

"Among his favorite dishes was bread soup, made in the manner of pap, in which he indulged every Thursday. To compose this, ten eggs were set before him, which he tried before mixing with the other ingredients; and if it unfortunately happened that any of them were musty, a grand scene ensued; the offending cook was summoned to the presence by a tremendous ejaculation. She, however, well knowing what might occur, took care cautiously to stand on the threshold of the door, prepared to make a precipitate retreat; but the moment she made her appearance the attack commenced, and the broken eggs, like bombs from well directed batteries, flew about her ears, their yellow and white contents covering her with viscous streams."

Veneration he had none, and his pride was satanic. He affected to despise all distinctions of birth, rank and place, and yet throughout his whole life he showed the most eager desire for them. His democracy was of the sort which brought all down to him, but raised none to him.



A suit having arisen between himself and his sister-in-law, it was brought before a court of nobles, the "von" in his name being supposed to be German, and therefore indicative of noble birth. But it being suggested that it might be Dutch and therefore conferring no distinction, the court asked him for proofs of his nobility. "Here," answered he, striking his forehead and his breast. The court, not acknowledging this somewhat self-sufficient answer as proper proof of what they desired to know, sent the cause to an inferior court; at which Beethoven was in a towering passion, considering it an insult. But if all be equal, save through their own personal merits, as he claimed, then he received no insult; and if all be not equal, then he did receive justice.

Of a similar nature was his conduct when, walking one day with Goethe, they met the royal train. Goethe, in respect to the chief magistrate of the nation, took off his hat, but Beethoven crushed his down more firmly on his head, and stalking on in anger, rated Goethe roundly for his civility. Ries relates of him that being presented by Frederick William II. with a gold snuff-box filled with louis-d'ors, "he used to relate with much complacency, that it was no common box, but such as is given to ambassadors." And also that at a musical *soirée* given by one of the nobility of Vienna, "at supper there was a table laid for the Prince and the highest nobility alone, and no cover for Beethoven. He took fire, uttered some coarse expressions and left the house. A few days later Prince Louis gave a dinner party, to which the old Countess who had given the *soirée* was invited. On sitting down, places were assigned to the Countess on one, to Beethoven on the other side of the Prince, a distinction which he always talked of with great pleasure." The conduct of the Prince must appear to all far more amiable as well as justly considerate of the merits of the guests, than that of the Countess; but there is a remarkable, though by no means strange, inconsistency between Beethoven's action in the one case and the other, and his avowed sentiments. The same pride and arrogance caused him, when his brother, after having become possessed of a patrimony, signed a letter "Johann von Beethoven, Land-owner,"—a usual thing in Germany,—to sneer at it, and sign his

answer, "Ludwig von Beethoven, Brain-owner."

All his friends unite in saying that he was constantly in love. His first love was M<sup>lle</sup> Jeanette d'Honrath, of Cologne, of his others no record has been kept. All unite in saying that his affections were always placed in the higher ranks. Perhaps this was the reason that he never married. But passionate as must have been the love of the composer of *Adelaida*, no woman could have lived, save in misery, with Beethoven.

His religious creed, though he was born and educated in the Roman Church, was a vague sort of Deism, and was comprised in two inscriptions from the temple of Isis. These he had copied with his own hand, and they, for many years, lay constantly before him on his writing-table. They were:—

I. "I AM THAT WHICH IS—I AM ALL THAT IS, ALL THAT WAS, AND ALL THAT SHALL BE. NO MORTAL HATH MY VEIL UPLIFTED."

II. "HE IS ONE, SELF-EXISTENT, AND TO THAT ONE ALL THINGS OWE THEIR EXISTENCE."

These he regarded, says his biographer, as an epitome of the loftiest and purest religion. Their cold uninfluencing doctrine, if doctrine they can be said to have, seems about as near an approach to religion as a mind like Beethoven's could make. Of his truly religious life, of which his biographer speaks, no trace appears, save that he received the sacrament of extreme unction when on his death-bed. Indeed, he whose religious feeling was so small, that it required the constant stimulus afforded by the sight of so cold and speculative a creed as the one which he had always before him, could not with reason be expected to have that religious feeling give any tone to his life. And yet it is not at all surprising that he adopted no other belief. There is a mystery in the seeming simplicity of that which he avowed, a vagueness which leaves so much for the imagination to fill in many ways, as it is affected by the feelings, changing as they do with time and circumstances, and an absence of anything which appeals to aught but reason for its reception, or which requires any humility in the recipient, which make it eminently fitted for the belief of a man without faith—and such was Beethoven.

His compositions, when they first ap-



peared, startled the musical world from its propriety. All felt their power, but yet they were called "the queerest stuff imaginable,"—"contrary to all rule." Strange, indeed, they were. Nothing like them had ever been heard or imagined before, but their heresies against art were on that very account magnified. Most of his violations were rather of the imposed formulas, than of essential spirit of art; though some were indeed radical, and though excusable in him are not imitable with impunity by others. These irregularities he never allowed to be questioned—his answers to such inquiries about his works being usually, "It is better thus." But Ries, his pupil, spoke once to him of two consecutive fifths in one of his early quartets, which, contrary to all previous experience, produced a harmonious effect. Beethoven for some time could not believe that they were fifths. But when Ries had proved himself right, by writing down the passage, Beethoven's reply was, "Well, and who forbids them?" In his astonishment at the question Ries did not answer, and Beethoven repeated the question several times. At length Ries replied, "Why it is one of the very first rules." Still Beethoven repeated his question, to which Ries answered, "Marpurg, Kirnberger, Fuchs—all theorists." "Well, then, I permit them," was the reply. The radicalism and assumption of this answer will be more completely comprehended by readers generally, when they know that consecutive fifths are as inadmissible in music as consecutive negatives or superlatives in English; and that it is as much a violation of musical grammar to have one perfect fifth follow another, in similar motion, save in certain situations, as it is a violation of English grammar to say "not none," or "most best." It was one thing for Beethoven to say, that in this case he felt justified in using them, and quite another for him to say that they were admissible in classic writing. As might have been expected, Beethoven's example has been followed by many who, of course, have not his genius as their excuse; and it is worthy of notice, that this is the only theoretical remark of Beethoven's of which we have any record.

But it was more particularly in the forms of his thought, and the manner in which he worked out his ideas, that he violated the rules observed by preceding

composers. This the very nature of his inspirations required. Had they been developed in another way, they would not have been Beethoven's. His works might then have been pronounced unexceptionable as to model, but they would have failed to stir those depths of feeling untouched save by him; the unutterable emotions which he alone has awakened would have yet been dormant; and, what was more to him, his own soul would have had no utterance. Beethoven might as well have attempted to graduate the eruptions of Vesuvius as to bind the expression of his own emotions in the forms given him by other minds.

Fashion is, in its day and among its votaries, supreme in music as in everything else, and it has lately been the fashion to talk with an affectation of learned enthusiasm upon Beethoven, but to listen to Donizetti. As those will speak with rapture of Shakspeare who hardly know the difference between Hamlet and Pericles, Prince of Tyre, so it has been fashionable to speak of Beethoven's "depth of harmony" among the large class who know nothing of him but a few waltzes, some of which, though bearing his name, are decidedly not his. Indeed, except among the professors of music, and the very small number of well-educated amateurs, little or nothing of his works has been known among us till within the last few years. But since the production of *Fidelio* at the Park Theatre, the *Mount of Olives* by the New York Sacred Music Society, the concerts of the German Society, and more particularly since the establishment of the Philharmonic Society, we have really begun to know something of the wonderful mind of this man.

*Fidelio*, though not equal as a composition to the king of operas, *Don Giovanni*, surpasses it in the intensity of the expression of the passions it portrays. The difference in the character of the *libretti* is the chief cause of this. Beethoven has expressed with marvelous power, the tenderness, the agony, the despair and the happiness which the situations of the opera awaken. From Leonora's first appearance, as she is left in Rocco's room to pour out unheard and in solitude the agony of her soul, to the time when she rests in Florestano's arms, the savior of her husband and the honored of her sovereign, how full is every note she utters of deep-felt, yearning af-



fection. How awfully descriptive is the instrumental music while Florestano lies in exhausting slumber in the dungeon. We hear, but do not listen, to the groaning of the basses, the wailing of the violins, and moaning of the horns, for Beethoven has made the instruments not suggestive of themselves, but a part of the scene which lies before us. And when the heart is depressed even to gloom and despondency, by the sadness which enters at eye and ear, the emaciated prisoner wakes. At first, his notes are feeble and unconnected, but excited by the madness of his own imaginings, he pours out his terror and his love in such frenzied tones, that the heart beats fitfully, and breathing is a care, till he drops exhausted on his stony couch. And when the tyrant is baffled, and husband and wife stand once more united amid the happy and wondering crowd, how fiercely joyous is the final chorus. The exulting theme bursts now from one, now from another; the instruments are not mere accompaniments, nor adjuncts, but each seems to have a voice, and to pour its enlivening and boisterous joy as if involuntarily. The crowd still the expression of their own happiness to hear that of the reunited husband and wife, whose glad tones now rise above the rest, so full of that calm, gushing-forth of tenderness from the heart, which comes only from those who are supremely happy, that we think they are about to die away into eloquent stillness; but they are again caught up by, and mingled with, a new burst from chorus and orchestra, which is the last and fullest expression of exulting joy.

The Mount of Olives is matchless as an expression of majestic wo, but has not the chaste gravity which the oratorio demands. The last chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father," is a noble piece of choral writing, and the gem of the composition, but challenges a depreciating comparison with the Hallelujah Chorus of the Messiah.

But it is in his symphonies that most become acquainted with Beethoven's music. His chamber music is heard but among the professors and the very small class of amateurs before alluded to, and his masses nowhere on this side of the Atlantic, and at rare times and places in Europe. Indeed he wrote but two, one in C and one in D; though the score of another in C Minor, claiming to be his, has been published, but on doubtful authority.

The first of these is sublime, and the second may be, but it is almost unusable and altogether incomprehensible. His symphonies which are the most general, are also the best means of becoming acquainted with his style, for these are the channels of his greatest thoughts, which here, preserving the purity and sweetness of their first spring, and swelled by knowledge, experience and self-reliance, flow on in unequalled depth and majesty. In the fullness of his power just at the time when the orchestra had reached its richest combination of instruments, he found in it a weapon fit for his gigantic grasp, a voice capable of expressing his big emotions. He writes a Pastoral Symphony, a subject which pale, interesting young gentlemen and sentimental young ladies connect with a one-keyed flute, and walks into the fields to write upon scraps of paper, ideas which he will utter through the voices of an army of instruments. And how beautifully does he cause them to tell their tale, making all from flute to double bass "babble of green fields." How sunny and refreshing are the melodies, how inspiring the modulations; a blind man could hardly desire a better summer. He brings before us a bright summer day: and the rustling winds, and clear, deep shadows of the woods induce calm reverie and dreamy delight. He takes us to the side of a rivulet, and a gentle murmuring melody runs through the orchestra, till the ear is almost sated with its dreamy tones in "linked sweetness long drawn out." The water ripples past waving grass and yellow corn, the bee hums by, the breeze whispers in our ear, and the nightingale, the cuckoo and the quail call from the rustling trees. He shows us the peasants dancing on the green; we can see their vigorous steps and hear the clatter of their wooden shoes; the festivity becomes boisterous, the music, so thoroughly rustic and exciting in its character, accelerates in time till it seems as if both weary musicians and panting dancers must give out, when all are driven to shelter by the terrific thunder-storm. The distant muttering of the thunder and moaning of the wind, the heavy flash of the first huge drops of rain, the sudden burst of the hurricane, the vivid lightning flash, the bellowing thunder, and the sheets of water which sweep across the fields, are brought before the mind's eye in all their terrific reality. The storm passes off, the thun-



der is heard again in the distance—but now in exhausted, not threatening tones—the wind dies away in lulling cadence, and then arises the Shepherd's Song of Gratitude, which seems the voice of nature rejoicing in its freshened beauty, and which closes most fittingly, this, the greatest piece of descriptive music in existence.

The Symphonies in E flat, (the *Eroica*) and A major, are equal exhibitions of power but in different views. The latter, written in honor of Napoleon, and cast indignantly aside, when nearly finished, upon the composer's hearing that his hero had assumed the crown, contains two of the greatest movements he ever wrote. The first *Allegro* is fearful in its majesty and mystery, and its expression of invincible determination, and the *Adagio* is unequaled as an expression of mighty and overwhelming woe: at the close of this movement Beethoven has brought from the orchestra sobs, strangely and touchingly human.

But of all his works, the greatest, that which is throughout most characteristic of its author, is the Symphony in C Minor. There is not a phrase in it which could have been written by any other composer; and it would be difficult, almost impossible, for any other after having heard this composition to write another in the same vein. And this, not because of the elaborateness of the work, for they are of marvelous and massive simplicity, being, with the exception of the opening air of the *Andante* and *fugue* of the *Trio*, constructed on the notes of the common chord; but the soul of the work is so completely of Beethoven's own creation, that it is not even all of those who can comprehend it who can rightly feel its meaning. It does not admit of description like the *Pastorale*, not being descriptive itself. Beethoven being asked what he meant by the first notes, said, "It is thus that Fate knocks at the door;" and this is all the clue we have to the design of this stupendous work, which, when it was first performed by the Philharmonic Society of London, was not comprehended until after several trials, so forbidding and unmeaning did the first movement seem. The *Andante* of this work enjoys the reputation of being the greatest movement of the greatest symphony ever written.

His ninth Symphony, which has lately been performed by the Philharmonic Society, is, with some others of his later

works—the second mass particularly—utterly incomprehensible to the most accomplished musicians and critics, save in a few isolated portions. Some have said, that the mysteries of these compositions are left for coming years to unravel; but this, even with all deference which should be shown to great genius, may be reasonably doubted. Beethoven's style is now perfectly understood, and the construction of these works has been thoroughly studied and comprehended, and still they are found to be incoherent rather than incomprehensible, to be vague rather than mysterious. It is more than probable, that in his long continued deafness, and his broken constitution, we are to find the causes of these stupendous anomalies in music.

His style of composition has caused some to say that his Sonatas and Symphonies are operas in disguise. The remark is plausible, but is yet untrue; for the character of Beethoven's mind was not at all dramatic. Self, as has been before remarked, was his inspiration. His own feelings, his own loves, his own sorrows, his own gigantic pride and consciousness of power, found expression in his music. When stimulated by the creations of others, as he frequently was by the works of Shakspeare, Scott, Goethe and Schiller, it was not to their imaginings that his mind gave another form and expression, but to some new feeling which had been awakened by them in him. Utterance, mere utterance, whether heeded or not, seems to be all that he sought. To stamp himself upon all that he produced, and to make all the world of musical art bow before him, seemed to be his only endeavor. What wonder, then, that Napoleon was his hero.

His restlessness and discontent are plainly visible in most of his works, particularly in the greatest of them. The Titanic heavings of an imprisoned but mighty soul, which would pile Pelion on Ossa, in a vain attempt to reach that which is unattainable, and which is sought only because it is unattainable, the feverish thirst of a diseased mind, which is but increased by that it craves, and a sullen, gloomy melancholy, which lacks but fixedness to become despair, are shadowed forth with fearful effect in some of his great works. He has been compared to Handel. True, he is of the same class as Handel, but by no means akin to him. Grandeur characterizes the works of both; but Handel's have the



grandeur of naked and finished simplicity, Beethoven's that of unpolished magnificence. Both are powerful; but with Handel, power is a means, with Beethoven an end. Both are imposing; but the one from his unconscious majesty, the other from his conscious might. In depicting the softer emotions, Handel is tender and earnest, Beethoven fanciful and impassioned. His love is ungovernable and distracting, his joy fierce and fitful. He is rarely placid, and never tender. Sadness he has not; but instead, a gloomy melancholy which pervades most of his writings, and appears in all. Humor he also lacks, in common with most of his countrymen, but his perception and love of the grotesque is great and eminently Teutonic. In all that he wrote, he is vast, indefinite, and thoughtful. He never seems done with his theme, or rather it never seems done with him, for it possesses him, and not he it. It carries him on and on with irresistible sweep, and when he bursts impetuously away from it, and seems completely occupied with another idea, it recurs with a suddenness which is startling. And even in the final crash of the orchestra, when the movement seems about instantly to close, and the cadence is expected, the theme breaks out again, and it is only by an irresistible dash into a *prestissimo*, that he seems able to bring the movement to an end. This is particularly the case with the themes of the quick movements of his symphonies, which are always admirably fitted by their loftiness and power for such a mode of treatment. He introduced a new movement into symphony, quartette and sonata writing—the *Scherzo*—invented by himself. The *Minuetto*, for which he substituted this, had too much voluptuous grace in it to be a suitable form for his ideas; he required something which would carry heavier weight, and his *Scherzo* movements belie their name; for they cannot be called playful, though mirthful they sometimes are. They have a gigantic vivacity, a wild impetuosity, bursting forth in grotesque and fanciful forms, and then subsiding into gloom equally fitful and unrestrained.

In these movements, he seems to delight in tossing about huge masses of sound, in rapid and intricate evolutions, which are like the skipping of a playful Polyphemus; and mixed with these stupendous fantasies are strains of ravishing sweetness, and sometimes of touching

grief. They contain his most characteristic, and many of his first ideas. His slow movements are generally grave, deep and sombre, and yet, with his characteristic variability, have flashes of the fanciful, the grotesque, and the joyful. His allegros have not the brilliant purity and steady march of Mozart's; but are richly turgid, and rush on with the awful and overwhelming force of a swollen torrent. His ponderous pen has left its heavy strokes upon all his writings. The same thoughtful, massive style, is apparent in his string quartettes, and his piano forte music, as in his symphonies and masses. Contrary to the ideas entertained by many, it is in his ideas themselves that we must seek his power, not in the number of instruments which he used to embody them. Indeed, he himself said that his music did not require large bands, sixty performers being all that he desired, and this is found to give about enough stringed instruments to balance a full wind band. His declaration that, if independent as to money matters, he would write nothing but symphonies and masses, and perhaps quartettes, shows the appreciation he had of his own genius; but the world may rejoice in obtaining his minor works, all of which, as has been before remarked, bear the marks of his peculiar genius. Even his little Spirit Waltz, for the piano forte, is full of unearthliness amid all its ravishing sweetness. We can see the deaf musician sitting at his instrument, with his wild, mysterious eyes gazing into the space which he had peopled with Shapes, which are all the more fearful that they are partly human; female figures, with eyes gleaming with unholy light, and forms and faces of fearful, unearthly beauty; male figures, too man-like to be Satyrs, and too fiendish to be men—these, mated with strange, sexless Shapes, all grotesque, fantastic and hellish, mingle, and noiselessly and slowly advance in the mysterious waltz; now they are close at hand, and go floating by, fascinating with the very unearthliness which makes them so repulsive, and the eager eye follows them as they sail off again and are lost in the distance. It is, perhaps, worthy of remark, that this strangely beautiful composition is frequently spoiled by being played too fast—a common fault in the performance of Beethoven's music, and one of which he complained.

Beethoven died of dropsy, on the 26th



of March, 1827, and was buried in the grave-yard at Währing. His funeral was attended by, at least, twenty thousand persons; his body was borne by the eight principal singers of Vienna, and attended by thirty-six torch-bearers, consisting of poets, authors, composers and musicians. The music which accompanied the procession, was an *Equale*—written by himself—for four trombones, to which was sung the *Miserere*. Hummel dropped three laurel wreaths upon his coffin, and the mourners, waiting till the

grave was covered, left it in silence just as the twilight fell upon them. During the past year, a statue was raised to him in his native city, the ceremonies lasting three days, and being attended by kings and princes, who honored themselves in their strife to do honor to the memory of the great composer.

Beethoven may be regarded as the great epic Poet of Music, and his place is with Handel, Haydn and Mozart, but not above them as some have claimed.

## TRADITIONS AND SUPERSTITIONS.—No. II.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

“Come l’Araba Fenice—  
Che ci sia—ognun lo dice—  
Dove sia—nessun’ lo sa.”—METASTASIO.

### CASTLE GREIFENSTEIN.—A SILESIAN TRADITION.

“Those ancient towers,  
Proud monuments of a stately race—are dust;  
The high hearts that did beat within them—dust;  
Yet lives the ambitious spirit—that erst led  
To great emprise—still lives and still aspires.”

Not far from the extensive plains that border the domain of Bohemia, are still to be seen on the summit of a rock, so lofty as to be a landmark to the country round, the ruins of the once proud burg of Greifenstein. This was the home of the race of Schaafgottschesch barons, who were wealthy and powerful in the middle ages. The castle, according to the chroniclers, was built in the twelfth century; it passed, about 1400, into the possession of the house of Schaafgottschesch, and was destroyed not more than sixty years ago. This was done by order of Count Nepomuch Gotthard, whom some of his followers, finding the burg difficult of access, had persuaded that he might build with the materials a new habitation at the foot of the mountain. The Count seldom visited this spot, and thought the old castle in a more decayed condition than it really was; he, therefore, readily gave his consent to a measure esteemed little less than sacrilege by the lovers of antiquity.

Some question has been raised as to the reason why the burg was named Greifenstein. Some writers say it was in allusion to the rapacious character of its ancient lords. Others, that it was so named because a greif, or condor, had its nest on the rock where the castle was afterwards built. Others, again, who believe the condor a fabulous bird, say that the first possessor’s name was Greif, and that he, naturally, called his castle after himself. The race is widely spread abroad in Germany. The arms of one family of that name show a white greif upon a crimson field. In Nassausche is a burg called Greifenstein; the device of its owner is a sable greif, on a yellow shield. There is also on the Danube, not far from Vienna, a “castle Greifenstein,” about which Caroline Pichler has written her interesting tale of “The Velvet Slipper.”

It is thus very probable that the ruined burg, first mentioned, was founded by one of that name. There is, however, a tra-

dition current, and generally believed, giving it a different origin. This may be read with some interest.

It was a happy time for the peasantry of Newburg, in Silesia, when their brave Duke, Henry I., journeyed through this portion of his dominions. He was on his way—accompanied by his consort, Hedwig, and their children, with a numerous retinue of followers—to visit his burg of Lehnhaus, built by his renowned father, Duke Boleslaus. While he stopped to rest a day or two from the fatigues of travel, his subjects from the neighborhood came to petition favors and redress for various grievances; for they knew the good will of their sovereign, and thought his power almost boundless.

Among the petitioners was an old herdsman, whose name was Wolfgang. To the gracious inquiry of the Duke, respecting his wants, he answered that the whole country was tormented by a condor, that took the lambs from the flock, and even maimed oxen at the plough. The bird had a nest somewhere, and young ones; when these were grown, children, perhaps men and women, would not be safe from their rapacity. "Take compassion on us, gracious lord," prayed the herdsman: "command your soldiers to slay the condor, and destroy its nest."

"Where hath the bird its eyrie?" asked the Duke.

"I know not, my lord," replied Wolfgang; "but well I deem it is somewhere beneath the Rahlenberg."

The Duke gave orders immediately, that the bird of prey should be hunted and killed, with its young. The whole country was in motion. The knights were eager to fulfill their lord's command, and gain renown by the slaughter of so destructive a foe to the herdsmen. But the condor seemed to defy them. Lambs disappeared almost hourly, and as if by magic. Only at rare intervals could the bird be seen soaring on outspread wings, at so vast a height that no arrow could reach it. The peasants mourned, and the baffled warriors murmured, at their want of success.

Meanwhile, Schaffhold, the son of old Wolfgang—a youth of aspiring spirit, but little inclined, as his father oft complained, to the herdsman's labor—had been curiously watching the knights, apparently charmed with their brave apparel and armor, and following at a distance those who were nearest the Duke. And

though in humble garb, many a high-born cavalier might have envied the noble and graceful form, and the majestic beauty of countenance, possessed by this young man. Nature had gifted him with matchless perfections of person. His mien, too, was not that of a peasant, but of a free-born noble. He was noted, in fact, throughout the country, for manly beauty and accomplishments.

As the Duke with his train entered the castle where they were lodged, young Schaffhold passed thoughtfully along the mountain side, under the shadow of projecting rocks. He had not gone far, when his steps were arrested. At a few paces distance, a young and beautiful woman, richly dressed, lay sleeping on the ground. Her fair cheek rested on her hand; her soft, brown hair followed the waving line of her figure. So exquisite was this image of beauty, that the young herdsman stood gazing at her several minutes, unable to remove his eyes. Suddenly, however, he started forward. He saw a serpent, of the most poisonous kind, glide swiftly over the moss towards the head of the sleeping girl. Schaffhold sprang forward in time to strike the reptile dead with his staff. The noise awoke the young girl; she half rose, saw the serpent, and started up with a cry of terror. The next instant she comprehended the danger she had escaped, and turned a look of gratitude on him who had saved her.

A voice called from behind the bushes—"Princess Rubeta!" "I am here!" answered the young girl. Schaffhold now knew her rank; she was the eldest daughter of the duke.

With heavy heart he turned away, and was out of sight when the attendants came to the spot. The princess walked on to the castle. No sooner was it known what had befallen her, than several pages hastened to the spot. The slain reptile was there, but no trace could be found of the youth.

That day, before sunset, the peasantry were assembled in holiday attire, decorated with ribbons and flowers, to feast before the duke and his family. All the herdsmen, except Schaffhold, were there; and the eyes of the princess sought only him. When she found him not, she sighed, and tears filled her beautiful downcast eyes.

Schaffhold wandered in the woods for the rest of the evening, and returned home late at night, to think and dream



of Rubeta. With the morning resolution came. "She cannot be mine," he said mournfully, "but I may at least win a name she will not disdain to hear!"

He quitted his father's hut early; and his steps involuntarily turned towards the castle where the duke's party lodged. There was an unusual concourse before the gates. A herald came forth, mounted on a white horse decorated with gay trappings, preceded by a trumpeter, and accompanied by several knights. Schaffhold approached as near as possible. The trumpet sounded; and after it ceased, the herald made this proclamation in a loud voice—

"Our gracious Duke, Henry the First, sends greeting to his Christian lieges of the country of Neuburg; and, having learned that the whole valley is plagued by a condor, by which the property of his liege subjects is wasted and their lives placed in jeopardy, doth promise to the brave man who shall kill this evil bird, and destroy its nest, the hand of his eldest daughter—the princess Rubeta—in marriage."

Bewildered, and trembling with newborn hope struggling with fear, the young herdsman listened to the words of the herald. When he had ended, the trumpet again sounded, and the officer returned to the castle. Schaffhold departed with a few other straggling peasants, who had come up to admire the military exercises of the knights.

The young princess sate weeping in her chamber. The duchess, her mother, stood regarding her almost sternly, and reproved her for her want of submission to the paternal will.

"Ah, my mother!" murmured Rubeta, looking up through her tears, "you were happy, for you gave your hand with your heart; mine must be the prize of him whom fortune favors. I must wed a man whom I cannot love—if he chance to slay a bird that, after all, would soon die of itself."

"Thou forgettest, my daughter," said the duchess more gently, "that the Duke's honor is pledged for the death of the condor, and the deliverance of his subjects from its ravages. The man who shall redeem thy father's word is worthy; and must be brave withal, for the enterprise is one of deadly peril. Such a consort will not fail to make thee happy."

The princess shook her head and continued to weep. A sudden light flashed on the duchess; with woman's intuition

she had penetrated the secret of her daughter's emotion.

"Rubeta!" she said quickly, "Rubeta! deceive me not! Thou lovest already!"

The princess covered her blushing face with her hands.

"His name?" demanded Hedwig. "Who has dared seek thee—"

"None—none!" answered Rubeta. "He but saved my life."

"Ha!—the youth who struck the serpent when thou wast sleeping?"

"The same."

"Why—'twas but a hind—a peasant! Out on thee—froward girl!"

The princess lifted up her eyes. "Was not Piastus," she asked, "the founder of my father's honored race, a herdsman, too?"

The Duchess frowned, and commanded her daughter to attend her to her apartment.

It is needless to say that the Duke's proclamation caused great excitement among the knights and pages of the court. Each was eager to obtain the prize. The country was scoured by huntsmen in every direction, and every forest-tree examined for the eyrie of the condor. Many were willing to risk their lives, for the sake of the beautiful princess; many for the renown that was to be gained.

"Thou, too, my son!" said old Wolfgang, as he saw the youth preparing to go forth; "surely thou dost not dream—"

"I have strength and courage, as well as yon proud knights; wherefore should I not win?" returned the young man.

"Thou—a hind—a herdsman's son! Go to, boy; leave the chase to thy betters. They will chastise thee as malapert."

"Father, I fear them not. The Duke's proclamation said not—'Whoever of noble blood shall slay the spoiler.' I will venture life for the prize; if I win and it be denied me—then, it is they who lack nobility."

Schaffhold went forth, with his staff and axe, to hunt the bird of prey. All the morning he wandered in the forest. At noon, wearied, but determined not to yield to fatigue, he climbed the loftiest tree he could find, that commanded a view of an extensive region of country. The sky was blue and clear, the heat of the sun overpowering. The landscape lay glowing in the intense light. But on the utmost verge of the horizon dark clouds reposed, that were fast swelling



upward. The herdsman knew that a storm was approaching.

Suddenly a dark speck, so distant that it seemed but a mote on the dazzling face of heaven, caught his eye. His heart bounded within his breast.

The speck grew larger; he clasped his hands in an ecstasy of joy and gratitude. It was the condor! Soaring at a height immeasurable, it still drew nearer. Schaffhold hid himself in the foliage of the tree, and watched the flight of the majestic bird. Of the condor it is said that it will remain for days upon the wing, and never lights upon earth save for food. The youth knew, by the steadiness of its onward and descending course, that it sought its eyrie. Rapidly it came on: floating calmly in mid air, as if it scorned the feeble enmity of man. Schaffhold's eyes followed its flight: he saw it tending towards a lofty and inaccessible rock. On the summit of this stood an aged tree, half stripped of its leaves by the wind and storms. There, he was at length convinced, was the nest of the mountain tyrant.

Not a moment was to be lost. Descending from his elevated situation, he hastily crossed the valley, and passed along the side of the mountain, cutting a path for himself through the dense undergrowth of the forest. The storm had begun; the wind surged heavily through the thick foliage; he heard the roar of rushing streams, and the crackling of forest trees bent by the blast; but pressed onward without seeking rest. At length he had climbed the mountain to the foot of the rock. Pausing a few moments to take breath, he commenced the steep and perilous ascent.

Grasping the shrubs growing on the face of the rock, and cutting footsteps as he slowly advanced, he reached the most dangerous part. The cliff projected over the abyss, and on its verge stood the lightning-scathed tree, the throne of the winged monarch, never before invaded by man. He could see the dark form of the bird above him. The parent was feeding her young. Her fiery eyes flashed, and her wings flapped threateningly, as she watched the intruder. Schaffhold saw his imminent peril, suspended thus between heaven and earth, and at the mercy of such a foe. The clamorous impatience of her young for food, alone stayed her revenge. When they were gorged, her next swoop would be upon him.

Commending himself, by a brief yet fervent prayer, to heavenly protection, the youth turned aside, and clambered upward by a more circuitous route, where a few straggling pines aided his almost perpendicular ascent. He stood at last on the summit. One peril was surmounted—he was now to strive for life and death with the fierce enemy whose realm he had invaded. The condor sat perched on the top of the lofty tree, whetting her beak for the encounter, her large keen eyes glaring defiance, her talons rending the bark of the tree. A thought struck the young herdsman. Gathering a heap of the driest brushwood, he fastened it to the end of a long pole, which he had cut down with his axe. Then, striking fire, he kindled it, and placed it as high as he could reach, in the branches of the tree.

The half-decayed boughs were instantly on fire. The violence of the wind swept it upward; and the nest itself, composed of dry twigs and moss, was wrapped in flames. The condor had taken flight at the first gush of smoke, but recalled by the cries of her young, wheeled round and round the blazing tree, uttering a hoarse short cry at intervals, and flapping her huge wings, as if maddened by rage and despair. Anon she dashed furiously at the human foe. Schaffhold struck at her with his axe, his only weapon of defence; the bird wheeled round him, retreated, and then plunged madly into the midst of the flames, whence issued the last stifled cries of her young ones. The mother's instinct proved her own destruction. Blinded by the flame, her wings singed, and struggling helplessly for escape, it was now easy for the herdsman to climb into the burning tree and dispatch her with his axe. He had barely time to drag his panting foe to the ground, when the shivered and crackling limbs of the tree, so lately his foot-hold, gave way. The blazing fragments fell into the abyss. Schaffhold threw himself prostrate in thankfulness both for his escape and his success; and bearing the huge bird, tied securely with ropes, prepared for his descent.

All the population of the valley, as well as the stately followers of the court, were assembled next morning before the castle. The Duke came forth to meet the young man who had slain the condor. He received his homage, listened to his account of the adventure in which he had



triumphed, and demanded his name and lineage.

"Schaffhold, the son of Wolfgang the herdsman," was the reply. But the youth looked not up to see the sneer that passed around the circle at these words.

"Bring forth my daughter," said the Duke, after a moment of silence. Several of the knights ventured to remonstrate. "The princess—wedded to a low-born hind!" was murmured by many lips.

"Go to," answered the Duke; "my word is pledged—and it shall be so. Fetch hither the princess."

There was a pause of silence, and presently Rubeta appeared, leaning on her mother's arm. Her face was pale as death; her eyes fixed on the ground. Again a murmur passed through the crowd.

"My daughter," said the Duke, "thou well knowest why I have sent for thee. There stands the man whose bravery has won thy hand. Be he churl or peasant—my word may not be broken. I pray thee to receive him as thy husband."

"Nay—not so—my liege lord and sovereign!" cried the youth, kneeling at the Duke's feet. "I would risk life a thousand times for so fair a prize; but I will not take the hand the lady doth not willingly bestow!"

"Now, by the rood, thy spirit is knightly enough," said Duke Henry. "But it is our will, vassal, that thou dost wed the lady. Rubeta, what sayest thou?"

"I will obey thee, my father!" answered the maiden, on whose cheek the flush of joy had chased away its paleness. The Duke joined their hands. "And that thou mayest have a home stately enough for a princely bride," he continued, "I give thee as much land as thou canst encircle in one day, driving thy flock. On the rock thou didst climb the condor's eyrie, I will build a stately castle for thee and thine heirs, which shall be called 'Greifenstein,' in remembrance of the bird that has brought thee fortune."

The same day was the betrothal of the princess and the herdsman solemnly celebrated. On the following morning, Schaffhold commenced his circuit of the land which now forms the domain of

Greifenstein, and is enriched with cities and hamlets. The Duke confirmed the gift, and in presence of his whole court, created the young man a knight and noble, with the title of Baron Schaafgottsch—giving him for his device, to be worn on his shield, a sheep reposing under a green tree, with golden collar and bells. The new baron prayed for one sole boon: it was that, ere his marriage, he might be permitted to earn the honors of knighthood. Permission was granted; and Schaafgottsch repaired to the court of the Emperor Philip. Duke Henry granted him a master at arms, who instructed him in all military exercises. He fought under the imperial banner against the restless Otho IV., and won such distinction, that Philip bestowed on him the highest praise, and presented him, at a tourney in which he was victorious, before his assembled court, with a rich velvet mantle, violet embroidered with gold, and a heavy golden chain. He even offered him the hand of a noble lady in marriage; but the knight, faithful to his betrothed, only craved leave to return home.

The news of his return laden with honors, went before him, and he was welcomed by a procession of the shepherds, in holiday garments, his father at their head. They scarce recognized their late companion in the stately knight who came, with his attendant squires, to meet them; but Schaafgottsch threw himself from his horse, embraced his father, and cordially greeted his former friends.

The burg of Greifenstein already towered proudly on the summit of the rock. It was completed ere long; and within its walls was the marriage celebrated of the princess Rubeta and the Baron von Schaafgottsch. Many of the descendants of this first baron of the name were distinguished, as well in council as in the field; and not a few rose to eminence in the church. The Baron Ulric, falsely accused of high treason, was beheaded the 25th July, 1635, at Regensburg, at the command of the Emperor Ferdinand II. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the family of Schaafgottsch were raised by the Emperor Joseph to the dignity of Counts of the Empire. The castle remained in their possession.



## INTELLECTUAL CHANGE : MENTAL CHARACTER OF THE AGE.\*

For some time past, a change has been going on in the world of thought. The works, which stand at the head of this article, are but the unerring indices of this change, and, for the present, no farther concern us.

Ideas are now familiar, and sentiments trite, of which the philosophy of our fathers could not have dreamed. Pick up an old author—Livy, for example—and how commonplace seem all those reflections, which in his day were deemed most profound. How little does the old Patavinian really tell us of the people whose history he writes. His books are filled with the “*gloria imperii*,” he gives us auguries, traditions and battles—he delights to tell us how Rome, “*ab exiguis profecta initiis, eò creverat ut jam laboret magnitudine sua* :” but are these things Rome? nay, are they in any wise part of her or her character? Has he brought her before us, panoplied in all the armor of her strength, and made her stand forth a being of life—cold, stern, iron-cast, yet true? Far from it. We ask for her spirit, and he shows but her corpse; we ask for her heart, and he shows us her muscle and sinew. In the days of Titus Livy, the interest, nay, the being of the man was absorbed in the interests and being of the State. Men were never thought of, save in the multitude, as some vast, spring-set, wire-worked machine, in the hands of emperors, senators and tribunes. As individuals, and as beings of the fireside circle, none ever heard of them. They were important only as they made patres conscripti and consuls, comitia and legions. And yet Rome, the State, has passed away, teaching man but little beyond that which bitter experience teaches him every day. Her temples and her arches have crumbled to ruin. Her tribunes and consuls, her comitia and centuria, are but

themes of antiquarian research or school-boy harangues, whilst the minds of her chosen few, her Virgil, her Horace and her Tacitus, are our earliest instructors. Her laws are well nigh forgotten, whilst the filial love of Coriolanus and the maternal pride of Cornelia, are the nursery tales of our children. Her forms are gone, her body is mingled with the dust, but her soul is ever amongst us, in the verse of her poets, and the eloquence of her orators and historians. *La materiel* is dead—*la spirituel* is immortal.

“Societies,” says Roger Collard, “are born, live, and die upon earth; there they accomplish their destinies, but they contain not the whole man.” The State holds not all that binds him to earth, for not in that alone does he live. Within himself there is a world, a microcosm, wonderful in all its parts, divinely and harmoniously wrought. Besides, there is for him another world; that bright and happy one, the circle of his fireside. To live as becomes him, he must act well his part in these three worlds. All his duties must be so blended together, that he may fulfill his high appointment as an individual, as a citizen of the State, and as a being of the household. Sadly for him, he has too often, whilst in one sphere of life, forgotten the existence of another. Cast back the eye five centuries ago. In that twilight of time, where was the individual man, where was the being of the household? Nowhere to be found. A blind despotism of the mass everywhere ruled. The whole man was merged in the multitude, guided to and fro by want and passion. Of action there was much, of suffering much, of thinking none.

The influences which law and government have on the inner man are of necessity few. Possessed of but negative power, it is theirs not to create good, but

\* The Miscellanies of Thomas Carlyle, in 1 volume. Cary & Hart, Philadelphia.

The President's Daughters, Nina and Home. In 3 volumes, by Miss F. Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The Education of Mothers; or, Civilization of Mankind by Woman. Translated from the French of Aine Martin, 1 volume. Appleton & Co.



to restrain evil, not to plant and nurture virtues in the people, but with a strong and impartial hand, to curb their outlawry and rebellion. With positive rights, government can, of course, have little to do. Her sphere of action is confined to indirect means, and her operations are subject to all those casual influences, in the creation of which every court is prolific. Thus it is, that those who view man only in a political light, have cut off from him all those direct and immediate powers, whose workings are able to mould anew the whole face of society. Government they have made the end, whilst it is only a means. They have mistaken the instrument by which human happiness may be promoted, for that happiness itself. In this wise, have men been led on to look only at the forms and symbols in which principles are clothed. They saw how potent were those meaningless insignia, with all others around them, and is it to be wondered at that even the wisest should forget the substance and cling only to the shadow, that they should scoff at the spirit, whilst they bowed to its corpse? Whole parties have been arrayed around empty and unmeaning symbols, by which principles were once made visible: indeed, the time was,—nay, it is somewhat with us now—when man did nothing save in the mass. Independent, individual action was checked by the crushing spirit of a despotic philosophy. Man's influence, as an absolute, self-acting, self-moving being, seemed almost forgotten. In the language of a French philosopher, "the pleasure of feeling one's self a man, the sentiment of personality, of human spontaneity, in its unrestricted development, was almost lost to our race." Clubism, "the sure symptom of unrest and disease," spread far and wide over society, and well might the philosopher say, "The deep meaning of the laws of mechanism hang heavy upon us." In the closet and in the forum, in the temple and by the fireside, it encumbered every working of the mind, and was spreading over the noblest of faculties a nightmare of sleep. Every error was made the subject of political action. No progress was seen, no reform was carried on, save by the mass. Its evils were as evident as they were inevitable. Excesses, roused up by stirring manias, rocked society to its centre, and men trembled under a despotism as infuriate as it was senseless. The operations of law and government are, we would

again remark, confined to outward results, regarding only visible and tangible effects. By operations of law and government, we mean all *united* action upon masses. The Muthoi of Plato, the categories and dicta of Aristotle, did much indeed to draw man from truth. Many were their errors, and deeply, grievously, did their wild and visionary theories weigh down upon the spirit of true and noble philosophy. But the enemies of their school ran into an extreme far more debasing. With the one all was silent, unfruitful thought; with the other all was senseless, mechanical force. If the ancient student too slightly regarded the physical and practical powers of his fellow-men, have not the moderns been equally disrespectful of their mental and spiritual stores?

Utility alone has been revered. It has been the key-stone of a philosophy which even yet holds iron sway over men. Bentham, Hobbes and Mills have not yet lost their disciples or defenders. In this, our boasted Nineteenth Century, we are but little beyond the ancient Greek, pagan and imperfect as he was, as to ethical sciences. The phantasms of the subtil dreamer of the Academy might still teach us new truth. The philosophies of our day speak in no such wisdom as did that Socrates whom Plato has pictured to us, sitting at mid-noon under the shade of his favorite plane-tree, on the banks of the Ilissus. Even Rome, stern, selfish and iron-cast as she was, sunk men but little lower than did this torpifying spirit of the mass, which so sadly marked the advent of the last century. Its highest aim seemed to be, Midas-like, to turn the noblest things into perishable gold.

The operations of Law and Government are, we thirdly remark, uncertain. To this cause do we attribute much of that wayward inconsistency stamped on the actions of eminent Statesmen. So shifting and changeful are the laws which guide men in their capacity of political societies, so tempting are the allurements of place and power, and so distant is just and righteous retribution for wrong, that man seldom leaves such pursuits save with a heart that has been visited with a scathing and wasting power. Look at Bolingbroke of England and Burr of America, and learn the mournful lesson from them. In the prime of manhood their intellects were lights to admiring Senates: in the close of their careers they were slow but self-consuming fires. Not



bettered by affliction, nor chastened by disappointment, but poisoned by an insatiate craving for power, they dragged out a sad existence, and finally went down to their graves unwept and unhonored.

Sad then, we think, has been the influence of the spirit of the *mass* upon man. We have mentioned but few of its evils, and those briefly, for we would turn to another order of thought, that began now to prevail.

The doom of the blind despotism of the mass was foretold more than a half a century since. At a time when society was convulsed with revolution and change, when "weeks staggered under a load of events that formerly made centuries to bend," a new philosophy was broached among men. Although old habits of thought had not passed wholly away—for even yet they cling to us—yet there was a change apparent, fraught with benefit. Ushered in with the stirring scenes of a new century, it gave a strong and mighty impulse to humanity. A new light was revealed, and the dormant powers of the *individual* were unfolded to view. Although the inner man had not been unthought of, although much had been done, yet wisdom told that there were many truths yet unknown.

To evolve and arrange those truths was the object of what we call Individual Philosophy. Its mission was to seek out the latent powers of the soul, and by a nobler spirit than had preceded it, to draw them forth into light, and foster all that was good and pluck up all that was evil. It gave an impetus never before felt to ethical, nay, to all human science. The blind, Benthamite devotion to outward results was thrown off, and

"The love of right and scorn of wrong" were found to possess something worthy in themselves, and to demand far higher reverence than mere aims of utility and promotion of self. *The good* was taught to be loved for its own sake, and an enthusiasm was kindled up in the "well doing" of man. "About this time," said Goethe, "a certain pious tone was observed to pervade all Germany." In England it was the same: all with man was an inspirited life. He drew within himself, to hold silent communions with a soul formed in the image of its Maker.

Every thought was viewed as a drawer forth of internal strength, starting into action a myriad of hidden and hitherto unheeded powers. Man was taught no longer to live in the sun and on the surface, looking only at outer results. "I am accustomed," says the Literary Patriarch of Germany, "to turn the eyes of my spirit inward, rather than outward."

Over whole nations was this deep, in-looking, soul-searching philosophy spread. The German had renounced his old ways of thought, and well might Madame de Staël say, that whilst England's domain was the sea, France's the earth, the German's was the beautiful cloud-land and spirit-world, the sky. Already had the new-light met the eye of the quicksighted, ever onward New-Englander. Whilst others around him were bound down by the old philosophy, and were discussing the trite truths of Government, the restless son of the Pilgrim had forsaken the worn and beaten path, and was now speeding on in a higher and more elevated race. "It is the spirit that quickeneth," cried they; and Goethe and Schiller of Germany, Coleridge and Carlyle of England, Emerson and Channing, of America, and Cousin, of France, stood forth, the bold denouncers of the despotism, in which men were living. The deformities of thought, the trammels of habit, and the empty symbols of party, were brought up to light. The foul monster, Error, was startled by an Ithuriel's spear. Old things passed away and all things became new. The enthusiast fondly dreamed that he had found now his *To Ἀγαθόν* of life. Alas! this spirit, too, noble as were its aims, had its deep and crying evils. Not, indeed, wide-spread and paralyzing like those of the mass, for it had been too deep to be popular, too mystic to be understood. And yet its mild, half-physical, half-spiritual phantasms fatally bewildered many of its followers. Uses it had, even yet it has many. There is still much amongst men that needs the anodynes it alone can supply. But the enthusiasm of its disciples ran the philosophy into a monstrous ideal pantheism. They forgot that man is no isolated being, that his interests and relations are as "many-sided" as the gifts wherewith God has endowed him.

"Ἐκαστος ἡμῶν οὐχ ἀμωτῶ γεγονεν."\*



This life, it is true, is one of probation—but it is not a probation alone. It has its earthly labors and earthly joys, brief and fleeting though they be. For them let all men be ready.

However noble and elevating may be the study of the deep and solemn mysteries of our nature, it is one attended with danger. Let false principles be once assumed in the inquiry, and how quickly are we led to those perplexing and fruitless results, which teach us only to despair. An endeavor to cut off ourselves from the real and stern things of life, and to gaze steadfastly "*in the spirit*" upon things that relate to the inner man, is dangerous in the extreme. This was the lofty aim of Individual Philosophy. Like the Prince of Morning, its purpose was high—too like him its fall was low. The operations of the Philosophy are amply portrayed in the history of the English Puritans. Of the life of these bold but erring men Mr. Hume has remarked—"Their devotion, so worthy of a supreme being, but so little suitable to human frailty, was observed to occasion great disturbances in their breasts, and in many respects to confound all rational principles of conduct and behavior. The mind, then, by short glances, sinking again under its own weakness, rejecting all aid of pomp and ceremony, was so occupied in this inward life, that it fled from every intercourse of society and from every cheerful amusement that could soften or humanize the character. It was obvious to all discerning eyes, and had not escaped the King's, that by the prevalence of fanaticism, a gloomy and sullen disposition established itself amongst the people—a spirit, obstinate, dangerous, independent and disorderly, animated equally with a contempt of authority and a hatred of other modes of worship."

The history of these singular men is but an enlarged and somewhat magnified history of the evils of Individual Philosophy. By it men were taught to look deep and to look high. Its gifted leaders, first, emancipated thought from form and abstracted it from action; but action—true action—they never taught. What the poet has written of the tenderer emotions may also be applied to our sterner faculties:

"Something the heart must have to cherish,  
Must love, and joy, and sorrow learn;  
Something with passion clasp—or perish,  
And in itself to ashes burn."

We now turn to the final division of our subject. In their inquiry after truth, and search for happiness, men had thoroughly tried two of the great spheres of being. Political science had been carried far on in the march of improvement. Contemplative Philosophy had risen up, to purify society. Both had done much, and yet something else was still to be done. A want was felt in society, and it was left to the present era to supply it in the peculiar advancement of man, as a being of the domestic circle. The contemplation and right-ordering of this part of life, we term the Philosophy of the Household. Without the despotic and spirit-killing thrall of the first, or the wild and visionary dreams of the second, this last order of thought gave a true and enduring elevation to man. Let him alone who counts the sand upon the sea-shore, measure the length and breadth of the power of the household upon society. From the multitude of its influences, look only at these. Truth is taught by it to be truly loved; not because it will be promotive of utility, but because it is a high and noble duty, taught by the best of earth. In that hallowed circle, no mystery or doubt enshrouds us. Clear and pure are the lights that beam upon those within it. Its reforms do not come by storm and convulsion. When trouble and darkness brood over the surface of those waters, wont to be so placid, a being of light comes forth upon them, commanding, "peace be still," and all is, at once, calm and clear. It is, then, within that quiet circle, that spirit-culture is truly known. Life, within a happy family, is a continual development, a continual spring. If ever, it is surely then that that angel of good appears unto man, of whom Dante hath sung:

"That being came all beautiful to meet us,  
Clad in white raiment, and the morning  
star  
Appeared to tremble in his countenance;  
His arms he spread, and then he spread  
his wings,  
And cried, come on, the steps are near  
at hand,  
And here the ascent is easy."

DEL PURGATORIO, *Canto* 12.

And such are the three phases of being. In each and in all is there much to be done ere we can say that the harvest is gathered and our labor is finished. M.



## THE RIGHTS OF WAR—BLOCKADES—PRIVATEERS.

THE great proportion of the active men of this day—those who do in effect give direction to, and exercise more or less control over, our political course, have no personal knowledge of war, of its rights, its incidents, or its losses. They have gone to school without any preliminary instruction, and are, therefore, likely to learn, in the rudest forms, the lessons of experience.

We propose, in the very few pages which we can devote in this number to the subject, not to treat it at large and thoroughly, but to throw out some thoughts on the two topics specially named at the head of this article, *blockades* and *privateers*, or letters of marque and reprisal. Of each in its order.

The right of blockade is one of the best defined, and commonest operations of war; the very abuse of which, by England and France, in the long European contests consequent upon the French revolution, has led to more settled and precise notions and rules concerning it, than might otherwise have been established. It may now be considered as indispensable to the validity of a blockade, and to the right of capture for any attempted violation of it, that the squadron allotted for its execution be fully competent to cut off all communication with the interdicted port. The blockade “must be existent in point of fact, and in order to constitute that existence, there must be a power present to enforce it. All decrees and orders declaring extensive coasts and whole countries in a state of blockade, without the presence of an adequate naval force to support it, are manifestly illegal and void, and have no sanction in public law.”\*

The government of the United States have uniformly insisted that the blockade should be effective by the presence of a competent force stationed and present at or near the entrance of the port, and they have protested with great energy against the application of the right of seizure or confiscation to ineffectual or fictitious blockades.

These conditions, so urgently and justly pressed when we were neutrals,

must be a law unto ourselves now that we are belligerent, and that we, in our turn, shall resort to the instrumentality of blockade, in order to distress the enemy and the sooner compel a satisfactory peace. Mexico, having no navy, cannot blockade any of our ports; and privateers under her flag, however numerous they may become, if the war should last long—although they may render the approach to our ports dangerous—will not venture upon the attempt to blockade any of them.

Having established the conditions necessary to the lawfulness and validity of a blockade, the next point of inquiry is, as to what constitutes such violation of it, as will subject the vessel and cargo to capture and condemnation. Here, too, the rules are well established.

Every vessel approaching a blockaded port, is presumed to intend a violation of the blockade, and unless, either from the recent investment of the port, or from the distance from which the vessel came, it should be obvious that she could not have received any notice that the port was blockaded, and therefore, that her voyage was innocent in the inception—she is liable to capture, and the proof must be on her to show that no violation of blockade was intended. The belligerent is bound to give the earliest notice of the establishment of a blockade, and notice given to the governor of a country, is considered as notice to all its citizens or subjects, and they cannot afterwards justify themselves on the score of personal ignorance.

Vessels approaching the blockaded port before they could have received notice, are boarded from the squadron, and warned off by an endorsement on the ship's papers. If, after such warning, any vessel be found hovering around the port, she becomes liable to capture and condemnation. No vessel is permitted to clear for a port, knowing it to be blockaded, nor to call off such port with the expectation of finding the blockade raised, or the squadron possibly driven off its station by stress of weather; the penalty of an intended violation of law attaches

\* Kent's Com., Lec. VII.—Vol. I., pp. 144.



in such cases from the moment the vessel leaves her port, and she may be lawfully captured under such circumstances in mid ocean. But if a blockading squadron be chased off its station by a superior enemy force, the blockade is *ipso facto* raised, and if again reëstablished, it must be notified anew, as though it had not before existed; and any ships entering the port during the interval, do so rightfully, and without being subject to question therefor afterwards.

But a neutral vessel may clear for some place in a neighboring country, with an ultimate destination to the blockaded port, if, on inquiry at the intermediate stopping-place, it be found that the blockade had ceased.

The motive upon which blockades are founded being, thereby to cripple as much as possible the resources of the enemy, by cutting off his commerce, it applies equally to egress from, and ingress into, a port. Hence all right of departure of vessels with cargoes from blockaded ports, ceases the moment the blockade is instituted—except as to such cargoes, or portions thereof, as may have been *bona fide* laden on board neutral vessels, before the institution of the blockade: the neutral vessels, laden in whole or in part, may depart; and the general practice is, that neutral vessels in the port at the time of the blockade, may sail thence for their own countries *in ballast*, but nothing in the way of cargo can be put on board after the blockade is notified, without the risk of forfeiting the whole.

The law respecting privateers is very unrestricted. Neither by the law of nations generally, nor by the law or usage of separate nations, is there any provision as to the composition of the crew. They may all be foreigners, and according to a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of the *Mary and Susan*, 1 Wheaton's Report, 57,—even “alien enemies.” The only condition, so far as the law of nations is concerned, which distinguishes a privateer from a pirate, is that of sailing under a commission from some recognized Government. To be sure it is the usage of separate nations, to bind the owners of privateers in penal bonds for the good conduct of those who shall navigate their vessels; but this is a municipal regulation, varying in different countries, and of no common obligation.

Prizes may be carried into neutral ports for safe keeping, but according to ordinary

practice cannot there be sold. It is however the law, both of the British Admiralty Courts and our own, that a prize thus situated may be tried and condemned by a court of the country to which the captor belongs, sitting within the country of the captor. This seems to be a great stretch of authority, and contrary to the general rule of law that in all proceedings *in rem* the property in dispute should be in the possession of the court. It is nevertheless the well-settled law of England and America.

Privateers may frequent neutral ports and there refit, but cannot add to their force or armament.

For any misconduct or violation of law, the officers and crews of privateers are not to be treated as pirates, but are to be proceeded against as other offenders in like circumstances, and punished by fine, imprisonment, or the confiscation of the vessel.

The right to destroy prizes where the difficulties of carrying them in, are great, belongs alike to private and public armed ships. A practice, which has obtained of sharing the plunder, especially when in coin, or in articles of great value, and little bulk, antecedent to, and independent of, trial and condemnation by a competent court, is contrary to the spirit of the public law, which holds, that the original ownership can only be divested by lawful condemnation, and not by the mere fact of capture.

The right of ransom also belongs to private as well as to public armed vessels, and the courts will enforce the ransom bond, if the owners should demur about fulfilling its obligations. They have even gone so far as to hold the owners liable for the amount of the ransom, when the property, after being liberated by the captor, has perished by shipwreck.

From this hasty synopsis it will be perceived, that blockade is our chief naval arm against Mexico. But that is a country less commercial than almost any other having access to two seas, and therefore we can make little impression upon her, while upon our widely extended and defenceless commerce, she can pour out all the freebooters of the world. Forewarned, forearmed: when we know our danger, we shall provide against it, and hence it is that we have thrown together this brief exposition, to the end that those interested in commerce may take all attainable and timely precautions against the evils to which it will be exposed.

## THE LOVERS' RECONCILIATION.

HORACE, BOOK III., 9.

## I.

HORACE.—When I alone could call thee mine,  
 And none more favored dared to throw  
 Their arms about thy neck of snow,  
 Far happier then, thou maid divine,  
 Than princes of a royal line,  
 I lived and loved.

## II.

LYDIA.—When first thou feltst Love's sacred flame,  
 And all thy heart to me was turned,  
 While Chloe's charms and art were spurned,  
 Far nobler then, unknown to fame,  
 Than matrons of a deathless name,  
 I lived and loved.

## III.

HORACE.—Now Chloe rules ; her form, her eye,  
 Her gentle strains and tuneful lyre,  
 All fill my heart with passion's fire ;  
 For her I live, for her I sigh,  
 For her dear sake I'd freely die  
 Could she but live.

## IV.

LYDIA.—An ardent lover, young and brave,  
 Ornytus' son, a gallant boy,  
 Is now my life, my hope, my joy ;  
 Not once, but twice, I'd dare the grave,  
 And cross the dark Lethean wave  
 Could he but live.

## V.

HORACE.—If my old flame returns once more,  
 And tawny Chloe I forsake,  
 Would Lydia's love once more awake ?  
 O would she open wide the door,  
 And could we live as heretofore  
 We lived and loved ?

## VI.

LYDIA.—Though he is like a star of night,  
 And thou art light as cork in mind,  
 And fickle as the wave or wind,  
 With thee to live is my delight,  
 With thee to die would please me quite—  
 I'm ever thine.

*Baltimore.*

ALCIPHRON.



## FINANCE AND COMMERCE.

THE state of war which has come upon us so unexpectedly, is producing its natural and necessary effect upon commerce and operations in money. As yet, indeed, it is the apprehension and not the reality of evil that works the mischief, but evil itself cannot fail to follow.

The first direct effect of the law of Congress declaring that war existed between the United States and Mexico, was on the premiums of Marine Insurances, which for voyages to the Gulf of Mexico were immediately trebled— $4\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. being charged, when only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  was before paid. The next effect was in the rates of freights in American vessels, from New Orleans and other Gulf ports, as compared with those paid to foreign vessels, and especially to those under the English flag, from apprehension of capture by Mexican privateers. This distinction will be felt yet more disadvantageously on the return voyages of our fine packet ships from London, Liverpool and Havre, for even if they should arm themselves for defence against attack, the mere fact that an armament is deemed necessary, would at once determine shippers to prefer the neutral bottom.

Distant enterprises, moreover, are suspended or abandoned, and there is a fearful looking for of undefined evil, which shakes all confidence or adventure as to the future.

The blockade of the Mexican coast in both seas will not be without its unfavorable operation upon ourselves—for although our commerce with that country is not very large, it is still of sufficient amount to make its interruption sensibly felt. The total amount of our *domestic* exports to Mexico, for the year ending 30th of June, 1845, according to the Annual Report of the Commerce and Navigation of the United States, was \$784,154—that of the foreign exports for the same period was \$368,177, making an aggregate of *one million and a half* dollars of *exports*. The *imports* for the same period amounted to \$1,702,936. So long as the war shall last, and the ports of Mexico remain closely blockaded, there will be an entire stop put to all that

portion of this trade which is carried on by water. That conducted over land by the way of *Santa Fe* will cease as a trade—though if, as seems possible, an invading American army shall penetrate the Mexican republic in that direction, the supplies needed for it, and the merchandise which may follow in its track, will be considerable in value and quantity.

The Mexican people are so little a commercial people, and their varied climate and prolific soil furnish so abundantly all the means of life, that less than almost any other people will they suffer from the effects of a blockade. Other nations, and particularly the English, will feel its restrictions and embarrassments more than Mexico herself. England has large interests in that country—in mines as well as in commercial establishments—and the cutting off the returns from these, and the interest on the loans made to the Mexican government, which are for the most part transmitted in coin, will produce a good deal of individual embarrassment in England. The right of blockade, however, is so well established and defined, as one of the ordinary and accredited means of war, and has, moreover, been so freely and inexorably resorted to in times past by the British government, that it cannot take exception to the severest lawful application of the practice on our part. Possibly the loss and inconvenience thus produced may furnish an additional motive for England to adjust her territorial controversy with us, and thus be in a position to interpose more effectually and authoritatively to bring about a peace between Mexico and this country.

The public stocks of the United States, although they have fallen from the high prices they bore some months ago, still range considerably above par. But if it shall become evident that large expenditures are contemplated, without any corresponding increase of means—in other words, if it shall appear, by the course of the administration, that reliance for the moneys to carry on the war, over and above the amount produced by the ordinary revenue, is to be upon loans and the

issue of treasury notes, which is in effect a loan for a shorter term—without recourse to direct taxation, or any other mode of raising during the year the means of defraying the years' disbursements—the securities of the United States must go much lower.

The extraordinary appropriations thus far made and contemplated amount to above *nineteen millions of dollars*. That is to say, the law authorizing the employment of 50,000 volunteers, also authorizes the disbursement of *ten million dollars*. There have been voted *two millions* additional to the army estimates for the increase of the regular army, which, by authorizing the companies to be raised to ninety men each, nearly doubles its rank and file—and if the bill reported from the Naval Committee for building twelve steamers shall prevail, *seven millions* more will be needed.

There is now in the Treasury a possible surplus of *ten millions* of dollars, (thanks, be it said in passing, to the Whig Tariff,) leaving nine millions, even if no more extraordinary appropriations are made, to be provided for; and assuming, moreover—which will hardly be borne out by the result if the war should last any time—that no falling off would thereby be occasioned in the ordinary revenue, it is barely possible that, in a time of prosperous commerce, a sum of from seven to eight million dollars in treasury notes might be kept afloat without depreciation; but in time of war it would not be safe, probably, to count upon thus keeping out more than from five to six millions—which would leave from three to four millions to be provided for, *in the first year of the war*, by loans or taxes. If the war should be prolonged beyond one year—the whole surplus being already consumed—the necessity for loans or taxes, or both, would advance in a compound ratio.

Owing to causes quite needless to recall, no calculation can be made upon negotiating loans abroad; the dependence, therefore, of the government must be wholly upon the capital and resources of our own people and country. This must be taken as indisputable, and it would be a most unwise and mischievous error, on the part of the men in power, if they flatter themselves with any, the most remote, expectation of obtaining loans elsewhere.

It behooves them, therefore, so to shape their financial policy as to command con-

fidence and support at home. To insure this, there must be—

1st. Exactness in the estimates.

2d. Regularity and economy in the disbursements.

And 3dly. A sufficient amount of direct taxation to meet the interest on, and to provide a fund gradually to extinguish the principal of, such loan.

Upon these conditions, the latter being not the least indispensable, money, it is confidently believed, may be had as needed by the government, provided always, and that is a *sine qua non*, the country shall be satisfied that the war is to be terminated as soon as it honorably can be—that it is undertaken to conquer peace and not extended territory—and that, although offensive in some of its operations, it is in spirit and purpose only defensive.

If a contrary opinion shall obtain, and it become the general conviction, that the country was embarked in a career of conquest and aggrandizement, no guarantees would suffice to bring forth the dollars from the rich man's money-bags—nor the yet more precious contribution of patriotism, equal to any sacrifice or self-denial for vindicating the honor, or defending the soil, of the country—but too wise and too honest to lend itself, or its means, to the lust of military conquest and unprincipled ambition.

The actual state of the money market may be described as somewhat at a stand, owing to the natural uncertainty consequent upon war. The rates of exchange upon Europe have fallen. Good bills on England may be had at 8 per cent. premium, and with a tendency downward. The banks here hold their hands close—mainly because of the liability of the deposit banks to be called upon for the large sum, viz., *four and a half millions*, of the government funds which will be required in New Orleans for the uses of the army.

In New Orleans itself great derangement has occurred in business. Produce is accumulating without any outlet, and bills on New York and Europe are difficult of sale. Many bills of exchange on Europe are consequently sent here for sale, and thus contribute to keep down rates here.

In the produce market the prices are dull and declining. The non-arrival of the Great Britain, when these lines were written, although she has been nineteen days out, occasions no uneasiness, as no one anticipated a short run.



## FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

THE advent of the month finds the country involved in WAR, in actual, active, and thus far successful, war with Mexico. The event is one for which our readers have been prepared, and which, had the country remembered the councils of her wisest statesmen, would have surprised no one. From the date of the consummation of the annexation of Texas, Mexico has been pledged to war. That event was preceded, attended and followed by the most emphatic declarations which a nation can possibly put forth, that she would listen to no terms that should prevent this appeal to arms. She regarded the annexation of Texas as a forcible seizure of a portion of her own territory. This was the aspect in which alone she would view the case—and the question of war thus became with her not a question of expediency but of necessity. The declarations of SANTA ANNA to the American Minister, that he would “war forever for the reconquest of Texas,” and that “if he died in his senses, his last words should be an exhortation to his countrymen never to abandon the effort to reconquer the country,” expressed the deliberate determination of the nation; and the reasons which he gave, are substantially those on which the government of Mexico bases its concurrence in this policy: “You, sir, know very well that to sign a treaty for the alienation of Texas would be the same thing as signing the death-warrant of Mexico;” and he is reported to have added that “by the same process the United States would take one after another of the Mexican provinces, until they should have them all.”\* Upon the rightfulness of the persistence of Mexico in her claims upon Texas, as her province, we have nothing here to say; but the fact that Mexico did and would persist in that claim, was well known when annexation was accomplished: and the united voices of CLAY, WEBSTER, VAN BUREN, WRIGHT, ADAMS, GALLATIN, and all our ablest public men, declared that in adopting Texas we adopted also her war with Mexico.

Since annexation was consummated, Mexico has been constantly preparing for war, though under various pretexts and by various devices, she concealed her formal declaration of hostilities until the 23d of April last, when her President, PAREDES, issued his manifesto to the world.

The active operations thus far comprise an active bombardment of Fort Brown, op-

posite Matamoros, and two pitched battles upon the American side of the Rio Grande, both of which were hard-fought actions, and resulted in the brilliant and most honorable triumph of the American arms. Of these three actions the official dispatches authorize the following summary statement: Fort Brown, which has just been built by General TAYLOR opposite Matamoros, sustained a cannonade and bombardment from the opposite side for 160 hours, during which time two officers killed and ten men wounded, comprise all the casualties incident to the severe assault.

On the 8th of May General Taylor, with 2,300 men, on his way from Point Isabel to Fort Brown, was met at Palo Alto by a Mexican force of about 6,000 men, with seven pieces of artillery and 800 cavalry. The latter had taken a strong position, from which, after a severe action of five hours, they were dislodged with a loss of at least 100. The loss of the American force was 4 men killed, 3 officers and 37 men wounded—Major Ringgold of the former and several of the latter mortally. The American troops encamped on the field of battle.

On the 9th the march was renewed, and at Resaca de la Palma it was discovered that a ravine crossing the road had been occupied by the Mexicans with artillery. The following extract from General TAYLOR's dispatch to the Department at Washington, sets forth, briefly and clearly, the nature and result of the action that ensued:

“I immediately ordered a battery of field artillery to sweep the position, flanking and sustaining it by the 3d, 4th and 5th regiments, deployed as skirmishers to the right and left. A heavy fire of artillery and of musketry was kept up for some time, until finally the enemy's batteries were carried in succession by a squadron of dragoons and the regiments of infantry that were on the ground. He was soon driven from his position and pursued by a squadron of dragoons, battalion of artillery, 3d infantry, and a light battery, to the river. Our victory has been complete. Eight pieces of artillery, with a great quantity of ammunition, three standards, and some one hundred prisoners have been taken; among the latter General La Vega and several other officers. One General is understood to have been killed. The enemy has recrossed the river, and I am sure will not again molest us on this bank.

“The loss of the enemy in killed has

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\* Recollections of Mexico. By Hon. Waddy Thompson.



been most severe. Our own has been very heavy, and I deeply regret to report that Lieut. Inge, 2d dragoons, Lieut. Cochrane, 4th infantry, and Lieut. Chadbourne, 8th infantry, were killed on the field. Lieut. Col. Payne, 4th artillery, Lieut. Col. McIntosh, Lieut. Dobbins, 3d infantry, Capt. Hooe and Lieut. Fowler, 5th infantry, and Capt. Montgomery, Lieuts. Gates, Selden, McClay, Burbank and Jordan, 8th infantry, were wounded. The extent of our loss in killed and wounded is not yet ascertained, and is reserved for a more detailed report.

"The affair of to-day may be regarded as a proper supplement to the cannonade of yesterday; and the two taken together, exhibit the coolness and gallantry of our officers and men in the most favorable light. All have done their duty, and done it nobly. It will be my pride, in a more circumstantial report of both actions, to dwell upon particular instances of individual distinction."

This is the result up to the present time. As to the future, nothing can be definitely predicted, though we have reason to believe that the government intend to invade Mexico, and thus compel the enemy, by conquest, to terms of peace. A force of about 40,000 men has been called for from the several States. The approach of the sickly season will probably prevent an immediate invasion, either by sea or land; and it is most likely that offensive operations will be reserved for an autumn campaign. Meantime, the immense injury which the commercial and other interests of Great Britain must sustain from the war, leads us to anticipate an offer of mediation from that quarter. With what success it would be attended, can, of course, only be matter of vague conjecture.

Our relations with England and other European nations, have undergone no change; nor does the mail of the month bring us intelligence from Europe of any special interest. The distress in Ireland from want of food has become intense, and seriously embarrasses the action of Parliament. The commercial policy of the Premier has made no progress, having been in fact superseded in the Commons by the protracted discussions upon the Coercion of Ireland bill. Lord Brougham had given notice that he should call for its consideration in the House of Lords.

Upon the Continent nothing of importance has transpired. Another daring but unsuccessful attempt has been made upon the life of the King of France, though political considerations seem to have had no connection with it. The Polish insurrection has been entirely suppressed, and the seeds of liberty which still survive among that despoiled people, have again been crushed into the earth beneath the iron heel of her triple despots.

The campaign in India is finally closed, and the British arms have triumphed over the comparatively undisciplined valor of the Sikhs. Lahore, their capital, has been formally occupied by the British troops, and dispositions have been made to keep down all attempts on the part of the conquered people to regain their independence. The entire territory betwixt the Sutlej and the Beas, hill and dale, has been *confiscated* by proclamation to the British crown: indemnity money, to the amount of a million and a half sterling, has been wrested from the conquered Sikhs—their army has been disbanded and destroyed, and every piece of cannon pointed against the British in the war has been surrendered. Conquest can be carried no farther. *Parcere victis—debellare superbos*, was the motto of a proud and magnanimous nation, whose pride has been transmitted to its modern rival, but whose magnanimity seems to have given place to hard and grasping selfishness. It is worth while to glance at the boundaries, extent and resources of this vast region, which, by a single campaign, has been annexed to the British Empire. The *Beas* river, which is one of its boundaries, has its source on the southern verge of the Ritanka pass, in Lahoul, a Himalayan region, north-east of the Punjab, at a point about 13,200 feet above the sea, in lat.  $32^{\circ} 34'$ , long.  $77^{\circ} 12'$ . The river then takes a southerly course of about 100 miles to Mundee, in the vicinity of which are productive mines of salt and iron, forming, even now, the greater part of the revenue of the tributary Rajah of the province. At this place the river is from 150 to 200 yards wide, with a depth of twelve feet. From Mundee the Beas takes a course of fifty miles, chiefly westerly, to Nadaun, a much frequented spot, being on the direct route from India to Kashmeer, which, from the richness of the soil, has acquired an enviable celebrity. From Nadaun the Beas takes a wide sweep of about eighty miles to the north-west, and having entered the plains of the Punjab, in about lat.  $32^{\circ} 5'$ , long.  $75^{\circ} 20'$ , turns southwards, a course which it follows for about eighty miles further to its confluence at Endressa, near the Hurreke Ghat, with the Sutlej. The length of the river up to this point is stated at from 310 to 320 miles. The *Sutlej* river, which forms the other limit of this newly-acquired dominion, takes its rise within the closely guarded territory of the Chinese, and as is supposed on the south side of the Kallas, or peaked mountain, on the south of which the Indus is thought to have its source. It rushes, with amazing rapidity, in a north-westerly direction, for about 150 miles, as far as Nako, in lat.  $31^{\circ} 50'$ , long.  $73^{\circ} 36'$ , at no great distance from which it receives the Lee, or River of Spiti, at an



elevation of about 8,600 feet above the sea. Here the united stream is called by different designations, but is known throughout by the name of the Sutlej. Below the confluence its general course is south-west, with a very rapid declivity to Rampoor. From this latter spot to Belaspoor, its course is generally west and south-west; hence it holds a very winding course to Roopur, where it makes its way through the low sandstone range of Jhejwan, and finally enters the plains of the Punjab. It then passes between Philor and Loodheeah, and its width, at the season when lowest, may be stated approximately at 250 yards, with an average depth of seven feet. Up to this point the stream is said to be navigable at all seasons, for vessels of 10 or 12 tons burthen, and steam may be made available in light vessels to the very foot of the hills. The whole length of the Sutlej, up to this point, has been estimated at 570 miles, 130 of which may be said to be in the plains.

These are two of the sides of this confiscated territory, which lies in the form of an equilateral triangle, having upon the other side the Himmalaya range for its lofty barrier. Its entire area is set down at about 8,500 square miles, and its aggregate annual revenue is not far from £400,000. The level part of this country is deemed the garden of Upper India, and is dotted at slight intervals with large and flourishing cities. First in importance is Jalinder, situated in a tract of amazing fertility, amidst flourishing orchards of mangoes and other trees, and, though once a place of great celebrity, as the vast number of large and handsome mausoleums in its neighborhood would testify, has still, at the present day, a population of about 40,000. Rajwarrah, on the direct route from Loodheeah to Lahore, contains a population of about 15,000, situated in an equally fertile region; and there are also other places, Mundee, Kupoorthalao, Kurtapoor, &c., of considerable size and wealth. Information regarding the hill districts is scanty, but it is confidently said that they will be found, on minute survey, from their more northerly position, to exceed in value any similar portion in the British provinces, and that the mineral and other resources will amply repay the energy of British enterprise, provided that enterprise be directed with proper spirit and discretion.

Here is a vast, rich and most important region of Central Asia brought at once within the scope of British enterprise and civilization. That the result in the end will be good, it were distrusting Providence to doubt. Here, as in China, will a new and immense region of the earth, hitherto inaccessible, be thrown open to the regenerating influences of Christianity and Christian institutions. Thus is the

great scheme of the world's redemption carried forward, by instrumentalities in themselves of doubtful justice, but under the guidance of the infinite and omniscient God. To the reflecting mind, the words of that eccentric but most romantic of fanatics, Dr. Joseph Wolff, seem little more than the words of soberness, when he declares that he considers the British government in India to be those kings of the East predicted in the revelation of St. John, who will be instrumental in bringing the Eastern world to the knowledge and acceptance of the Christian faith.

Nothing is more remarkable than the vigor with which the British are pushing their conquests in the heart of Asia, unless it be the ardor with which they are searching the globe for unexplored and habitable regions. A very valuable account of discoveries in Australia, with a description of the coasts and rivers explored and surveyed during the voyage of H. M. S. Beagle, from 1837 to 1843 inclusive, has just been published in London; and this is but a single specimen of the similar works which are almost constantly issuing from the British press. This great field of British colonization has been hitherto but slightly known: but the results of this exploring expedition have accumulated an immense amount of invaluable information concerning it. The volumes are accompanied by maps, engravings and everything necessary to elucidate the statements they contain. They have a good deal of popular interest, and much more of scientific value. Some of their most curious passages relate to the habits of the savages, and to their conduct upon coming for the first time in contact with whites. The following brief extract exhibits certainly a novel phase of the maternal sentiment:

"The reader will remember the native named Alligator, whom I have mentioned on a previous visit to Port Essington. I witnessed in his family an instance of affection for a departed child, which, though it exhibited itself in this peculiar manner, was extremely touching. The wife had treasured up the bones of the little one, and constantly carried them about with her, not as a *memento mori*, but as an object whereon to expend her tenderest emotions whenever they swelled within her breast. At such times she would put together these bones with a rapidity that supposed a wonderful knowledge of osteology, and set them up that she might weep over them. Perhaps, in her imagination, as she performed this melancholy rite, the ghastly framework before her became indued with the comely form of infancy; bright eyes once more sparkled in those hollow cells, and a smile of ineffable delight hung where, in reality, was nought but the hideous grin of death. I exceedingly regret that the mother who could feel so finely was some time afterwards over-persuaded to part with the bones of her child."



The French Government, also, manifests considerable zeal in prosecuting scientific researches into slightly known regions of the earth. The Count of Castelnau, charged with a scientific mission in South America, announces in a brief letter published in the *Moniteur*, that he has accomplished a journey across the deserts of the American Continent, which has heretofore been deemed impracticable—having gone by land from the capital of Brazil to that of Bolivia. Leaving Rio Janeiro on the 8th of October, 1843, he reached Chuquisaca on the 20th September, 1845, having been nearly two years in crossing the deserts in the centre of the Continent. After exploring the north of Paraguay, he went to Matto Grosso, capital of the province of that name, the climate of which is so unhealthy that none but negroes can bear it. In a population of 1,200 he found but four whites, and those were public functionaries. On entering the country of the Chiquitôs Indians, he visited the magnificent missions formerly established by the priests in the deserts, and was greatly struck with their grandeur. He then crossed the Monte Grande, an immense forest, greatly dreaded by the Spaniards, and arrived in the waters of the Rio Grande, which, though very deep and dangerous, he was obliged to ford. Twelve leagues further he reached the city of Santa Cruz de la Sierra, where he met, for the first time, marks of western civilization. "It is impossible," he says, "to refrain from mentioning the delightful emotions I experienced, as did also my fellow-travelers, in seeing *bread* for the first time for two years. After a stay of a month in this city, we left it to ascend the Andes, and in twenty days we reached Chuquisaca, all in good health, which appears almost miraculous after the fatigues and privations that we were obliged to undergo during this long journey across the Continent." The barometer was carried all the way, and thus the level was constantly taken. He has sent home various collections, destined for public institutions.

The feasibility of cultivating Cotton in some other part of the world than America has for some time engaged the earnest attention of British statesmen and men of science. In India experiments are still in active progress, under the supervision of Americans. At the meeting of the London Society of Arts held on the 22d of April, the general subject was made the theme of a paper by Mr. Banks, who treated it at some length, and with a good deal of ability. Among other interesting points of information which he set forth, we find it stated that the sea-coast of Africa presents a large territory which is capable of being made to produce cotton in larger quantities, and of a quality equal if not superior to the

American. From inquiries which he had made at the Wesleyan and Baptist Missionary Societies, he had ascertained that the missionaries of both those societies have *instructions* to promote such objects as the cultivation of cotton among the natives at their several stations, which extend all along the coast of Western Africa; and he strongly urged the necessity of their introducing the saw-gin, in lieu of the roller-gin and hand-labor, to free the cotton from the seed, and the screw-press for packing it into bales for exportation.

The death in Russia of NIKOLAI POLEVOI is mourned by the continental journals as that of a zealous friend of the literature and cultivation of his country. His life has greater interest from the remoteness of the scene of its labors, from general knowledge and sympathy. He was born at Inkutsk, in Siberia, in 1796, and inherited an unconquerable passion for books, which led him to embrace literature as a profession, after many years of dutiful devotion to the business which his father wished he should follow. His father's failure and ruin led him into literary pursuits, and for ten years he edited the Moscow Telegraph, which set the example in that country of a higher and more manly tone of criticism. He was the author of a History of Russia, and several other works of considerable merit.

The Paris papers announce the death, in his 94th year, of one who played a conspicuous part in the stormy scenes of a terrible time—M. Sevestre, a member of the National Convention—amongst the most violent—and one of those who voted for the death of the King. He was a member, too, of the Committee of General Safety; was charged with the *surveillance* of the Royal orphans in the Temple; and reported on the death of the Dauphin. He was exiled in 1815: and returned to France after the revolution of 1830.

The death of the Astronomer BESSEL at Koningsberg, is justly declared as that of one of the most eminent *savans* of the age. An English periodical journal gives an interesting outline of his life and his contributions to the science to which his labors were devoted. No one person during the present century has done more for the advancement of astronomical knowledge than he. His time was devoted unceasingly to the investigation of the heavens; and, by the immense number and accuracy of his observations, he laid down the exact position of tens of thousands of stars, for which he received, in the year 1829, the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. Having obtained instruments of very great power and accuracy, he directed his attention to observing, with extreme care, the remarkable star, 61 Cygni, to endeavor, if possible, to ascertain the least apparent parallax; and, after a



patient and continued series of observations from the summer of 1837 to the spring of 1840, the result of his labors was crowned with so much success, that another gold medal was presented to him by the same Society. From these observations, it appears that the distance of this star from the earth is nearly six hundred and seventy thousand times that of the sun; and it is the first star whose distance has been ascertained. In 1842, by direction of the King of Prussia, he visited England. The health of Professor Bessel had been declining for some years, and the letters state that he died peaceably, after long suffering, in the 62d year of his age.

The *Life and Speeches of O'CONNELL* have been published, but in the form which the editor, his son, has given them, they will do but slight service to his reputation. It is in fact mainly a *repeal* pamphlet, instead of a record of the life and sayings of one of the most remarkable men of his time. The outline of his life is valuable and interesting mainly from the want of such a work; passages from it, however, will be read with pleasure, and among them this sketch at second hand, of O'Connell as an advocate:—

“In one of those entertaining sketches of the Irish bar which, some two or three-and-twenty years ago, Mr. Shiel and Mr. William Henry Curran, at present a Commissioner of the Insolvent Court, supplied to a London periodical, Mr. O'Connell's manner of life, in the times referred to by himself in the foregoing extract, is, if we may use the word, *outlined* with considerable vigor and effect. The silent and absorbed vigil for hours before the dawn; the dimly-lighted study; the sign of our salvation hanging pictured against the wall; the motionless form beneath it, with head bent over the voluminous law-papers scattered in profuse disorder around; the same hermit-like figure, a few hours later, transformed into the bustling barrister, keeping contending attorneys at a run, to match his mountaineer rate of going, as he hurried to the courts:—the third transformation, late in the afternoon, when the man of legal points, and formal precedents, and abstruse arguments, would be found the merry, fearless, *rollicking* agitator, declaiming in a popular meeting, and now playing on the laughing faculties, and anon on the deepest and most powerful feelings and passions of his auditory, with a master hand—as he assailed with ridicule the petty despots of the day, or depicted, with terrible vividness, the wrongs, the miseries, the oppressions of Ireland and her people: such were the leading features of Mr. Shiel's sketch; and they were true to nature.”

Two books upon the contemporary poets of Germany have just been published in Paris; one by M. N. Martin, and the other by M. H. Blaze. Both are valuable—the first being marked by its sympathy with those who like Freiligrath, and others who have used their pens in the advocacy of

liberal principles, and the other being especially pre-occupied with the question of Art, placing far above the political poets those who, like Kerner and Grèin, are simply poets. Martin's work is said to be much the most readable, and in most respects more valuable than the other.

CHEEVER's Lectures on BUNYAN, and his “Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau Alp,” are somewhat generally noticed by the London critical press. Of the former work the *Athenæum* speaks in commendation, saying that it is deeply tinged by the author's peculiar theology, but this is so closely coincident with that of Bunyan himself, that the circumstance is not deemed a disadvantage. The *Critic* says that the latter book shows the author to be a real lover of nature, of genuine enthusiasm, and able to arouse in the reader a sympathy which wins them to his pages.

The work of our countryman, THOMAS L. M'KENNEY, Esq. upon the Indian Tribes of North America, has been sent to London, and is characterized by the leading critical authority as “the most magnificent illustrated publication that America has yet sent to England.” Bearing in mind, however, the battered appearance of the Ojibbeway Indians recently exhibited in London, the *Athenæum* hints at the possibility of some cosmetic process having been employed by those Indians whose portraits are given in this splendid work.

The Hand-book of the Young Artists in Oil Painting, recently published here, is highly commended as a valuable contribution from the United States to the art.

HEADLEY's “Alps and the Rhine” is very highly praised by some of the London critics, and spoken well of by all. He is promised a “hearty welcome in England” whenever he chooses to write.

The foreign correspondence of the *Athenæum* gives us a glimpse of a very interesting and important movement in Rome, to redeem the masses of Italy from the profound ignorance in which they are involved. The effort, in comparison with the object to be attained, is feeble, but it has not been without some promising results. It seems that in 1836 several private individuals were inspired with a desire to impart to the apprentices in particular, some knowledge that might be useful to them. Michele Gigli, an advocate, and Giacomo Caroglio, a poor carver in wood, first established two Schools for this purpose, where artizans are gratuitously instructed in reading, writing, accounts and religious doctrines. In 1842, so far had their example been followed, that there were eight schools, with 1002 pupils. The movement is regarded by intelligent observers as highly promising and important.

At a recent meeting of the Geological Society of London a paper by DR. CHARLES



LYELL, on the "Coal Fields of Alabama," was read, of which a brief synopsis may not be without interest in this country. The author, in this paper, announced the fact, that the great Appalachian coal field of North America extends southwards as far as lat.  $33^{\circ} 10'$ , where it is covered up with beds of the cretaceous period. The coal is worked in open quarries at Tuscaloosa, near the centre of Alabama, and is there associated with carbonaceous shales, containing many fossil vegetable remains, recognized as of the same species as those found in the mines of Ohio and Pennsylvania. The strike of these coal beds is N. E. and S. W. The coal in this district appears to occupy the highest place in the carboniferous series of deposits, and with it occur white quartzose sandstone and grits, reposing on shales and clays containing seams of coal of less value. These are of considerable thickness, and overlies a great deposit of quartzose grit, passing downwards into thinly laminated sandstones. Next succeeds a group of fetid limestones, with chert resting on another limestone, in which occurs what seems to be a bed of brown hæmanite of vast thickness. The Alabama coal fields may be considered as forming three basins, of which the most western is not less than 90 miles long, and from 10 to 30 miles across, and the eastern is of nearly as great extent. The third is to the north, and appears to be of smaller dimensions.

We find a letter in a Glasgow paper from the eminent astronomer, Professor NICHOL, saying that the nebular hypothesis, which has been recently promulgated, is no longer tenable. The ground of Sir William Herschel's opinion, he says, was this, that many dim spots existed in the sky whose irresolvability could not be accounted for, without a supposed break in a line of induction that otherwise seemed continuous. The chief of these spots was the nebula in Orion. Lord Ross writes—"I think I may safely say that there can be little, if any, doubt as to the resolvability of the nebula." Referring to unfavorable circumstances, he adds, "All about the trapezium is a mass of stars, the rest of the nebula also abounding with stars, and exhibiting the characteristics of resolvability strongly marked." Without doubt, then,

adds Prof. N., the nebular hypothesis must be abandoned.

A gentleman of Coleford concludes a letter to one of the public papers with the following suggestion, which is at least curious, if not otherwise important :

"Why not employ the force of a large stiff spring, similar to the spring of a watch, to put in motion a railway train? The spring might, from time to time, be wound up by the power of small stationary steam engines; and as watches will go for twenty-four hours without winding up, why should not a locomotive, furnished with a similar source of power within itself, go for an equal space of time? Those who have seen and understand the construction of common musical snuff-boxes, will readily comprehend how the force of a spring may be made to communicate to the driving wheels of a locomotive any required degree of velocity; the little fly wheel, or fan, of the box, revolving at a rate far greater than would ever be required in railway locomotion."

The King of Prussia has ordered the creation of a Luther Museum in the capital, in which shall be assembled the numerous objects, the property of the State, relating to the Protestant chief, which are scattered throughout the kingdom; and the erection of an edifice, of Gothic architecture, and including a chapel, to be especially devoted to their reception. The rich collection of Lutheran curiosities belonging to Dr. Augustin, the head pastor of the cathedral of Halberstadt, has been purchased by the Government for the new Museum, at a cost of 22,000 thalers—£3,520.

A Professor at Verona gives the following account of a remarkable phenomenon observed at that town on the 20th of March :

"Towards eight in the morning, circles of various tints were visible round the disc of the sun; various other circles were visible in a vertical direction, adjoining the first-mentioned circles. A horizontal circle of the apparent diameter of the great luminary itself, was passing before the sun—this circle was white. On its circumference, two colored reflections of the sun were visible, one at the right, and one at the left, and a third was visible exactly opposite the sun itself. Thus four suns were visible in the heavens at the same moment. This magnificent light lasted nearly half an hour."



## CRITICAL NOTICES.

*Pictorial History of England: reprinted from the London Edition.* New York. Harper & Brothers.

It is, we believe, acknowledged that this pictorial work is in many respects the best history of England which has yet appeared. Hume's great effort, as a calm and elegant narrative of national movements, changes in the government, embracing besides a splendid gallery of portraits—the eminent characters of the country—with just enough philosophy to preserve it from appearing merely a narrative, has deservedly received the first place among the English annals. It is not, unfortunately, always trustworthy. We may doubtless rely substantially on its facts, and most of its portraits of character; but the impressions left with the reader, by skillful coloring and disposition of figures—and no man was ever more skilled in these arts than Hume—the impressions produced about both men and measures, were often false in the extreme. It is especially as the evident zealous apologist for the Stuarts, that he is the least worthy of confidence. Still, with all these defects—and they are great ones—the exquisite union of dignity and grace, so rare in modern writers, the sustained clearness of a style eminently English, the exclusion of unnecessary details, the Livy-like picturing of great events, and the general credibility of the narrative, except where his prejudices are quite manifest, have rendered it deserving of nearly all the praise lavished upon it, and will always give it a place in the language.

Turner's History, comparatively dull as a book to be read, has greater fullness of illustration, arising from more antiquarian research. Particularly on the Anglo-Saxons its information is far more satisfactory than Hume's. The philosophic and classical Scotsman did not half study up the subject. But there is one great point in which both of these histories, like most of those which have been produced in all languages, are extremely deficient. History should present to us the life of a people. It is of course most important that we should know the chief political movements, the revolutions, the battles, the course of diplomacy and commerce, the national institutions, and the great moral causes that have conspired to mould the character of a people; but it is not less important to become acquainted with their habits and feelings, their customs, costumes, dwellings and manufactures, all that makes up the daily life of the vast majority who have no immediate hand in the government, but

who are yet the nation. It is only by a consideration of these latter,

"Catching the manners living as they rise," that we can see clearly how the "form and pressure" of one age grow out of that which went before it. The growth of civilization is silent, and the character of a people is mainly formed at the fireside. It is this deficiency in other histories of England that this pictorial work was designed to supply; and it cannot be denied, that the design has been successfully carried out. The reprint by the Harpers is beautifully executed, the paper and print superior to the English edition, and most of the wood engravings equally fine. The chief failure is in those illustrations where faces of men are introduced. Some of these are poor, possessing not half the spirit and character of the original. A little attention to these and to some of the more picturesque buildings, will make the reprint a splendid work. It ought to have a place on the shelves of every American, who cares to know the home history of the race from whom he is descended.

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*The Puritans and their Principles.* By EDWIN HALL. Baker & Scribner, New York.

The main design of this work is exhibited in the title. It gives the history of the Puritans from the beginning—develops the causes which brought the sect into existence and impelled them on step by step in their wonderful career, till they finally made themselves a home on the shores of New England. The difficulties with which they had to encounter—the strength of principle and character which overcame them—the motives that impelled them on—and the faith which sustained them, are delivered with great ability. Mr. Hall has written the work evidently *con amore*, and hence takes strong ground in their favor, and even sometimes in refusing to see the real defects they exhibit, or at least in as strong a light as a more impartial writer would behold them. A Puritan himself in principle, he of course defends the church policy of the Puritans, shows how it differs from the prelatic, and claims for it the sanction of the Bible. He contends that its system is indispensable to true religious freedom and purity, and indeed to the real freedom and success of governments. He goes thoroughly into his subject, and uses the mass of information he collects to the best advantage. It is a noble subject—the life and principles of the Puritans—em-



bracing the great principles of human freedom, some of the bravest struggles of liberty against oppression the world exhibits, and nobly has he handled it. Many will doubtless disagree with him essentially in his views of church government, and condemn the book as one-sided and partial. To the theologian this part of the subject will be interesting, but to the common reader it sinks in insignificance before the principles of freedom and equality out of which it sprung. Puritanism in England changed the fate of the world, and Puritanism in America laid the foundations of our republic, and gave birth to that system of education which has made us an example to the world. The Puritans had their faults, and gross ones; but they should be forgotten in their virtues, and no difference of views in matters of church government should obscure the latter or lessen the service they have done mankind. No clergyman should be without this book, as it embodies all the information necessary to form a correct opinion, and gives of itself a complete history and analysis of the Puritan's life and character. We say nothing of its arguments, leaving that to theologians, but we commend its principles and spirit to the reader.

*Solitude and Society; and other Poems.*  
By J. R. BOLLES. Wiley & Putnam.

Another "Mute inglorious" in the hemisphere of poetical mediocrity, has risen upon us in the author of "Solitude and Society." The poet has never seen much of either, or he would not have sung about them with such various dullness; and if Mr. Bolles "does not awake and find himself famous" we must attribute it to his having slept too long over his strains while writing them. "Solitude and Society" is a "linked sweetness" stretched out by some caoutchouc process unknown to us, to the subtil length of eighty-two pages, excluding notes. The length and the inequalities would remind us of the Chinese wall, but that the absence of all strength or possible service destroys the image. What an opportunity, thought the bard, for diversified beauties! Accordingly, he writes it in seventeen or eighteen different combinations of verse. If he must write wretchedly, why could not the whole be in one strain, not afflict us with such a variety of flatnesses? We had forgot, however, that it is exempt from being read. In plain-spoken verity, we do assure Mr. Bolles—of whom we never heard and know nothing—that his book is, for all purposes and effects of *poetry*, worthless. The only question arising is, "whether did this man sin or his parents," that he should be suffered, we do not say to write, but to *print*. Doubtless he has capacities in another direction.

Why will he "join the multitude to do"—badly? Eleven such poets have appeared within the last seven weeks!

"All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out;"  
Whose gray goose-quill shall put the host  
to rout!

*An Elementary Treatise on Mineralogy: Comprising an Introduction to the Science; by WILLIAM PHILLIPS. Fifth edition, from the fourth London edition, by ROBERT ALLEN; containing the latest discoveries in American and foreign Mineralogy; with numerous additions to the Introduction. By FRANCIS ALGER. Boston: William Ticknor & Co. 1844.*

No man of the present day, who has considered the intimate and beautiful relation which all the physical sciences bear to each other, will underrate the value of the study of Mineralogy. It is not, as every one must feel, so comprehensive and noble, and on the whole so profoundly interesting, as Geology. It bears, indeed, to this great science, as a study, somewhat the same position that the latter does to the infinitely sublimer and more comprehensive lore of Astronomy. It is not so absorbingly interesting as Chemistry—for this science occupies the student with constant experiments, and experimentation, with its excited hopes and gratified curiosity, is the delight of the mind. But mineralogical knowledge, besides affording in itself a brilliant and curious pursuit, is absolutely necessary to geological investigation. The greater and more general science cannot perfect its knowledge of the earth's structure without its minute aids. Mineralogy embraces also many researches in common with Chemistry. Of all the works on this attractive science yet published in this country, the American edition of Phillips' treatise is undoubtedly the most complete. It would be strange if it were not. Of the original work, as edited by Mr. Allen, Prof. Brande, of the Royal Institution, London, said, that "in the English language, at least, it is the most available for the use of the student." But Mr. Alger, having the assistance of Dana's fine American treatise, with his own extended knowledge of the minerals of this country and the recent investigations of French science, has added three hundred more pages and one hundred and fifty more species and important varieties than are in Allen's edition, together with all the American localities. He has also corrected numerous errors, presented some new chemical analyses and very many new measurements of crystals. The subject of crystallography, indeed, has been treated in a manner never before equaled; and



the sections on cupellation, the blow-pipe, and the action of acids, though short, are full enough for the beginner, and written with great clearness and precision. In fact, one half of the work, as it stands, is his own, and the rest revised, so that it is almost a new treatise. We quote from the annals of the University of Heidelberg, the very favorable comments of the distinguished Prof. Leonhard :—

“The fifth edition of a work is the best encomium upon its character; especially of one of a scientific nature. The first four editions of Phillips’ work appeared in London; the fifth has now been published in Boston, edited by Mr. Alger, whose name was previously advantageously known by his beautiful investigations in Nova Scotia, and by the essay which he published thereupon, in company with Dr. Jackson. It was but very recently that we had occasion to allude in these pages to the scientific activity that reigns in the United States; and this work of Mr. Alger furnishes us with additional proof thereof. The Mineralogy of Phillips appears in a new dress, much improved and augmented. As in Dana’s work, the minerals are arranged according to a chemical system. With each species the most satisfactory analyses are given, and additional analyses are given of American minerals by Dr. Jackson and others—as Danaite, Cananite, Hudsonite, Masonite, and Ledernite. The figures of the crystals, amounting to 600, are admirable, and there is much interesting information touching the occurrence of minerals, those of Nova Scotia and South America in particular. There is no doubt in our mind, that Mr. Alger’s Mineralogy, splendid as it is in its getting up, will find many readers. It is peculiarly adapted as a compendium for students.”

*Scenes and Thoughts in Europe*, by AN AMERICAN. Wiley & Putnam, New York.

This is No. XVI. of Wiley & Putnam’s series of American books, and embraces a skipping tour over England and a part of the Continent, or at least it has that appearance, for the author takes his reader up in one place and sets him down in another, *sans ceremonie*, leaving him to conjecture how he came there as best he may. Another peculiarity about this volume is, it has no table of contents, and Mr. Calvert seems determined if his reader finds a pleasant chapter in it, he shall note it down, or hunt through the entire book to find it again. This is always inconvenient, especially in a book like the present, which is worth referring to again.

Mr. Calvert is a reflective, rather than a descriptive writer, and gives us more of his “thoughts” than “scenes.” This is

always a dangerous course for a traveler to pursue. They travel to see, not to be talked to. He, however, shows himself no ordinary man, in writing so interesting a book, with so few sketches in it. The first six pages are devoted to Wordsworth, or rather to his *place*. We are heartily sick of gossip about “Rydal Mount,” and Lake Winandermere. One would think it was the only spot worth seeing in England. The description of Napoleon’s funeral, which he saw in Paris, would have been infinitely more interesting. But Mr. C. is evidently an accomplished man, with a mind prepared beforehand for the scenes he was to pass through, and by the quiet, intelligent and natural way in which he expresses himself, interests the reader, while he instructs him. He has a long description of a water-cure establishment, in Germany, and though he seems not to have been much excited amid Alpine scenery, his description of sunrise on Mount Righi shows him to have been profoundly impressed with this gorgeous spectacle, and the few sentences he writes upon it are among the finest in the book. He sees everything with his own eyes, and gives us a transcript of his own impressions, and thus makes an entertaining and useful book.

*The Dream and other Poems.*—*The Child of the Island.* By the Hon. MRS. NORTON. Francis’ Cabinet Library.

Open these volumes at random, and you will find thoughts replete with tender grace, and expressions breathing that quick and divine spirit of impulsion, which is the legitimate attribute of true poetry; and yet, with these essential constituents of the art, there is nothing in all these four hundred pages, to induce one to read otherwise than *at random*. “The Child of the Islands,” is a tale of material life—a sort of *nouvelette* in rhyme—a dangerous experiment, when they are so much easier to read in prose. So much for the conception of the poem. In execution it evinces a good deal of poetical power, though it lacks that excellence of forcing and commanding the interest of the reader through its varied stages of development; an excellence which few attain, and which, when fully possessed by an author, men are constrained to call Genius. The minor pieces we prefer to any of Mrs. Norton’s longer efforts, and upon them, we think, depends her claims to popularity. “The Blind Man’s Bride,” is a natural and sweet drift of fancy and feeling. “The Child of Earth,” is a little poem, of very great beauty. Her songs, when wedded to music, make their way to the heart. The longer poems all have merit, but no individuality. Will she go down to posterity? We cannot tell. She might, had she lived at an earlier date. It



is unfortunate for any but the highest genius to be born in the latter ages. But sorrow is immortal—and Mrs. Norton has endured much.

than in one little note: "I have not felt at liberty," says Mr. Foster, "to change the text sanctioned by Mrs. Shelley—whom I regard as the *evangelist of her transfigured Lord*!!"

*Narrative of Remarkable Criminal Trials. Translated from the German of ANSELM RITTER VON FEUERBACH, by Lady DUFF GORDON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846.*

There are materials in this small volume sufficient at least for a dozen bloody romances of the Ainsworth order. We confess our repugnance to everything of the kind. We could never discover any beauties in a "murder case," nor have our senses been entranced by a narrative of arson, highway robbery or horse-stealing; manslaughter, even, never presented itself to us in a favorable or pleasant aspect. But we are sensible of the occasional usefulness of works like this. The weight due to circumstantial evidence in criminal trials can in no way be so well and satisfactorily ascertained as by a diligent examination of various and conflicting cases, and for this reason reports of the evidence and decisions thereon by distinguished judges and jurists, often become of the last importance to others, as a guide and precedent. The work will sell—a point of some moment to the publishers at least. It has a dramatic interest that will enlist the attention of a large class of readers.

*The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley. First American edition complete. Edited by G. G. FOSTER. New York: J. S. Redfield.*

This is by far the most elegant edition of Shelley which has yet been published in this country. It is also the most complete. These are two excellences that especially commend the present volume to all the admirers of this starry-minded poet. It would be useless here to attempt to criticise or characterise his writings. Their merits are extraordinary, their defects equally striking and original. His imagination was wonderful—at once lofty and delicate. That faculty was, indeed, only too predominant—overpowering too much his moods of thought. Mr. Foster's appreciation of the poet in his prefatorial essay is genial enough, and in the main just, though the analysis of the poet's mind is defective, and we by no means agree with all his ideas of the poet's ethics. Shelley's morals were better than his morality. We admire Shelley's beautiful mind, and no less beautiful spirit of humanity; but the impious, blasphemous tone of the modern school of rhapsodical reformers—perfectionists—worshipers of the *divine* in the *human*—was never more clearly exposed

*The Old Continental; or the Price of Liberty. By JAMES K. PAULDING. New York: Paine & Burgess.*

We have, in the few months past, looked within the covers of many weak books—but this we actually read through. We are afraid we are not the only person who has done it. Consider the patriotism of the title!—and, then, the extraordinary comments appearing in certain incorruptible daily journals! To us there was another consideration. We are bound to be just—and there is no justice without knowledge. Besides, like the old lady at Barnstable who inquired if it were possible to *print a lie*, we found it difficult to suppose that an ex-Secretary could produce anything thoroughly wretched—especially as that particular department, the Naval, is being filled with personages of more pretensions in literature than capacity for the office. We did, accordingly, force our way to the end, and will now merely say that it is "drawn milder" than anything we remember to have seen. Some descriptive passages are readable; the attempts at wit are miserable; the pathos still worse. The book is really almost entirely destitute of merit; it is very patriotic and very poor. Sold at 25 cents retail, "The Price of Liberty" ought to be paid for in "old Continental" money.

*Lives of Distinguished American Naval Officers. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*

We welcome the appearance of no new American book with more pleasure than one which illustrates, in an effective manner, any portion of our history. The volume before us does that good service, and that for a department for which too little has hitherto been done. Our whole naval history does, indeed, cover but a short period. We had but the merest beginning of a navy at the Revolution, and since then we have had only one war in which the small fleet we have created could achieve anything of mark. The Algerine affair did not disgrace us, but it was of no great account. Still, our flag has, from first to last, been engaged on many occasions, and with as much honor as the flag of any nation has acquired in the same period of time. Those achievements ought to be illustrated. Of all our writers, so far, Mr. Cooper is confessedly the best suited to arrange them in sketches, or history. The present volume contains four sketches—Paul Jones, Com-



modore Woolsey, Perry, and Dale. Of these, the lives of two—Jones and Perry—are very well known to the country; those of Woolsey and Dale to a slight degree. The sketches are written in that strong, clear, equable narrative style which is Mr. Cooper's *forte*. We do not receive the whole of his version of Perry's career, but we commend the whole volume to our readers as quite as well worthy of their attention as the trashy novellettes of the day.

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*Works of the Puritan Divines No. II.*  
BUNYAN. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

This little volume contains three of Bunyan's miscellaneous treatises. Every one has read the great work of the "inspired thinker"—"Pilgrim's Progress"—and most persons his second ingenious narrative, "The Holy War," but very few have any acquaintance with the fine old English and deep religious tone of many of his other productions. For many reasons, we cannot have too full a knowledge of the works of the various divines of that day. Their depth of thought and richness of language were not less eminent than their piety. But we do not think that a selection from Bunyan could be justly kept out of any collection of such writings.

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*The Discourses and Essays of D'Aubigné.*  
*Translated from the French.* By  
CHARLES W. BAIRD. Harper & Brothers.

The great author of the History of the Reformation, appears to the American reader in a new and interesting character in this work; which embodies all his most profound essays and discourses. In point of style, there is a pregnant brevity—a rapidity of transition—a close, logical training of the mind, as it were, to the subject, which is rarely observed in modern polemical compositions. The essay entitled "The study of the History of Christianity," was translated by the late Thomas S. Grimké, Esq., of Charleston, S. C.

The man whose mind could grasp and portray the History of the Reformation and its vast results, speaks in this volume the resistless truths which broke down the barriers to religious liberty in the old world; truths such as were promulgated by Luther and Melancthon, and their compeers, and "wake to perish never."

*The Mineral Springs of Western Virginia.* Wiley & Putnam.

This is decidedly a useful book to all sojourners at these places of resort. The author enters into an elaborate disquisition of the use of the water of each; its properties; its effects; the cure it produces; analysis of each spring; and all necessary information respecting their remedial virtues. We recommend this really valuable work to the attentive perusal of every partaker of these waters.

Fashion is a fickle goddess to control, and to this is attributable the fact of the almost invariable ignorance among people who go for fashion's sake, of the efficacy and curable qualities held in suspension in mineral waters. The book is tolerably dull, but in the respect spoken of, quite worthy of attention.

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*My Shooting Box.* By FRANK FORESTER. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

Mr. Herbert is the most graceful and intelligent writer we have on the Field Sports of this country—such at least as are confined to our peculiar science of wood-craft. Our forests afford a great variety of game, some kinds very different from those found in England, and more difficult of bringing down; and the nature of the country—mostly wild and unsettled as yet, compared with the larger part of Great Britain—demands of a successful sportsman far more skill, and a wider variety of precepts. Mr. Herbert, in several late writings, has shown himself very completely master of the subject. He is plainly no amateur, but a practised sportsman. "My Shooting Box" has a slender thread of a story, running through "the precepts, practice, and accidents of wood-craft." The whole is very well told, except that there is, perhaps, too much eating and drinking. Sportsmen, however, must be expected to have appetites. But we confess, that what the author seems particularly to have prided himself upon, "Old Tom Draw," is not at all to our liking. He presents him with great parade as an original—an eccentric. We cannot see anything eccentric or original about him. His grossness is as common as the mud in Nassau street. The book winds up with a runaway match:—and a "run" they had for it—fifty miles in four hours over the rough roads from Orange county to New York! But then they had two relays of horses—a capital foresight.

















